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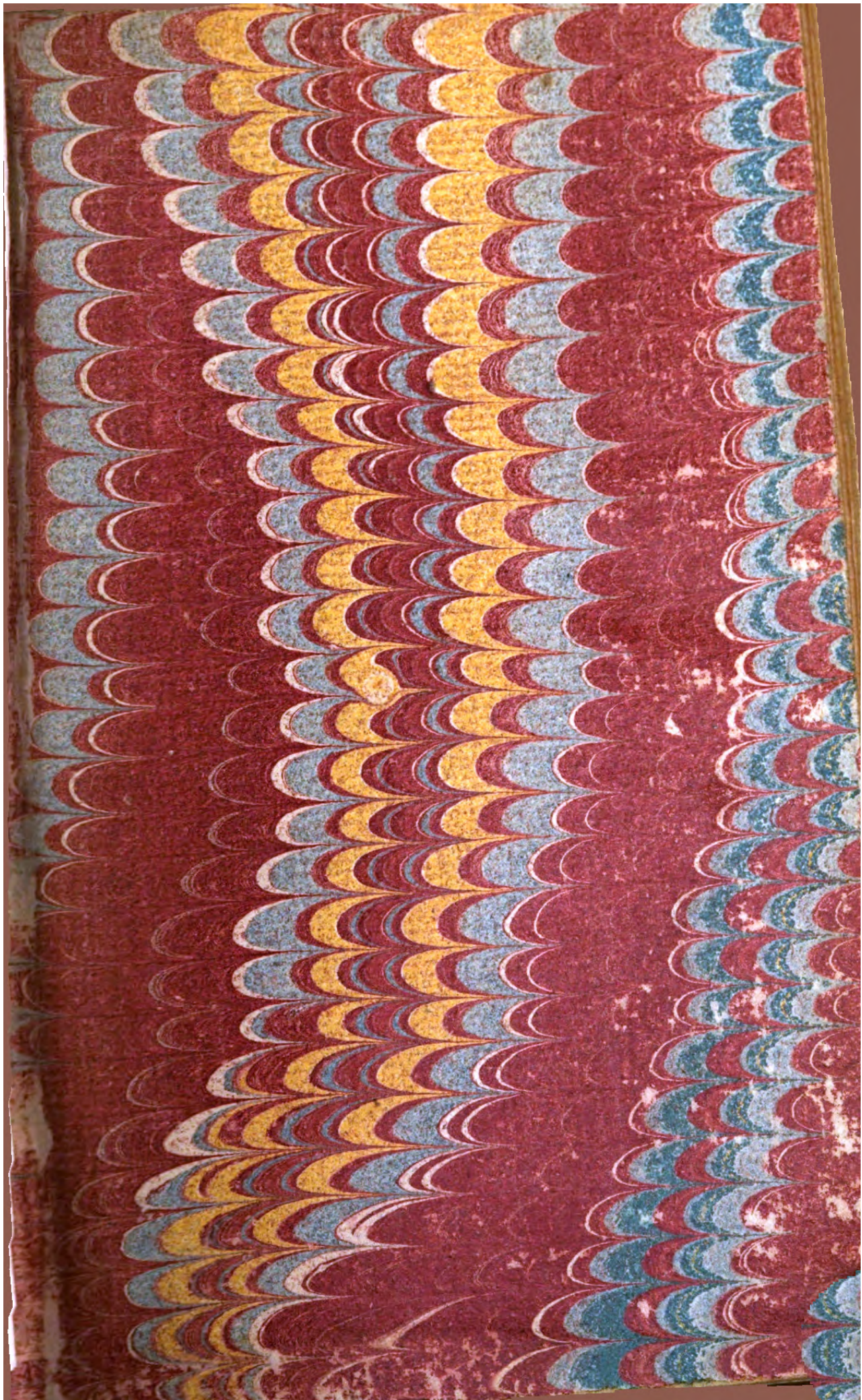
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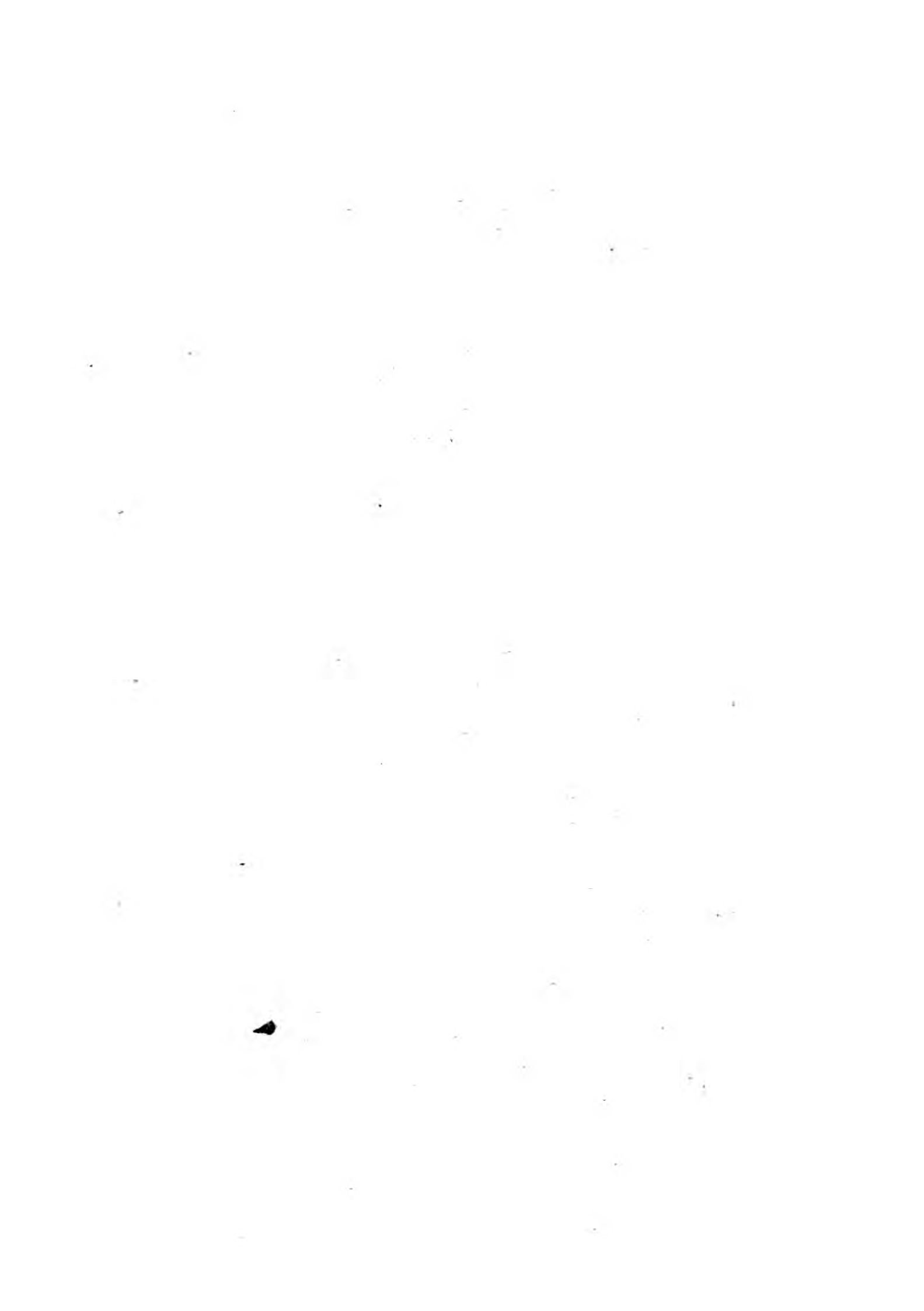
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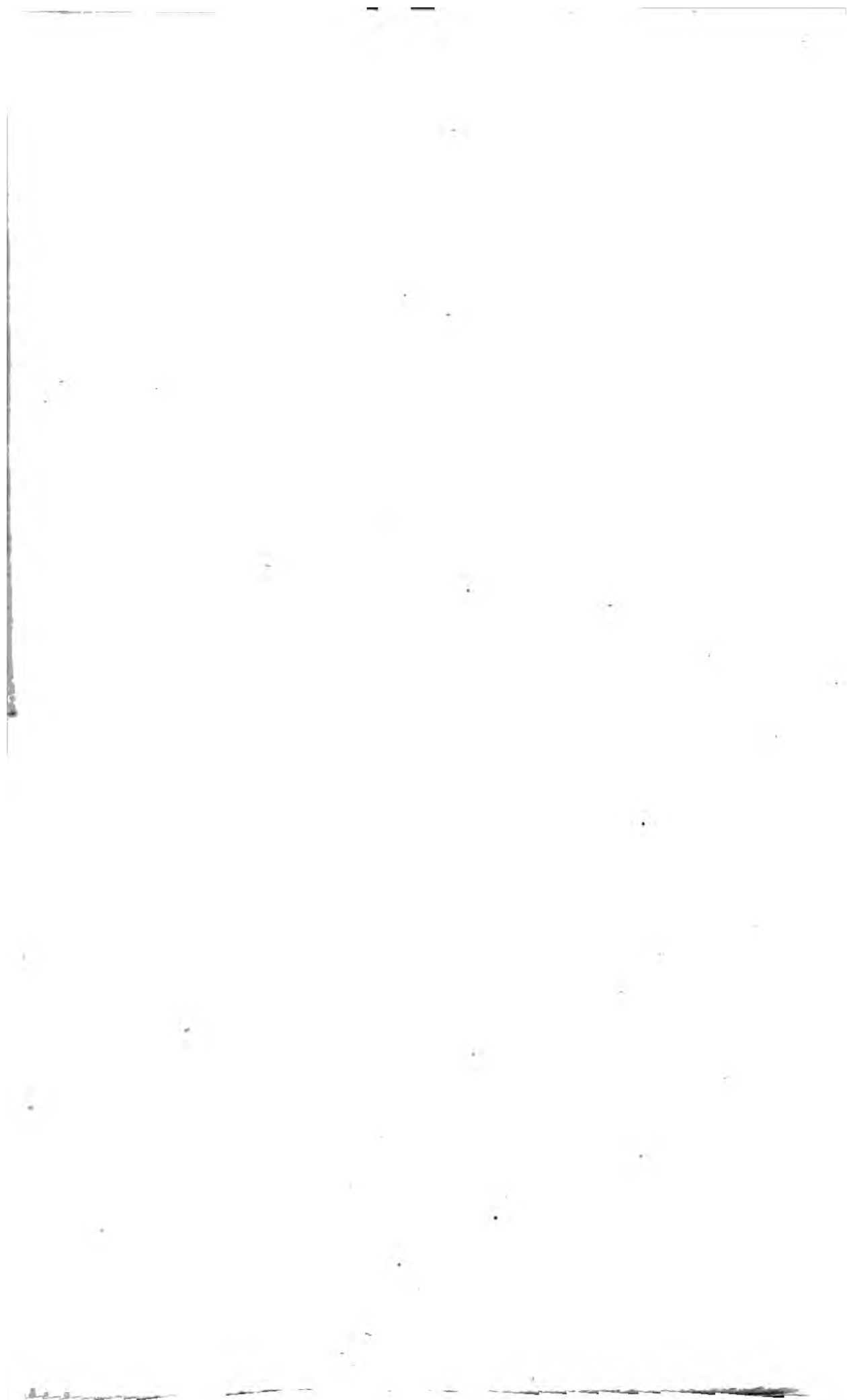
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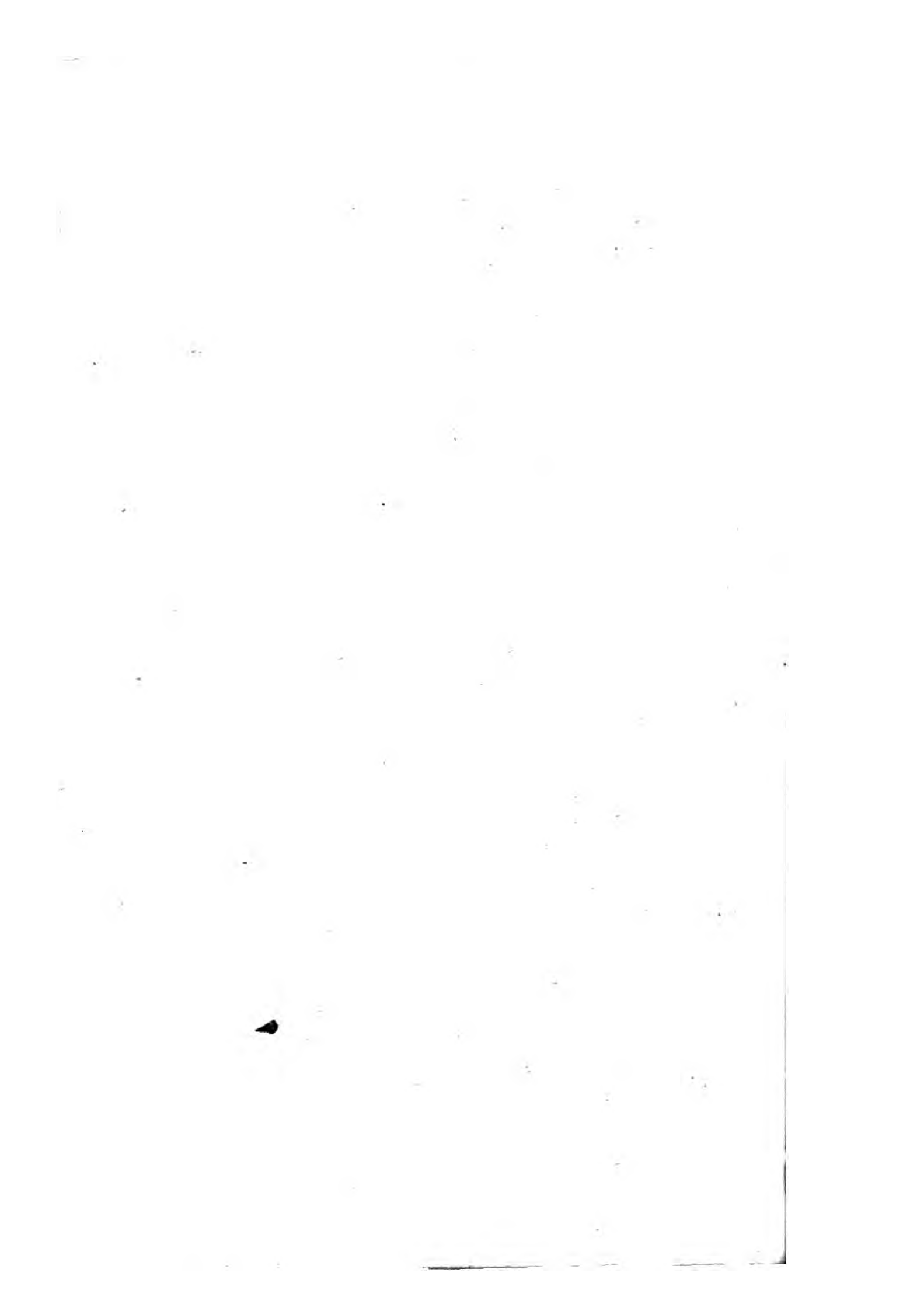


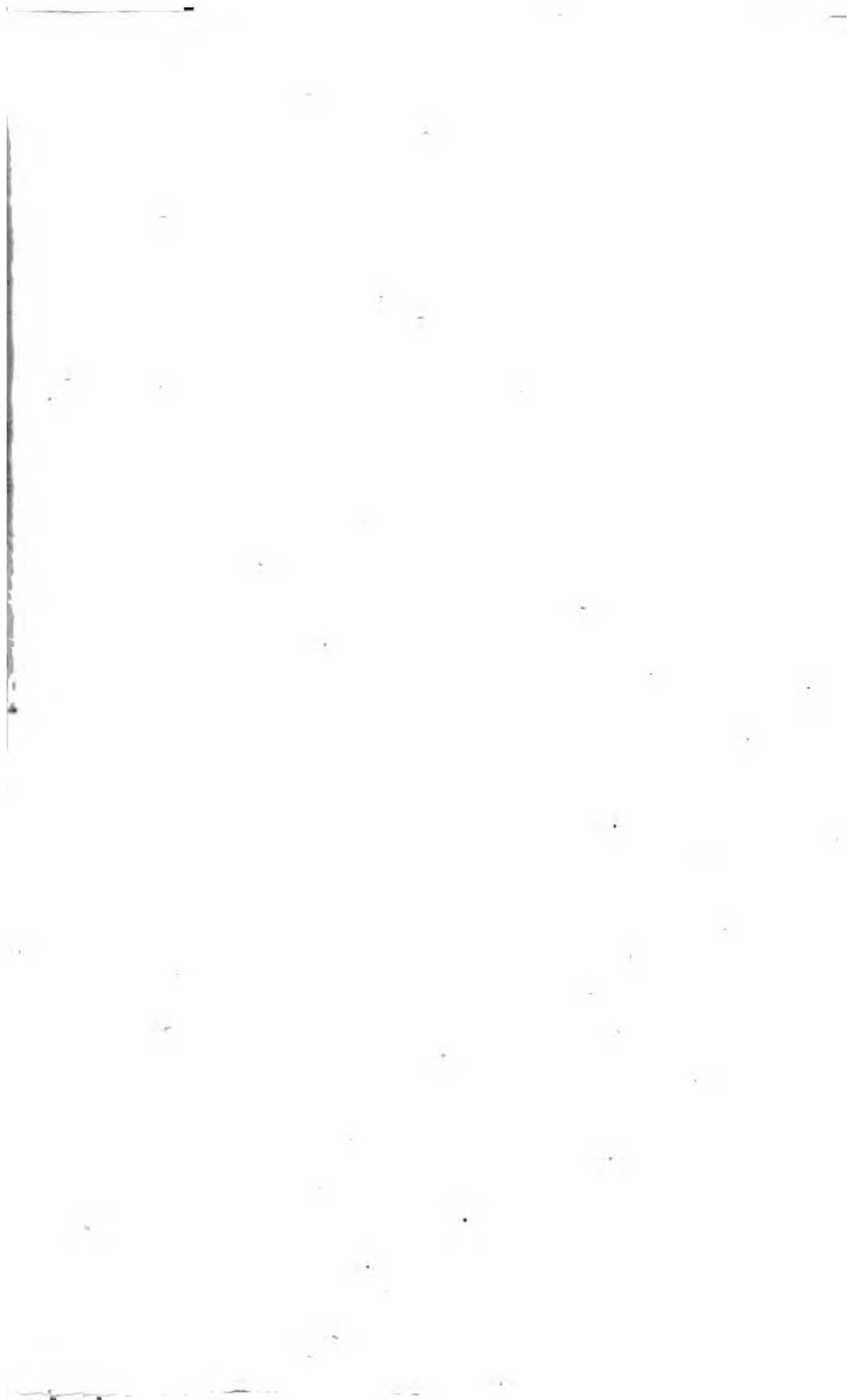
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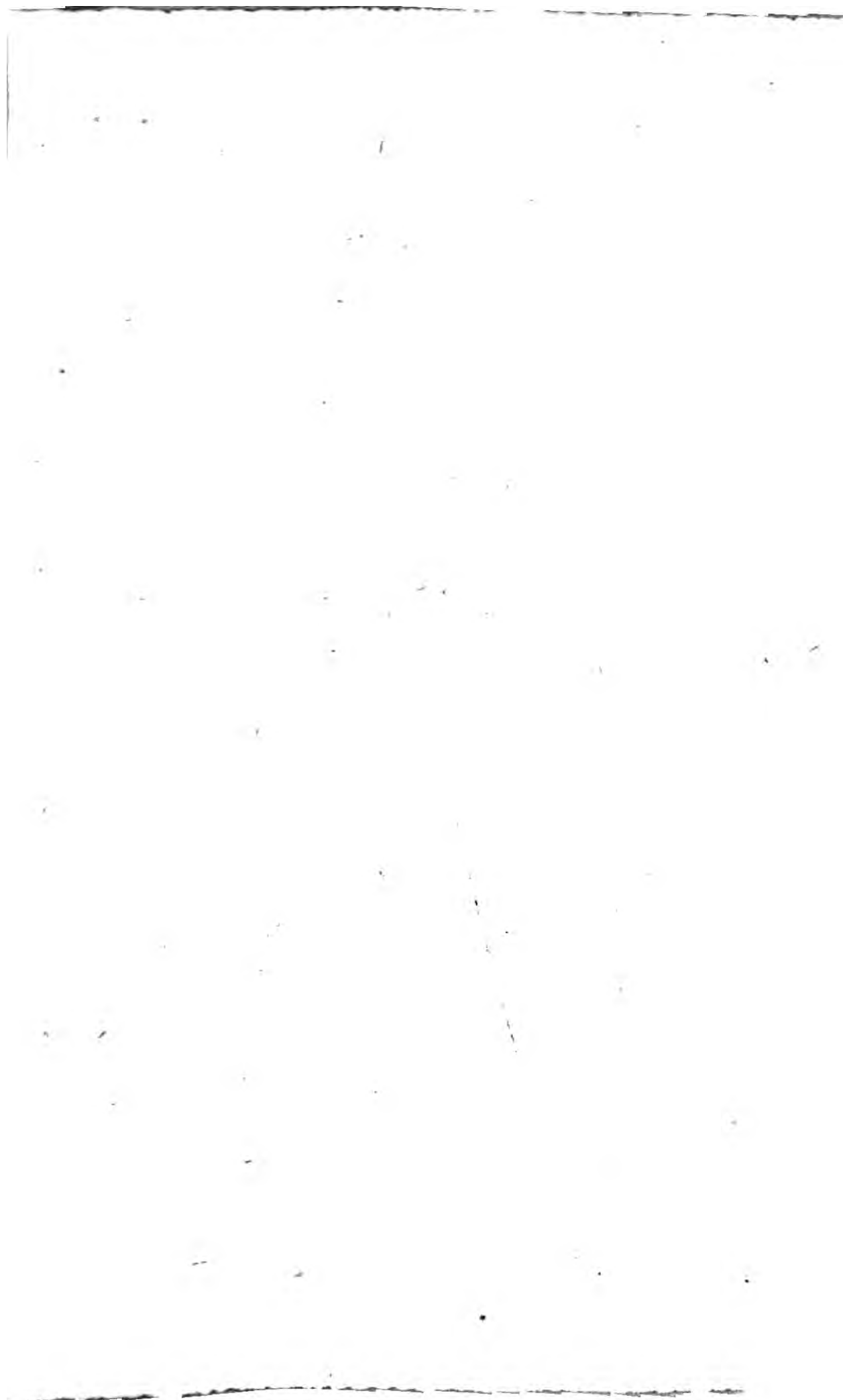
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NICHOLAS ROWE Esq.

T H E
W O R K S
O F

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

VOLUME *the* F I R S T.

CONTAINING,

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

TAMERLANE.

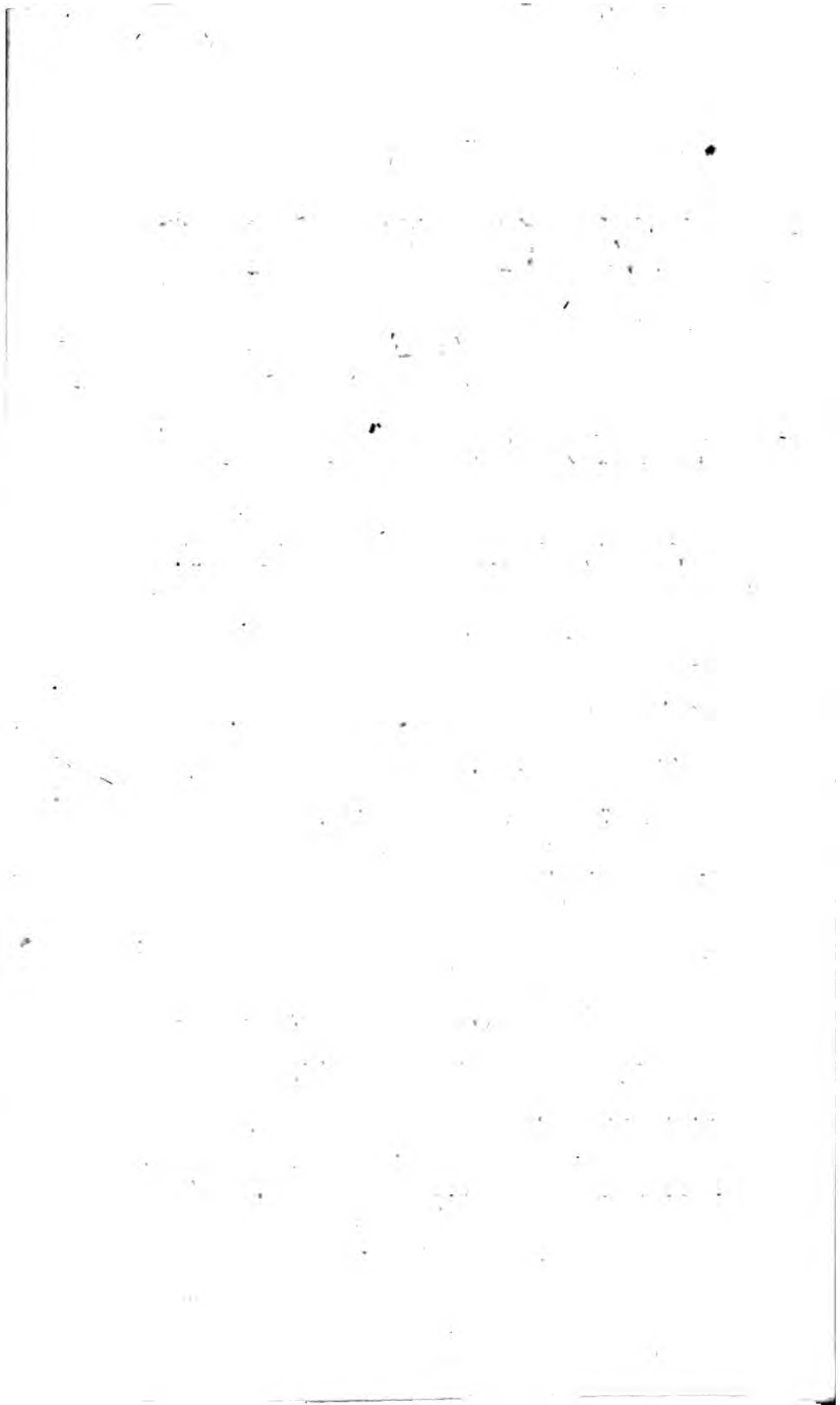
The FAIR PENITENT.

ULYSSES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, T. OSBORNE,
T. WALLER, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON,
C. CORBETT, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL,
S. BLADON, and M. RICHARDSON.

MDCCLXVI.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the
PRINCE of *WALES*.

S I R,

AS Your ROYAL HIGHNESS was pleased to express a Desire of seeing a new and correct Edition of Mr. *Rowe's* Works, the following is humbly submitted to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, and it is hoped will prove not altogether unworthy of Your Royal Patronage and Protection. This indeed with his Translation of *Lucan* is a complete Collection of his ge-

DEDICATION.

nuine Works, several Things being here omitted which in former Editions were falsely attributed to him, and others being added from his original Papers which were never publish'd before. And to whom can the Works of Mr. *Rowe* be so properly address'd as to their greatest Patron and Admirer? and what an Encouragement is this to living Merit, that even the dead is not unrewarded by Your ROYAL HIGHNESS?

It is owing chiefly to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Approbation, and to the Influence of Your Royal Presence, that his Plays have been so frequently acted, and so highly applauded: And Your ROYAL HIGHNESS has not only encourag'd them as public Entertainments,

DEDICATION.

tainments, but often made them the Amusement of private Hours; and Your Royal Children have been taught to repeat several of the best and finest Speeches, with a Beauty and Justness that must charm and surprize every Body who has the Happiness to hear them. It is reported of her late Majesty Queen *Anne*, that she learn'd to speak properly of the famous Tragedian, Mrs. *Barry*; and from hence was enabled to deliver her Speeches to the Parliament in so graceful a Manner, that they lost much of their Beauty and Energy, even when they were afterwards read in the House by my Lord *Cowper*. The Art of speaking properly is certainly no ordinary Qualification, and Your
ROYAL

DEDICATION.

ROYAL HIGHNESS'S Children promise to excel in this, as well as in every Thing else that becomes great Princes; such is the Care that YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, and the PRINCESS of *Wales*, continually take of their Education.

But YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S Goodness hath not stopped here, nor been content with doing uncommon Honors to the Memory of Mr. *Rowe*; but it is to the Opinion of his Merit that I must principally ascribe the many distinguishing Marks of Favor, which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, and the PRINCESS of *Wales*, have been graciously pleased to bestow on me. Such Honor is double Honor; and at the same Time that it demands, transcends my warmest Acknowledgments.

DEDICATION.

ledgments. But the Pen of Mr. *Rowe* himself would fail me here; Language is too poor; Words cannot express it; my Heart only truly knows, how it overflows with Gratitude, and with what entire Devotion I am,

May it please Your ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's most oblig'd,

and most obedient,

and most dutiful Servant,

ANNE DEANES DEVENISH.



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

These two Volumes of Plays and Poems, together with the two Volumes of the Translation of Lucan, make a complete Collection of the Works of Mr. Rowe; but as several Persons may be desirous of having the Plays and Poems, who yet may not chuse to purchase a Translation of Lucan, it has been thought proper, for their Sakes, to extract from Dr. Welwood's Account, prefixed to the Translation of Lucan, so much as may be necessary to give some Idea of the Life and Character of the Author.



and a competent Estate, they liv'd beyond the
Fear of Want, or Reach of Envy. In all the
Changes of Governments, they are said to
have ever lean'd towards the side of public
Liberty, and in that retir'd Situation of Life
to have beheld with Grief and Concern the



THE LIFE OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

MR. ROWE was born at *Little Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, at the House of *Jasper Edwards*, Esq; his Mother's Father, in the Year 1673, of an ancient Family in *Devonshire*, that for many Ages had made a handsome Figure in their Country, and was known by the Name of *Rowes of Lambertoun*. He could trace his Ancestors, in a direct Line, up to the Times of the *Holy War*, where one of them so distinguish'd himself in the *Holy Land*, that at his return, he had the Coat of Arms given him, which they bore ever since, that being in those Days all the Reward of military Virtue, or of Blood spilt in those Expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. *Rowe's* Father, the Family kept themselves to the frugal Management of a private Fortune, and the innocent Pleasures of a Country Life. Having a handsome Seat, and a competent Estate, they liv'd beyond the Fear of Want, or Reach of Envy. In all the Changes of Governments, they are said to have ever lean'd towards the side of public Liberty, and in that retir'd Situation of Life to have beheld with Grief and Concern the

many Incroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His Father was *John Rowe*, and the first of the Family, as his Son has told me, that chang'd a Country Life for a liberal Profession. After he had pass'd the Schools at home, he was brought up to *London*, and enter'd a Student of the Law in the *Middle Temple*, where some time after he was call'd to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He was a Gentleman in great Esteem for many engaging Qualities, of very considerable Practice at the Bar, and stood fair for the first Vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 30th of *April*, 1692, and was buried in the *Temple Church* the 7th of *May* following. Let it be mention'd to the Honor of this Gentleman, that when he publish'd Serjeant *Benloe* and Judge *Dalison's Reports*, he had the Honesty and Boldness to observe in the Preface, how moderate these two great Lawyers had been in their Opinions concerning the Extent of the Royal Prerogative; and that he durst do this in the late King *James's* Reign, at a time when a *Dispensing Power* was set up, as inherent in the Crown. From such worthy Ancestors *Nicholas Rowe* was descended, who, together with the ancient paternal Seat of the Family, inherited their Probity and Goodnature, Contentment of Mind, and an unbiass'd Love to their Country.

His

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq; iii

His Father took all the Care possible of his Education, and when he was fit for it, sent him to *Westminster* School, under the famous Dr. *Busby*. He made an extraordinary Progress in all the Parts of Learning taught in that School, and about the Age of twelve Years was chosen one of the King's Scholars. He became in a little time Master to a great Perfection of all the Classical Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and made a tolerable Proficiency in the *Hebrew*; but Poetry was his early Bent, and his darling Study. He compos'd at that time several Copies of Verses upon different Subjects both in *Greek* and *Latin* and some in *English*, which were much admir'd, and the more that they cost him very little Pains, and seem'd to flow from his Imagination, almost as fast as his Pen.

His Father designing him for his own Profession, took him from that School when he was about sixteen Years of Age, and enter'd him a Student in the *Middle Temple*, whereof he himself was a Member, that he might have him under his immediate Care and Instruction. Being capable of any part of Knowledge he apply'd his Mind to, he made very remarkable Advances in the Study of the Law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a Collection of *Statutes* or *Customs* only, but as a *System* founded upon right Reason, and calculated for the good of

Mankind. Being afterwards called to the Bar, he appeared in as promising a way to make a Figure in that Profession, as any of his Contemporaries, if the Love of the *Belles Lettres*, and that of Poetry in particular, had not stopped him in his Career. He had the Advantage of the Friendship and Protection of one of the finest Gentlemen, as well as one of the greatest Lawyers of that time, Sir *George Treby*, Lord Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas, who was fond of him to a great Degree, and had it both in his Power and Inclination to promote his Interest.

But the *Muses* had stolen away his Heart from his Infancy, and his Passion for them rendered the Study of the *Law* dry and tasteless to his Palate. He struggled for some time against the natural Bent of his Mind, but in vain; for *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had infinitely more Charms with him, than the best Authors that had writ of the Law of *England*. He now and then could not refrain from making some Copies of Verses on Subjects that fell in his way, which being approved of by his intimate Friends, to whom only he shewed them, that Approbation proved his Snare, so that from that time he began to give way to the natural Biass of his Mind, and would needs try what he could do in Tragedy.

The first he wrote was the *Ambitious Step-Mother*; which meeting with universal Applause,

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;* ✓

plause, as it well deserved, he laid aside all Thoughts of rising in the Law, and turned them ever after, in their main Channel, towards Poetry. This his first Tragedy he writ when twenty-five Years of Age, and as a Trial only of his Genius that way. The Purity of the *English* Language, the Justness of his Characters, the noble Elevation of the Sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the Plan of the Play. His Talent lay in *Heroic Poetry*, and consequently in *Tragedy*: For Comedy, he once tryed it, but found his Genius did not lean that way. He writ several Tragedies afterwards, which are in every Body's Hands, and all of them highly approved of by Men of Taste, upon the Account of the Loftiness of Thought, and the delicate Propriety of the Language; in which last I may venture to say, no one has ever out-done him, few equalled him.

The Tragedy he valued himself most upon, and which was most valued, was his *Tamerlane*; and never Author, in my Opinion, did more Justice to his Hero, than he to that excellent Prince: For *Tamerlane* was the very Man that Mr. *Rowe* has painted him. In that Play he aimed at a Parallel between the late King *William* of immortal Memory and *Tamerlane*; as also between *Bajazet*, and a Monarch who is since dead. That glorious Ambition and noble Ardor in *Tamerlane*, to

break the Chains of enslaved Nations, and set Mankind free from the Incroachments of lawless Power, are painted in the most lively, as well as the most amiable Colors: On the other side, his manner of introducing on the Stage a Prince that thinks Mankind is made but for him, and whose chief Aim is to perpetuate his Name to Posterity, by that Havoc and Ruin he scatters through the World, are all drawn with that Pomp of Horror and Detestation which such monstrous Actions do deserve. And since nothing could be more calculated for raising in the Minds of the Audience, a true Passion for Liberty, and a just Abhorrence for Slavery; how this Play came to be discouraged, next to a Prohibition, in the latter End of a late Reign; I leave it to others to give a Reason.

I shall say nothing of any of the rest of Mr. *Rowe's* Plays in particular; but it may be justly said of them all, that never Poet painted *Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming Dress on the Stage, nor were ever *Vice* and *Impiety* better exposed to Contempt and Hatred. There runs through every one of them an Air of Religion and Virtue, attended with all the social Duties of Life, and a constant untainted Love to his Country. The same Principles of Liberty he had early imbibed himself, and seemed a Part of his Constitution, appeared in every thing he wrote, and
he

he took all Occasions that fell in his way, to make the Stage subservient to them. His Muse was so religiously chaste, that I do not remember one Word in any of his Plays or Writings that might admit but of a *double Entendre* in Point of *Decency* or *Morals*. There is nothing to be found in them to humor the deprav'd Taste of the Age, by nibbling at *Scripture*, or depreciating Things in themselves *Sacred*; and it was the less Wonder, that he observ'd this Rule in his Dramatic Performances, since in his ordinary Conversation, and when his Mirth and Humor enliven'd the whole Company, he us'd to express his Dissatisfaction, in the severest Manner, with any Thing that look'd that Way. Being much conversant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it is observable, that, to raise the highest Ideas of Virtue, he has, with great Art, in several of his Tragedies, made Use of those Expressions and Metaphors in them, that taste most of the *Sublime*.

Besides his Plays, Mr. *Rowe* wrote a great many Copies of Verses on different Subjects, * which it is hoped his Friends may some Time or other publish together, and whereof many have been already printed apart. Being a great Admirer of *Shakespear*, he oblig'd the Public with a new Edition of his Works, and

* What Dr. *Welwood* hoped for, is done in the present Collection.

prefix'd to it a short Account of his Life. In that Account, he lay under the same Misfortune that I have done in this Account of Mr. *Rowe*; he wanted Information, to do Justice to *Shakespear*. He took all Occasions to express the vast Esteem he had for that wonderful Man, and endeavoured in some of his Pieces to imitate his manner of Writing, particularly in the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*.

But Mr. *Rowe*'s last, and perhaps his best Poem, is his Translation of *Lucan*, which he just lived to finish. He had entertained an early Inclination for that Author, and I believe it was the darling Passion he had for the Liberty and Constitution of his Country, that first inclined him to think of translating him. He thought it was a pity, that a Work in which the Cause of Liberty was set in such a shining Light, should be preserved only in the dead Language wherein it was written; and therefore thought it well worth his Pains to put it in an *English* Dress, for the Benefit of his Countrymen. As this is the happiest Nation of the World in its Constitution, and happy even in spite of ourselves, he judged that all who are in Love with it, must needs be fond of an Author, who not only wrote for the ancient Constitution of his own Country, but fell a Sacrifice for endeavouring to support it.

As to the Translation itself, I persuade myself it will meet with a kind Reception in
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NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;* ix

the World. I dare be bold to say the Language is pure, and the Versification both musical and adapted to the Subject. I have no reason to doubt but the true Meaning of the Original is faithfully preserved through the whole Work, and if I may venture to judge, the Translation comes up to the Spirit of the Original, as far the Difference between the *Roman* and *English* Languages will allow of.

I shall say nothing further of him in the Quality of a Poet, since this Translation, and his other Works, will sufficiently justify his Title to it. As to his Person, it was graceful and well made, his Face regular and of a manly Beauty. As his Soul was well lodged, so its rational and animal Faculties excelled in a high degree. He had a quick and fruitful Invention, a deep Penetration, and a large Compass of Thought, with a singular Dexterity, and Easiness in making his Thoughts to be understood. He was master of most Parts of polite Learning, especially the Classical Authors both *Greek* and *Latin*, understood the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish* Languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well.

He had likewise read most of the *Greek* and *Roman* Histories in their original Languages, and most that are writ in *English*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*. He had a good Taste in Philosophy, and having a firm Impression
of

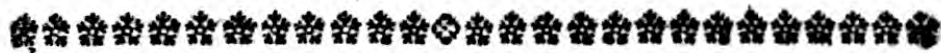
of Religion upon his Mind, he took great delight in Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, in both which he made great Advances in the times he retired into the Country, which were frequent. He exprest on all occasions his full Persuasion of the Truth of Revealed Religion, and being a sincere Member of the Establish'd Church himself, he pitied, but condemned not, those that dissented from it. He abhorred the Principle of persecuting Men upon the account of their Opinions in Religion; and being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to censure those of another Persuasion. His Conversation was pleasant, witty, and learned, without the least Tincture of Affectation or Pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the Company, made it impossible for any one to be out of humor when he was in it. Envy and Detraction seemed to be entirely foreign to his Constitution: And whatever Provocations he met with at any time, he past them over without the least Thought of Resentment or Revenge. As *Homer* had a *Zoilus*, so *Mr. Rowe* had sometimes his: For there were not wanting malevolent People, and Pretenders to Poetry too, that would now and then bark at his best Performances; but he was so much conscious of his own Genius, and had so much Good-nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be tempted to return them an Answer.

The

The Love of Learning and Poetry made him not the less fit for Business, and no body applied himself closer to it, when it required his Attendance. The late Duke of *Queensbury*, when he was Secretary of State, made him his Secretary for public Affairs; and when that truly Great Man came to know him well, he was never so pleased as when Mr. *Rowe* was in his Company. After the Duke's Death, all Avenues were stopped to his Preferment; and during the rest of that Reign, he past his time with the Muses and his Books, and sometimes the Conversation of his Friends.

Upon the King's Accession to the Throne, his Merit was taken notice of. The King gave him a *lucrative* Place in the Customs, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of *Wales* conferred on him the Place of *Clerk* of his *Council*; and the Lord *Parker*, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary* for the *Presentations*, the very Day he received the *Seals*, and without his asking it. He was much loved and cherished by the latter: And it was no wonder that one of his Endowments was in favor with that *Noble Person*, who, together with a profound Knowledge in the *Law*, worthy of his high Station, has adorned his Mind with all the other more polite Parts of *Learning*. When he had just got to be easy in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, Death swept him away, and in him deprived
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the World of one of the best Men, as well as one of the best Genius's of the Age. He dyed like a *Christian* and a *Philosopher*, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an absolute Resignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the last, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his last Agony, with the same Tranquillity of Mind, and the same Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a short Journey. He was twice married, first to a Daughter of Mr. *Parsons*, one of the Auditors of the Revenue, and afterwards to a Daughter of Mr. *Dewenish* of a good Family in *Dorsetshire*: By the first he had a Son, and by the second a Daughter, both yet living. He died the sixth of *December* 1718, in the 45th Year of his Age, and was buried the nineteenth of the same Month in *Westminster-Abby*, in the Isle where many of our *English* Poets are interred, overagainst *Chaucer*, his Body being attended by a select Number of his Friends, and the *Dean* and *Choir* officiating at the Funeral.



T H E

Ambitious Step-Mother :

A

T R A G E D Y.

——— *Decet hæc dare dona novercam.*

OVID. *Metam.* lib. 9.

Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,

Nequicquam ——— tentasti lubricus artes,

Advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis

Verba redargueret.

VIRG. *ÆN.* lib. II.



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To the Right Honourable the

EARL of JERSEY,

Lord Chamberlain of His MAJESTY'S
Houſhold, &c.

My LORD,

IF any thing may atone for the Liberty I take in offering this Trifle to your Lordſhip, it is, that I will engage not to be guilty of the common Vice of Dedications, nor pretend to give the World an Account of the many good Qualities they ought to admire in your Lordſhip. I hope, I may reckon on it as ſome little Piece of Merit, in an Age where there are ſo many People write Panegyricks, and ſo few deſerve 'em. I am ſure you ought not to ſit for your Picture, to ſo ill a Hand as mine. Men of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your Lordship's Figure and Station, though useful and ornamental to the Age they live in, are yet reserved for the Labours of the Historian, and the Entertainment of Posterity; nor ought to be aspers'd with such Pieces of Flattery while living, as may render the true History suspected to those that come after. That which should take up all my Care at present, is most humbly to beg your Lordship's Pardon for importuning you on this Account; for imagining that your Lordship (whose Hours are all dedicated to the best and most important Uses) can have any Leisure for this Piece of Poetry. I beg, my Lord, that you will receive it, as it was meant, a Mark of my entire Respect and Veneration.

I hope it may be some Advantage to me, that the Town has not receiv'd this Play ill. To have depended merely upon your Lordship's Good nature, and have offer'd Something without any Degree of Merit, would have been an unpardonable Fault, especially to so good a Judge. The Play itself, as I present it to your Lordship, is a much more
perfect

The Epistle Dedicatory.

perfect Poem than it is in the Representation on the Stage. I was led into an Error in the writing of it, by thinking that it would be easier to retrench than to add: but when I was at last necessitated, by reason of the extreme Length, to cut off near six hundred Lines, I found that it was maim'd by it to a great Disadvantage. The Fable (which has no manner of Relation to any Part of true History) was left dark and intricate, for want of a great Part of the Narration, which was left out in the first Scene; and the Chain and Connexion, which ought to be in the Dialogue, was interrupted in many of the other Places. But since what was omitted in Acting is now kept in, I hope it may indifferently entertain your Lordship at an unbending Hour. The Faults which are most generally found (and which I could be very proud of submitting to your Lordship's Judgment, if you can have leisure for so trivial a Cause) are, that the Catastrophe in the Fifth Act is barbarous, and shocks the Audience. Some People, whose Judgment I ought to have a Deference for, have told me, that they wish'd
I had.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I had given the latter Part of the Story quite another Turn; that *Artaxerxes* and *Amestris* ought to have been preserv'd, and made happy in the Conclusion of the Play; that besides the Satisfaction which the Spectators would have had, to have seen two virtuous (or at least innocent) Characters rewarded and successful, there might have been also a more noble and instructive Moral drawn that Way. I must confess, if this be an Error (as perhaps it may) it is a voluntary one, and an Error of my Judgment: Since in the writing I actually made such a Sort of an Objection to myself, and chose to wind up the Story this Way. Tragedies have been allow'd, I know, to be written both Ways very beautifully: But since Terror and Pity are laid down for the Ends of Tragedy, by the great Master and Father of Criticism, I was always inclin'd to fancy that the last and remaining Impressions, which ought to be left on the Minds of an Audience, should proceed from one of these two. They should be struck with Terror in several Parts of the Play, but always conclude and go away with
Pity;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Pity; a Sort of Regret proceeding from Good-nature, which, though an Uneasiness, is not altogether disagreeable to the Person who feels it. It was this Passion that the famous Mr. *Otway* succeeded so well in touching, and must and will at all Times affect People, who have any Tenderness or Humanity. If therefore I had fav'd *Artaxerxes* and *Amestris*, I believe (with Submission to my Judges) I had destroy'd the greatest Occasion for Compassion in the whole Play. Any Body may perceive, that she is rais'd to some Degrees of Happiness, by hearing that her Father and Husband are living (whom she had suppos'd dead) and by seeing the Enemy and Persecutor of her Family dying at her Feet, purposely, that the Turn of her Death may be more surprizing and pitiful. As for that Part of the Objection, which says, that innocent Persons ought not to be shewn unfortunate; the Success and general Approbation, which many of the best Tragedies that have been writ, and which were built on that Foundation, have met with, will be a sufficient Answer for me.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

That which they call the Poetical Justice, is, I think, strictly observ'd; the two principal Contrivers of Evil, the Statesman and Priest, are punish'd with Death; and the Queen is depos'd from her Authority by her own Son; which, I suppose, will be allowed as the severest Mortification that cou'd happen to a Woman of her imperious Temper.

If there can be any Excuse for my entertaining your Lordship with this Detail of Criticisms, it is, that I would have this first Mark of the Honour I have for your Lordship, appear with as few Faults as possible. Did not the prevailing Character of your Lordship's excellent Humanity and Goodnature encourage me, what ought I not to fear from the Niceness of your Taste and Judgment? The Delicacy of your Reflexions may be very fatal to so rough a Draught as this is; but if I will believe (as I am sure I ought to do) all Men that I have heard speak of your Lordship, they bid me hope every thing from your Goodness. This is that, I must sincerely own, which made me extremely ambitious of your Lordship's Patronage

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tronage for this Piece. I am but too sensible that there are a Multitude of Faults in it; but since the Good-nature of the Town has cover'd, or not taken Notice of 'em, I must have so much Discretion, as not to look with an affected Nicety into 'em myself. With all the Faults and Imperfections which it may have, I must own, I shall be yet very well fatisfy'd with it, if it gives me an Opportunity of reckoning myself from this Time,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient

and devoted humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF dying Lovers yet deserve a Tear,
If a sad Story of a Maid's Despair
Yet move Compassion in the pitying Fair;
This Day the Poet does his Arts employ,
The soft Accesses of your Souls to try.
Nor let the Stoic boast his Mind unmov'd;
The Brute Philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The Joy of Loving, or of being Lov'd;
Who scorns his Human Nature to confess,
And striving to be more than Man, is less.
Nor let the Men the weeping Fair accuse,
Those kind Protectors of the Tragic Muse,
Whose Tears did moving Otway's Labours crown,
And made the poor Monimia's Grief their own:
Those Tears their Art, not Weakness has confess'd,
Their Grief approv'd the Niceness of their Taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O could this Age's Writers hope to find
An Audience to Compassion thus inclin'd,
The Stage would need no Farce, nor Song, nor Dance,
Nor Capering Monsieur brought from active France;
Clinch and his Organ-Pipe, his Dogs and Bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe with Captain Otter Bankside Air:
Majestic Tragedy should once again
In purple Pomp adorn the swelling Scene.
Her Search should ransack all the Ancients Store,
The Fortunes of their Loves and Arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but shou'd please you more.
What Shakespear durst not, this bold Age shou'd do,
And famous Greek and Latin Beauties shew:
Shakespear,

PROLOGUE.

Shakespear, whose Genius to it self a Law,
Could Men in every Height of Nature draw,
And copy'd all but Women that he saw.
Those ancient Heroines your Concern shou'd move,
Their Grief and Anger much, but most their Love;
For in the Account of every Age we find
The best and fairest of that Sex were kind,
To Pity always, and to Love inclin'd.
Assert, ye Fair Ones, who in Judgment sit,
Your ancient Empire over Love and Wit;
Reform our Sense, and teach the Men t'obey:
They'll leave their Tumbling, if you lead the Way.
Be but what those before to Otway were;
O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Artaxerxes, Prince of Persia, Elder</i>	}	<i>Mr. Verbrugen.</i>
<i>Son to King Arfaces, by a former Queen.</i>		
<i>Artaban, Son to Arfaces, by Artemisa.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Memnon, formerly General to Arfaces; now disgrac'd; a Friend to Artaxerxes.</i>		
<i>Mirza, First Minister of State, in the Interest of Artemisa and Artaban.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
<i>Magas, Priest of the Sun, Friend to Mirza and the Queen.</i>		
<i>Cleanthes, Friend to Artaban.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Orchanes, Captain of the Guards to the Queen.</i>		

W O M E N.

<i>Artemisa, formerly the Wife of Tiri-basus, a Persian Lord, now married to the King, and Queen of Persia.</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Amestris, Daughter to Memnon, in love with, and beloved by Artaxerxes.</i>		
<i>Cleone, Daughter to Mirza, in love with Artaxerxes, and belov'd by Artaban.</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Bowman.</i>
<i>Beliza, Confidante to Cleone.</i>		

THE

T H E

Ambitious Step - Mother.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A ROYAL PALACE.

Enter at several Doors, MIRZA and MAGAS.

MIRZA.

WHAT bring'st thou, *Magas*? Say, how fares
the King?

MAGAS.

As one whom when we number with the Living,
We say the most we can; tho' sure it must
Be happier far, to quit a wretched Being,
Than keep it on such Terms: for as I enter'd
The Royal Lodging, an universal Horror
Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart;
The cheerful Day was every where shut out
With care, and left a more than midnight Darkness,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their sickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it seem

More

14 *The Ambitious Step-Mother.*

More dismal by such Light; while those that waited,
In solemn Sorrow mix'd with wild Amazement,
Observ'd a dreadful Silence.

MIRZA.

Didst thou see him?

MAGAS.

My Lord, I did: treading with gentle Steps,
I reach'd the Bed, which held the poor Remains
Of great *Arfaces*: just as I approach'd,
His drooping Lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
Were faintly rear'd, to tell me that he liv'd;
The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
Sparkled no more with that majestic Fire,
At which ev'n Kings have trembled; but had lost
Their common useful Office, and were shaded
With an eternal Night. Struck with a Sight,
That shew'd me human Nature fall'n so low,
I hastily retir'd.

MIRZA.

He dies too soon;

And Fate, if possible, must be delay'd.
The Thought that labours in my forming Brain,
Yet crude and immature, demands more time.
Have the Physicians giv'n up all their Hopes?
Cannot they add a few Days to a Monarch,
In recompence of thousand vulgar Fates,
Which their Drugs daily hasten?

MAGAS.

As I pass

The outward Rooms, I found 'em in Consult;
I ask'd 'em if their Art was at a stand,
And could not help the King. They shook their Heads,
And in most grave and solemn wise unfolded
Matter, which little purposed, but words
Rank'd in right learned Phrase; all I could learn, was,
That Nature's kindly Warmth was quite extinct,
Nor could the Breath of Art kindle again
Th' Ethereal Fire.

MIRZA.

My Royal Mistress *Artemisa's* Fate;

And

And all her Son young *Artaban's* high hopes,
Hang on this lucky Crisis ; since this Day
The haughty *Artaxerxes* and old *Memnon*
Enter *Persopolis* : The yearly Feast
Devoted to our glorious God the Sun,
Hides their Designs under a holy Veil ;
And thus Religion is a Mask for Faction.
But let their Guardian *Genii* still be watchful,
For if they chance to nod, my waking Vengeance
Shall surely catch that Moment to destroy 'em.

M A G A S.

'Tis said the fair *Amestris*, *Memnon's* Daughter,
Comes in their Company.

M I R Z A.

That fatal Beauty,
With most malignant Influence, has crost
My first and great Ambition. When my Brother,
The great *Cleander*, fell by *Memnon's* Hand,
(You know the Story of our Houses Quarrel)
I sought the King for Justice on the Murderer ;
And to confirm my Interest in the Court,
In confidence of mighty Wealth and Power,
A long Descent from noble Ancestors,
And somewhat of the Beauty of the Maid,
I offer'd my *Cleone* to the Prince,
Fierce *Artaxerxes* ; he, with rude Disdain,
Refus'd the Proffer ; and to grate me more,
Publicly own'd his Passion for *Amestris* :
And in despite ev'n of his Father's Justice,
Espous'd the Cause of *Memnon*,

M A G A S.

Ev'n from that noted *Æra*, I remember
You dated all your Service to the Queen,
Our common Mistress.

M I R Z A

'Tis true, I did so : Nor was it in vain ;
She did me right, and satisfy'd my Vengeance :
Memnon was banish'd, and the Prince disgrac'd,
Went into Exile with him. Since that time,
Since I have been admitted to her Council,

And

And seen her, with unerring Judgment, guide:
 The Reins of Empire, I have been amaz'd,
 To see her more than manly Strength of Soul,
 Cautious in good Success, in bad unshaken;
 Still arm'd against th' uncertain Turns of Chance,
 Untouch'd by any Weakness of her Sex,
 Their Superstition, Pity, or their Fear;
 And is a Woman only in her Cunning.
 What Story tells of great *Semiramis*,
 Or rolling Time, that gathers as it goes,
 Has added more, such *Artemisa* is.

M A G A S.

Sure 'twas a mark of an uncommon Genius,
 To bend a Soul like that of great *Arfaces*,
 And charm him to her Sway.

M I R Z A.

Certainly Fate,
 Or somewhat like the Force of Fate was in it;
 And still whene'er Remembrance sets that Scene
 Before my Eyes, I view it with Amazement.

M A G A S.

I then was young, a Stranger to the Court,
 And only took the Story as reported
 By different Fame; you must have known it better.

M I R Z A.

Indeed I did, then favour'd by the King,
 And by that means a sharer in the Secret.
 'Twas on a Day of public Festival,
 When beauteous *Artemisa* stood to view
 (Behind the Covert of a golden Lattice,
 The King and Court returning from the Temple;
 When just as by her Stand *Arfaces* past,
 The Window by design or chance fell down,
 And to his view expos'd her blushing Beauties.
 She seem'd surpriz'd, and presently withdrew;
 But ev'n that Moment was an Age in Love:
 So was the Monarch's Heart for Passion moulded,
 So apt to take at first the soft Impression.
 Soon as we were alone, I found the Evil
 Already past a Remedy, and vainly

Urg'd

Urg'd the Resentment of her injur'd Lord :
His Love was deaf to all.

M A G A S.

Was *Tiribafus* absent ?

M I R Z A.

He was then General of the Horse,
Under old *Memnon* in the *Median* War.
But if that distant View so much had charm'd him,
Imagine how he burnt, when, by my Means,
He view'd her Beauties nearer: when each Action,
And every graceful Sound conspir'd to charm him:
Joy of her Conquest, and the Hopes of Greatness,
Gave Lustre to her Charms, and made her seem
Of more than mortal Excellence. In short,
After some Faint Resistance, like a Bride
That strives a while, tho' eager for the Bliss,
The furious King enjoy'd her:
And to secure their Joys, a Snare was laid
For her unthinking Lord, in which he fell
Before the Fame of this could reach his Ears.
Since that, she still has by successful Arts
Maintain'd that Pow'r, which first her Beauty gain'd.

M A G A S.

With deepest Foresight, wisely has she laid
A sure Foundation for the future Greatness
Of *Artaban*, her only darling Son.
Each busy Thought, that rolls within her Breast,
Labours for him: The King, when first he sicken'd,
Declar'd he should succeed him in the Throne.

M I R Z A.

That was a Point well gain'd; nor were the Eldership
Of *Artaxerxes* worth our least of Fears,
If *Memnon's* Interest did not prop his cause.
Since then they stand secur'd, by being join'd,
From reach of open Force, it were a Master-piece
Worthy a thinking Head, to sow Division
And Seeds of jealousy, to loose those Bonds,
Which knit and hold 'em up; that so divided,
With ease they might be ruin'd.

M A G A S.

MAGAS.

That's a difficulty next to impossible.

MIRZA.

Cease to think so.

The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties,
 By daring to attempt 'em : Sloth and Folly
 Shiver and Shrink at sight of Toil and Hazard,
 And make th' Impossibility they fear :
 Ev'n *Memnon's* Temper seems to give th' occasion ;
 Of Wrong impatient, headlong to revenge ;
 Tho' bold, yet wants that Faculty of thinking,
 That should direct his Anger. Valiant Fools
 Were made by Nature for the Wise to work with ;
 They are their Tools, and 'tis the Sport of Statesmen,
 When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together,
 And fall by one another.

MAGAS.

What you've said,

Has wak'd a Thought in me which may be lucky :
 E'er he was banish'd for your Brother's Murder,
 There was a Friendship 'twixt us ; and 'tho then
 I left his barren Soil, to root my self
 More safely under your auspicious Shade,
 Yet still pretending Ties of ancient Love,
 At his Arrival here I'll visit him :
 Whence this Advantage may at least be made,
 To ford his shallow Soul.

MIRZA.

Oh much, much more ;

'Twas happily remember'd : nothing gulls
 These open unsuspecting Fools, like Friendship :
 Dull heavy Things ! Whom Nature has left honest
 In mere Frugality, to save the Charge
 She's at in setting out a thinking Soul :
 Who, since their own short Understandings reach
 No further than the present, think ev'n the Wife,
 Like them, disclose the Secrets of their Breasts,
 Speak what they think, and tell Tales of themselves.
 Thy Function too will varnish o'er our Arts,
 And sanctify Dissembling.

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

Yet still I doubt,
His Caution may draw back, and fear a Snare.

MIRZA.

Tell him, the better to assist the Fraud,
That ev'n I wish his Friendship, and would gladly
Forget that Cause of Hate, which long has held us
At mortal distance, give up my Revenge,
A grateful Off'ring to the public Peace.

MAGAS.

Could you afford him such a Bribe as that,
A Brother's Blood yet unaton'd?

MIRZA.

No, *Magas*,
It is not in the power of Fate to raze
That Thought from out my Memory:
Eternal Night, 'tis true, may cast a Shade
On all my Faculties, extinguish Knowledge,
And great Revenge may with my Being cease;
But whilst I am, that ever will remain,
And in my latest Spirits still survive.
Yet I would have thee promise that, and more;
The Friendship of the Queen, the Restitution
Of his Command, and Honours, that his Daughter
Shall be the Bride of *Artaban*; say any thing:
Thou know'st the Faith of Courtiers, and their Oaths,
Like those of Lovers, the Gods laugh at 'em.

MAGAS.

Doubt not my Zeal to serve our Royal Mistress,
And in her Interest yours, my Friend and patron.

MIRZA.

My worthy Priest! Still be my Friend and share
The utmost of my Pow'r; by Greatness rais'd,
[Embracing.
Thou, like the God thou serv'st, shalt shine aloft,
And with thy Influence rule the under World.
But see! the Queen appears; she seems to muse,
Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
Of high Import, which bustles like an Embryo

In its dark Room, and longs to be disclos'd.
Retire, lest we disturb her.

[*They retire to the side of the Stage.*]

Enter the QUEEN attended.

QUEEN.

Be fix'd, my Soul, fix'd on thy own firm Basis!
Be constant to thyself; nor know the Weakness,
The poor Irresolution of my Sex:
Disdain those shews of Danger, that would bar
My Way to Glory. Ye diviner Pow'rs!
By whom 'tis said we are, from whose bright Beings
Those active Sparks were struck which move our Clay;
I feel, and I confess th' Ethereal Energy,
That busy restless Principle, whose Appetite
Is only pleas'd with Greatness like your own:
Why have you clogg'd it then with this dull Mass,
And shut it up in Woman? Why debas'd it
To an inferior Part of the Creation?
Since your own heavenly Hands mistook my Lot,
'Tis you have err'd, not I. Could Fate e'er mean
Me for a Wife, a Slave to *Tiribafus*!
'To such a Thing as he! a Wretch! a Husband!
Therefore in just Assertion of myself,
I shook him off, and pass'd those narrow Limits,
Which Laws contrive in vain for Souls born great.
There is not, must not be a Bound for greatness;
Pow'r gives a Sanction, and makes all things just.
Ha! *Mirza*! Worthy Lord! I saw thee not,

[*Seeing Mirza.*]

So busy were my Faculties in Thought.

MIRZA.

The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,
Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar; [Bowings.
And like a Temple's innermost Recesses,
None enters to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,
Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Wife *Mirza!* were my Soul a Temple, fit
For Gods and Godlike Counsels to inhabit,
Thee only would I chuse of all Mankind,
To be the Priest, still favour'd with Access;
Whose piercing Wit, sway'd by unerring Judgment,
Might Mingle even with assembled Gods,
When they devise unchangeable Decrees,
And call 'em Fate.

MIRZA.

What'er I am, each Faculty,
The utmost Power of my exerted Soul,
Preserves a Being only for your Service;
And when I am not yours, I am no more.

QUEEN.

Time shall not know an End of my Acknowledgments;
But every Day of our continu'd Lives
Be witness of my Gratitude, to draw
The Knot, which holds our common Interest, closer:
Within six Days, my Son, my *Artaban*,
Equally dear to me as Life and Glory,
In Public shall espouse the fair *Cleone*,
And be my Pledge of everlasting Amity.

MIRZA.

O Royal Lady! you outbid my Service;
And all Returns are vile, but Words the poorest.

QUEEN.

Enough! be, as thou hast been, still my Friend,
I ask no more. But I observe of late,
Your Daughter grows a Stranger to the Court;
Know you the Cause?

MIRZA

A melancholy Girl;
Such in her Infancy her Temper was,
Soft even beyond her Sex's Tenderness;
By Nature pitiful, and apt to grieve
For the Mishaps of others, and so make
The Sorrows of the wretched World her own:
Her Closet and the Gods share all her time,
Except when (only by some Maid attended)

She

She seeks some shady solitary Grove,
Or by the gentle Murmurs of some Brook
Sits sadly listening to a Tale of Sorrow,
Till with her Tears she swell the narrow Stream.

QUEEN.

It is not well, these Thoughts must be remov'd ;
That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spite,
Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty :
But Love shall chase away these Clouds of Sadness ;
My Son shall breathe so warm a Gale of Sighs,
As shall dissolve those Icicles that hang
Like Death about her Heart.

Attend us, holy *Magas*, to the King,
Nor cease to importune the mighty Gods
To grant him Health, tho' much I fear in vain.

[*Exeunt Queen, Magas, and Attendants.*]

Manet M I R Z A.

This meddling Priest longs to be found a Fool.
Thinks he that *Memnon*, Soldier as he is,
Thoughtless and dull, will listen to his Soothing ?
Howe'er, I gave his wife Proposal way,
Nay, urg'd him to go on ; the shallow Fraud
Will ruin him for ever with my Enemies,
And make him firmly mine, spite of his Fears,
And natural Inconstancy.
While Choice remains, he will be still unsteady,
And nothing but Necessity can fix him. [Exit.]

Enter ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, and Attendants.

ARTAXERXES.

Methinks, my noble Father and my Friend,
We enter here like Strangers, and unlook'd for :
Each busy Face we meet, with Wonder starts,
And seems amaz'd to see us.

MEMNON.

Well may th' ignoble Herd
Start, if with heedless Steps they unawares

Tread

Tread on the Lion's Walk: a Prince's Genius
Awe with superior Greatness all beneath him.
With Wonder they behold the Great *Arfaces*
Reviv'd again in Godlike *Artaxerxes*.
In you they see him, such as oft they did
Returning from his Wars, and crown'd with Conquest,
When all our Virgins met him on the Way,
And with their Songs and Dances blest his Triumph:
Now basely aw'd by factious Priests and Women,
They start at Majesty, and seem surpriz'd,
As if a God had met 'em. In Honour's Name,
Why have we let this be? why have we languish'd,
And suffer'd such a Government as this
To waste our Strength, and wear our Empire low?

ARTAXERXES.

Curst be the Means by which these Ills arose,
Fatal alike to me as to my Country;
Which my great Soul, unable to revenge,
Has yet with Indignation only seen,
Cut off by Arts of Coward Priests and Statesmen,
Whom I disdain'd with servile Smiles to court,
From the great Right which God and Nature gave,
My Birthright to a Throne.

MEMNON.

Nor Priests, nor Statesmen,
Could have compleated such an Ill as that,
If Women had not mingled in the Mischief;
If *Artemisa* had not, by her Charms,
And all her Sex's Cunning, wrought the King,
Old, obvious to her Arts, decay'd in Greatness,
Dead to the Memory of what once he was,
Just crawling on the Verge of wretched Life,
A Burden to himself, and his Friends Pity,
Among his other Failings, to forget
All that a Father and a King could owe
To such a Son as you were; to cut you off
From your Succession, from your Hopes of Empire,
And graft her upstart Offspring on to Royalty.

ARTAXERXES.

ARTAXERXES.

But if I bear it,
 Oh may I live to be my Brother's Slave,
 The Scorn of those brave Friends that own my Cause;
 May you, my Father, spurn me for a Coward,
 May all my noble Hopes of Love and Glory
 Leave me to vile Despair. By Heaven, my Heart
 Sits lighter in my Bosom, when I think
 That I this Day shall meet the Boy my Brother,
 Whose young Ambition with aspiring Wings
 Dares ev'n to mate my Greatness.

MEMNON.

Fame, that speaks
 Minutely every Circumstance of Princes,
 Describes him bold, and fiercely fond of Power.
 Which ev'n in spite of Nature he affects;
 Impatient of Command, and hardly deigning
 To be controul'd by his imperious Mother.
 'Tis said too (as no Means were left untry'd,
 Which might prepare and fit him to contend
 With a superior Right of Birth and Merit)
 That Books, and the politer Arts (which those
 Who know admire) have been his Care; already
 He mingles in their Councils, and they trust
 His Youth with Secrets of important Villany.
 The Crowd, taught by his Creatures to admire him,
 Style him a God in Wisdom.

ARTAXERXES.

Be that his Glory;
 Let him with Pedants hunt for Praise in Books,
 Pore out his Life amongst the lazy Gown-men,
 Grow old and vainly proud in fancy'd Knowledge,
 Unequal to the Task of vast Ambition;
 Ambition! the Desire of active Souls,
 That pushes 'em beyond the Bounds of Nature,
 And elevates the Hero to the Gods.
 But see! my Love, your beauteous Daughter comes,
 And ev'n Ambition sickens at her sight.

Enter

Enter AMESTRIS attended.

Revenge, and fierce Desires of Glory, cease
To urge my Passions, master'd by her Eyes;
And only gentle Fires now warm my Breast.

AMESTRIS.

I come, my Father, to attend your Order.

[*To Memnon.*]

MEMNON.

'Tis well; and I would have thee still be near me.
The Malice of the Faction which I hate,
Would vent itself ev'n on thy Innocence,
Wert thou not safe under a Father's Care.

ARTAXERXES.

Oh say a Lover's too; nor can you have
An Interest in her Safety more than mine.
Love gives a Right superior ev'n to Nature;
Or Love is Nature in the noblest Meaning,
The Cause and the Preserver of the World.
These Arms, that long to press thee to my Bosom,
For ever shall defend thee.

MEMNON.

Therefore, my Son,
Unto your Care I leave our common Charge;
Tigranes with our Friends expects my Orders:
Those when I have dispatch'd, upon the Instant
I will return, and meet at your Apartment.

[*Exit Memnon.*]

ARTAXERXES.

Come to my Arms, and let me hide thee there
From all those Fears that vex thy beating Heart;
Be safe and free from all those fancy'd Dangers,
That haunt thy Apprehension.

AMESTRIS.

Can you blame me,
If from Retirement drawn, and pleasing Solitude,
I fear to tempt this stormy Sea the World,
Whose ev'ry Beach is strew'd with Wrecks of Wretches
That daily perish in it? Curt Ambition!

Why dost thou come to trouble my Repose,
Who have ev'n from my Infancy disclaim'd thee ?

ARTAXERXES.

Cease to complain, my Love, and let no Thought,
But what brings Peace and Joy, approach thy Breast.
Let me impart my manly Fires to thee,
To warm thy Fancy to a Taste of Glory ;
Imperial Power and purple Greatness wait thee,
And sue for thy Acceptance : by the Sun,
And by *Arfaces'* Head, I will not mount
The Throne of *Cyrus*, but to share it with thee.

AMESTRIS.

Vain Shews of Happiness ! Deceitful Pageantry !
Ah ! Prince, hadst thou but known the Joys which dwell
With humbler Fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy Royalty.
Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
Where only blest with Life's Necessities,
We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires bring ;
There no Step-Mother, no ambitious Brother,
No wicked Statesman, would with impious Arts
Have strove to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction :
Our Nights had all been blest with balmy Slumbers,
And all our waking Hours been crown'd with Love.

ARTAXERXES.

Exquisite Charmer ! Now by *Orosmales*
I swear, thy each soft Accent melts my Soul,
The Joy of Conquest, and immortal Triumph,
Honour and Greatness, all that fires the Hero
To high Exploits, and everlasting Fame,
Grows vile in sight of thee. My haughty Soul,
By Nature fierce, and panting after Glory,
Could be content to live obscure with thee,
Forgotten and unknown of all but my *Amestris*.

AMESTRIS.

No, Son of great *Arfaces*, tho' my Soul
Shares in my Sex's Weakness, and would fly
From noise and Faction, and from fatal Greatness ;
Yet for thy sake, thou Idol of my Heart,

(Nor

(Nor will I blush to own the sacred Flame,
Thy Sighs and Vows have kindled in my Breast)
For thy lov'd sake, spite of my boding Fears,
I'll meet the Danger which Ambition brings,
And tread one Path with thee: Nor shalt thou lose
The glorious Portion which thy Fate designs thee,
For thy *Amestris'* Fears.

ARTAXERXES.

Give me those Fears;

For all things will be well.

AMESTRIS.

Grant it, ye Powers:

This Day before your Alters will I kneel,
Where all my Vows shall for my Prince be offer'd;
Still let Success attend him, let Mankind
Adore in him your visible Divinity;
Nor will I importune you for myself,
But sum up all I ask in *Artaxerxes.*

ARTAXERXES.

And doubt not but the Gods will kindly hear
Their Virgin Votary, and grant her Pray'r:
Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,
Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
And own the kindred Beauties of thy Eyes;
The Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An APARTMENT in the PALACE.

Enter MEMNON and MAGAS.

MEMNON.

THOSE who are wise in Courts, my holy Sir,
 Make Friendships with the Ministers of State,
 Nor seek the Ruins of a wretched Exile,
 Lest there should be Contagion in Misfortunes,
 And make th' Alliance fatal.

MAGAS.

Friends like *Memnon*,
 Are worth being fought in Danger: Since this Age,
 Of most flagitious Note, degenerates
 From the fam'd Virtue of our Ancestors,
 And leaves but few Examples of their Excellence,
 Whom should we seek for Friendships but those few,
 Those happy few, within whose Breasts alone
 The Footsteps of lost Virtue yet remain?

MEMNON.

I prithee Peace; for nothing misbecomes
 The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery;
 Flattery! the meanest kind of base dissembling,
 And only us'd to catch the grossest Fools:
 Besides, it stains the Honour of thy Function,
 Which, like the Gods thou serv'st, should be sincere.

MAGAS.

By that Sincerity, by all the Service
 My Friendship can express, I would approve it;

And

And tho' I went not from *Persepolis*
Companion of your Exile, yet my Heart
Was with you still; and what I could I did,
Beseeching ev'ry God for your Return:
Nor were those Vows in vain, since once again
'Tis giv'n me to behold my Friend; nay more,
Would you agree, to keep you here for ever.

MEMNON.

The Gods, 'tis true, are just, and have, I hope,
At length decreed an end to my Misfortunes;
At least they give me this, to die with Honour,
When Life grows vile or burdensome.

MAGAS.

By me they offer all that you can ask,
And point an easy Way to Happiness.
Spare them the Wounds our wretched Country fears,
The thousand Ills which Civil Discord brings.
Oh still that Noise of War, whose dread Alarms
Frighten Repose from Country Villages,
And stir rude Tumult up, and wild Distraction
In all our peaceful Cities.

MEMNON.

Witness for me,
Ye awful Gods, who view our inmost Thoughts!
I took not Arms, till urg'd by Self-defence,
The eldest Law of Nature.
Impute not then those Ills which may ensue
To me, but those who with incessant Hate
Pursue my Life, whose Malice spreads the Flame
To every part, that my devoted Fabric
May in the universal Ruin burn.

MAGAS.

And yet ev'n there perhaps you judge too rashly,
Impetuous Passion hurries you so fast,
You cannot mark th' Advantage of your Fortune.

MEMNON.

Has not the Law been urg'd to set a Brand
Of foul Dishonour on my hoary Head?
Ha! Am I not proscrib'd?

C 3

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

Forget that Thought ;
That jarring grates your Soul, and turns the Harmony
Of blessed Peace to curst infernal Discord.
Hate and its fatal Causes all shall cease,
And *Memnon's* Name be honour'd as of old,
The bravest and the most successful Warrior,
The fortunate Defender of his Country.

MEMNON.

'Tis true (nor will it seem a Boast to own)
I have fought well for *Persia*, and repay'd
The Benefit of Birth with honest Service ;
Full fifty Years harness'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blast,
And the severer Heats of parching Summer :
While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches
Amidst a Crew of Harlots and soft Eunuchs,
Were at my Cost secure in Luxury :
This is a justice *Mirza's* Self must do me.

MAGAS.

Even he, tho' fatal Accidents have set
A most unhappy Bar between your Friendship,
Lamenting that there had been Cause of Enmity,
And owning all the Merit of your Virtues,
Will often wish Fate had ordain'd you Friends.

MEMNON.

Our God, the Sun, shall sooner change his Course,
And all th' Impossibilities, which Poets
Count to extravagance of loose Description,
Shall sooner be.

MAGAS.

Yet hear me, noble *Memnon* :
When by the Duty of my Priesthood mov'd,
And in just Detestation of the Mischiefs
Intestine Jars produce, I urg'd wise *Mirza*,
By his Concurrence, Help, and Healing Counsel,
To stop those Wounds at which his Country bleeds ;
Griev'd at the Thought, he vow'd his whole Endeavour
Should be to close those Breaches :
That ev'n *Cleander's* Death, and all those Quarrels
That

That long have nourish'd Hatred in your Houses,
Should be in Joy of public Peace forgotten.

MEMNON.

Oh couldst thou charm the Malice of a Statesman,
And make him quit his Purpose of Revenge,
Thy Preaching might reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more.

MAGAS.

Nay, ev'n the Queen
Will bind the Confirmation by her Son,
And ask the fair *Amestris* for Prince *Artaban*.

MEMNON.

Were that the only Terms, it were impossible.

MAGAS.

You wou'd not shun th' Alliance of a Prince?

MEMNON:

No; for it is the Glory of my Fate,
That *Artaxerxes* is design'd my Son,
With ev'ry Grace and Royal Virtue crown'd;
Great, just, and merciful, such as Mankind
(When, in the Infant World, first Governments
Began by Choice) would have design'd a King.

MAGAS.

Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatness give
To Kings that Lustre, which we think divine;
The Wise, who know 'em, know they are but Men,
Nay, sometimes weak ones too: the Crowd, indeed,
Who kneel before the Image, not the God,
Worship the Deity their Hands have made.
The Name of *Artaban* will be as great
As that of *Cyrus*, when he shall possess
(As sure he shall) his Throne.

MEMNON.

Ha! What means he?

This Villian Priest! But hold my Rage a little,
And learn Dissimulation: I'll try him further. [*Afide.*]
You talk in Riddles, when you name a Throne
And *Artaban*; the Gods who portion out
The Lots of Princes as of private Men,
Have put a Bar between his hopes and Empire.

C 4

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

What bar?

MEMNON.

The best, an elder Brother's Claim.

MAGAS.

That's easily remov'd; the King their Father,
On just and weighty Reasons, has decreed
His Scepter to the Younger; add to this,
The joint Concurrence of our *Persian* Lords,
Who only want your Voice to make it firm.

MEMNON

Can I, can they, can any honest Hand,
Join in an Act like this? Is not the Elder
By Nature pointed out for Preference?
Is not his Right inroll'd among those Laws
Which keeps the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order?
Ask those thou nam'st but now, what made them Lords?
What Titles had they had, if Merit only
Could have conferr'd a Right; if Nature had not
Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first,
And stamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership
Upon their baser Metal?

MAGAS.

Sure there may be
Reasons of so much Pow'r and cogent Force,
As may ev'n set aside this Right of Birth;
If Sons have Rights, yet Fathers have 'em too.
'Twere an invidious Task to enter into
The Insolence, and other Faults, which mov'd
Royal *Arfaces* to a just Displeasure
Against his eldest Son, Prince *Artaxerxes*.

MEMNON

Ha! dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not
To brand the spotless Virtue of my Prince
With falshoods of most base and damn'd Contrivance.
I tell thee, envious Priest, should the just Gods
Require severe Account of thy past Life,
And charge Remembrance to dispose thy crimes,
In Rank and hideous Order to thy View,
Horror and Guilt of Soul would make thee mad.

MAGAS:

MAGAS.

You take the Matter further than I meant it :
My Friendship only aims at your Advantage,
Would point you out a Way to Peace and Honour,
And in return of this, your Rage unkindly
Loads me with Injuries.

MEMNON.

Away! I cannot bear thy base Dissembling,
My honest Soul disdains thee and thy Friendship.
How hast thou dar'd to think so vilely of me,
That I would condescend to thy mean Arts,
And traffick with thee for a Prince's Ruin?
A Prince the Joy and Honour of Mankind,
As much superior to the rest of Kings,
As they themselves are above common Men;
And is the very Image of the Gods.
Wer't thou not privileg'd like Age and Women,
My Sword should reach thee, and revenge the Wrong
Thy Tongue has done his Fame.

MAGAS.

Ungrateful Lord!
Would'st thou invade my Life, as a Return
For proffer'd Love? But let th' Event declare
How great a Good by me sincerely offer'd,
Thy dull Romantic Honour has refus'd.
And since I have discharg'd the Debt I ow'd
To former Friendship, if the Gods hereafter
Send Ruin down, and plague thee with Confusion,
Remember me in vain, and curse thy Folly.

[Exit Magas.]

MEMNON.

No, my Remembrance treasures honest Thoughts.
And holds not things like thee; I scorn thy Friendship,
And would not owe my Life to such a Villan:
But thou art hardly Saint enough to prophesy.
Were all thy Tribe like thee, it might well startle
Our Lay unlearned Faith, when through such Hands
The Knowledge of the Gods is reach'd to Man.
But thus those Gods instruct us, that not all
(Who like Intruders thrust into their Service,

34 *The Ambitious Step-Mother.*

And turn the holy Office to a Trade)
Participate their sacred Influence.
This then is your own Cause; ye awful Powers,
Revenge yourselves, your violated Alters,
That those who with unhallow'd Hands approach,
May tremble at your Justice. [Exit Memnon.]

SCENE II. *The PALACE.*

*Enter the QUEEN, ARTABAN, MIRZA,
MAGAS, and Attendants.*

ARTABAN.

My Brother then is come!

MIRZA.

My Lord, I saw him,
With him old haughty *Memnon*; as they pass'd,
With fierce Disdain they view'd the gazing Crowd,
And with dumb Pride seem'd to neglect that Worship
Which yet they wish'd to find: this way they move;
'Tis said to ask an Audience of the King.

QUEEN.

Mirza, 'tis well, I thank thy timely Care;
Here will we face this Storm of Insolence,
Nor fear the noisy Thunder; let it roll,
Then burst, and spend at once its idle Rage,

ARTABAN.

Why meet we thus like wrangling Advocates,
To urge the Justice of our Cause with Words?
I hate this Parle, 'tis tame: if we must meet,
Give me my Arms, and let us stake at once
Our Rights of Merit and of Eldership,
And prove like Men our Title.

MIRZA.

'Twere unsafe,
They come surrounded by a Crowd of Friends:
To strike thro' these were dangerous and rash.
Fate waits for them elsewhere with certain Ruin;
From *Mirza's* Hand expect it.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Be it so:

Auspicious Sage, I trust thee with my Fortune.
My Hopes of Greatness, do thou guide 'em all,
For me and for thyself. My Son, give way,
Nor let thy hasty Youth disturb with Outrage
The present necessary Face of Peace;
Occasions great and glorious will remain
Worthy thy Arms and Courage.

ARTABAN.

I obey,

And willingly resign th' unmanly Task.
Words are indeed your Province.

MIRZA.

My Royal Mistress,
Prepare to meet with more than brutal Fury
From the fierce Prince and Memnon.

QUEEN.

Well I know

The Insolence and native Pride of each;
With scurrile Taunts and blackest Infamy
They load my Name: But let the Wretches rail;
A Woman's Vengeance waits 'em.

MIRZA.

They are here.

Enter ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, and Attendants.

ARTAXERXES.

Ye tutelur Gods, who guard this Royal Fabric,
And thou, O Orosmales, the Protector
Of the great Persian Race, e'er yet my Father,
Royal Arfaces, mingle with your Godheads,
Grant me once more to lay before his Feet
His Eldest born, his once lov'd Artaxerxes,
To offer my Obedience to his Age;
All that a Son can owe to such a Father.
You, who with haggard Eyes stare wildly on me,
If (as by your Attendance here you seem)
You serve the King my Father, lead me to him.

C 6

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

And dost thou wonder that Mankind should stare,
When Parricides and Rebels, in despite
Of Nature, Majesty, and reverend Age,
With impious Force and ruffian Violence,
Would rob a King and Father of his Life;
Cut off his short Remains?——

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! say't thou, Woman!
I prithee Peace, and urge not a Reply;
I would not hold Acquaintance with thy Infamy.

QUEEN.

Ye righteous Pow'rs, whose Justice awes the World,
Let not your Thunders sleep when Crimes like these
Stalk in the open Air.

ARTAXERXES.

Thy Priest instructs thee,
Else sure thou hadst not dar'd to tempt the Gods,
And trifle with their Justice; Canst thou name it,
And look on me? on me, whom thy curst Arts
Have strove to bar from native Right to Empire,
Made me a Stranger to a Father's Love,
And broke the Bands of Nature, which once held me
The nearest to his Heart?

QUEEN.

Had he not Reason,
When thou with Rebel Insolence didst dare
To own and to protect that hoary Ruffian;
[Pointing to Memnon.
And in despite ev'n of thy Father's Justice,
To stir the factious Rabble up to Arms
For him; and make a Murd'rer's Cause thy own?

MEMNON.

I had another Name (nor shouldst thou move me,
Insulting Queen, to Words, did not Remembrance
With Horror sting my Soul for *Tiribafus*,
Thy murder'd Lord) when by my fatal Orders,
And by his own high Courage urg'd, he fell,
To make thy way to guilty Greatness easy.
I thought him then a Traitor (for thy Arts

Had

Had taught the Royal Mandate so to call him)
Too big for public Justice, and on that Pretence
Consented to the Snare that catch'd his Life ;
So my obedient Honesty was made
The Pander to thy Lust and black Ambition.
Except the Guilt of that accursed Day,
In all my Iron Years of Wars and Danger,
From blooming Youth down to decaying Age,
My Fame ne'er knew a Stain of foul Dishonour ;
And if that make me guilty, think what thou art,
The Cause and the Contriver of that Mischief.

QUEEN.

What nam'st thou *Tiribafus* ! Be his Guilt
Forgotten with his Memory. Think on *Cleander*,
And let the Furies that enquire for Blood,
Stir Horror up, and bitterest Remorse,
To gnaw thy anxious Soul. Oh great *Cleander* !
Unworthy was thy Fate, thou first of Warriors
To fall beneath a base Assaffian's Stab,
Whom all the thirsty Instruments of Death
Had in the Field of Battle fought in vain.

MEMNON.

In Sight of Heaven, and of the equal Gods,
I will avow that my Revenge was just ;
My injur'd Honour could not ask for less :
Since he refus'd to do a Soldier's Justice,
Lus'd him as I ought.

QUEEN.

Amazing Boldness!

And dar'st thou call that Act a Soldier's Justice?
Did'st thou not meet him with dissembled Friendship,
Hiding the Rancour of thy Heart in Smiles?
When he (whose open unsuspecting Nature
Thought thee a Soldier honest as himself)
Came to the Banquet as secure of Peace,
By mutual Vows renew'd; and in the Revel
Of that luxurious Day, forgetting Hate,
And every Cause of ancient Animosity,
Devoted all his Thoughts to Mirth and Friendship
Then *Memnon* (at an Hour when few are Villains,

The

The sprightly Juice infusing gentler Thoughts,
 And kindling Love ev'n in the coldest Breasts);
 Unequal to him in the Face of War,
 Stole on *Cleander* with a Coward's Malice,
 And struck him to the Heart.

MEMNON.

By the stern God,
 By *Mars*, the Patron of my honour'd Wars,
 'Tis basely false. In his own drunken Brawl
 The Boaster fell. I bore his lavish Tongue,
 Nor thought him worth my Sword, 'till (his cold Temper
 Warm'd with the Wine) he dar'd me to the Combat;
 Then pleas'd to meet him in that Fit of Valour,
 I took him at his Word, and (with my Sword
 Drawn against his in equal Opposition)
 I kill'd him while it lasted.

ARTAXERXES.

Cease we, my Friend,
 This Women's War of Railing; when they talk,
 Men should be still, and let Noise tire itself,
 I came to find a Father, tho' my Fears
 Suggest the worst of Evils to my Thoughts,
 And make me dread to hear *Arfaces'* Fate:
 Lead, *Memnon*, to the Presence.

QUEEN.

Prince, you pass not;
 Guards, keep the Door; the King your Father lives—

ARTAXERXES.

Ha!— if he lives, why lives he not to me?
 Why am I thus shut out and banish'd from him?
 Why are my Veins rich with his Royal Blood?
 Why did he give me Life, if not to serve him?
 Forbid me not to wait upon his Bed,
 And watch his sickly Slumbers, that my Youth
 May with its Service glad his drooping Age,
 And his cold Hand may bless me ere he die.
 Nay, be a Queen, and rob me of his Crown,
 But let me keep my Right to filial Piety.

QUEEN.

Well hast thou urg'd the specious Name of Duty

To

To hide deform'd Rebellion : Haft thou not
With thy false Arts poison'd his People's Loyalty ?
What meant thy pompous Progress thro' the Empire ?
Thy vast Profusion to the factious Nobles,
Whose Interest sways the Crowd, and stirs up Mutiny ?
Why did thy haughty, fierce, disdainful Soul
Stoop to the meanest Arts which catch the Vulgar ?
Herd with 'em, fawn upon 'em, and carefs 'em ?
Appeal to them, to them relate thy Wrongs,
And make them Judges of thy Father's Justice ?
Thy cruel and unnatural Lust of Power
Has sunk thy Father more than all his Years,
And made him wither in a green old Age.

ARTAXERXES.

False all as Hell : Nor had I arm'd my Friends
But to defend that Right——

QUEEN.

Dost thou not come,
Impatient of Delay, to hasten Fate ?
To bring that Death, the lingering Disease
Would only for a Day or two defer ?

ARTAXERXES.

I hear thee, and disdain thy little Malice,
That dares to stain my Virtue with a Crime
It views with most Abhorrence ; but Reproach
Is lost on thee, since Modesty, with all
The Virtues that adorn thy Sex, is fled.

QUEEN.

Audacious Rebel !

ARTAXERXES.

Infamous Adulterers !
Stain of my Father's Bed, and of his Throne !

ARTABAN.

Villain, thou ly'st. Oh Madam, give me way,
[To the Queen, who holds him, drawing his Sword.
Whatever bars my Fury, calls me base,
Unworthy of the Honour of your Son.

QUEEN.

Hold, *Artaban* ; My Honour suffers not
From his lewd Breath, nor shall thy Sword profane

With

With Brawls or Blood the Reverence of this Place,
To Peace and sacred Majesty devoted.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! Who art thou?

ARTABAN.

The Son of great *Arfaces*.

ARTAXERXES.

No, 'tis false; thy forging Mother's damn'd Contri-
vance.

[*Pointing to Mirza.*

Seek for thy Father in that plotting Fellow.

The Hero's Race disclaims thee. Why dost thou frown.

And knit thy Boyish Brow? Dost thou dare ought

Worthy the Rank of the Divine *Arfaces*?

If so, come forth, break from that Woman's Arms,

And meet me with thy good Sword like a Man.

ARTABAN.

Yes, *Artaxerxes*, yes; thou shalt be met:

The mighty Gods have held us in the Balance,

And one of us is doom'd to sink for ever;

Nor can I bear a long Delay of Fate,

But wish the great Decision were ev'n now:

Proud and Ambitious Prince, I dare like thee

All that is great and glorious. Like thine,

Immortal Thirst of Empire fires my soul;

My Soul, which of superior Power impatient,

Disdains thy Eldership; therefore in Arms

(Which give the noblest Right to Kings) I will

To Death dispute with thee the Throne of *Cyrus*.

ARTAXERXES.

Do this, and thou art worthy of my Anger;

O Energy Divine of great Ambition,

That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,

And ripen 'em to Men in Spite of Nature!

I tell thee, Boy, that Empire is a Cause,

For which the Gods might wage immortal War.

Then let my Soul exert her utmost Virtue,

And think at least thou art *Arfaces*' Son,

That the Idea of thy fancy'd Father

May raise and animate thy lesser Genius,

And make thee fit to meet my Arm in Battle.

ARTABAN.

ARTABAN.

Oh doubt not but my Soul is charm'd with Greatness,
So much it rivals ev'n the Joy of Knowledge
And sacred Wisdom. What makes Gods divine,
But Power and Science Infinite?
Hear only this; our Father, press'd by Age,
And a long Train of Evils which that brings,
Languishes in the last Extremes of Life:
Since thou wouldst blot my Birth with base Dishonour,
Be this my Proof of filial Piety,
While yet he lives, cease we our Enmity;
Nor let the hideous Noise of War disturb
His parting Soul.

ARTAXERXES.

I take thee at thy Word:
Let his Remains of Life be Peace betwixt us,
And after that let all our Time be War.
Remember when we meet, since one must fall,
Who conquers and survives, survives to Empire.
[*Exeunt severally, Queen and Artab. Artax. Mem.*
scum suis.

Manent MIRZA and MAGAS.

MIRZA.

Most fortunate Event! which gives us more
Than ev'n our Wishes could have ask'd. This Truce
Gives lucky Opportunity for thinking;
'Twill lull these thoughtless Heroes to Security.

MAGAS.

Th' approaching Festival will more confirm it:
Of all those sacred Times which heretofore
Religion has distinguish'd from the rest,
And to the Service of the Gods devoted,
This has been still most venerable held.
Among the Vulgar, Toil and Labour ceases;
With Chaplets crown'd they dance to the shrill Pipe,
And in their Songs invoke those milder Deities,
That soften anxious Life with Peace and Pleasure;
Slaves are enfranchis'd, and inveterate Foes
Forget, or at the least suspend their Hate,

And

And meet like Friends. Pernicious Discord seems
 Out-rooted from our more than Iron Age :
 The Gods are worship'd with unusual Reverence,
 Since none, not ev'n our Kings, approach their Temples
 With any Mark of War's destructive Rage,
 But Sacrifice unarm'd.

M I R Z A.

A lucky Thought
 Is in my Mind at once compleatly form'd,
 Like *Grecian Pallas* in the Head of *Jove*.
 When *Memnon*, *Artaxerxes*, and their Friends,
 Shall, in obedience to the Holy Rites,
 To-morrow at the Altars bow unarm'd,
Orchanes with a Party of the Guards,
 Who in my Palace shall this Night be plac'd,
 May at that private Door which opens into
 The Temple, rush at once, and seize 'em all.
 The Heads once safe, the mean and heartless Crowd
 With ease may be dispers'd.

M A G A S.

What you propose
 Wears a successful Face, were it as innocent :
 An Act of such outrageous Profanation,
 May shock the Thoughts ev'n of our closest Friends,
 And make 'em start from an abhorr'd Alliance,
 That draws the Vengeance of the Gods upon 'em.

M I R Z A.

Art thou the first to start a Doubt like that ?
 Art thou (who dost inspire their Oracles,
 And teach 'em to deceive the easy Crowd
 In doubtful Phrase) afraid of thy own Gods ?
 In every Change they were on thy Side still,
 And sure they will not leave thee now for Trifles.
 The Gods shall certainly befriend our Cause,
 At least not be our Foes, nor will they leave
 Their happy Seats (where free from Care and Pain,
 Bless'd in themselves alone, of Man regardless,
 They loll serene in everlasting Ease)
 To mind the trivial Business of our World.

M A G A S.

MAGAS.

But more I fear the superstitious Vulgar,
Who tho' unknowing what Religion means,
Yet nothing moves 'em more than zealous Rage
For its Defence, when they believe it violated.

MIRZA.

I was to blame to tax the Priest with Scruples,
Or think his Care of Interest was his Conscience. [*Aside.*
My Caution shall obviate all thy Fears ;
We will give out that they themselves design'd
To fire the Temple, and then kill the King.
No Matter, tho' it seem not very probable ;
More monstrous Tales have oft amus'd the Vulgar.

MAGAS.

I yield to your Direction ; and to strengthen
The Enterprize, will secretly dispose
A Party of my own within the Temple,
To join with yours.

MIRZA.

It joys my Heart to think
That I shall glut my Vengeance on this *Memnan* ;
That I shall see him strive in vain, and curse
The happy Fraud that caught him. Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat ;
'Till catch'd at length within some hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain,
While the surrounding Swains at Pleasure wound him,
And make his Death their Sport :
Thus Wit still gets the Mastery over Courage.
Long time unmatch'd in War the Hero shone,
And mighty Fame in Fields of Battle won ;
'Till one fine Project of the Statesman's Brain,
Bereaves him of the Spoils his Arms did gain,
And renders all his boasted Prowess vain.

[*Exeunt.*

 A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Garden belonging to MIRZA's Palace.

CLEONE is discover'd lying on a Bank of Flowers,
BELIZA attending.

SONG, by B. Stote, Esq.

UPON a shady Bank repos'd,
Philanthe, amorous, young, and fair,
Sighing to the Groves disclos'd
The Story of her Care.

The Vocal Groves give some Relief,
While they her Notes return;
The Waters murmur o'er her Grief,
And Echo seems to mourn.

A Swain that heard the Nymph complain,
In pity of the Fair,
Thus kindly strove to cure her Pain,
And ease her Mind of Care.

'Tis just that Love should give you rest,
From Love your Torments came;
Take that warm Cordial to your Breast,
And meet a kinder Flame.

How wretched must the Woman prove,
(Beware, fair Nymph, beware)
Whose Folly scorns another's Love,
And courts her own Despair?

CLEONE.

C L E O N E.

Oh Love! Thou Bane of an unhappy Maid!
Still art thou busy at my panting Heart?
Still dost thou melt my Soul with thy soft Images,
And make my Ruin pleasing! Fondly I try,
By Gales of Sighs, and Floods of streaming Tears,
To vent my Sorrows, and assuage my Passions:
Still fresh Supplies renew th' exhausted Stores.
Love reigns my Tyrant, to himself alone
He vindicates the Empire of my Breat,
And banishes all Thoughts of Joy for ever.

B E L I Z A.

Why are you still thus cruel to yourself?
Why do you feed and cherish the Disease,
That preys on your dear Life? How can you hope
To find a Cure for Love in Solitude?
Why rather choose you not to shine at Court?
And in a thousand gay Diversions there,
To lose the Memory of this wretched Passion?

C L E O N E.

Alas! *Beliza*, thou hast never known
The fatal Power of a resistless Love:
Like that avenging Guilt that haunts the Impious,
In vain we hope by flying to avoid it;
In Courts and Temples it pursues us still,
And in the loudest Clamours will be heard:
It grows a Part of us, lives in our Blood,
And every beating Pulse proclaims its Force.
Oh! think not then that I can shun myself;
The Grave can only hide me from my Sorrows.

B E L I Z A.

Allow me then at least to share your Griefs;
Companions in Misfortunes make 'em less;
And I could suffer much to make you easy.

C L E O N E.

Sit by me, gentle maid, and while I tell
A wretched Tale of unregarded Love,
If thou, in kind Compassion of my Woes,
Shall sigh or shed a Tear for my Mishap,

My

My grateful Eyes shall pay it back with Interest.
 Help me to rail at my too easy Heart,
 That rashly entertain'd this fatal Guest:
 And you, my Eyes, why were you still impatient
 Of any other Sight but *Artaxerxes*?
 Why did you make my Woman's Heart acquainted
 With all the thousand Graces and Perfections,
 That dress the lovely Hero up for Conquest?

B E L I Z A.

Had you oppos'd this Passion in its Infancy,
 Ere Time had given it Strength, it might have dy'd.

C L E O N E.

That was the fatal Error that undid me:
 My Virgin Thoughts, and unexperienc'd Innocence,
 Found not the Danger till it was too late;
 And tho' when first I saw the charming Prince,
 I felt a pleasing Motion at my Heart,
 Short-breathing Sighs heav'd in my panting Breast,
 The mounting Blood flush'd in my glowing Face,
 And dy'd my Cheeks with more than usual Blushes;
 I thought him, sure, the Wonder of his Kind,
 And wish'd my Fate had giv'n me such a Brother:
 Yet knew not that I lov'd, but thought that all,
 Like me, beheld and blest'd him for his Excellence.

B E L I Z A.

Stirre never hopeless Maid was curs'd before
 With such a wretched Passion; all the Gods
 Join to oppose your Happiness; 'tis said
 This Day the Prince shall wed the fair *Amestris*.

C L E O N E.

No, my *Beliza*, I have never known
 The pleasing Thoughts of Hope: Certain Despair
 Was born at once, and with my Love increas'd.

B E L I Z A.

Think you the Prince has e'er perceiv'd your Thoughts?

C L E O N E.

Forbid it, all ye chaster Powers, that favour
 The Modesty and Innocence of Maids:
 No, till my Death, no other Breast but thine

Shall

Shall e'er participate the fatal Secret.
O could I think that he had ever known
My hidden Flame, Shame and Confusion
Would force my Virgin Soul to leave her Mansion,
And certain Death ensue.

Thou nam'st the fair *Amestris*, did'st thou not?

BELIZA.

Madam, I did.

CLEONE.

I envy not her Happiness.
Tho' sure few of our Sex are blest'd like her
In such a Godlike Lord.
Would I had been a Man!
With Honour then I might have sought his Friendship;
Perhaps from long Experience of my Faith,
He might have lov'd me better than the rest;
Amidst the Dangers of the horrid War,
Still had I been the nearest to his Side;
In Courts and Triumphs still had shar'd his Joys;
Or when the sportful Chase had call'd us forth,
Together had we cheer'd our foaming Steeds,
Together press'd the Savage o'er the Plain;
And when o'er-labour'd with the pleasing Toil,
Stretch'd on the verdant Soil had slept together.
But whither does my roving Fancy wander?
These are the sick Dreams of fantastick Love.
So in the Calenture the Seaman fancies
Green Fields and flow'ry Meadows on the Ocean,
Till leaping in, the Wretch is lost for ever.

BELIZA.

Try but the common Remedies of Love,
And let a second Flame expel the first.

CLEONE.

Impossible; as well thou may'st imagine,
When thou complain'st of Heat at scorching Noon,
Another Sun shall rise to shine more kindly.
Believe me, my *Beliza*, I am grown
So fond of the Delusion that has charm'd me,
I hate the officious Hand that offers Cure.

BELIZA.

*BELIZA.*Madam, Prince *Artaban!**CLEONE.*

My cruel Stars!

Do you then envy me my very Solitude?
 But Death, the Wretch's only Remedy,
 Shall hide me from your hated Light for ever.

*Enter ARTABAN.**ARTABAN.*

Ah, lovely Mourner! still, still wilt thou blast
 My eager Love with un auspicious Tears?
 When at thy Feet I kneel, and sue for Pity,
 Or justly of thy cold Regards complain,
 Still wilt thou only answer me with Sighs?

CLEONE.

Alas! my Lord, what Answer can I give?
 If still I entertain you with my Grief,
 Pity the Temper of a wretched Maid,
 By Nature sad, and born the Child of Sorrow:
 In vain you ask for Happiness from me,
 Who want it for myself.

ARTABAN.

Can blooming Youth,
 And Virgin Innocence, that knows not Guilt,
 Know any Cause for Grief?

CLEONE.

Do but survey

The miserable State of Human Kind,
 Where Wretches are the general Increase,
 And tell me if there be not Cause for Grief.

ARTABAN.

Such Thoughts as these, my fair Philosopher,
 Inhabit wrinkled Cheeks, and hollow Eyes;
 The Marks which Years set on the wither'd Sage:
 The gentle Goddess, Nature, wisely has
 Allotted other Cares for Youth and Beauty:
 The God of Love stands ready with his Torch
 To light it at thy Eyes, but still in vain,
 For e're the Flame can catch, 'tis drown'd in Tears.

CLEONE.

C L E O N E.

Oh! name not Love, the worst of all Misfortunes,
The common Ruin of my easy Sex,
Which I have sworn for ever to avoid,
In Memory of all those hapless Maids,
That Love has plung'd in unexampled Woes.

A R T A B A N.

Forbear to argue with that Angel Face,
Against the Passion thou wert form'd to raise.
Alas! thy frozen Heart has only known
Love in reverse, not tasted of its Joys;
The Wishes, soft Desires, and pleasing Pains
That center all in most extatic Blifs.
Oh, lovely Maid, mispend no more that Treasure
Of Youth and Charms, which lavish Nature gives;
The *Paphian* Goddess frowns at thy Delay;
By her fair self, and by her Son she swears,
Thy Beauties are devoted to her Service.
Lo! now she shoots her Fires into my Breast,
She urges my Desires, and bids me seize thee,

[Taking her Hand and kissing it.]

And bear thee as a Victim to her Altar:
Then offer up ten thousand thousand Joys,
As an Amends for all thy former Coldness.

C L E O N E.

Forbear, my Lord; or I must swear to fly
For ever from your Sight.

A R T A B A N.

Why dost thou frown,
And damp the rising Joy within my Breast?
Art thou resolv'd to force thy gentle Nature,
Compassionate to all the World beside,
And only to me cruel? Shall my Vows,
Thy Father's Intercession, all be vain?

C L E O N E.

Why do you urge my Father's fatal Power,
To curse you with a sad unlucky Bride?
Cast round your Eyes on our gay Eastern Courts,
Where smiling Beauties, born to better Fate,

Give Joy to the Beholders:

There bless some happy Princess with your Vows,
And leave the poor *Cleone* to her Sorrows.

A R T A B A N.

What Queens are those, of most celestial Form,
Whose Charms can drive thy Image from my Heart?
Oh were they cast in Nature's fairest Mold,
Brighter than *Cynthia's* shining Train of Stars,
Kind as the softest She that ever clasp'd
Her Lover, when the Bridal-Night was past,
I swear I would prefer thee, O *Cleone*,
With all thy Scorn and cold Indifference,
Would choose to languish and to die for thee,
Much rather than be bless'd, and live for them.

C L E O N E.

Oh Prince! it is too much; nor am I worthy
The Honour of your Passion, since 'tis fix'd
By certain and unalterable Fate,
That I can never yield you a Return:
My Thoughts are all to chaste *Diana* vow'd,
And I have sworn to die her Virgin Votary.

A R T A B A N.

Impossible! thou canst not give away
Mine and thy Father's Right, ev'n to the Gods;
Diana will disown th' unjust Donation,
Nor favour such an Injury to Love.
To every Power Divine I will appeal,
Nor shall thy Beauty bribe 'em to be partial.
Their Altars now expect us: Come, fair Saint,
And if thou wilt abide their righteous Doom,
Their Justice must decree my Happiness,
Reward my Sufferings, and my Flame approve,
For they themselves have felt the Power of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II. *The Temple of the Sun.*

Enter ARTAXERXES, AMESTRIS, and Attendants.

ARTAXERXES.

'TIS done! 'Tis done! Oh let me find some Way
To tell the mighty Joy that fills my Breast,
Lest I grow mad with Height of furious Blifs.
The holy Priest has ty'd the sacred Knot,
And my *Amestris* now is all my own!
Oh thou soft Charmer! thou excelling Sweetness!
Why art thou not transported all like me?
I swear thou dost not love thy *Artaxerxes*,
If thou art calm in this Excess of Happiness.

AMESTRIS.

Alas! my Lord, my panting Heart yet trembles
In vast Suspense between unruly Joys
And chilling Fears. Somewhat methinks there is
That checks my Soul, and says I was too bold
To quit the Pleasures of my Virgin State,
To barter 'em for Cares and anxious Love.

ARTAXERXES.

These are the Fears which wait on every Bride,
And only serve for Preludes to her Joys;
Short Sighs, and all those Motions of thy Heart,
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Desires.
Soon as the friendly Goddess of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkness o'er thy Blushes,
These little cold unnecessary Doubts
Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms:
And when I press thee trembling to my Bosom,
Thou shalt confess (if there be Room for Words,
Or ev'n for Thoughts) that all those Thoughts are Blifs.

AMESTRIS.

Yet surely mine are more than common Fears:
For, oh! my Prince, when my foreboding Heart
Surveys th' uncertain State of human Joys,
How secretly the Malice of our Fate

Unseen pursues, and often blasts our Happiness
 In full Security; I justly dread,
 Left Death or Parting, or some unseen Accident,
 Much worse, if possible, than each of these,
 Should curse us more than ever we were blest'd.

ARTAXERXES.

Doubt not the Gods, my Fair, whose righteous Power
 Shall favour and protect our virtuous Loves.
 If still thou apprehend'st approaching Danger,
 Let us make haste and snatch th' uncertain Joy,
 While Fate is in our Power.

Now let us start, and give a loose to Love,
 Feast ev'ry Sense with most luxurious Pleasure,
 Improve our Minutes, make 'em more than Years,
 Than Ages, and ev'n live the Life of Gods:
 If after this, Death or Ill-Fortune comes,
 It cannot injure us, since we already
 Have liv'd and been before-hand with our Fate.

AMESTRIS.

Oh! let me ease at once my tender Heart,
 And tell my dearest Lord my worst of Fears;
 There is an Ill which more than Death I dread:
 Should you, by Time and long Fruition fated,
 Grow faithless, and forget the lost *Amestris*,
 Forget that everlasting Truth you vow'd,
 Tho' sure I should not publicly complain,
 Nor to the Gods accuse my perjur'd Prince,
 Yet my soft Soul would sink beneath the Weight;
 I should grow mad, and curse my very Being,
 And wish I ne'er had been, or not been lov'd.

ARTAXERXES.

Dost thou?---when every happier Star shines for us,
 And with propitious Influence gilds our Fortune,
 Dost thou invent fantastic Forms of Danger,
 And fright thy Soul, with Things that are impossible?
 Now, by the potent God of Love, I swear,
 I will have ample Vengeance for thy Doubts.
 My soft complaining Fair, shalt thou not pay me
 In Joys too fierce for Thought, for these Suspicions?

The

The Bands which hold our Love are knit by Fate,
Nor shall decaying Time and Nature loose 'em.
Beyond the Limits of the silent Grave,
Love shall survive, immortal as our Beings:
And when at once we climb yon azure Skies,
We will be shown to all the Bless'd above,
For the most constant Pair that e'er deserv'd
To mingle with their Stars.

A M E S T R I S.

'Tis true, 'tis true;
Nor ought I to suspect thee. O my Hero!
The Gods have form'd thee for the nearest Pattern
Of their own Excellence, and perfect Truth.
O let me sink upon thy gentle Bosom,
And, blushing, tell how greatly I am bless'd.
Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow
That all the Pleasures of my Virgin State
Were poor and trifling to the present Rapture:
A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breast,
And while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
Ev'n Thought is lost in exquisite Delight.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Oh thou delicious, perfect, Angel Woman!
Thou art too much for mortal Sense to bear:
The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Wafted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odors flow; my every Faculty
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure.
O glorious God of Day, fly swiftly forward,
And to thy Sister's Rule resign the World:
Nor haste to rise again, but let the Night
Long bless me with her Stay, that thy Return
At Morn may find me happiest of my Kind.

Enter M E M N O N.

My Father! is there an Increase of Joy?
What can ye give, ye Gods, to make it more?

M E M N O N.

Ye Blessings of my Age! whom when I view,
 The Memory of former Woes is lost.
 Oh Prince! well has this glorious Day repay'd
 My Youth and Blood spent in *Arfaces'* Service.
 Nor, had the Gods indulg'd my vainest Wishes,
 Durst I have ask'd for such a Son as you are.
 But I am roughly bred, in Words unknowing,
 Nor can I phrase my Speech in apt Expression,
 'To tell how much I love and honor you:
 Might I but live to fight one Battle for you,
 Tho' with my Life I bought the Victory,
 Tho' my old batter'd Trunk were hew'd to Pieces,
 And scatter'd o'er the Field, yet should I bless
 My Fate, and think my Years wound up with Honor.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Doubt not, my noble Father, but ev'n yet
 A large Remain of Glory is behind.
 When civil Discord shall be reconcil'd,
 And all the Noise of Faction hush'd to Peace,
 Rough *Greece*, alike in Arts and Arms severe,
 No more shall brand the *Persian* Name with Softness.
Athens and *Sparta* wond'ring, shall behold us,
 Strict in our Discipline, undaunted, patient
 Of War's stern Toil, and dread our hostile Virtue.
 Those stubborn Commonwealths, that proudly dare
 Disdain the glorious Monarchs of the *East*,
 Shall pay their Homage to the Throne of *Cyrus*.
 And when with Laurels cover'd we return,
 My Love shall meet, and smiling bless our Triumph,
 While at her Feet I lay the Scepters of the World.

M E M N O N.

Oh glorious Theme! By Heav'n it fires my Age,
 And kindles Youth again in my cold Veins.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Ha! *Mirza* and the Queen! retire, my Fair;
 Ungentle Hate, and brawling Rage, shall not
 Disturb the Peace, to which this happy Day
 Is doubly sacred. Forward, to the Altar.

[*Exeunt Artaxerxes, Amestris, Memnon,
 and Attendants.*]

The Ambitious Step-Mother. 55

Enter at the other Door, QUEEN, MIRZA, and Attendants.

MIRZA.

All are dispos'd, and Fate but waits our Orders
For a deciding Blow.

QUEEN.

Your Caution was
Both wise and faithful, not to trust my Son
Too rashly with a Secret of this Nature:
The Youth, tho' great of Soul, and fond of Glory,
Yet leans to the fantastic Rules of Honour,
Would hesitate at such an Act as this,
Tho' future Empire should depend upon it.

MIRZA.

When Time shall add Experience to that Knowledge,
With which his early Youth is richly fraught,
He'll be convinc'd that only Fools would lose
A Crown for notionary Principles.
Honor is the unthinking Soldier's Boast,
Whose dull Head cannot reach those finer Arts,
By which Mankind is govern'd.

QUEEN.

And yet it gives a Lustre to the Great,
And makes the Crowd adore 'em.

MIRZA.

Your Son shall reap
The whole Advantage, while we bear the Guilt:
You, Madam, when the sacred Hymns are finish'd,
Must with the Prince retire; our Foes when seiz'd,
Within the Temple may be best secur'd,
Till you dispose their Fate.

QUEEN.

The Rites attend us; [Solemn Musick is heard.]
This Day my Son is Monarch of the East.

MIRZA.

Lend us, ye Gods, your Temples but this Day,
You shall be paid with Ages of Devotion,
And after this for ever undisturb'd,
Brood o'er your smoking Altars.

[*Exeunt Queen, Mirza, and Attendants.*]

S C E N E III.

The Scene opening, shews the Altar of the Sun, MAGAS, and several other Priests, attending. Solemn Music is heard: then enter on one Side, MEMNON, ARTAXERXES, AMESTRIS, and Attendants; on the other Side, the QUEEN, MIRZA, ARTABAN, CLEONE, CLEANTHES, and Attendants: they all bow towards the Altar, and then range themselves on each Side of the Stage, while the following Hymn is performed in Parts, and Chorus by the Priests.

H Y M N to the Sun, by W. SHIPPEN, Esq.

*HAIL, Light, that doubly glads our Sphere,
Glory and Triumph of the Year!
Hail, Festival, for ever blest,
By the adoring ravish'd East!*

*Hail, Mithras, mighty Deity!
For Fire and Air, and Earth and Sea,
From thee their Origin derive,
Motion and Form from thee receive.*

*When Matter yet unacted lay,
No sooner thou infus'd'st thy Ray,
But the dull Mass its Power obey'd,
But an harmonious World was made.*

*Which still, when thou withdraw'st thy Beams,
An undistinguish'd Chaos seems;
For what are Objects without Sight;
Or Vision when involv'd in Night?*

*Night is an universal Grave,
Where Things but doubtful Beings have;
Till then thy Beams illuminate,
And, as it were, again create.*

Chorus, &c.

Hail,

The Ambitious Step-Mother!

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*Hail, Source of immaterial Fire,
That ne'er began, can ne'er expire;
Whose Orb, with streaming Glories fraught,
Dazzles the Ken of human Thought!*

*All the dependant Spheres above,
By thy Directions shine and move:
All purer Beings here below,
From thy immediate Essence flow.*

*What is the Soul of Man, but Light,
Drawn down from thy transcendent Height?
What but an intellectual Beam!
A Spark of thy immortal Flame!*

*For as thou rul'st with gladsome Rays
The greater World, so this the less;
And like thy own diffusive Soul,
Shoots Life and Vigor thro' the Whole.*

*Since then from Thee at first it came,
To Thee, tho' clogg'd, it points its Flame;
And conscious of superior Birth,
Despises this unkindred Earth.*

Chorus, &c.

*Hail, Orosmales, Pow'r Divine!
Permit us to approach thy Shrine;
Permit thy Votaries to raise
Their grateful Voices to thy Praise.*

*Thou art the Father of our Kings,
The Stem whence their high Lineage springs;
The Sov'reign Lord that does maintain
Their uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.*

*O then assist thy drooping Son,
Who long has grac'd our Persian Throne!
O may he yet extend his Sway!
We yet Artaces' Rule obey!*

*Let thy Vitality impart
New Spirits to his fainting Heart ;
Let him, like thee (from whom he sprung)
Be ever active, ever young.
Chorus, &c.*

*When the Musick is ended, Memnon, Artaxerxes, &c.
Queen, Artaban, &c. go off as they enter'd, severally,
only Mirza comes forward, and the Scene shuts ; he looks
after Amestris going out, and then speaks.*

M I R Z A.

What means this foreign Warmth within my Breast ?
Is this a Time for any Thought but Vengeance ?
That fatal Beauty dazzles my weak Sense,
And blasts the Resolution of my Soul :
My Eyes in Contradiction to my Purpose,
Still bent to her, and drunk the Poison in ;
While I stood stupid in Suspense of Thought ;
And now like Oil my flaming Spirits blaze ;
My Arteries, my Heart, my Brain is scorch'd,
And I am all one Fury. Feeble *Mirza* !
Canst thou give Way to Dotage, and become
The Jest of Fools ? No ! 'tis impossible :
Revenge shall rouze, and with her Iron Whips
Lash forth this lazy Ague from my Blood,
This Malady of Girls. Remember, Statesman,
Thy Fate and future Fortunes now are forming,
And summon all thy Counsels to their Aid,
Ev'n thy whole Soul. It wo't be : *Amestris*
Still rises uppermost in all my Thoughts,
The Master-piece of Nature. The Boy God
Laughs at my Rage, and triumphs o'er my Folly.
[*A tumultuous Noise is heard.*
Ha ! by the Gods 'tis doing ! Now, my Stars,
Be kind, and make me Master of my Wish at once.

Enter M A G A S.

But see, the Priest---Why dost thou stare and tremble ?
Have we succeeded ? Say ; and ease my Fears.

M A G A S.

The Ambitious Step-Mother.

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M A G A S.

My Soul is pierc'd with Horror! Every God
Seems from his Shrine to threaten us with Vengeaence.
The Temple reels, and all its pond'rous Roof
Nods at the Profanation.

M I R Z A.

Bafe and fearful!

How can thy wretched Soul conceive fuch Monsters?
Canst thou, who wouldst be great, be superstitious?
But 'tis the Coward's Vice. Say, are our Enemies secur'd?

M A G A S.

They are; the Prince, old *Memnon*, and his Daughter,
Are in *Orchanes*' Hands, only *Tigranes*
With some of lesser Note are fled.

M I R Z A.

No Matter:

These are the Soul, the rest a lifeless Mass,
Not worth our Apprehension.

M A G A S.

Will you stay,

To meet the furious Thunder of their Rage?

M I R Z A.

I will: Thou may'st retire, and summon back
Thy scatter'd Spirits: Let not the Crowd see
Thy Fears; 'twill make thee vile and cheap among 'em.
[Exit Magas.]

*Enter Artaxerxes, Memnon, and Amestris, Prisoners,
Orchanes and Guards.*

ARTAXERXES.

Slave! Villain! Answer, say how hast thou dar'd
To do this Insolence?

O R C H A N E S.

I know my Orders,
Which from the Queen my Mistress I receiv'd,
Who will avow her own Authority.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! from the Queen? She durst not, 'tis impossible!
'Tis Sacrilege! 'tis Treason! 'tis Damnation!

Am I not *Artaxerxes*? Born to Empire,
 The next degree to Gods. O thou bright Sun!
 That roll'st above, the Object of our Worship,
 Canst thou behold, and not avenge thy Race?
 Thy injur'd Race? If I could ought admit
 Unworthy of thy great Original,
 Let me be doom'd to fall this Villain's Slave.
 If not, why am I made the Scorn of Wretches
 So much below me, that they hardly share
 The common Privilege of Kind; but are
 As Beasts to Men——

M E M N O N.

See where the Master Villain stands! Unmov'd
 And harden'd in Impiety, he laughs
 At the fictitious Justice of the Gods,
 And thinks their Thunder has not Wings to reach him.
 But know, the Joy thy Triumph brings is short:
 My Fate (if the Gods govern) or at least
 My Mind's beyond thy Reach, and scorns thy Malice.

M I R Z A.

Dull valiant Fool, thy Ruin is the least,
 The most ignoble Triumph of my Wit.
Cleander's Blood asks for substantial Vengeance,
 And when the Thought that labors in my Breast
 Appears in Action, thou shalt know the Cause
 Why I remain to view thy hated Face,
 That blasts me with its Presence; thou shalt know it,
 And curse thyself, curse the ill-omen'd Day
 That gave thee Birth; renouncing all the Gods,
 Thyself of them renounc'd, shalt sink to Hell
 In bitterest Pangs, and mingle with the Furies.

M E M N O N.

Unhallow'd Dog, thou ly'st! The utmost Force
 Of all thy study'd Malice cannot move me:
 And if the Gods in Trial of my Virtue,
 Can yield my Life up to thy Hangman's Mercy,
 I'll shew thee with what Ease the Brave and Honest
 Can put off Life, till thou shalt damn thy Arts,
 Thy wretched Arts, and Impotence of Malice.

M I R Z A.

M I R Z A.

Rest well assur'd, thou shalt have Cause to try
Thy Philosophic Force of passive Virtue.

A R T A X E R X E S.

O Death to Greatness! Can we fall so low,
To be the slavish Objects of his Mirth?
Shall my just Rage, and violated Honour,
Play the Buffoon, and minister to Laughter?
Down, down, my swelling Heart, hide thy Resentments,
Nor prostitute the ruffled Majesty
Of injur'd Princes to the gazing Crowd;
My Face shall learn to cover the Emotion
My wounded Soul endures. Ha! my *Amestris!*
My Love! my Royal Bride! the Spoiler, Grief,
Defaces every Feature: like the Deluge
That raz'd the Beauties of the first Creation:
I cannot bear it: Villains give me Way.

[*He breaks from the Guards that hold him, and
catches hold of Amestris.*]

Oh! let me hold thee in my throbbing Bosom,
And strive to hide thy Sorrows from my Sight;
I cannot see thy Grievs; and yet I want
The Power to bring Relief.

A M E S T R I S.

Ah! No, my Prince;
There are no Remedies for Ills like ours;
My helpless Sex by Nature stands expos'd
To all the Wrongs and Injuries of Fortune;
Defenceless in myself, you were my Refuge,
You are my Lord; to whom should I complain,
Since you cannot redress me? Were you not
The Honour, Joy, and Safety of *Amestris?*
For you alone I liv'd, with you alone
I could be happy; O my *Artaxerxes!*
One Influence guides our consenting Stars,
And still together we are blest'd or curs'd.

M I R Z A.

With a malignant Joy my Ears drink in
Her each harmonious Accent, every Glance

Goes

Goes to my Heart, and stirs alternate Motions
Of Heat and Cold; a lazy Pleasure now
Thrills all my Veins, anon Desire grows hot,
And my old Sinews shrink before the Flame. [Aside.

ARTAXERXES.

Go on, and charm me with thy Angel's Voice;
Sooth and assuage the Fury in my Breast,
That urges me to unbecoming Passion:
My Rage grows cool amidst thy soft Complaining;
And tho' thou talk'st of Woes, of Death, and Ruin,
'Tis Heaven to hear thee.

AMESTRIS.

Since this is all our wretched Consolation,
Let us indulge our Grief, till by long Use
It grows habitual, and we lose the Pain.
Here on the marbled Pavement will we sit,
Thy Head upon my Breast; and if Remembrance
Of cruel Wrongs shall vex thy noble Heart,
The Murmur of my Sighs shall charm the Tumult,
And Fate shall find us calm: Nor will the Gods,
Who here inhabit and behold our Sufferings,
Delay to end our Woes in Immortality.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! say'st thou Gods! Yes, certain there are Gods,
To whom my Youth with Reverence still has bow'd,
Whose Care and Providence are Virtue's Guard;
Think then, my Fair, they have not made us great,
And like themselves, for miserable Ends.

MIRZA.

Gods might behold her, and forget their Wisdom.

But I delay too long. *Orchanes*, lend thy Ear. [Aside.

[*Mirza whispers Orchanes, and Exits.*

MEMNON.

My Children! you were still my Joy and Happiness:
Why am I made your Curse? This hated Head,
To Death devoted, has involv'd your Innocence
In my Destruction.

[*Guards lay hold on Artaxerxes and Amestris.*

AMESTRIS.

The Ambitious Step-Mother.

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A M E S T R I S.

Alas! My Father!

A R T A X E R X E S.

Barbarous Dogs! What mean you?

O R C H A N E S.

Convey the Lady to Lord *Mirza's* Palace,
'Tis the Queen's Will she shall be there confin'd.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Thou canst not mean so damn'd a Villainy!
Thou dar'st not, shalt not part us: Fate cannot do it.

M E M N O N.

Curfed Old-Age! Why have I liv'd to see this?

O R C H A N E S.

Force 'em afunder.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Hew off my Limbs, ye Dogs! I will not lose 'em---
Oh Devils! Death and Furies! my Wife! my lov'd
Amestris——

A M E S T R I S.

My Lord! my Husband!——

*Orchanes and one Party of the Guards force Artaxerxes
and Memnon off one Way, and the other Party bears
Amestris another.*

Re-enter M I R Z A.

M I R Z A.

This was most noble Mischief! It stung home,
'Twas Luxury of Vengeance——'twas not ill
To keep aloof: these boisterous Beasts have Paws,
And might have scratch'd: The Wise shou'd not allow
A Possibility to Fortune's Malice.
Now to the rest; this Prince, this Husband dies:
To-morrow's Dawn brings his and *Memnon's* Fate.
This Night let 'em Despair, and Ban, and Rage,
And to the wooden Deities within
Tell frantic Tales: my Hours shall pass more pleasingly,
If Love (which yet I know not) can give Pleasure.
Love! what is Love? the Passion of a Boy,
That spends his Time in Laziness and Sonnets:

Lust

64 *The Ambitious Step-Mother.*

Lust is the Appetite of Man ; and shall
Be sated, till it loath the cloying Banquet.
The Wise are privileg'd by Human Frailty
To taste these Pleasures, but not dwell upon 'em ;
They marr and dull the Faculty of Thinking :
One Night I safely may indulge in Riot,
'Tis politic Lewdness, and assists my Vengeance ;
I will grow Young, and surfeit on her Charms,
Her luscious Sweets ; then rising from her Arms,
The nauseous, momentary Joy forget,
And be myself again ; again be Wise and Great.

[*Exit Mirza.*

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter ARTABAN and CLEANTHES.

ARTABAN.

'TIS base and impious! Where are the Ties
Shall keep Mankind in Order, if Religion
And public Faith be violated? 'Tis an Injury
That beards both Gods and Men, and dares their Justice.

CLEANTHES.

The fearful Crowd already take th' Alarm,
Break off their solemn Sports, their Songs and Dances,
And wildly in tumultuous Concert join;
Mischief and Danger fit in ev'ry Face,
And while they dread the Anger of the Gods,
The Wise, who know th' Effects of popular Fury,
From them expect that Vengeance which they fear.

ARTABAN.

The sacred Power of Majesty, which should
Forbid, owns and protects the Violence.
It must not, shall not be: Who steals a Crown
By Arts like these, wears it unworthily.

CLEANTHES.

The Queen, your Mother, Sir, she will expect
You should approve that Act her Power has done.

ARTABAN.

I'll meet her as I ought, and show myself
Worthy the noble Rivalship of Empire.

Enter

Enter the QUEEN, MIRZA, and Attendants.

QUEEN.

My Son, I come to joy you of a Crown
And Glory certain now; your Fate at length
Has master'd that malignant Influence
With which it struggled long: You are a King,
The greatest that our *Eastern* Word beholds;
And tho' my widow'd Bed be Cause for Grief,
Yet for thy Sake, my Son, I joy to say,
As faces is no more.

ARTABAN.

'Twere vain and foolish
To mourn his Death with ceremonious Sorrow;
For, tho' he dy'd the greatest of our Race,
Yet since decaying Age had sunk him low,
And all the native Majesty was lost,
'Twas time the Soul should seek for Immortality,
And leave the weary Body to enjoy
An honourable Rest from Care and Sickness:
Peace to his Ashes, and eternal Fame
Dwell with his Memory; while we who live
Look back with Emulation on his Greatness,
And with laborious Steps strive to ascend
That Height where once he sat.

QUEEN.

Thou hast already
Attain'd the lofty Summit of his Glory;
His Throne expects thee but to sit and fill it.

ARTABAN.

No, Madam, when the Gods choose worthy Subjects
On whom to place such Greatness, they surround
The glorious Prize with Toil and thorny Danger,
And bid the Man who would be Great, dare greatly.
Be it for dull Elder Brothers to possess
Without deserving; mine's a nobler Claim,
Nor will I taste the Godlike Joys of Power,
Till Men and Gods with Justice shall confess
'Tis barely the Reward of what I merit.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

What means my Son?

ARTABAN.

To wrestle for a Crown.

QUEEN.

With what fantastic Shadow wouldst thou strive?
The haughty Rival of thy Hopes is fall'n;
He lives indeed, but 'tis to grace thy Triumph,
And bow before thee; then be swept away,
Like the Remembrance of an idle Dream,
Which, tho' of Yesternight, is now forgotten.

ARTABAN.

It grieves me much to say, my Royal Mother,
I cannot take a Crown upon these Terms,
Tho' even from your Hands: The conscious Virtue
That witnesseth within my Breast for Glory,
Points me to Greatness by the Paths of Honor,
And urges me to do as a King ought,
That would not wear his Purple as the Gift
Of impious Treachery and base Deceit.

QUEEN.

Amazement turns my Senses! Or I dream!
For sure thou canst not mean so poor a Folly.
Hast thou been bred in the wise Arts of Empire?
Been early taught to know the Worth of Power?
And wouldst thou lose the golden Opportunity
With which thy Fortune courts thee, for a Notion?
An empty Sound of Virtue? A dry Maxim,
Which Pedants have devis'd for Boys to canvas?
Can my Son think so meanly? Go, set free
(Since Honor bids) this Lordly Elder Brother,
Bow like a Slave before him, wait his Pleasures,
And live dependant on his scanty Pension;
He may reward thy servile Loyalty,
And make thee Ruler of some petty Province,
In Recompence of Royalty giv'n up.

ARTABAN.

No; (tho' I must confess I would not hold him
Caught in a Villain's Snare, nor do a Murder

Unworthy

Unworthy of a Hangman) yet to Death
 I still defy him as my mortal Foe.
 And since my Father's Fate dissolves that Truce
 To which I stood engag'd, 'tis War again.
 Amidst the steely Squadrons will I seek
 This haughty Brother, by his Friends surrounded,
 And back'd with all th' Advantage of his Birth ;
 Then bravely prove upon him with my Sword,
 He falsely brands me for a bookish Coward,
 That Nature's Error only gave him Preference,
 Since Fate meant me the King.

QUEEN.

A Mother's Care is watchful for thy Safety,
 Else wert thou lost, thou honourable Fool ;
 Long might'st thou vainly hunt in bloody Fields
 For that Advantage which thy willing Fortune
 Now reaches to thy Hands : In Battles with
 Uncertain Wings the wavering Goddess flies,
 And oft with partial Hand bestows her Favor
 On Fools and thick-skull'd Heroes ; seize her now
 While she is thine, or she is lost for ever.

ARTABAN.

No matter, let her fly ; the Eagle Virtue
 Shall soar beyond her, and command her Flight :
 Fortune is not my Mistress, but my Slave.
 Posterity, that reads the Name of *Artaban*
 In the Records of Empire, shall not blush
 To think I plotted with a knavish Priest,
 The Scandal of his venerable Function,
 And Mark of the God's Vengeance, to betray
 A Prince my Enemy ; as if being conscious
 Of lesser Worth, and of unequal Courage,
 I durst not fairly strive with him for Greatness.
 Let the abhorr'd and impious Treachery
 Obscurely die unknown to future Ages ;
 Or if our Shame must be deliver'd down,
 By all the Kingly Hopes that fire my Soul,
 It shall not pass without a Brand of Punishment.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

'Tis wondrous well! Young Man, you king it rarely!
You mean to be renown'd for early Justice,
And mark your ostentatious Love of Virtue,
Ev'n in their Bloods who lift you up to Power:
Perhaps we too ourself must be arraign'd
Before your puny Bar, and feel your Ax;
'Twill be a noble Subject for your Praise,
And yield much Matter to declaiming Flatterers.

ARTABAN.

You, Madam, are my Mother; Nature blinds me,
And bids me see no Faults in her that bore me;
Those other Slaves that dare——

QUEEN.

May be immortal,
For ought that thou canst do to cause their Fate.
Is not thy Power the Creature of my Favor,
Which in precarious wise on me depending,
Exists by my Concurrence to its Being?
Mistaken Youth! whose giddy Brain Ambition
Has, like the Fume of drunken Vapors, turn'd;
Think'st thou that I, whose Soul was form'd for Sway,
Would lay the golden Reins of Empire down?
Or trust 'em to the Guidance of a Boy,
Who shall dispose of me, or those that serve me,
According to the Dictates of old Morals,
His bearded Tutor gleans from musty Authors?

ARTABAN.

Nay then, 'tis time I should exert myself;
And tho' you gave me Birth, yet from the Gods
(Who made my Father be as he was, Royal,
And stamp the Mark of Greatness on my Soul)
I claim my Right to Empire: may I fall
Vile and forgotten, if I ever own
Any superior Being but those Gods.

QUEEN.

Thou rav'st, and hast forgot me.

ARTABAN.

No, you are
My Mother, and a Woman, form'd to obey;

On that Condition all the Sex's Privileges
 Are founded: the creating Hand has mix'd
 Softness and Beauty in your Composition,
 To charm and bend the Mind of Man, impatient
 Of the ignoble Pleasure; you were made for
 The Weakness and Necessities of Nature:
 Ill are your feeble Souls for Greatness suited;
 Desire of Government is monstrous in you.

QUEEN.

Thou mighty Goddess, Nature! dost thou hear
 This Rebel Son? This insolent Upbraider,
 Still fondly nurs'd in my indulgent Bosom?
 To build whose future Greatness to the Skies,
 My anxious Soul has labor'd more than when
 I felt a Mother's Sorrow for his Birth:
 Ungrateful Boy!——

Know, Fool! that vaunt'st thyself upon thy Manhood,
 The greatest He that rougher Kind e'er had,
 Must have confess'd Woman's superior Wit,
 And own'd our Sex's just Prerogative.
 Did not a Mother's Fondness plead hard for thee,
 Thy Head should pay the Forfeit of thy Insolence;
 For know, young King, that I am Fate in *Perfia*,
 And Life and Death depend upon my Pleasure.

ARTABAN.

The World would be well govern'd, should the Gods
 Depute their Providence to Women's Care,
 And trust them with the Fate of Kings and Empires.

QUEEN.

Yet thou art safe. Away, nor tempt me further.
 The Patience ev'n of Gods themselves has Limits,
 Tho' they with long Forbearance view Man's Folly:
 Yet if thou still persist to dare my Power,
 Like them I may be urg'd to loose my Vengeance,
 And tho' thou wert my Creature, strike thee dead.

MIRZA.

'Beseech you, Sir, retire; the Queen your Mother,
 Labors with wisest Foresight for your Good,
 And is Incens'd to see you thwart that Purpose.

ART A-

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A R T A B A N.

What is the Good of Greatness, but the Power ?
Madam, I leave you ; my own innate Virtue
Arms me against your Rage, unjust and impotent :
Wait but the great Success my Soul divines,
And you will own your little juggling Arts
Have only serv'd to obstruct a while my Glory,
And screen this elder Brother from my Conquest.

[*Exeunt Artaban and Cleanthes.*

Q U E E N.

Some envious Pow'r above, some hostile *Demon*,
Works underhand against my stronger Genius,
And countermines me with domestic Jars.
Malicious Chance ! When all abroad was Safe,
To start an unseen Danger from myself !

Mirza, didst not thou mark the haughty Boy ?
With what assuming Pride he own'd his daring,
And claim'd Superiority of Power ?

Oh can I live and bear to be controll'd ?
To share the Pleasure of supreme Command
With him or any one ? Oh *Artemisa* !

Didst thou disdain Subjection to a Husband,
The proudest Title of that Tyrant Man,
And canst thou yield t' a Boy, a Son, by Nature
And grateful Duty to Obedience bound ?

M I R Z A.

Madam, let me intreat you, by the Gods,
To calm your just Resentments : Meddling Fortune,
(Whose Malice labors to perplex the Wife)
If not prevented, will unravel all
Those finer Arts, which we with Care have wove.
The Prince led on by this pernicious Honor,
May set the Pris'ners free ; think, if that happen,
'To what a Shock of Fate we stand expos'd.

Q U E E N.

'Tis true ; this foolish Honour ruins all.
Ridiculous Notion ! as if Self-Interest
Were not the first and noblest Law of Nature.
Say then, wife Lord, and let thy ready Wit,
Still present to itself, avert this Blow.

M I R Z A,

MIRZA.

One Method, tho' ungentle, yet remains
 To remedy the Fears this Ill produces ;
 This Instant let a Guard confine the Prince,
 Ere he can gain the Means t'effect that Mischief
 He meditates against himself and us :
 To-morrow, early as the Morning dawns,
 The Prisoners all shall die ; that once dispatch'd,
 This raging Fit of Honor will relax,
 And give him Leisure to consider cooly
 Th' Advantage of his Fortune.

QUEEN.

You have Reason ;
 And tho' I fear his haughty Temper will
 But badly brook Confinement, he must learn
 To bear it as he can ; perhaps 'twill bend him,
 And make his Youth more pliant to my Will.

MIRZA.

Your Orders cannot be dispatch'd too soon,
 Each Minute of the flying Hours is precious.

QUEEN.

The Eunuch *Bagoas*, let him attend us,
 He shall receive Instructions on the Instant.

[*Exeunt the Queen and Mirza severally.*]

S C E N E II.

MIRZA'S Palace.

*Enter CLEONE in a Man's Habit, with a dark Lanthorn,
 BELIZA following.*

CLEONE.

YE gentle Powers, who view our Cares with Pity,
 Lend your Compassion to the poor *Amestris*.
 Oh my *Beliza*! was not thy Soul wounded,
 To hear (when now we past by her Apartment)

The

The piercing Accents of her loud Complaining's ?
By Heav'n, my aking Heart bleeds for her Sufferings.

B E L I Z A.

'Tis sure she feels the bitterest Pangs of Woe ;
And were not all my Thoughts to you devoted,
Her Grief would deeply sink into my Soul.
Why will you tempt alone ten Thousand Dangers'
Your Father's and the furious Queen's Resentment
The cruel Guards, and all those fatal Accidents,
Which in the Horror of this dreadful Night
Might shake the Resolution of a Man ?

C L E O N E.

Pr'ythee no more ; thou know'st I am resolv'd,
And all thy kind Advice is urg'd in vain ;
Thy fond mistaking Fears present the Danger
More dreadful than it is : This Master-key
Admits me thro' that Passage to the Temple,
By which the Guards, who seiz'd th' unhappy Prince
This Morning, enter'd ; that of all the rest
Is only left unguarded, and from thence,
Assisted by the friendly Veil of Night,
We may conduct him thro' my Father's Palace
In Safety to the Street ; there undistinguish'd
Amongst the busy discontented Crowd,
That swarm in murmuring Heaps, he may retire ;
Nor shall my Father or the Queen e'er know
The pious Fraud my Love was guilty of.

B E L I Z A.

Yet still I fear——

C L E O N E.

No more, retire and leave me ;
My drooping Heart fits lighter than it's wont,
And cheerfully presages good Success.

B E L I Z A.

Where shall I wait you ?

C L E O N E.

At my own Apartment.

B E L I Z A.

The mighty Gods protect you.

'VOL. I.

E

C L E O N E.

C L E O N E.

Softly : Retire.

[Exit Beliza.

What Noise was that ?—The Creature of my Fears.
 In vain, fond Maid, wouldst thou belye thy Sex,
 Thy coward Soul confesses thee a Woman,
 A foolish, rash, fond Woman. Where am I going?
 To save my Godlike Hero. Oh my Heart!
 It pants and trembles ! sure 'tis Joy, not Fear :
 The Thought has giv'n me Courage ; I shall save him,
 That darling of my Eyes. What if I fail ?
 Then Death is in my reach, and ends my Sorrows.

[Shewing a Dagger.

Why dost thou shake, my Hand ; and fear to grasp
 This Instrument of Fate ? If I succeed,
 Yet *Artaxerxes* will not live for me ;
 And my Despair will want thy friendly Aid.
 Death every way shuts up my gloomy Prospect.
 If then there be that *Lethe* and *Elysium*,
 Which Priests and Poets tell, to that dark Stream
 My Soul, of life impatient, shall make haste.
 One healing Draught my Quiet shall restore,
 And Love forgotten ne'er disturb me more.

[Exit Cleone.

S C E N E III.

*A Night-Scene of the Temple of the Sun.**Enter ARTAXERXES and MEMNON.*

ARTAXERXES.

STILL 'tis in vain ! this idle Rage is vain ;
 And yet, my swelling Passions will have way,
 And rend my lab'ring Breast till they find vent.
 Was it for this, ye cruel Gods, you made me
 Great like yourselves, and as a King, to be

Your

The Ambitious Step-Mother.

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Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?
To be cut down, and mangled by vile Hands,
Like the false Object of mistaken Worship?
Why rather was I not a peasant Slave,
Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
And to my destin'd Load inur'd betimes?

MEMNON.

The Malice of our Fate were not compleat,
Had we not been by just degrees to Happiness
Rais'd, only to be plung'd the deeper down
In an Abyss of Woes. Early Success
Met and attended all my youthful Wars;
And when I rush'd amidst the dreadful Battle,
The weaker *Genii* of our *Asian* Monarchs
Shrunk from the Force of a superior Fate;
O'er-match'd they fell, and by my Sword were swept
Like common Beings from the glorious Field.
Then was the Day of joyous Triumph, then,
My Soul was lifted high, ev'n to the Stars.
But now——what am I now? O damn'd Reverse of
Fortune!

Now, when my Age would be indulg'd in Ease,
And Joy in Pleasure of my former Fame,
Now I am curs'd; held at a Villain's Mercy,
My Foes Derision, and the Scorn of Cowards.

ARTAXERXES.

Oh Torture of my Soul! damn'd racking Thought!
Am not I too reserv'd for servile Vassalage?
To be the Subject of a Boy's Command?
A Boy by Nature set beneath my Sway,
And born to be my Slave! Shall he triumph,
And bid me live or die? Shall he dispose
His beardless Visage to a scornful Smile,
And tell me that his Pleasure is my Fate?
No; my disdainful Soul shall struggle out,
And start at once from its dishonor'd Mansion.

MEMNON.

Oh Royal Thought! Nor shall they keep back Death,
Altho' its common Means be not in reach.

Shall my old Soldier's Outside rough and hardy,
 Scarr'd o'er with many an honorable Mark,
 Be cag'd for public Scorn? Shall a Dog tell me,
 Thus didst thou once, and now thou art my Slave;
 My Foot shall spurn thee, tread upon thy Neck,
 And trample in the Dust thy Silver Hairs?
 Shall I not rather choak, hold in my Breath,
 Or smear some Wall or Pillar with my Brains?

ARTAXERXES.

Rage, or some God shall save us from Dishonor.
 But, Oh my Father! Can we take our Flight,
 Tho' to the Stars, and leave my Love behind?
 Where is she now? Where is my Queen, my Bride,
 My Charmer, my *Amestris*?

MEMNON

Speak not of her.

ARTAXERXES.

Not speak?

MEMNON.

Nor think of her, if possible.

ARTAXERXES.

Was she not snatch'd, torn from my helpless Arms,
 Whilst every God look'd on, and saw the Wrong,
 Heard her loud Cries, which vainly strove to rouse
 Their slow and ready Vengeance? Was she not
 Forc'd from my panting Bosom (yet I live)
 Ev'n on our Bridal Day? Then, when our Flames
 Were kindly join'd, and made but one Desire?
 Then, when she sigh'd and gaz'd, and blush'd and sigh'd?
 When every Touch, when every Joy grew fiercer,
 And those that were behind were more than mortal?
 To lose her then! Oh!—
 And yet you bid me think of her no more.

MEMNON.

I do; for the bare Mention turns my Brain,
 And even now I border upon Madness;
 So dreadful is the very Apprehension
 Of what may be.

ARTAX-

ARTAXERXES.

Can we make Thought go back?
Will it not turn again, cleave to our Breasts,
And urge Remembrance till it sting us home?
Ha! Now the ghastly Scene is set before me;
And as thou saidst it runs me to Distraction:
Behold her Beauties, form'd for Kings to serve,
Held vile, and treated like an abject Slave!
Helpless amidst her cruel Foes she stands,
Insulting *Artemisa* mocks her Tears,
And bids her call the Gods and me in vain.

MEMNON.

Would that were all.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! Whither wouldst thou drive me?

MEMNON.

Did you like me consider that Dog *Mirza*,
Early to Hell devoted, and the Furies,
Born, nurs'd, and bred a Villain, you would fear
The worst Effects his Malice could express
On Virtue which he hates, when in his Power.

ARTAXERXES.

What is the worst?

MEMNON.

What my old faltering Tongue
Trembles to utter; goatish Lust and Rape.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! Rape! if there are Gods, it is impossible.

MEMNON.

Oh! dreadful Image for a Father's Thought!
To have his only Child, her Sex's Boast,
The Joy of Sight, and Comfort of his Age,
Dragg'd by a Villain Slave, his ruthless Hand
Wound in her Hair, to some remote dark Cell,
A Scene for Horror fit, there to be blotted
By his foul Lust, till Appetite be gorg'd.
Let me grow savage first, let this old Hand
That oft has bless'd her, in her Blood be drench'd;
Let me behold her dead, dead at my Foot,
To spare a Father's greater Shame and Sorrow.

ARTAXERXES.

A Father! What's a Father's Plague to mine?
A Husband and a Lover! If it can be,
If there is such a hoarded Curse in Store,
Transfix me now, ye Gods; now let your Thunder
Fall on my Head, and strike me to the Centre,
Left if I should survive my ruin'd Honor
And injur'd Love, I should ev'n curse your Godheads,
Run banning and blaspheming thro' the World,
And with my Execrations fright your Worshippers
From kneeling at your Altars.

Enter CLEONE with a dark Lanthorn and Key.

CLEONE.

This Way the echoing Accents seem to come:
Sure 'tis the wretched Prince! Oh can you hear him,
And yet refuse to lend your Aid, ye Gods?

ARTAXERXES.

This Gloom of horrid Night suits well my Soul,
Love, Sorrow, conscious Worth, and Indignation,
Stir mad Confusion in my lab'ring Breast
And I am all o'er Chaos.

CLEONE.

Is this, alas!

The State of *Artaxerxes*, *Persia's* Heir?
Not one poor Lamp to cheer the dismal Shade
Of this huge holy Dungeon! Slaves, Murderers,
Villains that Crosses wait for, are not us'd thus:
I'll shew myself.

*[She turns the Light, and comes towards
Artaxerxes and Memnon.]*

MEMNON.

Ha! whence this Gleam of Light?

ARTAXERXES.

Fate is at hand, let's haste to bid it welcome,
It brings an End of Wretchedness.

CLEONE.

Speak lower;

I am a Friend: long live Prince *Artaxerxes*.

ARTAX-

ARTAXERXES.

What Wretch art thou, that hail'st me with a Curse?
Come from that Cloud that muffles up thy Face,
And if thou hast a Dagger, shew it boldly:
We wish to die.

CLEONE.

Think better of my Errand;
I bring you Blessings, Liberty, and Life,
And come the Minister of happier Fate.

[Turns the Light on herself.

Now down, my Blood, down to my trembling Heart,
Nor sparkle in my Visage to betray me. *[Aside.*

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! as I live, a Boy! a blushing Boy!
Thou wert not form'd sure for a Murderer's Office;
Speak then, and tell me what and whence thou art.

CLEONE.

Oh seek not to unveil a trivial Secret,
Which known, imports you not. I am a Youth
Abandon'd to Misfortunes from my Birth,
And never knew one Cause to Joy in Life,
But this that puts it in my Power to save
A Prince like *Artaxerxes*. Ask no more,
But follow thro' the Mazes that I tread,
Until you find your Safety.

ARTAXERXES.

Thus forbidding,
Thou giv'st me cause t' enquire: Are then the Guards,
That when the Day went down, with strictest Watch
Observ'd the Temple Gates, remov'd or fled?

CLEONE.

They are not, but with Numbers reinforc'd
Keep every Passage; only one remains
Thro' *Mirza's* Palace, open to your Flight.

MEMNON.

Ha! *Mirza!* there's Damnation in his Name,
Ruin, Deceit, and Treachery attend it;
Can Life, can Liberty, or Safety come
From him? or ought that has an Interest in him?

Rather, suspect this feigning Boy his Instrument,
 To plunge us deeper yet, if possible,
 In Misery; perhaps some happy Accident,
 As yet to us unknown, preserves us from
 The utmost Malice of his Hate while here,
 This sets his wicked Wit at work to draw us
 Forth from this holy Place: Much better be
 The Pris'ners of the Gods, than wear his Fetters.

C L E O N E.

Unfortunate Suspicion! What shall I say
 To urge 'em to be safe, and yet preserve
 My wretched self unknown?

[*Aside.*]

A R T A X E R X E S.

Surely that Face
 Was not design'd to hide dissembled Malice:
 Say, Youth, art thou of *Mirza's* House (as sure thou must,
 If thou pretend'st to lead us that Way forth)
 And canst thou be a friend to *Artaxerxes*,
 Whom that fell Dog, that Minister of Devils,
 With most opprobrious Injuries has loaded?

C L E O N E.

'Tho' I am his, yet sure I never shar'd
 His Hate.—Shall I confess and own my Shame?
 Oh Heavens!—

[*Aside.*]

M E M N O N.

Mark, th' unready Traitor stammers;
 Half-bred and of the mungrel Strain of Mischief,
 He has not Art enough to hide the Cheat,
 His deep-designing Lord had better plotted:
 Away! thinks he so poorly of our Wit,
 To gull us with a Novice? If our Fate
 Ha's giv'n us up, and mark'd us for Destruction,
 Tell him, we are resolv'd to meet it here.

C L E O N E.

Yet hear me, Prince, since you suspect me sent
 By *Mirza*, to ensnare you, know I serve
 (Oh Gods! to what am I reduc'd!) [*Aside.*]——his
 Daughter:

Some

Some God compassionate of your Woes has stir'd
A Woman's Pity in her softer Breast;
And 'tis from her I come to give you Liberty:
I beg you to believe me. [*She weeps.*]

ARTAXERXES.

See, he weeps!

MEMNON.

The waiting Tears stood ready for Command,
And now they flow to varnish the false Tale.

ARTAXERXES.

His Daughter! say'st thou? I have seen the Maid,
Dost thou serve her? And could she send thee to me?
'Tis an unlikely Riddle.

MEMNON.

Perhaps 'tis meant,

That She who shares his poisonous Blood, shall share
The Pleasure of his Vengeance, and inure
The Woman's Hands and Eyes to Death and Mischief.
But thou her Instrument, be gone, and say,
The Fate of Princes is not Sport for Girls.

CLEONE.

Some envious Power blasts my pious Purpose,
And nought but Death remains: O that by that
I might persuade him to believe and trust me;
And fly that Fate which with the Morning waits him!

[*Aside.*]

I grieve, my Lord, to find your hard Suspicion
Debars me from preserving your dear Life,
(Which not your own *Amestris* wishes more).
To-morrow's Dawn (Oh! let me yet prevail)
The cruel Queen resolves shall be your last.
Oh fly! let me conjure you, save yourself.
May that most awful God that here is worshipp'd
Deprive me of his chearful Beams for ever,
Make me the wretched'st Thing he sees while living,
And after Death the lowest of the Damn'd,
If I have any Thought but for your Safety.

ARTAXERXES.

No, I have found the Malice of thy Mistress;
Since I refus'd her Love when she was proffer'd

82 *The Ambitious Step-Mother.*

By her ambitious Father for my Bride,
And on a worthier Choice bestow'd my Heart,
She vows Revenge on me for slighted Beauty.

C L E O N E.

My Lord, you do her most unmanly Wrong,
She owns the Merit of the fair *Amestris*,
Nor ever durst imagine she deserv'd you.
Oh! spare that Thought, nor blot her Virgin Fame:
In Silence still she wonder'd at your Virtues,
Bless'd you, nor at her own ill Fate repin'd;
This wounds her most, that you suspect unkindly
Th' officious Piety that would have sav'd you.
Careless of an offended Father's Rage,
For you alone concern'd, she charg'd me guide you
When midnight Sleep had clos'd observing Eyes,
Safe thro' her Father's Palace with this Key----
And if I met with any that durst bar
Your Passage forth, she bid me greet him thus——

[Stabs herself.

ARTAXERXES. [catching her as she falls.]

What hast thou done, rash Boy?

C L E O N E.

Giv'n you the last,
And only Proof remain'd, that could convince you
I held your Life much dearer than my own.

M E M N O N.

Horrid Amazement chills my freezing Veins!

C L E O N E.

Let me conjure you with my latest Breath,
Make Haste to seize the Means that may preserve you;
This Key, amidst the Tumult of this Night,

[Giving the Key.

Will open you a Way through *Mirza's* Palace.

May every God assist and guard your Flight:

And oh! when all your Hopes of Love and Glory

Are crown'd with just Success, will you be good,

And think with Pity on the lost *Cleone*?

ARTAXERXES.

Ten thousand dismal Fancies crowd my Thoughts.
Oh! is it possible thou canst be She,
Thou most unhappy Fair-one?

C L E O N E.

Spare my Shame,
Nor call the Blood that flows to give me Peace,
Back to my dying Cheeks. Can you forget
Who was my Father? And remember only
How much I wish'd I had deserv'd your Friendship?
Nay, let my Tongue grow bold, and say, your Love?
But 'twas not in my Fate.

A R T A X E R X E S.

What shall I say,
To witness how my grateful Heart is touch'd?
But, Oh! why woul'dst thou give this fatal Instance?
Why hast thou stain'd me with thy Virgin Blood?
I swear, sweet Saint, for thee I could forgive
The Malice of thy Father, tho' he seeks
My Life and Crown; thy Goodness might atone
Ev'n for a Nation's Sins; look up, and live,
And thou shalt still be near me as my Heart.

C L E O N E.

Oh charming Sounds! that gently lull my Soul
To everlasting Rest; I swear 'tis more,
More Joy to die thus blest'd, than to have liv'd
A Monarch's Bride; may every Blessing wait you;
In War and Peace, still may you be the greatest,
The Favorite of the Gods, and Joy of Men——
I faint---Oh! let me lean upon your Arm--- [*She dies.*

A R T A X E R X E S.

Hold up the Light, my Father: Ha! she swoons!
The Iron-hand of Death is on her Beauties,
And see, like Lillies nipp'd with Frost, they languish.

M E M N O N.

My tough old Soldier's Heart melts at the Sight,
And an unwonted Pity moves my Breast;
Ill-fated Maid! too good for that damn'd Race,
From which thou drew'st thy Being! Sure the Gods,
Angry a while, will be at length pleas'd
With this egregious Victim: let us tempt 'em
Now while they seem to smile.

E. 6

A R T A X-

ARTAXERXES.

A Beam of Hope
 Strikes thro' my Soul, like the first infant Light:
 That glanc'd upon the Chaos; if we reach
 The open City, Fate may be ours again:
 But Oh! whate'er Success or Happiness
 Attend my Life, still fair unhappy Maid,
 Still shall thy Memory be my Grief and Honor.
 On one fix'd Day in each returning Year,
 Cypress and Myrtle for thy Sake I'll wear,
 Ev'n my *Amestris* thy hard Fate shall mourn,
 And with fresh Roses crown thy Virgin Urn;
 Till in *Elysium* bless'd, thy gentle Shade
 Shall own my Vows of Sorrow justly paid.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

M I R Z A's *Palace.*

Enter M I R Z A, M A G A S, and Attendants, with Lights.

M I R Z A.

P H O! You o'er-rate the Danger:

M A G A S.

If I do,

We err in the Extremes, since you esteem it
As much too lightly; think you then 'tis nothing,
This horrid Jar of Tumult and Confusion?
Heads white with Years, and vers'd in long Experience,
Who yet remember all the different Changes
A rolling Age produces, cannot call
To Mind one Instance dreadful as this Night:
Infernal Discord, hideous to behold,
Hangs like its evil Genius o'er the City,
And sends a Snake to every vulgar Breast:
From several Quarters the mad Rabble swarm,
Arm'd with the Instruments of hasty Rage,
And in confus'd disorderly Array
Most formidable march: their differing Clamors,
Together join'd, compose one deaf'ning Sound;
Arm! Arm! they cry, Religion is no more,
Our Gods are slighted, whom if we revenge not,
War, Pestilence, and Famine will ensue,
And universal Ruin swallow all.

M I R Z A.

A Crew of mean unthinking heartless Slaves,
With Ease stirr'd up to Mutiny, and quell'd
With the same Ease, with like Expressions shew

Their

Their Joy or Anger, both are Noise and Tumult;
 And still, when Holidays make Labor cease,
 They meet and shout: do these deserve our Fears?

M A G A S.

Most certainly they may; if we consider
 Each Circumstance of Peril that concurs;
Tigranes, with the rest that scap'd the Temple,
 Are mix'd amongst this Herd, and urge the Wrongs
 Which, with the Gods, their Prince and *Memnon* suffer.

M I R Z A.

Nor need we fear ev'n that, safe in the Aid
 And Number of our Friends, who treble theirs:
 For this mad Rout that hum and swarm together,
 For want of somewhat to employ their Folly,
 Indulge 'em in their Fancy for Religion.
 Thou and thy holy Brotherhood of Priests,
 Shall in Proceffion bear the sacred Fire,
 And all our golden Gods; let their Friends judge
 If still they look not kindly as of old:
 'Tis a most apt Amusement for a Crowd,
 They'll gaze and gather round the gaudy Show,
 And quite forget the Thoughts of Mutiny.
 A Guard shall wait you.

M A G A S.

Why go not you too with us?
 They hold your Wisdom in most high Regard,
 And will be greatly sway'd by your Persuasion;
 Th' Occasion is well worth your Care and Presence.

M I R Z A.

Oh! you'll not need my Aid: Besides, my Friend,
 My Hours this Night are destin'd to a Task
 Of more Import, than are the Fates of Millions
 Such groveling Souls as theirs. As yet the Secret
 Is immature, not worth your present Knowledge:
 To-morrow that and all my Breast is yours.
 I must not, dare not trust him with my Weakness,
 'Twill mark me for his Scorn; 'tis yet some Wisdom,
 If we must needs be Fools, to hide our Folly. *Aside.* }

M A G A S.

M A G A S.

He means the Pris'ners Death; let him engross
The People's Hate, monopolize Damnation,
I will be safely ignorant of Mischief. [Aside. }
Hereafter when your Wisdom shall think fit
To share those Thoughts, and trust 'em with your Friend,
I shall be pleas'd to know; this instant Hour,
My Cares are all employ'd on my own Province,
Which hastes me hence.

M I R Z A.

May all your Gods assist you.

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in M I R Z A's Palace.

Enter A M E S T R I S.

A M E S T R I S.

WILL ye not hear, ye ever-gracious Gods?
(Since sure you do not joy in our Misfortunes,
But only try the Strength of our frail Virtue)
Are not my Sorrows full? Can ought be added?
My Royal Lord, and Father! Yet dear Names
In which my all of Happiness was summ'd,
What have the Ministers of Fate done with you?
Are you not dead? Too sure! That's past a Doubt:
O Memnon! Oh my Prince! My Father! Oh my Husband!

Enter M I R Z A.

M I R Z A.

Such Juno was (except alone those Tears)
When, upon Ida's Top, she charm'd the God,
That long had been a Stranger to her Bed;
Made him forget the Business of the World,
And lay aside his Providence, t'employ
The whole Divinity upon her Beauty.

And

And sure 'twas worth the while; had I been *Jove*,
 So had I too been pleas'd to be deceiv'd
 Into immortal Joys. O cease thy Tears! —

A M E S T R I S.

Give 'em me back, or if the Grave and thou
 Restore to none, Oh join my Fate to theirs!
 Shut us together in some silent Vault,
 Where I may sit and weep till Death's kind Hand
 Shall lay me gently by my Lord's dear Side,
 And hush my Sorrows in eternal Slumber.

M I R Z A.

In Pity to your Form assuage those Tears;
 Sorrow is Beauty's Bane; nor let your Breast
 Harbor a Fear: I wage not War with Fair-ones;
 But wish you would efface those ugly Thoughts,
 That live in your Remembrance to perplex you;
 Let Joy, the Native of your Soul, return,
 And Love's gay God sit smiling in your Eyes,
 As erst he did; I wish you wondrous well,
 And would so fully recompence the Loss
 You fondly mourn, that when you count the Gains,
 Yourself should own your Fortunes are well chang'd.

A M E S T R I S.

Oh impious Comforter! talk'st thou of Joy,
 When Nature dictates only Death and Horror?
 Is there a God can break the Laws of Fate,
 And give me back the precious Lives I've lost?
 What nam'st thou Recompence? Can ought atone
 For Blood? A Father's and a Husband's Blood?
 Such Comfort brings the hungry midnight Wolf,
 When having slain the Shepherd, smear'd with Gore,
 He leaps amidst the helpless bleating Flock.

M I R Z A.

Away with this Perverseness of thy Sex,
 These foolish Tears, these peevish Sighs and Sobblings;
 Look up, be gay, and cheer me with thy Beauties,
 And to thy Wish I will indulge thy Fancy.
 Not all th' imagin'd Splendor of the Gods
 Shall match thy Pomp, sublimely shalt thou shine,

The

The Boast and Glory of our *Asian* World ;
Nor shall one She of all thy tow'ring Sex
Out-rival thee (thou lovely Fair) in Power.
Oh think on Power, on Power and Place supreme.

A M E S T R I S.

There is but one, one only Thing, to think on,
My murder'd Lord, and his dark gaping Grave,
That waits unclos'd impatient of my coming.

M I R Z A.

Oh listen, gentle Maid, while I impart
A Story of such Softness to thy Ear,
As (like the Halcyon brooding o'er the Waves)
May with its Influence hush thy stormy Griefs.

A M E S T R I S.

Be gone ; and if thou bear'st one Thought of Pity
In that hard Breast, Oh leave me to myself,
Nor by thy Presence, hideous to my Soul,
And horrid Consolations, strive to add
To my full of Woes, that swell'd without thy Help,
Already rise and bubble o'er the Margin.

M I R Z A.

What if I talk'd of Love ?

A M E S T R I S.

Of Love ? Oh Monster !

M I R Z A.

If Love be monstrous, so is this fair Frame,
This beauteous World, this Canopy, the Sky ;
That sparkling shines with Gems of Light innumerable ;
And so art thou and I, since Love made all ;
Who kindly reconcil'd the jarring Atoms
In friendly League, and bid 'em be a World.
Frame not thy lovely Mouth then to blaspheme
Thy great Creator ; thou art his, and made for
His more peculiar Service ; thy bright Eyes,
Thy moist red Lip, thy rising snowy Bosom,
Thy every Part was made to furnish Joy,
Ev'n to a riotous Excess of Happiness :
Oh give me but to taste thy blisful Charms,
And take my Wealth, my Honor, Pow'r ; take all,
All, all for Recompence.

A M E S T R I S.

A M E S T R I S.

Execrable Wretch!

Thus, is it thus thou wouldst assuage my Sorrows?
 When thy inhuman bloody Cruelty,
 Now with redoubling Pangs cleaves my poor Heart,
 Com'st thou bespotted with the recent Slaughter
 To proffer impious Love? Accursed Fiend!
 Horror and Grief shall turn me to a Fury;
 Still with my echoing Cries I will pursue thee,
 And halloo Vengeance in thy guilty Ears;
 Vengeance for Murder! for my Prince's Murder!
 And for my poor old Father! Think not, Villain,
 Who art the Plague and Scourge of Human Kind,
 That there is Peace for thee, whilst I run mad
 With raging Sorrow; Vengeance, Vengeance waits thee,
 Great as my Woes!—My dear, dear *Artaxexes!*

M I R Z A.

I am not lucky at the glossing Art
 Of catching Girls with Words, but 'tis no Matter,
 Force is a sure Resort; and when at last
 Fierce as a tow'ring Falcon from her Height,
 I stoop to strike the Prey, it is my own. [*Aside.*
 Obstinate Fool, how dar'st thou cross my Wishes,
 Since the same Hand that has aveng'd me well
 Upon my other Foes, commands thy Fate?
 Tho' Mercy in Compassion of thy Beauty
 Reach out her Hand to save thee, yet if urg'd,
 Revenge may still take place: think well on that.

A M E S T R I S.

That, that is all the Mercy which I ask;
 Indulge thy thirsty Malice in my Blood,
 And hasten me to Peace. My Woman's Heart
 Shall gather all its little Stock of Courage
 To arm me for the Blow. Tho' Death be terrible,
 Ghastly and pale, yet I will joy to meet him:
 My better Life already is destroy'd,
 Imperfect now, and wanting half my self,
 I wander here in vain, and want thy Hand
 To guide and re-unite me to my Lord.

M I R Z A.

MIRZA.

Alas! thou hast not read aright thy Destiny,
Matter of much Import requires thy Life,
And still detains thee here: Come, I'll instruct thee,
And put thee in the Way of Fate's Design.

[Laying hold of her.

AMESTRIS.

Unhand me, Villain!

MIRZA.

Nay, you must not struggle,
Nor frown, and look askew; fantastic Sex!
That put Men on the Drudgery to force you
To your own Satisfaction.

AMESTRIS.

Let me go,
Abhor'd, detested Monster! Shall he brave you,
You awful Gods? Shall not your Lightning blast him?

MIRZA.

Oh no! Your Gods have Pleasures of their own?
Some mortal Beauty charms the wanton Jove,
Within whose Arms he revels, nor has Leisure
To mind thy foolish Screaming.

AMESTRIS.

Hear me now, sweet Heaven!
Save me, ye Gods! Oh save me! save me! save me!

MIRZA.

Come, come along! you see you strive in vain.

[Striving with her.

AMESTRIS.

Is there no Hope of Aid from Gods or Men?
Oh let me turn to thee then, kneel to thee,
And with my Pray'rs and Tears implore thy Pity.

MIRZA.

Speak, for Enchantment dwells upon thy Tongue,
And all the flutt'ring Spirits in my Blood
Dance nimbly on to the celestial Sound.

AMESTRIS.

What shall I say to move him to Compassion?
Thus groveling, prostrate thus upon the Earth,

Let

Let me conjure you, spare my Virgin Honor ;
 Spare to commit a Wrong to you unprofitable,
 Yet worse to me than Torments, Racks, and Death :
 Kill me, the last of my unhappy Race,
 And let old *Memnon's* Name with me be lost.
 If Death be not enough, let me live wretched ;
 Pull off these Robes, and clothe me like a Slave,
 Then send me out to labor at some Village,
 Where I may groan beneath a cruel Master,
 Be hardly us'd, and want e'en Food and Raiment ;
 Till Cold, and Dirt, and Poverty, shall change
 And make me loathsome as my Fellow-wretches.
 Oh ! let my Rags claim this one Privilege,
 To wrap me in the Grave a spotless Maid.

MIRZA.

That Tongue which pleads makes all intreating vain ;
 Thy every Motion, each complaining Accent
 Warms me afresh, and urges new Desire ;
 Thou art, thou must be mine ; nor Heaven, nor Earth,
 Nor the conspiring Power of Hell shall save thee ;
 I long to lose my Age in thy Embraces,
 To bask and wanton in thy warmer Sun,
 Till a new Youth shoot thro' me.

AMESTRIS.

Chaste *Diana*,
 And thou the Guardian of the Marriage-Bed,
 [Getting loose from him.]
 Thou Royal *Juno*, Oh protect thy Votary !

MIRZA.

My jaded Age and weak enervate Limbs
 Falter and shrink, unequal to their Office.
 I pr'ythee yield ; come, yield and be a Queen ;
 [Laying hold on her again.]
 Yield, and be any thing. I cannot bear
 These fierce convulsive Starts, this raging Flame
 That drinks my blood.

AMESTRIS.

Oh never, never, never.
 A Cause like this will turn me to a Fighter,
 To my last Gasp, to Death I will resist.

MIRZA.

The Ambitious Step-Mother. 93

M I R Z A.

My coward Strength, dost thou go back from Beauty?
Rouze, and deserve the Pleasure thou wouldst taste.

A M E S T R I S.

Unmanly Traitor! seize him, all ye Fiends.
[*In the Struggle she draws his own Ponyard, and stabs him.*]

M I R Z A, [*falling.*]

Damnation! Oh my Heart! the cursed Steel
Has struck me to the Earth.

A M E S T R I S.

There sink for ever;
Nor rise again to plague the wretched world.

M I R Z A.

My heated Blood ebbs out, and now too late
My cooler Reason bids me curse my Folly.
Oh Idiot, Idiot! to be caught so poorly!
Where are thy fine Arts now? Unravel'd all,
Mangl'd and cut to Pieces by a Girl!
Oh Shame of Wisdom! When Revenge was sure,
And Fate was in my Grasp, to lose it all,
Neglect the noble Game, run out my Years
On the Pursuit of Joys I could not taste! —
My Memory must be the Jest of Boys.

A M E S T R I S.

My boasted Courage sinks at Sight of Blood.

[*Letting fall the Ponyard.*]
Tho' justly shed, and I grow stiff with Horror.

[*Mirza attempting to rise, falls again.*]

M I R Z A.

It wo' not be! Life gushes out amain,
And I shall die without Revenge or Aid:
What Noise is that without there? Help!

[*Trampling without.*]

A M E S T R I S.

Oh Heavens!
What will become of me?

Enter

*The Ambitious Step-Mother.**Enter ORCHANES hastily.*

O R C H A N E S.

My Lord! Where are you?
 Bleeding! and on the Ground! What wretched Accident?
 Then Fate resolves to make this Night compleat,
 Such as succeeding Horrors ne'er shall match.

M I R Z A.

Oh my *Orchanes*! I am fall'n vilely,
 And this last Part of Life will fully all
 The Wisdom and Renown of what is past.
 Methought thou talk'st of Horrors, speak 'em boldly,
 And try if aught can add to this Confusion.

O R C H A N E S.

Prepare, my Lord, and summon all your Wisdom,
 Your utmost Constancy of Soul to hear——

M I R Z A.

No more? I cannot wait thy Preparation,
 Let the ill Fortune take me as it finds me.

O R C H A N E S.

Then hear it thus; your Daughter's dead——

M I R Z A.

My Daughter!

Thy Words have met with an unguarded Side,
 And pierce ev'n thro' my Soul. Say, How? Where?
 Tell me!——

O R C H A N E S.

As with a Guard I kept the Temple-Gates,
 I heard old *Memnon* and the Pris'ner Prince
 Loud as the roaring Ocean in a Storm,
 Ecchoing their Rage thro' the vast founding Dome;
 When on a sudden, ere the Night had gain'd
 Four Hours at most, the Noise was hush'd in Silence.
 Wond'ring, and curious of the Cause, I enter'd,
 And found (Oh Grief to Sight!) your lovely Daughter
 Drefs'd like a Boy, then warm, and newly dead.
 One Wound was on her Breast. Why she was there,
 Or how, we know not; to compleat the Ill,
 The Pris'ners both are fled.

M I R Z A.

The Ambitious Step-Mother.

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MIRZA.

Fled! 'tis impossible.

Ha! which Way? whither? how? they could not fly.

AMESTRIS.

O wond'rous Turn of Joy! Are they not dead then?

[*Aside.*

ORCHANES.

They could not 'scape the Guards; no other Passage
Remain'd but yours, and even that was fast.

Upon the Instant I beset each Avenue

Which to your Palace leads; happily as yet

They are not pass'd from thence.

AMESTRIS.

Guard 'em, ye Gods!

[*Aside.*

MIRZA.

Find 'em again, *Orchanes*, ere I die,
Or I am more than doubly damn'd; this Loss
Is worse than mine, worse than my Daughter's Death,
'Tis Death of my Revenge. Malicious Fortune!
She took the Moment when my Wisdom nodded,
And ruin'd me at once. O doating Fool!
Thou Fool of Love, and of pernicious Woman!
I sicken; Nature fails me: Oh Revenge!
Will not thy Cordial keep back flying Life?
It shall; *Orchanes*, drag that Traitors to me.

AMESTRIS.

Oh if thou art a Man, I charge thee loose me,
And scorn his Bidding; scorn to be his Slave,
A Devil's Drudge in Mischief. Save me from Death,
Have Pity on my Youth, Oh spare my Youth!

[*Orchanes pulls Amestris down to Mirza.*

MIRZA.

Hearken not to her, drag her, pull her down:
Shall *Memnon* boast of thee, while I die childless?

No, to *Cleone's* Ghost thou art a Victim.

O could I but have seen thee with those Eyes

I view thee now, I had been wise and safe;

That Face shall make no more Fools in this World.

Down

Down ; bear thy fatal Beauties down to Hell,
 And try if thou canst charm amongst the Dead.
 Die, Witch ; Enchantress, die. *[He stabs her.]*

A M E S T R I S.

Ah ! Mercy, Heavens !

M I R Z A.

I thank thee, Hand, at least for this last Service.
 Now fly, *Orchanes*, haste and tell the Queen,
 My latest Breath stays for her.—Something I would
[Exit Orchanes.]

Important to her Service.—I breathe short,
 Life stays in Pain, and struggles to be gone ;
 I strive in vain to hold it—Ha ! what mean
 These fleeting Shades that dance before my Sight ?
 'Tis Death, I feel it plain ; the dreadful Change
 That Nature starts at. Death ! — — Death ! — What is
 Death ?

'Tis a vast Disquisition ; Priests and Scholars
 Enquire whole Ages, and are yet in doubt.
 My Head turns round—I cannot form one Thought
 That pleases me about it.—Dying—must resolve me.
[Mirza dies.]

A M E S T R I S.

Oh my hard Fortune ! must I die ? die now,
 When *Artaxerxes* calls and bids me live ?
 His dear lov'd Image stays my parting Soul,
 And makes it linger in its ruin'd House.
 Ha ! sure he's dead — 'tis so, and now he stands
[Looking on Mirza.]
 Arraign'd before the dread impartial Judges,
 To answer to a long Account of Crimes ;
 Had I but Strength, perhaps my Fate may yet *[Rising.]*
 Find out a Way to save me.
 My Love and Father make Life worth my Care,
 Alas ! my Blood flows fast ; this Way, I think.
[Goes off faintly.]

Enter

*Enter at the other side ARTAXERXES and MEMNON,
with a Sword and Dark-Lantern.*

M E M N O N.

Ha! here are Lights; hold up thy Weapon, Son.

A R T A X E R X E S.

And see, Blood and a Body on the Floor!

What means this Scene of Death? What Wretch art
thou?

Oh all ye juster Powers! 'tis *Mirza*; see,
He seems now dead.

M E M N O N.

Damnation then is new to him;
And if there be one deeper Pit of Sulphur,
One Plague above the rest in those dark Regions,
He, as the most abandon'd Dog, may claim it,
And vie for Preference with Devils themselves.

Re-enter AMESTRIS.

A M E S T R I S.

The Doors are guarded, Fate has clos'd me round.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Ha! art thou my *Amestris*?

M E M N O N.

Oh my Daughter!

[They run to her.]

A M E S T R I S.

Are ye then come at last to bless my Eyes,
Which could not close without one parting View?
O hold me, or I sink——

M E M N O N.

Alas! my Child——

A R T A X E R X E S.

My cruel Fears! Why art thou pale and faint?
Ha, whence this Blood? Oh killing Spectacle!

A M E S T R I S.

Forth from my Heart the crimson River flows;
My lavish Heart, that hastily consumes

Its small Remain of Life : Oh lay me gently
On my last Bed the Earth, whose cold hard Bosom
Must shortly be the Place of my long Rest.

M E M N O N.

What have we done ? or, Oh ! if we have sinn'd,
What has thy Innocence done to merit this ?

A M E S T R I S.

That Villain *Mirza*——

M E M N O N.

Ha ! Say, what of him ?

A M E S T R I S.

Offer'd most brutal Outrage to my Honor.

A R T A X E R X E S.

Oh ye eternal Rulers of the World,
Could you look on unmov'd ? But say, instruct me,
That I may bow before the God that fav'd thee.

A M E S T R I S.

Sure 'twas some chaster Pow'r that made me bold,
And taught my trembling Hand to find the Way
With his own Ponyard to the Villain's Heart.

M E M N O N.

Thou art my Daughter still ! Oh noble Action !
That gives in Death an interval of Joy.

A M E S T R I S.

Just in that Hour of Fate a Villain enter'd,
By whose Assistance the revengeful *Mirza*
Forc'd me to share Death with him.

A R T A X E R X E S.

'Tis past, 'tis past ; [*Lying down.*]

And all those Fires that lighted up my Soul,
Glory and bright Ambition languish now,
And leave me dark and gloomy as the Grave.
Oh thou soft dying Sweetness !—— shall I rage
And curse myself ? Curse ev'n the Gods ?—Oh no ;
I am the Slave of Fate, and bow beneath
The Load that presses me ; am sunk to Earth,
And ne'er shall rise again : here will I sit
And gaze till I am nothing.

A M E S T R I S.

The Ambitious Step-Mother.

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A M E S T R I S.

Alas! my Lord,
Fain would I strive to bid you not be sad,
Fain would I chear your Grief, but 'tis in vain:
I know by my own Heart it is impossible;
For we have lov'd too well. Oh mournful Nuptials!
Are these the Joys of Brides; Indeed 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to part; I cannot leave you;
The agonizing Thought distracts me; hold me,
Oh hold me fast, Death shall not tear me from you.

A R T A X E R X E S.

O could my Arms fence thee from Destiny,
The Gods might launch their Thunder on my Head,
Plague me with Woes treble to what I feel:
With Joy I would endure it all to save thee.
What shall I say? What shall I do to save thee?
Grief shakes my Frame, it melts my very Temper;
My manly Constancy and Royal Courage
Run gushing thro' my Eyes: Oh my *Amestris!*

A M E S T R I S.

And see my Father! his white Beard is wet
With the sad Dew.

M E M N O N.

I try'd to man my Heart,
But could not stand the Buffet of this Tempest.
It tears me up—My Child! Ha! art thou dying?

A M E S T R I S.

Indeed I'm very sick: Oh hold me up!
My Pain increases, and a cold damp Dew
Hangs on my Face. Is there no Help? no Ease?
Have I your Arm, my Love?

A R T A X E R X E S.

Thou hast; my Heart,
Dost thou yet hold?

A M E S T R I S.

Say, will you not forget me,
When I am laid to moulder in my Tomb?
'Tis sure you will not, still there will be Room
For my Remembrance in your noble Heart;

I know you lov'd me truly. Now I faint.
 Oh, shield me, shield me from that ugly Phantom,
 The Cave of Death! How dark and deep it is!
 I tremble at the Sight——'tis hideous Horror!
 The Gloom grows o'er me——Let me not lie there.

[Amestris dies.]

ARTAXERXES.

There Life gave way, and the last rosy Breath
 Went in that Sigh: Death, like a brutal Victor,
 Already enter'd, with rude Haste defaces
 The lovely Frame he'as master'd; see how soon
 These starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre!
 Stay, let me close their Lids. Now for the rest;
 Old Memnon! Ha! Grief has transfix'd his Brain,
 And he perceives me not!——Now what of thee?
 Think'st thou to live, thou Wretch? Think not of any
 Thing;

Thought is Damnation, 'tis the Plague of Devils
 To think on what they are. And see, this Weapon
 Shall shield me from it, plunge me in Forgetfulness,
 Ere the dire Scorpion, Thought, can rouse to sting me.
 Lend me thy Bosom, my cold Bride: Ill Fortune

[Lying by her.]

Has done its worst, and we shall part no more;
 Wait for me, gentle Spirit, since the Stars
 Together must receive us. [Stabs himself.] Oh well aim'd!
 How foolish is the Coward's Fear of Death!
 Of Death, the greatest——surest Way to Peace.

[Artaxerxes dies.]

[Memnon stands looking on the Bodies some
 Time, and then speaks.]

M E M N O N.

Yet will I gaze! Yet, tho' my Eyes grow stiff,
 And turn to Steel or Marble. Here's a Sight
 To bless a Father! These, these were your Gifts,
 Ye bounteous Gods! You'll spare my Thanks for them.
 You gave me Being too, and spun me out
 To hoary Wretchedness: away, 'twas Cruelty:
 Oh cursed, cursed, cursed fourscore Years,
 Ye Heap of Hills, ye monstrous Pile of Plagues!

Sur u

Sure they lov'd well, the very Streams of Blood,
'That flow from their pale Bosoms, meet and mingle.
Stay, let me view 'em better—Nay, 'tis thus——
If thou art like thy Mother—She dy'd too——
Where is she?—Ha! that Dog, that Villain *Mirza*,
He bears her from me: Shall we not pursue?——
The Whirl of Battle comes across me, fly;
Be gone; they shall not, dare not brave me thus;
Hey, 'tis a glorious Sound! Rush on, my Prince,
We'll start and reach the Goal of Fate at once.

[*Runs off.*

*Enter, on the other Side, QUEEN, and Attendants
with Lights.*

QUEEN.

Why am I summon'd with this Call of Death?
'This is no common Ruin; *Artaxerxes!*
And *Memnon's* Daughter! *Mirza*, thou art fallen
In pompous Slaughter: Could not all thy Arts,
'That dol'd about Destruction to our Enemies,
Guard thy own Life from Fate? Vain-Boast of Wisdom,
'That with fantastic Pride, like Busy Children,
Builds Paper Towns and Houses, which at once
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters!

I ATTENDANT.

Oh dismal Sight!

[*Looking.*

QUEEN.

What is it frights thy Eyes?

I ATTENDANT.

Old *Memnon's* Body.

QUEEN.

'Tis a grateful Horror!

I ATTENDANT.

Upon the Floor the batter'd Carcase lies
Weltring in Gore, whilst on the Marble Wall
A dreadful Mass of Brains, grey Hair, and Blood,
Is smear'd in hideous Mixture.

QUEEN.

Fierce Despair

Has forc'd a Way for the impetuous Soul.

Has not the Labyrinth of your fatal Counfels
Involv'd my fair, my lovely, lost *Cleone* ?
By our bright Gods I swear, I will assert
'The Majesty of manly Government,
Nor wear again your Chains : Still as our Mother
Be honor'd ; rule amongst your Maids and Eunuchs,
Nor mingle in our State, where mad Confusion
Shakes the whole Frame, to boast a Woman's Cunning.

QUEEN.

Thou talk'st as if thy infant Hand could grasp,
Guide, and command the Fortune of the World ;
But thou art young in Pow'r. Remember, Boy,
Thy Father, once the Hero of his Age,
Was proud to be the Subject of my Sway ;
The Warrior to the Woman's Wit gave way,
And found it was his Interest to obey. }
And dost thou hope to shake off my Command ?
Dost thou, the Creature of my forming Hand ?
When I assert the Pow'r thou dar'st invade, }
Like Heaven I will resolve to be obey'd,
And rule or ruin that which once I made. }

[Exit Queen and Attendants.]

ARTABAN.

Let a Guard wait the Queen : Tho' Nature plead
For Reverence to her Person, jealous Power
Must watch her subtle and ambitious Wit.
Hast thou secur'd the impious Priest, *Cleanthes* ?
Magas, that Wretch that prostitutes our Gods ?

CLEANTHES.

Already he has met the Fate he merited ;
This Night the Hypocrite in grand Procession
March'd thro the City to appease the People,
And bore the Gods along to aid his Purpose ;
When, on a sudden, like a Hurricane,
That starts at once, and ruffles all the Ocean,
Some Fury more than mortal seiz'd the Crowd ;
At once they rush'd, at once they cry'd Revenge ;
Then snatch'd and tore the trembling Priest to Pieces.
What was most strange, no Injury was offer'd

To any of the Brotherhood beside,
 But all their Rage was ended in his Death :
 Like formal Justice that severely strikes,
 And in an Instant is serene and calm.

A R T A B A N.

Oh my *Cleanthes*, do but cast thy Thoughts
 Back on the recent Story of this Night ;
 And thou with me wilt wonder, and confess
 The Gods are great and just. Well have you mark'd,
 Celestial Powers, your righteous Detestation
 Of Sacrilege, of base and bloody Treachery.
 May this Example guide my future Sway :
 Let Honour, Truth and Justice crown my Reign,
 Ne'er let my Kingly Word be given in vain,
 But ever sacred with my Foes remain.
 On these Foundations shall my Empire stand,
 The Gods shall vindicate my just Command,
 And guard that Power they trusted to my Hand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE Spleen and Vapors, and this doleful Play,
Have mortify'd me to that Height to Day,
That I am almost in the mortal Mind
To die indeed, and leave you all behind.
Know then, since I resolve in Peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my Heart:
(Last Favours will admit of no Partage,
I bar all Sharing, but upon the Stage)
To one who can with one alone be blest,
The peaceful Monarch of a single Breast:
To one — But oh! how hard 'twill be to find
That Phoenix in your fickle changing Kind!
New Loves, new Interests, and Religions new.
Still your fantastic Appetites pursue.
Your sickly Fancies loath what you possess,
And every restless Fool would change his Place.
Some weary of their Peace and Quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shewn;
Whilst from the envy'd Height, the Wise get safely down. }
We find your wavering Temper to our Cost,
Since all our Pains and Care to please is lost.
Music in vain supports with friendly Aid
Her Sister Poetry's declining Head:
Show but a Mimic Ape, or French Buffoon, }
You to the other House in Shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our Crowds alone.
Must Shakespear, Fletcher and laborious Ben.
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
Allow you are unconstant, yet 'tis strange,
For Sense is still the same, and ne'er can change:
Yet ev'n in that you vary as the rest,
And every Day new Notions are profest.

E P I L O G U E.

*Nay there's a * Wit has found, as I am told,
New Ways to Heav'n, desparing of the old:
He swears he'll spoil the Clerk and Sexton's Trade;
Bells shall no more be rung, nor Graves be made;
The Hearse and six no longer be in Fashion,
Since all the Faithful may expect Translation.
What think you of the Project? I'm for trying;
I'll lay aside these foolish Thoughts of dying;
Preserve my Youth and Vigor for the Stage,
And be translated in a good old Age.*

* Asgill.

T A M E R.



TAMERLANE:

A

TRAGEDY.

————— *Magnus ad altum*
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque velentes
Per Populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
VIRG. Georg. 4.



Printed in the YEAR 1746.



To the Right Honourable

W I L L I A M,

Lord Marquis of HARTINGTON,

(Now Duke of DEVONSHIRE.)

My LORD,

EVERY Body is now so full of Business, that Things of this Kind, which are generally taken for the Entertainment of leisure Hours only, look like Impertinence and Interruption. I am sure it is a Reason why I ought to beg Your Lordship's Pardon, for troubling You with this Tragedy: Not but that Poetry has always been, and will still be the Entertainment of all wise Men, that have any Delicacy in their Knowledge: Yet at so critical a Juncture as this is, I must confess I think Your Lordship ought
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to give entirely into those Public Affairs, which at this Time seem to Demand you. It is that happy Turn which Your Lordship has to Business, that right Understanding of your Country's Interest, and that constant Zeal to pursue it, that just Thinking, that strong and persuasive Elocution, that firm and generous Resolution, which upon all Occasions You have shewn in Parliaments; and to add, that which is the crowning good Quality, Your Lordship's continual Adherence and unshaken Loyalty to His present Majesty, which make You at this Time so necessary to the Public. I must confess, (tho' there is no Part in Your Lordship's Character, but what the World should be fond of) I cannot help Distinguishing the last Instance very particularly: It is doing (methinks) such a Justice to Goodness, to Greatness, and to Right Reason, that Posterity will believe there could be no Man of good Sense, but what must have agreed with your Lordship in it. When the next Age shall Read the History of this, What Excuse can they make for those who did not Admire a Prince
whose

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whose Life has been a Series of good Offices done to Mankind? When they shall reckon up his Labours from the Battle of *Seneff*, to some Glorious Action, which shall be his Last, (and which I therefore hope is very far remov'd from the Present Time) will they ever believe that he could have been too well belov'd, or too faithfully serv'd and defended? The great Things which he did before we had that immediate Interest in him, which we now happily have, are a noble and just Subject for Panegyric; but as Benefits done to others, can never touch us so sensibly as those we receive ourselves, tho' the Actions may be equally great; so, methinks, I can hardly have Patience to run back to his having sav'd his own Country, when I consider he has since done the same for Us; Let that be sufficient to us, for all we can say of him, or do for him. What Dangers and Difficulties has he not struggled through, for the Honor and Safety of these Kingdoms? 'Tis a common Praise, and what every one speaks, to say, He has continually expos'd his Life for his People; but there
are

The Epistle Dedicatory.

are some Things more particular in his Character, some Things rarely found amongst the Policies of Princes ; a Zeal for Religion, moderated by Reason, without the Rage and Fire of Persecution ; a charitable Compassion for those who cannot be convince'd, and an unalterable Perseverance in those Principles of whose Truth he is satisfied ; a Desire of War for the sake of Peace ; and of Peace for the Good and Honor of his Subjects equally with his own ; a pious Care for composing Factions, tho' to foment them might make him Arbitrary ; and a generous Ambition that only aims at Power, to enable him to do Good to all the rest of the World. I might add here, that Inviolable and Religious Observance of his Royal Word, which the best part of the Powers of *Europe* have so frequently and so happily, for themselves, depended upon in the greatest Emergencies. But as this Virtue is generally reckon'd as no more than that common Honesty, which the meanest Man would blush to be without, so it can hardly claim a Place amongst the more particular Excellencies of a Great Prince. It
were

The Epistle Dedicatory.

were to be wish'd, indeed, that the World were honest to such a Degree, and that there were not that scandalous Defect of common Morality. Certainly nothing can be more shocking to Humanity, to the Peace and Order of the World; nothing can approach nearer to that savage State of Nature, in which every Man is to eat his Fellow if he can master him, than an avow'd Liberty of breaking thro' all the most solemn Engagements of public Faith. 'Tis something that brands a Man with an Infamy, which nothing can extenuate or wipe out; he may protest and pretend to explain his Meaning, but the World has generally too much Indignation for the Affront, to bear it at that easy Rate. Ministers and Secretaries of State may display their own Parts in Memorials, with as much Pomp and Flourish as they please: I fancy the common Answer upon such Occasions will always be, You have deceiv'd us grossly, and we neither can nor will trust you any more. When this Vice comes amongst Men of the first Rank, it is the more shocking, and I could wish there were none such, to whose Charge it might be laid.

Some

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Some People (who do me a very great Honor in it) have fancy'd that in the Person of *Tamerlane* I have alluded to the greatest Character of the present Age. I don't know, whether I ought not to apprehend a great deal of Danger from avowing a Design like that. It may be a Task indeed worthy the greatest Genius, which this, or any other Time has produc'd. But therefore I ought not to stand the Shock of a Parallel, lest it should be seen, to my Disadvantage, how far the *Hero* has transcended the *Poet's Thought*. There are many Features, 'tis true, in that great Man's Life, not unlike his Majesty: His Courage, his Piety, his Moderation, his Justice, and his Fatherly Love of his People; but above all, his Hate of Tyranny and Oppression, and his zealous Care for the common Good of Mankind, carry a large Resemblance of Him: Several Incidents are alike in their Stories; and there wants nothing to his Majesty but such a deciding Victory, as that by which *Tamerlane* gave Peace to the World. That is yet to come; but I hope we may reasonably expect it from
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Unanimity of the present Parliament, and so formidable a Force as that Unanimity will give Life and Vigor to.

If Your Lordship can find any Thing in this Poem like a Prince, who is so justly the Object of Your Lordship's, and indeed of the World's Veneration, I persuade myself it will prevail with You to forgive every thing else that You find amiss. You will excuse the Faults in Writing, for the Goodness of the Intention. I hope too, Your Lordship will not be displeas'd, that I take this Opportunity of renewing the Honor which I formerly had, to be known to Your Lordship, and which gives me at once the Pleasure of expressing those Just and Dutiful Sentiments I have for his Majesty, and that strong Inclination which I have always had to be thought,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient

humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF all the Muses various Labours, none
Have lasted longer, or have higher flown,
Than those that tell the Fame by ancient Heroes won.
With Pleasure Rome, and great Augustus heard
Arms and the Man sung by the Mantuan Bard;
In spite of Time, the sacred Story lives,
And Cæsar and his Empire still survives.
Like him, (tho' much unequal to his Flame)
Our Author makes a pious Prince his Theme.
High with the foremost Names in Arms he stood,
Had fought, and suffer'd for his Country's Good,
Yet sought not Fame, but Peace, in Fields of Blood.
Safe under him his happy People sate,
And griev'd at Distance for their Neighbour's Fate.
Whilst with Success a Turkish Monarch crown'd,
Like spreading Flame deform'd the Nations round;
With Sword and Fire he forc'd his impious Way,
To Lawless Pow'r, and Universal Sway:
Some abject States for Fear the Tyrant join;
Others for Gold their Liberties resign,
And venal Princes sold their Right Divine.
Till Heav'n, the growing Evil to redress,
Sent Tamerlane to give the World a Peace.
The Hero rous'd asserts the glorious Cause,
And to the Field the chearful Soldier draws:
Around in Crowds his valiant Leaders wait,
Anxious for Glory, and secure of Fate;
Well pleas'd, once more to venture on his Side,
And prove that Faith again which had so oft been try'd.
The peaceful Fathers, who in Senates meet,
Approve an Enterprize so Just, so Great;

While

PROLOGUE.

*While with their Prince's Arms, their Voice thus join'd,
Gains half the Praise of having sav'd Mankind.*

*Ev'n in a Circle, where, like this, the Fair
Were met, the bright Assembly did declare
Their House with one Consent were for the War.*

*Each urg'd her Lover to unsheath his Sword,
And never spare a Man who broke his Word.*

*Thus fir'd, the Brave on to the Danger press;
Their Arms were crown'd Abroad with just Success,
And blest at Home with Beauty and with Peace.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>TAMERLANE.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks.</i>	<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Axalla, an Italian Prince, General and Favorite of Tamerlane.</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Moneses, a Grecian Prince, and a Christian.</i>	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
<i>Stratocles, his Friend.</i>	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Prince of Tanais, Kinsman and Ge- neral to Tamerlane.</i>	<i>Mr. Fieldhouse.</i>
<i>Omar, a Tartar General.</i>	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
<i>Mirwan, } Parthian Generals to Ta- Zama, } merlane.</i>	<i>Mr. Cory.</i>
<i>Haly, Favourite Eunuch to Bajazet.</i>	<i>Mr. Husbands.</i>
<i>A Turkish Dervise.</i>	<i>Mr. Baily.</i>
	<i>Mr. Arnold.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Arpafia, a Grecian Princess.</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Selima, Daughter of Bajazet.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>

Parthian and Tartar Soldiers.
Mutes belonging to Bajazet.
Other Attendants.

SCENE, *Tamerlane's Camp, near Angoria
in Galatia.*

TAMER-

TAMERLANE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before TAMERLANE's Tent.

*Enter the Prince of TANAIIS, ZAMA, and
MIRVAN.*

Prince of TANAIIS.

HA I L to the Sun! from whose returning Light
The chearful Soldier's Arms new Lustre take;
To deck the Pomp of Battle. O my Friends!
Was ever such a glorious Face of War?
See, from this Height! how all *Galatia's* Plains
With Nations numberless are cover'd o'er;
Who, like a Deluge, hide the Face of Earth,
And leave no Object in the vast Horizon,
But glitt'ring Arms, and Skies.

ZAMA.

Our *Asian* World,
From this important Day expects a Lord;
This Day they hope an End of all their Woes,
Of Tyranny, of Bondage, and Opression,
From our victorious Emp'ror, *Tamerlane*.

MIRVAN.

M I R V A N.

Well has our holy *Alba* mark'd him out
 The Scourge of lawless Pride, and dire Ambition,
 The great Avenger of the groaning World.
 Well has he worn the sacred Cause of Justice
 Upon his prosp'rous Sword: approving Heav'n
 Still crown'd the right'ous Warrior with Success;
 As if he said, Go forth, and be my Champion,
 Thou most like me of all my Works below.

P R I N C E.

No Lust of Rule, the common Vice of Kings,
 No furious Zeal inspir'd by hot-brain'd Priests,
 Ill hid beneath Religion's specious Name,
 E'er drew his temp'rate Courage to the Field:
 But to redress an injur'd People's Wrongs,
 To save the weak one from the strong Oppressor,
 Is all his End of War; and when he draws
 The Sword to punish, like relenting Heav'n,
 He seems unwilling to deface his Kind.

M I R V A N.

So rich his Soul in ev'ry virtuous Grace,
 That, had not Nature made him great by Birth,
 Yet all the Brave had sought him for their Friend:
 The Christian Prince *Axalla*, nicely bred
 In polish'd Arts of *European* Courts,
 For him forsakes his native *Italy*,
 And lives a happy Exile in his Service.

P R I N C E.

Pleas'd with the gentle Manners of that Prince,
 Our mighty Lord is lavish to his Friendship;
 Tho' *Omar*, and the *Tartar* Lords repine,
 And loudly tax their Monarch as too partial.

Z A M A.

Ere the mid Hour of Night, from Tent to Tent,
 Unweary'd, thro' the num'rous Host he past,
 Viewing with careful Eyes each sev'ral Quarter;
 Whilst from his Looks, as from Divinity,
 The Soldiers took Prefage, and cry'd, Lead on;
 Great *Alba*, and our Emperor, Lead on,
 To Victory, and everlasting Fame.

M I R V A N.

P R I N C E.

Late in the Evening

A Slave of near Attendance on his Person,
 'Scap'd to our Camp: from him we learn'd the Tyrant,
 With Rage redoubled, for the Fight prepares;
 Some accidental Passion fires his Breast,
 (Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair *Grecian* Captive)
 And adds new Horror to his native Fury:
 For five returning Suns, scarce was he seen
 By any the most favor'd of his Court,
 But in lascivious Ease among his Women,
 Liv'd from the War retir'd; or else alone
 In sullen Mood sat meditating Plagues,
 And Ruin to the World, 'till Yester Morn,
 Like Fire that lab'ring upwards rends the Earth,
 He burst with Fury from his Tent, commanding
 All should be ready for the Fight this Day.

Z A M A.

I know his Temper well, since in his Court
 Companion of the brave *Axalla's* Embassy,
 I oft observ'd him, proud, impatient
 Of ought Superior, ev'n of Heav'n that made him;
 Fond of false Glory, of the savage Pow'r
 Of ruling without Reason, of confounding
 Just and Unjust, by an unbounded Will;
 By whom Religion, Honor, all the Bands
 That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
 Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wise Princes
 To draw their easy Neighbours to Destruction.

M I R V A N.

Thrice, by our Law and Prophet, has he sworn,
 By the World's Lord, and Maker, lasting Peace
 With our great Master, and his Royal Friend
 The *Grecian* Emperor; as oft regardless
 Of plighted Faith, with most Un-kingly Baseness,
 H'has ta'en the Advantage of their absent Arms,
 Without a War proclaim'd, or Cause pretended,
 To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields:
 Like some accursed Fiend, who 'scap'd from Hell,

Poisons the balmy Air thro' which he flies,
 He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches,
 The lab'ring Hind's best Hopes, and marks his Way
 with Ruin.

P R I N C E.

But see! his Fate, the mighty *Tamerlane*,
 Comes like the Proxy of inquiring Heav'n,
 To Judge, and to Redress. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter T A M E R L A N E, Guards, and other Attendants.

T A M E R L A N E.

Yet, yet a little, and destructive Slaughter
 Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous Prospect;
 Pass but an Hour, which stands betwixt the Lives
 Of Thousands and Eternity, what Change
 Shall hasty Death make in yon glitt'ring Plain?
 Oh thou fell Monster, War! that in a Moment
 Lay'st waste the noblest Part of the Creation,
 The Boast and Master-piece of the Great Maker,
 That wears in vain th' Impression of his Image,
 Unprivileg'd from thee.
 Health to our Friends, and to our Arms Success,
 [*To the Prince, Zama, and Mirvan.*]
 Such as the Cause, for which we fight, deserves.

P R I N C E.

Nor can we ask beyond what Heav'n bestows,
 Preventing still our Wishes. See, great Sir,
 The universal Joy your Soldiers wear,
 Omen of prosp'rous Battle.
 Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
 Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning Day;
 And now are hardly by their Leaders held
 From darting on the Foe; like a hot Courser,
 That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, disdain
 The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race.

T A M E R L A N E.

Yes, Prince, I mean to give a loose to War:
 This Morn *Axalla*, with my *Parthian* Horse,
 Arrives to join me: He, who like a Storm

Swept

Swept with his flying Squadrons all the Plain
Between *Angoria's* Walls, and yon tall Mountains,
That seem to reach the Clouds; and now he comes
Loaden with Spoils, and Conquest, to my Aid.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Z A M A.

These Trumpets speak his Presence——

*Enter AXALLA with Soldiers. MONESES, STRATOCLES
and SELIMA, Prisoners. [AXALLA kneels to TA-
MERLANE.]*

T A M E R L A N E.

Welcome! thou worthy Partner of my Laurels,
Thou Brother of my Choice, a Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendship!
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival,
My Soul seem'd wanting in its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence, like a Prophet,
That waits the Inspiration of his God

A X A L L A.

My Emperor! My ever royal Master!
To whom my secret Soul more lowly bends,
Than Forms of outward Worship can express;
How poorly does your Soldier pay this Goodness,
Who wears his every Hour of Life out for you?
Yet 'tis his All, and what he has he offers;
Nor now disdain t'accept the Gift he brings,
This Earnest of your Fortune. See, my Lord,
The noblest Prize that ever grac'd my Arms:
Approach my Fair——

T A M E R L A N E.

This is indeed to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy Conquest;
The Bloom of opening Flow'rs, unsully'd Beauty,
Softness, and sweetest Innocence she wears,
And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring;
But say, *Axalla*——

S E L I M A.

Most renown'd in War,

[*Kneeling to Tamerlane.*

Look with Compassion on a captive Maid,
 Tho' born of hostile Blood; nor let my Birth,
 Deriv'd from *Bajazet*, prevent that Mercy,
 Which every Subject of your Fortune finds:
 War is the Province of ambitious Man,
 Who tears the miserable World for Empire;
 Whilst our weak Sex, incapable of Wrong,
 On either Side claims Privilege of Safety.

T A M E R L A N E. [*Raising her.*]

Rise, royal Maid, the Pride of haughty Pow'r
 Pays Homage, not receives it from the Fair;
 Thy angry Father fiercely calls me forth,
 And urges me unwillingly to Arms;
 Yet, tho' our frowning Battles menace Death
 And mortal Conflict, think not that we hold
 Thy Innocence and Virtue as our Foe.
 Here, till the Fate of *Asia* is decided,
 In Safety stay. To-morrow is your own,
 Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose;
 Fortune on either Side shall wait thy Wishes.

S E L I M A.

Where shall my Wonder and my Praise begin!
 From the successful Labors of thy Arms?
 Or from a Theme more soft, and full of Peace,
 Thy Mercy, and thy Gentleness? Oh, *Tamerlane*!
 What can I pay thee for this noble Usage
 But grateful Praise? So Heav'n itself is paid.
 Give Peace, ye Pow'rs above, Peace to Mankind;
 Nor let my Father wage unequal War,
 Against the Force of such united Virtues.

T A M E R L A N E.

Heav'n hear thy pious Wish!--But since our Prospect
 Looks darkly on Futurity, till Fate
 Determine for us, let thy Beauty's Safety
 Be my *Axalla's* Care; in whose glad Eyes
 I read what Joy the pleasing Service gives him.
 Is there amongst thy other Pris'ners ought [*To Axalla.*
 Worthy our Knowledge?

A X A L L A.

A X A L L A.

This brave Man, my Lord,

[Pointing to Moneses.

With long Resistance held the Combat doubtful:
 His Party, prest with Numbers, soon grew faint,
 And would have left their Charge an easy Prey:
 Whilst he alone, undaunted at the Odds,
 Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly:
 Nor yielded, 'till o'ermatch'd by many Hands,
 He seem'd to shame our Conquest, whilst he own'd it.

T A M E R L A N E.

Thou speak'st him as a Soldier should a Soldier,
 Just to the Worth he finds. I would not war

[To Moneses.

With ought that wears thy virtuous Stamp of Greatness:
 Thy Habit speaks thee Christian——Nay, yet more,
 My Soul seems pleas'd to take Acquaintance with thee,
 As if ally'd to thine: Perhaps 'tis Sympathy
 Of honest Minds; like Strings wound up in Music,
 Where by one Touch, both utter the same Harmony:
 Why art thou then a Friend to *Bajazet*?
 And why my Enemy?

M O N E S E S.

If human Wisdom

Could point out every Action of our Lives,
 And say, Let it be thus, in spite of Fate,
 Or partial Fortune, then I had not been
 The Wretch I am.

T A M E R L A N E.

The Brave meet every Accident
 With equal Minds: Think nobler of thy Foes,
 Than to account thy Chance in War an Evil.

M O N E S E S.

Far, far from that; I rather hold it grievous
 That I was forc'd ev'n but to seem your Enemy;
 Nor think the Baseness of a vanquish'd Slave
 Moves me to flatter for precarious Life,
 Or ill-bought Freedom, when I swear, by Heav'n,
 Were I to choose from all Mankind a Master,
 It should be *Tamerlane*.

T A M E R L A N E.

A noble Freedom

Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd.
I take thy Praise as Earnest of thy Friendship.

M O N E S E S.

Still you prevent the Homage I should offer.
O Royal Sir! let my Misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hostile Mark I wore.
I was, when not long since my Fortune hail'd me,
Bless'd to my Wish, I was the Prince *Moneses*;
Born and bred up to Greatness; witness the Blood,
Which thro' successive Heroes Veins ally'd
To our *Greek* Emperors, roll'd down to me,
Feeds the bright Fame of Glory in my Heart.

T A M E R L A N E.

Ev'n that! that Princely Tye should bind thee to me,
If Virtue were not more than all Alliance.

M O N E S E S.

I have a Sister (Oh severe Remembrance!)
Our noble House's, nay, her Sex's Pride:
Nor think my Tongue too lavish, if I speak her
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold Precepts, wise beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth; soft as forgiving Mercy,
Yet greatly Brave, and jealous for her Honor:
Such as she was, to say I barely lov'd her,
Is poor to my Soul's Meaning: From our Infancy
There grew a mutual Tenderness between us,
Till not long since her Vows were kindly plighted
To a young Lord, the Equal of her Birth.
The happy Day was fix'd, and now approaching,
When faithless *Bajazet* (upon whose Honor,
In solemn Treaty giv'n, the *Greeks* depended)
With sudden War broke in upon the Country,
Secure of Peace, and for Defence unready.

T A M E R L A N E.

Let Majesty no more be held Divine,
Since Kings, who are call'd Gods, profane themselves.

M O N E S E S.

M O N E S E S.

Among the Wretches whom that Deluge swept
 Away to Slavery, myself and Sister,
 Then passing near the Frontiers to the Court,
 (Which waited for her Nuptials) were surpriz'd,
 And made the Captives of the Tyrant's Power.
 Soon as we reach'd his Court, we found our Usage
 Beyond what we expected, fair and noble;
 'Twas then the Storm of your victorious Arms
 Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he press'd me
 (By oft repeating Instances) to draw
 My Sword for him: But when he found my Soul
 Disdain'd his Purpose, he more fiercely told me,
 That my *Arpasia*, my lov'd Sister's Fate
 Depended on my Courage shewn for him.
 I had long learnt to hold myself at nothing;
 But for her Sake, to ward the Blow from her,
 I bound my Service to the Man I hated.
 Six Days are past, since by the Sultan's Order
 I left the Pledge of my Return behind,
 And went to guard this Princess to his Camp:
 The rest the brave *Axalla's* Fortune tells you.

T A M E R L A N E.

Wisely the Tyrant strove, to prop his Cause
 By leagu'ing with thy Virtue: but just Heav'n
 Has torn thee from his Side, and left him naked
 To the avenging Bolt that drives upon him:
 Forget the Name of Captive, and I wish
 I could as well restore that Fair One's Freedom,
 Whose Loss hangs heavy on thee: Yet ere Night
 Perhaps we may deserve thy Friendship nobler;
 Th' approaching Storm may cast thy Shipwreck'd Wealth
 Back to thy Arms: 'Till that be past, since War
 (Tho' in the justest Cause) is ever doubtful,
 I will not ask thy Sword to aid my Victory,
 Lest it should hurt that Hostage of thy Valor
 Our common Foe detains.

M O N E S E S.

Let *Bajazet*

Bend to his Yoke repining Slaves by Force,

You, Sir, have found a nobler way to Empire,
Lord of the willing World.

T A M E R L A N E.

Oh, my *Axalla*!

Thou hast a tender Soul, apt for Compassion,
And art thyself a Lover and a Friend:

Does not this Prince's Fortune move thy Temper?

A X A L L A.

Yes, Sir, I mourn the brave *Moneses*' Fate;
The Merit of his Virtue hardly match'd
With disadvent'rous Chance: Yet, Prince, allow me,
Allow me, from th' Experience of a Lover,
To say; one Person, whom your Story mention'd,
(If he survive) is far beyond you wretched:
You nam'd the Bridegroom of your beauteous Sister.

M O N E S E S.

I did: Oh, most accurst!

A X A L L A.

Think what he feels,
Dash'd in the Fierceness of his Expectation;
Then when th' approaching Minute of Possession
Had wound Imagination to the Height,
Think if he lives! —

M O N E S E S.

He lives, he does; 'tis true
He lives; but how? To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a State as his:
He holds down Life as Children do a Potion,
With strong Reluctance and convulsive Strugglings,
Whilst his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

T A M E R L A N E.

Spare the Remembrance; 'tis an useless Grief,
And adds to the Misfortune by repeating it.
The Revolution of a Day may bring
Such Turns, as Heav'n itself could scarce have promis'd,
Far, far beyond thy Wish: Let that Hope cheer thee.
Haste, my *Axalla* to dispose, with Safety,
Thy beauteous Charge, and on the Foe revenge
The Pain, which Absence gives; thy other Care,

Honor

Honor and Arms, now summon thy Attendance;
 Now do thy Office well, my Soul; remember
 Thy Cause; the Cause of Heav'n and injur'd Earth.
 O thou Supreme! if thy Great Spirit warms
 My glowing Breast, and fires my Soul to Arms,
 Grant that my Sword, assisted by thy Pow'r
 This Day may Peace and Happiness restore,
 That War and lawless Rage may vex the World no
 more.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Monefes, Stratocles, Prince of
 Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, and Attendants.*

Manent Axalla, and Selima, with Soldiers.

A X A L L A.

The Battle calls, and bids me haste to leave thee,
 Oh, *Selima!*—But let Destruction wait:
 Are there not Hours enough for Blood and Slaughter?
 This Moment shall be Love's, and I will waste it
 In soft Complaining, for thy Sighs and Coldness,
 For thy forgetful Coldness; even at *Birza*,
 When in thy Father's Court my Eyes first own'd thee,
 Fairer than Light, the Joy of their beholding,
 Ev'n then thou wert not thus.

S E L I M A.

Art not thou chang'd?

Christian, *Axalla*, art thou still the same?
 Those were the gentle Hours of Peace, and thou
 The World's good Angel, that didst kindly join
 Its mighty Masters in harmonious Friendship:
 But since those Joys, that once were ours, are lost,
 Forbear to mention 'em, and talk of War;
 Talk of thy Conquest and my Chains, *Axalla*.

A X A L L A.

Yet I will listen, fair unkind Upbraider,
 Yet I will listen to thy charming Accents,
 Altho' they make me curse my Fame and Fortune,
 My Laurel-wreaths, and all the glorious Trophies,
 For which the Valiant bleed—Oh! thou unjust one,
 Dost thou then envy me this small Return.

My niggard Fate has made for all the Mournings,
For all the Pains, for all the sleepless Nights
That cruel Absence brings ?

S E L I M A.

Away, Deceiver !

I will not hear thy Soothing : Is it thus
That Christian Lovers prove the Faith they swear ?
Are War and Slavery the soft Endearments
With which they court the Beauties they admire ?
'Twas well my Heart was cautious of believing
Thy Vows, and thy Protesting. Know, my Conqueror,
Thy Sword has vanquish'd but the Half of *Selima*,
Her Soul disdains thy Victory.

A X A L L A.

Hear, sweet Heav'n,

Hear the fair Tyrant, how she wrests Love's Laws,
As she had vow'd my Ruin ! What is Conquest ?
What Joy have I from that, but to behold thee,
To kneel before thee, and with lifted Eyes
To view thee, as Devotion does a Saint,
With awful, trembling Pleasure : Then to swear
Thou art the Queen, and Mistress of my Soul ?
Has not ev'n *Tamerlane* (whose Word next Heav'n's,
Makes Fate at second hand) bid thee disclaim
Thy Fears ? And dost thou call thyself a Slave ?
Only to try how far the sad Impression
Can sink into *Axalla* !

S E L I M A.

Oh *Axalla* !

Ought I to hear you ?

A X A L L A.

Come back, ye Hours,

And tell my *Selima* what she has done :
Bring back the Time, when to her Father's Court
I came Ambassador of Peace from *Tamerlane* ;
When hid by conscious Darkness and Disguise,
I pass'd the Dangers of the watchful Guards ;
Bold as the Youth who nightly swam the *Hellespont* :
Then, then she was not sworn the Foe of Love ;
When,

When, as my Soul confest its Flame, and su'd
 In moving Sounds for Pity, she frown'd rarely,
 But, blushing, heard me tell the gentle Tale ;
 Nay, ev'n confest, and told me softly, sighing,
 She thought there was no Guilt in Love like mine.

S E L I M A.

Young, and unskilful in the World's false Arts,
 I suffer'd Love to steal upon my Softness,
 And warm me with a lambent guiltless Flame :
 Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand Times,
 And call the conscious Pow'rs of Heav'n to witness
 The tend'rest, truest, everlasting Passion :
 But, Oh ! 'tis past ; and I will charge Remembrance
 To banish the fond Image from my Soul :
 Since thou art sworn the Foe of Royal *Bajazet*,
 I have resolv'd to hate thee.

A X A L L A.

Is it possible !

Hate is not in thy Nature : thy whole Frame
 Is Harmony, without one jarring Atom.
 Why dost thou force thy Eyes to wear this Coldness ?
 It damps the Springs of Life. Oh ! bid me die,
 Much rather bid me die, if it be true,
 That thou hast sworn to hate me.—

S E L I M A.

Let Life and Death

Wait the Decision of the bloody Field ;
 Nor can thy Fate (my Conqueror) depend
 Upon a Woman's Hate. Yet since you urge
 A Pow'r, which once perhaps I had, there is
 But one Request, that I can make with Honor.

A X A L L A.

O ! name it ! say—

S E L I M A.

Forego your Right of War,
 And render me this Instant to my Father.

A X A L L A.

Impossible !—The Tumult of the Battle,
 That hastes to join, cuts off all Means of Commerce
 Betwixt the Armies.

G 6

S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

Swear then to perform it,
Which Way foe'er the Chance of War determines,
On my first Instance.

A X A L L A.

By the sacred Majesty
Of Heav'n, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;
Yes, I will give thee this severest Proof
Of my Soul's vow'd Devotion, I will part with thee;
(Thou Cruel, to command it,) I will part with thee,
As Wretches that are doubtful of Hereafter,
Part with their Lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,
And trembling at Futurity. But is there nothing;
No small Return that Honor can afford
For all this Waste of Love?

S E L I M A.

The Gifts of Captives
Wear somewhat of Constraint; and generous Minds
Disdain to give, where Freedom of the Choice
Does but seem wanting.

A X A L L A.

What! not one kind Look?
Then thou art chang'd indeed. *Hark I am summon'd,

[*Trumpets.]

And thou wilt send me forth like one unblest'd;
Whom Fortune has forsaken, and ill Fate
Mark'd for Destruction. Thy surprizing Coldness
Hangs on my Soul, and weighs my Courage down;
And the first feeble Blow I meet shall raze me
From all Remembrance: Nor is Life or Fame
Worthy my Care, since I am lost to thee. [Going.]

S E L I M A.

Ha! Goest thou to the Fight!—

A X A L L A.

I do.---Farewel!---

S E L I M A.

What! and no more? A Sigh heaves in my Breast,
And stops the struggling Accents on my Tongue,
Else, sure, I should have added something more,
And made our Parting softer.

A X A L L A.

A X A L L A.

Give it way.

The niggard Honor, that affords not Love,
Forbids not Pity——

S E L I M A.

Fate perhaps has set

This Day, the Period of thy Life, and Conquests ;
And I shall see thee borne at Evening back,
A breathless Coarse ;—Oh ! Can I think on that,
And hide my Sorrows ?—No—they will have way,
And all the Vital Air, that Life draws in,
Is render'd back in Sighs.

A X A L L A.

The murm'ring Gale revives the drooping Flame,
That at thy Coldness languish'd in my Breast ;
So breathe the gentle Zephyrs on the Spring,
And waken every Plant, and od'rous Flower,
Which Winter Frost had blasted, to new-Life.

S E L I M A.

To see thee for this Moment, and no more.——

Oh ! help me to resolve against this Tenderness,
That charms my fierce Resentments, and presents thee
Not as thou art, mine and my Father's Foe,
But as thou wert, when first thy moving Accents
Won me to hear ; when, as I listen'd to thee,
The happy Hours past by us unperceiv'd,
So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment.

A X A L L A.

Let me be still the same ; I am, I must be.
If it were possible my Heart could stray,
One Look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the Wanderer for ever thine.

S E L I M A.

Where is my boasted Resolution now ?

[Sinking into his Arms.]

Oh ! Yes ! Thou art the same ; my Heart joins with thee,
And to betray me will believe thee still :
It dances to the Sounds that mov'd it first,
And owns at once the Weakness of my Soul :

So when some skilful Artist strikes the Strings,
 The magic Numbers rouze our sleeping Passions,
 And force us to confess our Grief, and Pleasure.
 Alas! *Axalla*, say—dost thou not pity
 My artless Innocence, and easy Fondness?
 Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing.

A X A L L A.

No—let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
 And bless the new-born Glories that adorn thee;
 From every Blush, that kindles in thy Cheeks,
 Ten thousand little Loves and Graces spring,
 To revel in the Roses—'two' not be, *[Trumpets.*
 This envious Trumpet calls, and tears me from thee---

S E L I M A.

My Fears increase, and doubly press me now;
 I charge thee, if thy Sword comes cross my Father,
 Stop for a Moment, and remember me.

A X A L L A.

Oh! doubt not, but his Life shall be my Care,
 Ev'n dearer than my own—

S E L I M A.

Guard that for me too,

A X A L L A.

Oh! *Selima!* thou hast restor'd my Quiet,
 The noble Ardor of the War, with Love
 Returning, brightly burns within my Breast,
 And bids me be secure of all hereafter.
 So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner,
 (Who trembled at the Thought of Pains to come)
 With Heav'n's Forgiveness, and the Hopes of Mercy;
 At length the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
 And every Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
 Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain Road,
 The Peace, his holy Comforter bestow'd,
 Guides and protects him like a Guardian God.

[Exit.

Manent

Manent SELIMA and Guards.

S E L I M A.

In vain all Arts a Love-sick Virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seem severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes.
If the dear Youth her Pity strives to move,
And pleads with tenderness, the Cause of Love,
Nature asserts her Empire in her Heart,
And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part.
By Love, herself, and Nature thus betray'd,
No more she trusts in Pride's fantastic Aid,
But bids her Eyes confess the yielding Maid.

[Exit Selima, Guards following.]

ACT

 ACT II. SCENE I.

TAMERLANE'S Camp.

Enter MONESES.

MONESES.

THE dreadful Business of the War is over;
 And Slaughter, that, from Yester Morn 'till Ev'n,
 With Giant Steps, past striding o'er the Field,
 Besmear'd and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
 Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,
 And slumbers o'er her Prey; while from this Camp
 The chearful Sounds of Victory, and *Tamerlane*,
 Beat the high Arch of Heav'n: deciding Fate,
 That Crowns him with the Spoils of such a Day,
 Has giv'n it as an Earnest of the World
 That shortly shall be his.

Enter STRATOCLES.

My *Stratocles*!

Most happily return'd; might I believe
 Thou bring'st me any Joy?

STRATOCLES.

With my best Diligence,
 This Night I have enquir'd of what concerns you.
 Scarce was the Sun, who shone upon the Horror
 Of the past Day, sunk to the Western Ocean,
 When by Permission from the Prince *Axalla*,
 I mixt among the Tumult of the Warriors,
 Returning from the Battle: Here a Troop
 Of hardy *Parthians* red with honest Wounds,

Confest

Confest the Conquest, they had well deserv'd :
 There a dejected Crew of wretched Captives,
 Sore with unprofitable Hurts, and groaning
 Under new Bondage, follow'd sadly after
 The haughty Victor's Heels ; but that, which fully
 Crown'd the Success of *Tamerlane*, was *Bajazet*,
 Fall'n like the proud Archangel, from the Height,
 Where once (ev'n next to Majesty Divine)
 Enthron'd he sat, down to the vile Descent
 And lowness of a Slave ; but oh ! to speak
 The Rage, the Fierceness, and the Indignation !
 It bars all Words, and cuts Description short.

M O N E S E S.

Then he is fall'n ! that Comet which, on high,
 Portended Ruin ; he has spent his Blaze,
 And shall distract the World with Fears no more :
 Sure it must bode me well, for oft my Soul
 Has started into Tumult at his Name,
 As if my Guardian Angel took th' Alarm,
 At the Approach of somewhat mortal to me :
 But say, my Friend, what hear'st thou of *Arpasia* ?
 For there my Thoughts, my every Care is center'd.

S T R A T O C L E S.

Tho' on that Purpose still I bent my Search,
 Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this,
 That in the Pillage of the Sultan's Tent
 Some Women were made Pris'ner's, who this Morning
 Were to be offer'd to the Emperor's View ;
 Their Names, and Qualities, tho' oft enquiring
 I could not learn.

M O N E S E S.

Then must my Soul still labor
 Beneath Uncertainty, and anxious Doubt,
 The Mind's worst State. The Tyrant's Ruin gives me
 But a Half-Ease.

S T R A T O C L E S.

'Twas said, not far from hence
 The Captives were to wait the Emperor's Passage.

M O N E S E S.

M O N E S E S.

Haste we to find the Place. Oh! my *Arpasia!*
 Shall we not meet? Why hangs my Heart thus heavy
 Like Death within my Bosom? Oh! 'tis well,
 The Joy of meeting pays the Pangs of Absence,
 Else who could bear it?
 When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,
 Then I will own, I ought not to complain,
 Since that sweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. }
 [Exeunt Monefes and Stratocles.]

S C E N E II.

The Inside of a Magnificent Tent.

Symphony of Warlike Music.

Enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, Prince of TANAKIS,
 ZAMA, MIRVAN, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

A X A L L A.

FROM this auspicious Day the *Parthian Name*
 Shall date its Birth of Empire, and extend
 Ev'n from the dawning East to utmost *Thule*
 The Limits of its Sway.

P R I N C E.

Nations unknown,
 Where yet the *Roman Eagles* never flew,
 Shall pay their Homage to Victorious *Tamerlane* :
 Bend to his Valor, and superior Virtue,
 And own, that Conquest is not given by Chance,
 But, bound by fatal and resistless Merit,
 Waits on his Arms.

T A M E R L A N E.

It is too much : you dress me
 Like an Usurper in the borrow'd Attributes
 Of injur'd Heav'n : Can we call Conquest ours ?

Shall

Shall Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
 Vaunt of himself, and say, Thus have I done this?
 Oh! vain Pretence to Greatness! Like the Moon,
 We borrow all the Brightness, which we boast,
 Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that Hand
 That rules the Fate of Battles strike for us,
 Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honor;
 'Twere most ungrateful to disown the Benefit,
 And arrogate a Praise which is not ours.

A X A L L A.

With such unshaken Temper of the Soul
 To bear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,
 Is to deserve that Fortune: In Adversity
 The Mind grows tough by buffetting the Tempest;
 Which, in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,
 And loses all her Firmness.

T A M E R L A N E.

Oh! *Axalla!*

Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
 Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
 Sickness, or Thirst, and Hunger, all the Train
 Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, asserting
 An Equal Right in Kings and common Men,
 Reprove me daily?—No——If I boast of ought,
 Be it, to have been Heav'n's happy Instrument,
 The Means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures;
 This is a King's best Praise.

Enter O M A R.

O M A R.

Honor and Fame

[*Bowing to Tamerlane.*

For ever wait the Emperor; may our Prophet
 Give him ten thousand thousand Days of Life,
 And every Day like this. The Captive Sultan,
 Fierce in his Bonds, and at his Fate repining,
 Attends your sacred Will.

T A M E R L A N E.

Let him approach.

Enter

*Enter BAJAZET and other Turkish Prisoners in Chains,
with a Guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the Ruins of this Field,
The wild Destruction, which thy fierce Ambition
Has dealt among Mankind, (so many Widows
And helpless Orphans has thy Battle made,
That half our Eastern World this Day are Mourners)
Well may I, in Behalf of Heav'n and Earth,
Demand from thee Atonement for this Wrong.

B A J A Z E T.

Make thy Demand to those that own thy Pow'r;
Know, I am still beyond it; and tho' Fortune
(Curse on that Changeling Deity of Fools!)
Has stript me of the Train and Pomp of Greatness,
That Out-side of a King, yet still my Soul,
Fixt high, and of itself alone dependant,
Is ever Free and Royal; and ev'n now,
As at the head of Battle, does defy thee:
I know what Pow'r the Chance of War has giv'n,
And dare thee to the Use on't. This vile Speeching,
This After-game of Words, is what most irks me;
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all——
Be it as it may.

T A M E R L A N E.

Well was it for the World,
When on their Borders Neighbouring Prince's met,
Frequent in friendly Parle, by cool Debates
Preventing wasteful War; such should our Meeting
Have been, had'st thou but held in just regard
The Sanctity of Leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy Prophet, or, what's more,
That Pow'r Supreme, which made thee, and thy Prophet,
Will, with Impunity, let pass that Breach
Of sacred Faith giv'n to the Royal Greek?

B A J A Z E T.

Thou Pedant Talker! ha! art thou a King
Possess of sacred Pow'r, Heav'n's darling Attribute,
And

And dost thou prate of Leagues, and Oaths, and Prophets?
 I hate the *Greek* (Perdition on his Name!)
 As I do thee, and would have met you both,
 As Death does human Nature, for Destruction.

T A M E R L A N E.

Causeless to hate is not of human kind;
 The savage Brute, that haunts in Woods remote,
 And Desert Wilds, tears not the fearful Traveller,
 If Hunger, or some Injury, provoke not.

B A J A Z E T.

Can a King want a Cause, when Empire bids
 Go on? What is he born for but Ambition?
 It is his Hunger, 'tis his Call of Nature,
 The noble Appetite which will be satisfy'd,
 And like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal.

T A M E R L A N E.

Henceforth I will not wonder we were Foes,
 Since Souls that differ so, by Nature Hate,
 And strong Antipathy forbids their Union.

B A J A Z E T.

The noble Fire that warms me does indeed
 Transcend thy Coldness; I am pleas'd we differ,
 Nor think alike.

T A M E R L A N E.

No——for I think like Man,
 Thou like a Monster; from whose baleful Presence
 Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her Stamp
 On thy rough Mass, and mark'd thee for a Man,
 Now conscious of her Error she disclaims thee,
 As form'd for her Destruction.——

'Tis true, I am a King, as thou hast been:
 Honor, and Glory too have been my Aim;
 But tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers,
 Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
 Yet would I choose to fix my Name by Peace,
 By Justice, and by Mercy; and to raise
 My Trophies on the Blessings of Mankind;
 Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
 With Ruin of the People whom I sway,
 Or Forfeit of my Honor.

B A J A Z E T.

B A J A Z E T.

Prophet, I thank thee.—

Damnation!—Couldst thou rob me of my Glory,
 To dress up this tame King, this preaching *Derwise*?
 Unfit for War, thou shouldst have liv'd secure
 In lazy Peace, and with debating Senates
 Shar'd a precarious Scepter, sat tamely still,
 And let bold Factions canton out thy Pow'r,
 And wrangle for the Spoils they robb'd thee of;
 Whilst I (curse on the Pow'r that stops my Ardor!)
 Would, like a Tempest, rush amidst the Nations,
 Be greatly terrible, and deal, like *Alba*,
 My angry Thunder on the frighted World.

T A M E R L A N E.

The World!—'twould be too little for thy Pride:
 Thou would'st scale Heav'n.—

B A J A Z E T.

I would:—Away! my Soul
 Disdains thy Conference.

T A M E R L A N E.

Thou vain, rash Thing,
 That, with gigantic Insolence, hast dar'd
 To lift thy wretched self above the Stars,
 And mate with Pow'r Almighty: Thou art fall'n!

B A J A Z E T.

'Tis false! I am not fall'n from ought I've been:
 At least my Soul resolves to keep her State,
 And scorns to take Acquaintance with ill Fortune.

T A M E R L A N E.

Almost beneath my Pity art thou fall'n;
 Since, while th' avenging Hand of Heav'n is on thee,
 And presses to the Dust thy swelling Soul,
 Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest;
 To what vast Heights had thy tumultuous Temper
 Been hurry'd, if Success had crown'd thy Wishes;
 Say, what had I to expect, if thou had'st conquer'd?

B A J A Z E T.

Oh, Glorious Thought! By Heav'n! I will enjoy it,
 Tho' but in Fancy; Imagination shall

Make

Make room to entertain the vast Idea.

Oh! had I been the Master but of Yesterday,
The World, the World had felt me; and for thee,
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me,——a Dog,
The Object of my Scorn, and mortal Hatred:
I would have taught thy Neck to know my Weight,
And mounted from that Footstool to my Saddle:
Then, when thy daily servile Task was done,
I would have cag'd thee, for the Scorn of Slaves,
'Till thou hadst begg'd to die; and ev'n that Mercy
I had deny'd Thee: Now thou know'st my Mind,
And question me no farther.

T A M E R L A N E.

Well dost thou teach me
What Justice should exact from thee: Mankind
With one Consent cry out for Vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call, to cut off this League-breaker,
This wild Destroyer, from the Face of Earth.

B A J A Z E T.

Do it, and rid thy shaking Soul at once
Of its worst Fear.

T A M E R L A N E.

Why slept the Thunder,
That should have arm'd the Idol Deity,
And giv'n thee Pow'r, ere Yester Sun was set,
To shake the Soul of *Tamerlane*: Hadst thou an Arm
To make thee fear'd, thou should'st have prov'd it on me,
Amidst the Sweat and Blood of yonder Field,
When, thro' the Tumult of the War, I fought thee,
Fenc'd in with Nations.

B A J A Z E T.

Curse upon the Stars,
That fated us to different Scenes of Slaughter!
Oh! could my Sword have met thee!——

T A M E R L A N E.

Thou hadst then
As now, been in my Pow'r, and held thy Life
Dependant on my Gift——Yes, *Bajazet*,
I bid thee, Live.——So much my Soul disdains,
That thou should'st think, I can fear ought but Heav'n:
Nay

Nay more; could'st thou forget thy brutal Fierceress,
 And form thyself to Manhood, I would bid thee
 Live, and be still a King, that thou may'st learn
 What Man should be to Man, in War remembering
 The common Tye, and Brotherhood of Kind.
 This Royal Tent, with such of thy Domestics
 As can be found, shall wait upon thy Service;
 Nor will I use my Fortune, to demand
 Hard Terms of Peace, but such as thou may'st offer
 With Honor, I with Honor may receive.*

[* Tamerlane signs to an Officer, who unbinds
 Bajazet.

B A J A Z E T.

[me,

Ha! say'st thou—no!—our Prophet's Vengeance blast
 If thou shalt buy my Friendship with thy Empire.
 Damnation on thee! thou smooth fawning Talker!
 Give me again my Chains, that I may curse thee,
 And gratify my Rage: Or, if thou wilt
 Be a vain Fool, and play with thy Perdition,
 Remember I'm thy Foe, and hate thee deadly.
 Thy Folly on thy Head!

T A M E R L A N E.

Be still my Foe.

Great Minds (like Heav'n) are pleas'd in doing good,
 Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favors
 Are barren in Return: Thy stubborn Pride,
 That spurns the gentle Office of Humanity,
 Shall in my Honor own, and thy Despite,
 I have done, as I ought. Virtue still does
 With Scorn the Mercenary World regard
 Where abjects Souls do good, and hope Reward:
 Above the worthless Trophies Men can raise,
 She seeks not Honors, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
 But with herself, Herself, the Goddess pays.

[Exeunt Tamerlane, Axalla, Prince of Tanais,
 Mirvan, Zama, and Attendants.

Manent B A J A Z E T, O M A R, Guards.

B A J A Z E T.

B A J A Z E T.

Come, lead me to my Dungeon; plunge me down
Deep from the hated Sight of Man, and Day,
Where, under Covert of the Friendly Darkneſs,
My Soul may brood, at leiſure, o'er its Anguiſh.

O M A R.

Our Royal Maſter wou'd, with noble Uſage,
Make your Miſfortunes light: he bids you hope,—

B A J A Z E T.

I tell thee, Slave, I have ſhook hands with Hope,
And all my Thoughts are Rage, Deſpair, and Horror.

Enter HALY, ARPASIA, and Women Attendants.

Ha! wherefore am I thus?—Perdition ſeize me!
But my cold Blood runs ſhiv'ring to my Heart,
As at ſome Fantom, that in Dead of Night,
With dreadful Action ſtalks around our Beds.
The Rage and fiercer Paſſions of my Breaſt
Are loſt in new Confuſion.—*Arpafia!*—*Haly!*

H A L Y.

Oh Emperor! for whoſe hard Fate our Prophet,
And all the Heroes of thy ſacred Race
Are ſad in Paradife, thy faithful *Haly*,
The Slave of all thy Pleaſures, in this Ruin,
This univerſal Shipwreck of thy Fortunes,
Has gather'd up this Treafure for thy Arms:
Nor ev'n the Victor, haughty *Tamerlane*,
(By whoſe Command once more thy Slave beholds thee)
Denies this Bleſſing to thee, but with Honor
Renders thee back thy Queen, thy beauteous Bride.

B A J A Z E T.

Oh! had her Eyes, with Pity, ſeen my Sorrows,
Had ſhe the Softneſs of a tender Bride,
Heav'n cou'd not have beſtow'd a greater Bleſſing,
And Love had made Amends for Loſs of Empire.
But ſee, what Fury dwells upon her Charms!
What Light'ning ſhines from her angry Eyes!
With a malignant Joy ſhe views my Ruin:
Ev'n beauteous in her Hatred, ſtill ſhe charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous Soul to Love.

A R P A S I A.

And dar'st thou hope, thou Tyrant! Ravisher!
 That Heav'n has any Joy in Store for thee?
 Look back upon the Sum of thy past Life,
 Where Tyranny, Oppression, and Injustice,
 Perjury, Murders, swell the black Account;
 Where lost *Arpasia's* Wrongs stand bleeding fresh,
 Thy last recorded Crime; but Heav'n has found thee,
 At length the tardy Vengeance has o'erta'en thee.
 My weary Soul shall bear a little longer
 The Pain of Life, to call for Justice on thee;
 That once complete, sink to the peaceful Grave,
 And lose the Mem'ry of my Wrongs and Thee.

B A J A Z E T.

Thou rail'st! I thank thee for't—Be perverse,
 And muster all the Woman in thy Soul;
 Goad me with Curfes, be a very Wife,
 That I may fling off this tame Love, and hate thee,

Enter M O N E S E S. [*BAJAZET starting.*]

Ha!—Keep thy Temper, Heart! nor take alarm
 At a Slave's Presence.

M O N E S E S.

It is *Arpasia*!—Leave me, thou cold Fear.
 Sweet as the rosy Morn she breaks upon me,
 And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholsome Shade,
 Gives way before the Golden Dawn she brings,

B A J A Z E T. [*Advancing towards him.*]

Ha, Christian! Is it well that we meet thus?
 Is this thy Faith?

M O N E S E S.

Why does thy frowning Brow
 Put on this Form of Fury? Is it strange
 We should meet here Companions in Misfortune,
 The Captives of one common Chance of War?
 Nor should'st thou wonder, that my Sword has fail'd
 Before the Fortune of victorious *Tamerlane*,
 When thou, with Nations like the sanded Shore,
 With Half the warring World upon thy Side,

Could'st

Could'st not stand up against his dreadful Battle,
That crush'd thee with its Shock. Thy Men can witness,
Those Cowards, that forsook me in the Combat,
My Sword was not unactive.

B A J A Z E T.

No, ——— 'tis false.

Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? thou hast
Betray'd her to the *Tartar*; or, ev'n worse,
Pale with thy Fears, didst lose her like a Coward:
And like a Coward now, would'st cast the Blame
On Fortune, and ill Stars.

M O N E S E S.

Ha! said'st thou like a Coward?
What Sanctity, what Majesty Divine
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my Rage,
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

B A J A Z E T.

Out thou Slave,
And know me for thy Lord ———

M O N E S E S.

I tell thee, Tyrant,
When in the Pride of Pow'r thou sat'st on high,
When like an Idol thou wert vainly worshipp'd,
By prostrate Wretches, born with slavish Souls:
Ev'n when thou wert a King, thou wert not more
Nor greater than *Moneses*; born of a Race,
Royal, and Great as thine: What art thou now then?
The Fate of War has set thee with the Lowest;
And Captives (like the Subjects of the Grave)
Losing Distinction, serve one common Lord.

B A J A Z E T.

Brav'd by this Dog! Now give a loose to Rage,
And curse thyself, curse thy false cheating Prophet.
Ha! yet there's some Revenge. Hear me, thou Christian:
Thou left'st that Sister with me: ——— Thou Impostor!
Thou Boaster of thy Honesty! Thou Liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my Prison ——— If it holds
Another Plague like this, the restless Damn'd

(If *Musties* lye not) wander thus in Hell :
 From scorching Flames to chilling Frosts they run,
 Then from their Frosts to Fires return again,
 And only prove Variety of Pain.

[*Exeunt Bajazet and Haly.*

A R P A S I A.

Stay, *Bajazet*, I charge thee by my Wrongs !
 Stay and unfold a Tale of so much Horror,
 As only fits thy telling——Oh, *Moneses* !

M O N E S E S.

Why dost thou weep ? why this tempestuous Passion,
 That stops thy flatt'ring Tongue short on my Name ?
 Oh, speak ! unveil this Mystery of Sorrow,
 And draw the dismal Scene, at once to Sight.

A R P A S I A.

Thou art undone, lost, ruin'd, and undone !

M O N E S E S.

I will not think 'tis so, while I have thee,
 While thus 'tis giv'n to fold thee in my Arms ;
 For while I sigh upon thy panting Bosom,
 The sad Remembrance of past Woes is lost.

A R P A S I A.

Forbear to sooth thy Soul with flatt'ring Thoughts,
 Of Evils overpast, and Joys to come :
 Our Woes are like the genuine Shade beneath,
 Where Fate cuts off the very Hopes of Day,
 And everlasting Night and Horror reign.

M O N E S E S.

By all the Tenderness, and chaste Endearments
 Of our past Love, I charge thee, my *Arpasia*,
 To ease my Soul of Doubts ; give me to know
 At once the utmost Malice of my Fate.

A R P A S I A.

Take thy wretched Share in all I suffer,
 Still Partner of my Heart. Scarce hadst thou left
 The Sultan's Camp, when the Imperious Tyrant,
 Soft'ning the Pride and Fierceness of his Temper,
 With gentle Speech made Offer of his Love.
 Amaz'd, as at the Shock of sudden Death,

I startec

I started into Tears, and often urg'd
 (Tho still in vain) the Difference of our Faiths :
 At last, as flying to the utmost Refuge,
 With lifted Hands, and streaming Eyes, I own'd
 The Fraud; which when we first were made his Pris'ners,
 Conscious of my unhappy Form, and fearing
 For thy dear Life, I forc'd thee to put on
 Thy borrow'd Name of Brother, mine of Sister :
 Hiding beneath that Veil the nearer Tie,
 Our mutual Vows had made before the Priest.
 Kindling to Rage at hearing of my Story,
 Then, Be it so, he cry'd. Think'st thou thy Vows
 Giv'n to a Slave shall bar me from thy Beauties ?
 Then bade the Priest pronounce the Marriage Rites,
 Which he perform'd, whilst shrieking with Despair,
 I call'd in vain the Pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

M O N E S E S.

Villain ! Imperial Villain !——Oh, the Coward !
 Aw'd by his Guilt, tho' back'd by Force and Power,
 He durst not to my Face avow his Purpose ;
 But in my Absence, like a lurking Thief,
 Stole on my Treasure, and at once undid me.

A R P A S I A.

Had they not kept me from the Means of Death,
 Forgetting all the Rules of Christian Suffering,
 I had done a desp'rate Murder on my Soul,
 Ere the rude Slaves, that waited on his Will,
 Had forc'd me to his——

M O N E S E S.

Stop thee there, *Arpasia*,
 And bar my Fancy from the guilty Scene ;
 Let not Thought enter, lest the busy Mind
 Should muster such a Train of monstrous Images,
 As would distract me. Oh ! I cannot bear it
 Thou lovely Hoard of Sweets, where all my Joys
 Were treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus !
 Thus torn untasted from my eager Wishes !
 But I will have thee from him. *Tamerlane*
 (The Sovereign Judge of Equity on Earth)

Shall do me Justice on this mighty Robber,
And render back thy Beauties to *Moneses*.

A R P A S I A.

And who shall render back my Peace, my Honor,
The spotless Whiteness of my Virgin Soul?
Ah! no, *Moneses*——think not I will ever
Bring a polluted Love to thy chaste Arms:
I am the Tyrant's Wife. Oh, fatal Title!
And, in the Sight of all the Saints, have sworn,
By Honor, Womanhood, and blushing Shame,
To know no second Bride-bed but my Grave.

M O N E S E S.

I swear it must not be, since still my Eye
Finds thee as heav'nly white, as Angel pure,
As in the earliest Hours of Life thou wert.
Nor art thou his but mine; thy first Vow's mine,
Thy Soul is mine——

A R P A S I A.

Oh! think not, that the Pow'r
Of most persuasive Eloquence can make me
Forget I've been another's, been his Wife;
Now by my Blushes! by the strong Confusion,
And Anguish of my Heart! spare me, *Moneses*,
Nor urge my trembling Virtue to the Precipice.
Shortly, (oh! very shortly) if my Sorrows
Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,
Death shall dissolve the fatal Obligation,
And give me up to Peace, to that blest Place
Where the Good rest from Care and anxious Life.

M O N E S E S.

Oh! teach me, thou fair Saint, like thee to suffer:
Teach me, with hardy Piety, to combat
The present Ills; instruct my Eyes to pass
The narrow Bounds of Life, this Land of Sorrow,
And with bold Hopes to view the Realms beyond,
Those distant Beauties of the future State.
Tell me, *Arpasia*,——say, what Joys are those,
That wait to crown the Wretch who suffers here?
Oh! tell me, and sustain my failing Faith.

A R P A S I A.

A R P A S I A.

Imagine somewhat exquisitely fine,
Which Fancy cannot paint, which the pleas'd Mind
Can barely know, unable to describe it;
Imagine, 'tis a Tract of endless Joys,
Without Satiety, or Interruption;
Imagine 'tis to meet, and part no more.

M O N E S E S.

Grant, gentle Heav'n, that such may be our Lot!
Let us be blest together.—Oh! my Soul!
Build on that Hope, and let it arm thy Courage,
To struggle with the Storm, that parts us now.

A R P A S I A.

Yes! my *Moneses*, now the Surges rise,
The swelling Sea breaks in between our Barks,
And drives us to our Fate on different Rocks.
Farewel—my Soul lives with thee.—

M O N E S E S.

Death is parting,
'Tis the last sad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body,
But this is somewhat worse—my Joy, my Comfort,
All that was left in Life, fleets after thee.
My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties,
Thy lovely Eyes all drown'd in Floods of Sorrow!
So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,
And leaves the Traveller in pathless Woods,
Benighted and forlorn—Thus with sad Eyes
Westward he turns, to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,
Chearless, in Darkness, he pursues his Way.

[*Exeunt Moneses and Arpasia severally.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Inside of the Royal Tent.**Enter AXALLA, SELIMA, and Women Attendants.*

A X A L L A.

CAN there be ought in Love, beyond this Proof,
 This wond'rous Proof, I give thee of my Faith?
 To tear thee from my bleeding Bosom thus?
 To rend the Strings of Life, to set thee free,
 And yield thee to a cruel Father's Power,
 Foe to my Hopes? What canst thou pay me back,
 What but thyself (thou Angel) for this Fondness?

S E L I M A.

Thou dost upbraid me, Beggar as I am,
 And urge me with my Poverty of Love.
 Perhaps thou think'st, 'tis nothing for a Maid
 To struggle through the Niceness of her Sex,
 The Blushes and the Fears, and own she loves:
 Thou think'st, 'tis nothing for my artless Heart
 To own my Weakness, and confess thy Triumph.

A X A L L A.

Oh! yes, I own it; my charm'd Ears ne'er knew
 A Sound of so much Rapture, so much Joy.
 Not Voices, Instruments, not warbling Birds,
 Not Winds, not murm'ring Waters join'd in Confort,
 Not tuneful Nature, not th'according Spheres
 Utter such Harmony, as when my *Selima*
 With down-cast Looks, and Blushes, said---I love---

S E L I M A.

And yet thou say'st, I am a Niggard to thee:
 I swear the Balance shall be held between us,

And

And Love be Judge, if after all the Tenderness,
Tears and Confusion of my Virgin Soul,
Thou should'st complain of ought, unjust *Axalla!*

A X A L L A.

Why was I ever blest?—Why is Remembrance
Rich with a thousand pleasing Images
Of past Enjoyments, since 'tis but to plague me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me
To think of all the golden Minutes past,
To think, that thou wert kind, and I was happy?
But like an Angel fall'n from Bliss, to curse
My present State, and mourn the Heav'n I've lost.

S E L I M A.

Hope better for us both; nor let thy Fears,
Like an unlucky Omen, cross my Way.
My Father, rough and stormy in his Nature,
To me was always gentle, and with Fondness
Paternal, ever met me with a Blessing.
Oft when Offence had stirr'd him to such Fury,
That not grave Counsellors for Wisdom fam'd,
Nor hardy Captains that had fought his Battles,
Presum'd to speak, but struck with awful Dread,
Were hush'd as Death; yet has he smil'd on me,
Kiss'd me, and bade me utter all my Purpose;
Till, with my idle Prattle, I had sooth'd him,
And won him from his Anger.

A X A L L A.

Oh! I know

Thou hast a Tongue to charm the wildest Tempers.
Herds would forget to graze, and savage Beasts
Stand still and lose their Fierceness, but to hear thee,
As if they had Reflexion, and by Reason
Forsook a less Enjoyment for a greater.
But oh! when I revolve each Circumstance,
My Christian Faith, my Service closely bound
To *Tamerlane* my Master, and my Friend:
Tell me (my Charmer) if my Fears are vain?
Think what remains for me, if the fierce Sultan
Should doom thy Beauties to another's Bed?

H 5

S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

'Tis a sad Thought; but to appease thy Doubts,
 Here, 'in the awful Sight of Heav'n, I vow,
 No Pow'r shall e'er divide me from thy Love,
 Ev'n Duty shall not force me to be false.
 My cruel Stars may tear thee from my Arms,
 But never from my Heart; and when the Maids
 Shall yearly come with Garlands of fresh Flow'rs,
 To mourn with pious Office o'er my Grave,
 They shall sit sadly down, and weeping tell,
 How well I lov'd, how much I suffer'd for thee,
 And while they grieve my Fate, shall praise my Constancy.

A X A L L A.

But see the Sultan comes!--my beating Heart
 Bounds with exulting Motion; Hope and Fear
 Fight with alternate Conquest in my Breast.
 Oh! Can I give her from me? Yield her up!
 Now mourn, thou God of Love, since Honor triumphs,
 And crowns his cruel Altars with thy Spoils.

Enter B A J A Z E T.

B A J A Z E T.

To have a nauseous Courtesy forc'd on me,
 Spite of my Will, by an insulting Foe,——
 Ha! they would break the Fierceness of my Temper,
 And make me supple for their slavish Purpose:
 Curse on their fawning Arts; from Heav'n itself
 I wou'd not on such Terms receive a Benefit,
 But spurn it back upon the Giver's Hand.

[Selima comes forward and kneels to Bajazet.]

S E L I M A.

My Lord; my Royal Father!

B A J A Z E T.

Ha! what art thou?

What heav'nly Innocence? that, in a Form
 So known, so lov'd, hast left thy Paradise,
 For joyless Prison, for this Place of Woe!
 Art thou *Selima*?

S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

Have you forgot me?

Alas, my Piety is then in vain!
 Your *Selima*, your Daughter whom you lov'd,
 The Fondling once of her dear Father's Arms,
 Is come to claim her Share in his Misfortunes;
 To wait and tend him with obsequious Duty;
 To sit, and weep for every Care he feels;
 To help to wear the tedious Minutes out,
 To soften Bondage, and the Loss of Empire.

B A J A Z E T.

Now by our Prophet! If my wounded Mind
 Could know a Thought of Peace, it would be now;
 Ev'n from thy prating Infancy thou wert
 My Joy, my little Angel; smiling Comfort
 Came with thee still to glad me: Now I'm curs'd
 Ev'n in thee too; Reproach and Infamy
 Attend the Christian Dog, to whom thou wert trusted:
 To see thee here!—'twere better see thee dead.

A X A L L A.

Thus *Tamerlane* to Royal *Bajazet*,
 With Kingly Greeting sends: Since with the Brave,
 (The bloody Bus'ness of the Fight once ended)
 Stern Hate and Opposition ought to cease,
 Thy Queen already to thy Arms restor'd,
 Receive this second Gift, thy beauteous Daughter:
 And if there be ought farther in thy Wish,
 Demand with Honor, and obtain it freely.

B A J A Z E T.

Bear back thy fulsom Greeting to thy Master;
 Tell him, I'll none on't: Had he been a God,
 All his Omnipotence could not restore
 My Fame diminish'd, Loss of sacred Honor,
 The Radiancy of Majesty eclips'd.
 For ought besides, it is not worth my Care;
 The Giver and his Gifts are both beneath me.

A X A L L A.

Enough of War the wounded Earth has known;
 Weary at length, and wasted with Destruction,

Sadly she rears her ruin'd Head, to shew
 Her Cities humbled, and her Countries spoil'd,
 And to her mighty Masters sues for Peace.
 Oh, Sultan! by the Pow'r Divine I swear!
 With Joy I wou'd resign the savage Trophies
 In Blood and Battle gain'd, could I atone
 The fatal Breach 'twixt thee and *Tamerlane*;
 And think a Soldier's Glory well bestow'd,
 To buy Mankind a Peace.

B A J A Z E T.

And what art thou?
 That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the Rage
 Of angry Kings?

A X A L L A.

A Prince, born of the noblest,
 And of a Soul that answers to that Birth,
 That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on
 A forc'd Forgetfulness, thus not to know me,
 A Guest so lately to thy Court, then meeting
 On gentler Terms. —

S E L I M A.

Could ought efface the Merit
 Of brave *Axalla's* Name, yet, when your Daughter
 Shall tell, how well, how nobly she was us'd;
 How light this gallant Prince made all her Bondage;
 Most sure the Royal *Bajazet* will own
 That Honor stands indebted to such Goodness,
 Nor can a Monarch's Friendship more than pay it.

B A J A Z E T.

Ha! Know'st thou that, fond Girl? — Go — 'tis
 not well —

And when thou couldst descend to take a Benefit
 From a vile Christian, and thy Father's Foe,
 Thou didst an Act dishonest to thy Race;
 Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all
 My Share in thee, and write thyself a Bastard,
 Die, starve, know any Evil, any Pain,
 Rather than taste a Mercy from these Dogs.

S E L I M A.

Alas! *Axalla!*

A X A L L A.

A X A L L A.

Weep not, lovely Maid ;
 I swear, one pearly Drop from those fair Eyes
 Would over-pay the Service of my Life ;
 One Sigh from thee has made a large Amends
 For all thy angry Father's Frowns and Fiercenefs.

B A Z A Z E T.

Oh ! my curs'd Fortune !—am I fall'n thus low ?
 Dishonor'd to my Face ? thou Earth-born Thing,
 Thou Clod ! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy Eyes
 Up to the Sacred Race of mighty *Ottoman* ?
 Whom Kings, whom ev'n our Prophet's holy Offspring
 At Distance have beheld ; and what art thou ?
 What glorious Titles blazon out thy Birth ?
 Thou vile Obscurity ! Ha !—say—thou base one.

A X A L L A.

Thus challeng'd, Virtue, modest as she is,
 Stands up to do herself a common Justice,
 To answer, and assert that inborn Merit,
 That Worth, which conscious to herself she feels.
 Were Honor to be scann'd by long Descent,
 From Ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
 A Lineage of the Greatest, and recount
 Among my Fathers, Names of ancient Story,
 Heroes and God-like Patriots, who subdu'd
 The World by Arms and Virtue, and being *Romans*
 Scorn'd to be Kings ; but that be their own Praise :
 Nor will I borrow Merit from the Dead,
 Myself an Undeserver. I could prove
 My Friendship such, as thou might'st deign t'accept
 With Honor, when it comes with friendly Office,
 To render back thy Crown, and former Greatness :
 And yet ev'n this, ev'n all is poor, when *Selima*
 With matchless Worth weighs down the adverse Scale.

B A Z A Z E T.

To give me back what Yesterday took from me,
 Wou'd be to give like Heav'n, when having finish'd
 This World, (the goodly Work of his Creation)
 He bid his Fav'rite Man be Lord of all.
 But this—

A X A L L A.

A X A L L A.

Nor is this Gift beyond my Pow'r ;
 Oft has the mighty Master of my Arms
 Urg'd me with large Ambition to demand
 Crowns and Dominions from his bounteous Pow'r ;
 'Tis true I wav'd the Proffer, and have held it
 The worthier Choice, to wait upon his Virtues,
 To be the Friend and Partner of his Wars,
 Than to be *Asia's* Lord : Nor wonder then,
 If in the Confidence of such a Friendship,
 I promise boldly for the Royal Giver,
 Thy Crown, and Empire.

B A J A Z E T.

For our Daughter thus
 Mean'st thou to barter ? Ha ! I tell thee, Christian,
 There is but one, one Dow'ry, thou canst give,
 And I can ask, worthy my Daughter's Love.

A X A L L A.

Oh ! name the mighty Ransom, task my Pow'r,
 Let there be Danger, Difficulty, Death,
 T' enhance the Price.

B A J A Z E T.

I take thee at thy Word.
 Bring me the *Tartar's* Head.

A X A L L A.

Ha !

B A J A Z E T.

Tamerlane's,
 That Death, that deadly Poison to my Glory.

A X A L L A.

Prodigious ! Horrid !

S E L I M A.

Lost ! for ever lost !

B A J A Z E T.

And cou'dst thou hope to bribe me with ought else ?
 With a vile Peace patch'd upon slavish Terms ?
 With tributary Kingship ? — No — To merit
 A Recompence from me, fate my Revenge,
 The *Tartar* is my Bane, I cannot bear him ;
 One Heav'n and Earth can never hold us both ;

Still

Still shall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
 Keep Rage alive, till one be lost for ever;
 As if two Suns should meet in the Meridian,
 And strive in fiery Combat for the Passage.
 Weep'st thou, fond Girl? Now as thy King, and Father,
 I charge thee, drive this Slave from thy Remembrance:
 Hate shall be pious in thee; * come and join
 * *[Laying hold on her Hand.*
 To curse thy Father's Foes.

S E L I M A.

Undone for ever!

Now Tyrant Duty, art thou yet obey'd?
 There is no more to give thee. Oh *Axalla!*
[Bajazet leads out Selima, she looking back on
Axalla.

A X A L L A.

'Tis what I fear'd; Fool that I was t' obey:
 The Coward Love, that could not bear her Frown,
 Has wrought his own Undoing. Perhaps ev'n now,
 The Tryant's Rage prevails upon her Fears.
 Fiercely he storms, she weeps, and sighs, and trembles,
 But swears at length, to think on me no more.
 He bade me take her.—But, oh gracious Honor!
 Upon what Terms? My Soul yet shudders at it,
 And stands but half recover'd of her Fright.
 The Head of *Tamerlane!* monstrous Impiety!
 Bleed, bleed to Death, my Heart, be Virtue's Martyr,
 Oh, Emperor, I own I ought to give thee
 Some nobler Mark, than Dying, of my Faith.
 Then let the Pains I feel my Friendship prove,
 'Tis easier far to die, than cease to love.

[Exit Axalla.

S C E N E

T A M E R L A N E,

S C E N E II.

T A M E R L A N E's Camp.

Enter severally M O N E S E S, *and Prince of* Tanais.

M O N E S E S.

IF I not press untimely on his Leisure,
You would much bind a Stranger to your Service,
To give me Means of Audience from the Emperor.

P R I N C E.

Most willingly, tho' for the present Moment
We must intreat your Stay; he holds him private.

M O N E S E S.

His Council, I presume?

P R I N C E.

No; the Affair
Is not of Earth, but Heav'n—A Holy Man,
(One whom our Prophet's Law calls such) a *Dervise*,
Keeps him in Conference.

M O N E S E S.

Hours of Religion,
Especially of Princes, claim a Reverence,
Nor will be interrupted.

P R I N C E.

What his Business
Imports, we know not: but with earnest Suite
This Morn he begg'd Admittance. Our great Master
(Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heav'n)
In reverend Regard holds all that bear
Relation to Religion, and, on Notice
Of his Request, receiv'd him on the Instant.

M O N E S E S.

We will attend his Pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter T A M E R L A N E, *and a* D E R V I S E.

T A M E R L A N E.

Thou bring'st me thy Credentials from the Highest,
From *Alba*, and our Prophet: Speak thy Message,
It must import the best and noblest Ends.

D E R-

D E R V I S E.

Thus speaks our Holy *Mahomet*, who has giv'n thee
 To reign, and conquer: Ill dost thou repay
 The Bounties of his Hand, unmindful of
 The Fountain, whence thy Streams of Greatness flow;
 Thou hast forgot high Heav'n, hast beaten down,
 And trampled on Religion's Sanctity.

T A M E R L A N E.

Now, as I am a Soldier, and a King,
 (The greatest Names of Honor) do but make
 Thy Imputation out, and *Tamerlane*
 Shall do thee ample Justice on himself:
 So much the Sacred Name of Heav'n awes me,
 Could I suspect my Soul of harb'ring ought
 To its Dishonor, I would search it strictly,
 And drive th' offending Thought with Fury forth.

D E R V I S E.

Yes, thou hast hurt our Holy Prophet's Honor,
 By fost'ring the pernicious Christian Sect;
 Those, whom his Sword pursu'd with fell Destruction,
 Thou tak'st into thy Bosom, to thy Councils;
 They are thy only Friends: The true Believers
 Mourn to behold thee favor this *Axalla*.

T A M E R L A N E.

I fear me, thou out-go'st the Prophet's Order!
 And bring'st his venerable Name to shelter
 A Rudeness ill becoming thee to use,
 Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my Friend,
 Thou nam'st a Man beyond a Monk's discerning,
 Virtuous, and Great, a Warrior, and a Prince.

D E R V I S E.

He is a Christian; there our Law condemns him,
 Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

T A M E R L A N E.

'Tis false; no Law Divine condemns the Virtuous,
 For differing from the Rules your Schools devise.
 Look round, how Providence bestows alike
 Sunshine and Rain, to bless the fruitful Year,
 On different Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths;

And

And (tho' by several Names and Titles worshipp'd)
 Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praise;
 Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
 One best, one greatest, only Lord of All.
 Thus when he view'd the many Forms of Nature,
 He found that all was good, and blest the fair Variety.

D E R V I S E.

Most impious, and profane!——nay, frown not,
 Prince.

Full of the Prophet, I despise the Danger
 Thy angry Pow'r may threaten: I command thee
 To hear, and to obey; since thus says *Mahomet*!
 Why have I made thee dreadful to the Nations?
 Why have I giv'n thee Conquest? but to spread
 My sacred Law ev'n to the utmost Earth,
 And make my Holy *Mecca* the World's Worship?
 Go on, and wheresoe'er thy Arms shall prosper,
 Plant there the Prophet's Name: with Sword and Fire
 Drive out all other Faiths, and let the World
 Confess him only.

T A M E R L A N E.

Had he but commanded
 My Sword to conquer all, to make the World
 Know but one Lord, the Task were not so hard;
 'Twere but to do what has been done already;
 And *Philip's* Son, and *Cæsar* did as much:
 But to subdue th' unconquerable Mind,
 To make one Reason have the same Effect
 Upon all Apprehensions; to force this,
 Or this Man, just to think, as thou and I do;
 Impossible! Unless Souls were alike
 In all, which differ now like Human Faces.

D E R V I S E.

Well might the Holy Cause be carry'd on,
 If *Mussulmen* did not make War on *Mussulmen*.
 Why hold'st thou Captive a believing Monarch?
 Now as thou hop'st to 'scape the Prophet's Curse,
 Release the Royal *Bajazet*, and join
 With Force united, to destroy the Christians.

T A M E R

T A M E R L A N E.

'Tis well—I've found the Cause that mov'd thy Zeal:
 What shallow Politician set thee on,
 In hopes to fright me this Way to Compliance?

D E R V I S E.

Our Prophet only.—

T A M E R L A N E.

No—thou dost belye him,
 Thou Maker of new Faiths! that dar'st to build
 Thy fond Inventions on Religion's Name.
 Religion's Lustre is by native Innocence
 Divinely pure, and simple from all Arts;
 You daub, and dress her like a common Mistress,
 The Harlot of your Fancies; and by adding
 False Beauties, which she wants not, make the World
 Suspect her Angel's Face is foul beneath,
 And wo'not bear all Lights. Hence! I have found thee.

D E R V I S E.

I have but one resort. Now aid me, Prophet. [*Aside.*
 Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;
 Our Prophet speaks to thee in Thunder—— * thus——

[* *The Dervise draws a conceal'd Dagger and
 offers to stab Tamerlane.*

T A M E R L A N E.

No, Villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its Worshippers,
 [*Wresting the Dagger from him.*
 And blasts the Murderer's Purpose. Think, thou Wretch,
 Think on the Pains that wait thy Crime, and tremble
 When I shall doom thee——

D E R V I S E.

'Tis but Death at last,
 And I will suffer greatly for the Cause
 That urg'd me first to the bold Deed.

T A M E R L A N E.

Oh, impious!

Enthusiasm thus makes Villains, Martyrs.
 [*Pausing.*] It shall be so——To die! 'twere a Reward—
 Now learn the Difference t'wixt thy Faith and mine:
 Thine bids thee lift thy Dagger to my Throat;

Mine

Mine can forgive the Wrong, and bid thee live.
 Keep thy own wicked Secret, and be safe :
 If thou continu'it still to be the same,
 'Tis Punishment enough to be a Villain :
 If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to Virtue,
 And am, in that, rewarded for my Mercy.
 Hence ! from my Sight—It shocks my Soul, to think
 That there is such a Monster in my Kind. [*Exit Dervise.*
 Whither will Man's Impiety extend ?
 Oh gracious Heav'n ! dost thou withhold thy Thunder,
 When bold Assassins take thy Name upon 'em,
 And swear, they are the Champions of thy Cause ?

Enter M O N E S E S.

M O N E S E S.

Oh Emperor ! before whose awful Throne
 Th' Afflicted never kneel in vain for Justice,
 [Kneeling to Tamerlane.
 Undone, and ruin'd, blasted in my Hopes,
 Here let me fall before your sacred Feet,
 And groan out my Misfortunes, till your Pity,
 (The last Support and Refuge that is left me)
 Shall raise me from the Ground, and bid me live.

T A M E R L A N E.

Rise, Prince, nor let me reckon up thy Worth,
 And tell how boldly That might bid thee ask,
 Lest I should make a Merit of my Justice,
 The common Debt I owe to thee, to All,
 Ev'n to the meanest of Mankind, the Charter
 By which I claim my Crown, and Heav'n's Protection :
 Speak then as to a King, the Sacred Name
 Where Pow'r is lodg'd, for Righteous Ends alone.

M O N E S E S.

One only Joy, one Blessing, my fond Heart
 Had fix'd its Wishes on, and that is lost ;
 That Sister, for whose Safety my sad Soul
 Endur'd a thousand Fears——

T A M E R L A N E.

I well remember,

When

When, ere the Battle join'd, I saw thee first,
 With Grief uncommon to a Brother's Love,
 Thou told'st a moving Tale of her Misfortunes,
 Such as bespoke my Pity. — Is there ought
 Thou canst demand from Friendship? Ask and have it,

M O N E S E S.

First, oh! let me intreat your Royal Goodness,
 Forgive the Folly of a Lover's Caution
 That forg'd a Tale of Falshood to deceive you:
 Said I, she was my Sister? — Oh! 'tis false,
 She holds a dearer Interest in my Soul,
 Such as the closest Ties of Blood ne'er knew:
 An Int'rest, such as Power, Wealth, and Honor
 Can't buy, but Love, Love only can bestow;
 She was the Mistress of my Vows, my Bride,
 By Contract mine; and long ere this the Priest
 Had ty'd the Knot for ever, had not *Bajazet* —

T A M E R L A N E.

Ha! *Bajazet*! — If yet his Pow'r withholds
 The Cause of all thy Sorrows, all thy Fears,
 E'en Gratitude for once shall gain upon him,
 Spite of his Savage Temper, to restore her.
 This Morn a Soldier brought a Captive Beauty,
 Sad 'tho' she seem'd, yet of a Form most rare,
 By much the noblest Spoil of all the Field:
 Ev'n *Scipio*, or a Victor yet more cold,
 Might have forgot his Virtue, at her Sight.
 Struck with a pleasing Wonder, I beheld her,
 Till by a Slave that waited near her Person,
 I learnt she was the Captive Sultan's Wife;
 Strait I forbid my Eyes the dangerous Joy
 Of gazing long, and sent her to her Lord.

M O N E S E S.

There was *Moneses* lost. — Too sure my Heart
 (From the first Mention of her wond'rous Charms)
 Presag'd it cou'd be only my *Arpasia*.

T A M E R L A N E.

Arpasia! didst thou say?

M O N E S E S.

Yes, my *Arpasia*.

T A M E R-

T A M E R L A N E.

Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee.
I nam'd the Queen of *Bajazet*, his Wife.

M O N E S E S.

His Queen! His Wife! He brings that Holy Title
To varnish o'er the monstrous Wrongs he has done me.

T A M E R L A N E.

Alas! I fear me, Prince, thy Grievs are just;
Thou art indeed unhappy——

M O N E S E S.

Can you pity me,
And not redress? * Oh, Royal *Tamerlane*! [* *Kneeling*.
Thou Succor of the Wretched, reach thy Mercy,
To save me from the Grave, and from Oblivion;
Be gracious to the Hopes that wait my Youth,
Oh let not Sorrow blast me, lest I wither,
And fall in vile Dishonor. Let thy Justice
Restore me my *Arpasia*; give her back,
Back to my Wishes, to my Transports give her,
To my fond, restless, bleeding, dying Bosom;
Oh! give her to me yet while I have Life
To bless thee for the Bounty. Oh, *Arpasia*!

T A M E R L A N E.

Unhappy Royal Youth, why dost thou ask
What Honor must deny? Ha! Is she not
His Wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?
And would'st thou have my partial Friendship break
That Holy Knot, which ty'd once, all Mankind
Agree to hold Sacred, and Undissolveable?
The Brutal Violence would stain my Justice,
And brand me with a Tyrant's hated Name
To late Posterity.

M O N E S E S.

Are then the Vows,
The Holy Vows we register'd in Heav'n,
But common Air?

T A M E R L A N E.

Could thy fond Love forget
The Violation of a first Enjoyment?——

But

But Sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy Mind.

M O N E S E S.

Perhaps it has, and like an idle Madman,
That wanders with a Train of hooting Boys,
I do a thousand Things to shame my Reason.
Then let me fly, and bear my Follies with me
Far, far from the World's Sight; Honor and Fame,
Arms, and the glorious War shall be forgotten:
No noble Sound of Greatness, or Ambition,
Shall wake my drowzy Soul from her dead Sleep,
Till the last Trump do summon.

T A M E R L A N E.

Let thy Virtue

Stand up, and answer to these warring Passions,
That vex thy manly Temper. From the Moment
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble
Shone thro' thy Form, and won my Friendship for thee,
Without the tedious Form of long Acquaintance;
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a Woman.
Come droop no more, thou shalt with me pursue
True Greatness, till we rise to Immortality;
Thou shalt forget these lesser Cares, *Manes*,
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the World.

M O N E S E S.

So the good Genius warns his mortal Charge,
To fly the evil Fate, that still pursues him,
Till it have wrought his Ruin. Sacred *Tamerlane*,
Thy Words are as the Breath of Angels to me:
But oh! too deep the wounding Grief is fixt
For any Hand to heal.

T A M E R L A N E.

This dull Despair

Is the Soul's Laziness: Rouse to the Combat,
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;
The Sound of Arms shall wake thy martial Ardor,
And cure this amorous Sickness of thy Soul,
Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease;
The idle God of Love supinely dreams,
Amidst inglorious Shades, and purling Streams;

In rosy Fetters, and fantastick Chains,
He binds deluded Maids and simple Swains ;
With soft Enjoyments, woos 'em to forget
The hardy Toils, and Labors of the Great.
But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms ;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On silken Wings sublime he cuts the Air,
Scar'd at the noble Noise, and Thunder of the War. }
[Exeunt

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

B A J A Z E T's Tent.

Enter HALY, and the D E R V I S E.

H A L Y.

TO 'scape with Life from an Attempt like this,
Demands my Wonder justly.

D E R V I S E.

True, it may;

But 'tis a Principle of his new Faith;
'Tis what his Christian Favorites have inspir'd,
Who fondly make a Merit of Forgiveness,
And give their Foes a second Opportunity,
If the first Blow should miss:—Failing to serve
The Sultan to my Wish, and ev'n despairing
Of further Means, t'effect his Liberty,
A lucky Accident retriev'd my Hopes.

H A L Y.

The Prophet and our Master will reward
Thy Zeal in their Behalf: But speak thy Purpose.

D E R V I S E.

Just ent'ring here I met the Tartar General,
Fierce Omar.

H A L Y.

He commands (if I mistake not)
This Quarter of the Army, and our Guards?

D E R V I S E.

The same; by his stern Aspect, and the Fires
That kindled in his Eyes, I guess'd the Tumult
Some Wrong had rais'd in his tempestuous Soul;
A Friendship of old Date had giv'n me Privilege,

To ask of his Concerns; in short, I learn'd,
 That burning for the Sultan's beauteous Daughter,
 He had begg'd her, as a Captive of the War,
 From *Tamerlane*; but meeting with Denial
 Of what he thought his Services might claim,
 Loudly he storms, and curses the *Italian*,
 As Cause of this Affront: I join'd his Rage,
 And added to his Injuries the Wrongs
 Our Prophet daily meets from this *Axalla*.
 But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,
 And all we wish is ours.——

[*They seem to talk together aside.*]

Enter O M A R.

O M A R.

No——if I forgive it,
 Dishonor blast my Name; was it for this
 That I directed his first Steps to Greatness?
 Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
 When our great *Cam* first bent his Eyes towards him,
 (Then petty Prince of *Parthia*) and by me
 Persuaded, rais'd him to his Daughter's Bed,
 Call'd him his Son, and Successor of Empire:
 Was it for this, that like a Rock I stood,
 And stemm'd the Torrent of our *Tartar* Lords,
 Who scorn'd his upstart Sway? When *Calibes*
 In bold Rebellion drew ev'n Half the Provinces
 To own his Cause, I, like his better Angel,
 Stood by his shaking Throne, and fixt it fast;
 And am I now so lost to his Remembrance,
 That, when I ask a Captive, he shall tell me,
 She is *Axalla's* Right; his Christian Minion?

D E R V I S E.

Allow me, valiant *Omar*, to demand,
 Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself?
 The Prize you ask is in your Power.

O M A R.

It is,
 And I will seize it in despite of *Tamerlane*,
 And that *Italian* Dog.

H A L Y.

H A L Y.

What need of Force,
When ev'ry Thing concurs to meet your Wisheſ?
Our mighty Maſter would not wiſh a Son
Nobler than *Omar*; from a Father's Hand
Receive that Daughter, which ungrateful *Tamerlane*
Has to your Worth deny'd.

O M A R.

Now by my Arms,
It will be great Revenge. What will your Sultan
Give to the Man that ſhall reſtore his Liberty,
His Crown, and give him Pow'r to wreck his Hatred
Upon his greateſt Foe?

H A L Y.

All he can aſk,
And far beyond his Wiſh.— [Trumpets.

O M A R.

Theſe Trumpets ſpeak
The Emperor's Approach; he comes, once more,
To offer Terms of Peace; retire——within
I will know farther,—he grows deadly to me;
And curſe me, Prophet, if I not repay
His Hate, with Retribution full as mortal. [Exeunt.

*Scene draws, diſcovers ARPASIA lying on
a Couch.*

A S O N G to Sleep. By a L A D Y.

*To Thee, oh! gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our Peace,
By Thee our Joys are heighten'd ſhown,
By Thee our Sorrows ceaſe.*

*The Nymph, whoſe Hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By Thee, obtaining a Divorce
In her own Choice is bleſs'd.*

*Oh! stay; Arpasia bids thee stay :
The sadly weeping Fair
Conjures Thee, not to lose in Day
The Object of her Care :*

*To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourselves, are oft'nest wrought,
The Grievs for which we weep.*

A R P A S I A.

Oh! Death! thou gentle End of human Sorrows,
Still must my weary Eye-lids vainly wake
In tedious Expectation of thy Peace:
Why stand thy thousand thousand Doors still open,
To take the Wretched in, if stern Religion
Guards ev'ry Passage, and forbids my Entrance?—
Lucrece could bleed, and *Porcia* swallow Fire,
When urg'd with Grievs beyond a mortal Suff'rance;
But here it must not be. Think then, *Arpasia*,
Think on the sacred Dictates of thy Faith,
And let that arm thy Virtue, to perform
What *Cato's* Daughter durst not—Live *Arpasia*,
And dare to be unhappy.

Enter T A M E R L A N E, and Attendants.

T A M E R L A N E.

When Fortune smiles upon the Soldier's Arms,
And adds ev'n Beauty to adorn his Conquest,
Yet she ordains, the Fair should know no Fears,
No Sorrows, to pollute their lovely Eyes;
But should be us'd even nobly, as herself,
The Queen and Goddess of the Warrior's Vows.—
Such Welcome, as a Camp can give, fair Sultanes,
We hope you have receiv'd; it shall be larger,
And better as it may.

A R P A S I A.

Since I have borne
That miserable Mark of fatal Greatness,

I have

I have forgot all Diff'rence of Conditions,
Scepters and Fetters are grown equal to me,
And the best Change my Fate can bring is Death.

T A M E R L A N E.

When Sorrow dwells in such an Angel Form,
Well may we guess, that those above are Mourners;
Virtue is wrong'd, and bleeding Innocence
Suffers some wond'rous Violation here,
To make the Saints look sad. Oh teach my Pow'r
To cure those Ills which you unjustly suffer.
Lest Heav'n should wrest it from my idle Hand,
If I look on and see you weep in vain.

A R P A S I A.

Not that my Soul disdains the gen'rous Aid
Thy royal Goodness proffers; but oh! Emperor,
It is not in my Fate to be made Happy:
Nor will I listen to the Cos'ner, Hope;
But stand resolv'd to bear the beating Storm,
That roars around me; safe in this alone,
That I am not Immortal.—Tho' tis hard,
'Tis wond'rous hard, when I remember thee,
(Dear native Greece) and you, ye weeping Maids,
That were Companions of my Virgin Youth:
My noble Parents! Oh! the Grief of Heart!
The Pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
Their reverend Ages to the Grave with Sorrow:
And yet there is a Woe surpassing all;
Ye Saints and Angels, give me of your Constancy,
If you expect I shall endure it long.

T A M E R L A N E.

Why is my Pity all that I can give,
To Tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;
Nor dare I ask, what mighty Loss you mourn,
Lest Honor should forbid to give it back.

A R P A S I A.

No, *Tamerlane*, nor did I mean thou should'st.
But know (tho' to the weakness of my Sex
I yield these Tears) my Soul is more than Man.
Think I am born a *Greek*, nor doubt my Virtue;

A Greek! from whose fam'd Ancestors of old,
Rome drew the Patterns of her boasted Heroes:
They must be mighty Evils that can vanquish
A Spartan Courage, and a Christian Faith.

Enter B A J A Z E T.

B A J A Z E T.

To know no Thought of Rest! to have the Mind
Still ministring fresh Plagues! as in a Circle,
Where one Dishonor treads upon another;
What know the Fiends beyond it?—* Ha! by Hell!

[* Seeing Arp. and Tam.

There wanted only this to make me mad.
Comes he to triumph here? to rob my Love?
And violate the last Retreat of Happiness?

T A M E R L A N E.

But that I read upon thy frowning Brow,
That War yet lives, and rages in thy Breast;
Once more (in pity to the suff'ring World)
I meant to offer Peace.—

B A J A Z E T.

And mean'st thou too
To treat it with our Empress? and to barter
The Spoils, which Fortune gave thee, for her Favors?

A R P A S I A.

What wou'd the Tyrant?—

[Aside.

B A J A Z E T.

Seek'st thou thus our Friendship?
Is this the Royal Usage thou didst boast?

T A M E R L A N E.

The boiling Passion that disturbs thy Soul,
Spreads Clouds around, and makes thy Purpose dark—
Unriddle what thy mystic Fury aims at.

B A J A Z E T.

Is it a Riddle?—Read it there explain'd,
There in my Shame. Now judge me thou, O Prophet,
And equal Heav'n, if this demand not Rage!
The Peasant Hind, begot and born to Slav'ry,
Yet dares assert a Husband's sacred Right,

An

And guard his homely Couch from Violation:
And shall a Monarch tamely bear the Wrong,
Without complaining?

T A M E R L A N E.

If I could have wrong'd thee,
If conscious Virtue, and all-judging Heav'n
Stood not between, to bar ungovern'd Appetite,
What hinder'd, but in spite of thee, my Captive,
I might have us'd a Victor's boundless Pow'r,
And fated every Wish my Soul could form?
But to secure thy Fears, know, *Bajazet*,
This is among the Things I dare not do.

B A J A Z E T.

By Hell 'tis false; else, wherefore art thou present?
What cam'st thou for, but to undo my Honor?
I found thee holding amorous Parly with her,
Gazing and glosing on her wanton Eyes,
And bargaining for Pleasures yet to come;
My Life, I know, is the devoted Price;
But take it, I am weary of the Pain.

T A M E R L A N E.

Yet ere thou rashly urge my Rage too far,
I warn thee to take Heed: I am a Man,
And have the Frailties common to Man's Nature;
The fiery Seeds of Wrath are in my Temper,
And may be blown up to so fierce a Blaze,
As Wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me
Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest Part, my Honor.
My Honor! which, like Pow'r, disdains being question'd;
Thy Breath has blasted my fair Virtue's Fame,
And mark'd me for a Villain and a Tyrant.

A R P A S I A.

And stand I here an idle Looker-on,
To see my Innocence murder'd and mangled
By barbarous Hands, nor can revenge the Wrong?
Art thou a Man, and dar'st thou use me thus?

[To Bajazet.

Hast thou not torn me from my Native Country!
From the dear Arms of my lamenting Friends!

From my Soul's Peace, and from my injur'd Love?
 Hast thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,
 And driv'n me to the Brink of black Despair;
 And is it in thy Malice yet, to add
 A Wound more deep, to fully my white Name,
 My Virtue?—

B A J A Z E T.

Yes, thou hast thy Sex's Virtues,
 Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noise,
 Proneness to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd 'em:
 So gracious is your Idol, dear Variety,
 That for another Love you would forego
 An Angel's Form, to mingle with a Devil's;
 Through ev'ry State, and Rank of Men you wander;
 Till ev'n your large Experience takes in all
 The different Nations of the peopled Earth.

A R P A S I A.

Why fought'st thou not from thy own Impious Tribe
 A Wife, like one of these? for such thy Race
 (If human Nature brings forth such) affords.
Greece, for chaste Virgins fam'd, and pious Matrons,
 'Teems not with Monsters, like your *Turkish* Wives;
 Whom guardian Eunuchs, haggard and deform'd,
 Whom Walls and Bars make honest by Constraint.
 Know, I detest, like Hell, the Crime thou mention'st:
 Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou Tyrant:
 But that my Soul, conscious of whence it sprung,
 Sits unpolluted in its sacred Temple,
 And scorns to mingle with a Thought so mean.

T A M E R L A N E.

Oh Pity! that a Greatness so divine
 Should meet a Fate so wretched, so unequal.—
 Thou blind and wilful, to the Good that courts thee;
 [To Bajazet.

With open-handed Bounty Heav'n pursues thee,
 And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,
 And monstrous in thy Crimes) be happy yet:
 Whilst thou, in Fury, dost avert the Blessings,
 And art an evil Genius to thyself.

B A J A Z E T.

B A J A Z E T.

No---Thou! Thou art my greatest Curse on Earth:
 Thou, who hast robb'd me of my Crown and Glory,
 And now pursu'ft me to the Verge of Life,
 To spoil me of my Honor. Thou! thou Hypocrite!
 That wear'ft a Pageant Outside Shew of Virtue,
 To cover the hot Thoughts that glow within,
 Thou rank Adulterer!

T A M E R L A N E.

Oh! that thou wert
 The Lord of all those Thousands, that lie breathless
 On yonder Field of Blood: That I again
 Might hunt thee in the Face of Death and Danger,
 Through the tumultuous Battle, and there force thee,
 Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my Arm,
 To own thou hast traduc'd me like a Villain.

B A J A Z E T.

Ha! does it gall thee, *Tartar*? By Revenge,
 It joys me much, to find thou feel'ft my Fury.
 Yes! I will echo to thee, Thou Adulterer!
 Thou dost profane the Name of King and Soldier,
 And like a Russian Bravo cam'ft with Force
 To violate the holy Marriage-Bed.

T A M E R L A N E.

Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject State,
 The Captive of my Sword, by my just Anger!
 My Breath, like Thunder, should confound thy Pride,
 And doom thee dead, this Instant, with a Word.

B A J A Z E T.

'Tis false! my Fate's above thee, and thou dar'ft not.

T A M E R L A N E.

Ha! dare not? Thou hast rais'd my pond'rous Rage,
 And now it falls to crush thee at a Blow.
 A Guard there.—* Seize and drag him to his Fate.

[* *Enter a Guard, they seize Bajazet.*

Tyrant, I'll do a double Justice on thee,
 At once revenge myself, and all Mankind.

B A J A Z E T.

Well dost thou, ere thy Violence and Lust

Invade my Bed, thus to begin with Murder;
Drown all thy Fears in Blood, and sin securely.

T A M E R L A N E.

Away!——

ARPASIA, kneeling.

Oh stay! I charge thee, by Renown;
By that bright Glory, thy great Soul pursues!
Call back the Doom of Death.

T A M E R L A N E.

Fair injur'd Excellence,

Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious Pray'rs,
(As might ev'n bribe the Saints to partial Justice)
For one to Goodness lost? Who first undid thee,
Who still pursues, and aggravates the Wrong.

BAJAZET.

By *Alba!* no——I will not wear a Life
Bought with such vile Dishonor.---Death shall free me
At once from Infamy, and thee, thou Trait'ers!

ARPASIA.

No Matter, tho' the whistling Winds grow loud,
And the rude Tempest roars, 'tis idle Rage;
Oh! mark it not. But let thy steady Virtue
Be constant to its Temper; save his Life,
And save *Arpasia* from the Sport of Talkers.
Think, how the busy, meddling World shall toss
Thy mighty Name about, in scurril Mirth;
Shall brand thy Vengeance, as a foul Design,
And make such monstrous Legends of our Lives,
As late Posterity shall blush in reading.

T A M E R L A N E.

Oh matchless Virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Tho' Laggard in the Race, admiring yet,
I will pursue the shining Path thou tread'st.
Sultan, be safe, Reason resumes her Empire,
And I am cool again.——[*The Guards release Bajazet.*

Here break we off,

Left farther Speech should minister new Rage.
Wisely from dangerous Passions I retreat,
To keep a Conquest which was hard to get:

And

And oh! 'tis Time I shou'd for Flight prepare,
 A War more fatal seems to threaten there,
 And all my Rebel-blood affixt the Fair:
 One Moment more, and I too late shall find,
 That Love's the strongest Pow'r that lords it o'er the
 Mind. *[Exit Tam. follow'd by the Guards.]*

B A J A Z E T.

To what new Shame, what Plague am I reserv'd?
 Why did my Stars refuse me to die warm?
 While yet my regal State stood unimpeach'd,
 Nor knew the Curse of having One above me;
 Then too (altho' by Force I grasp'd the Joy)
 My Love was safe, nor felt the Rack of Doubt:
 Why hast thou forc'd this nauseous Life upon me?
 Is it to triumph o'er me?—But I will,
 I will be free, I will forget thee all;
 The Bitter and the Sweet, the Joy and Pain,
 Death shall expunge at once, and ease my Soul.
 Prophet, take Notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,
 Thy fragrant Bow'rs, and everlasting Shades,
 Thou hast plac'd Woman there, and all thy Joys are
 tainted. *[Exit Bajazet.]*

A R P A S I A.

A little longer yet, be strong, my Heart,
 A little longer let the busy Spirits
 Keep on their chearful Round.—It wo't be;
 Love, Sorrow, and the Sting of vile Reproach,
 Succeeding one another in their Course,
 Like Drops of eating Water on the Marble,
 At length have worn my boasted Courage down:
 I will indulge the Woman in my Soul,
 And give a loose to Tears, and to Impatience;
 Death is at last my Due, and I will have it.—
 And see the poor *Moneses* comes to take
 One sad Adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter M O N E S E S.

M O N E S E S.

Already am I onward of my Way;
 Thy tuneful Voice comes like a hollow Sound

At Distance to my Ears. My Eyes grow heavy,
 And all the glorious Lights of Heav'n look dim;
 'Tis the last Office they shall ever do me,
 To view thee once, and then to close and die.

A R P A S I A.

Alas! How happy have we been, *Moneses*?
 Ye gentle Days, that once were ours; what Joys
 Did every chearful Morning bring along?
 No Fears, no Jealousies, no angry Parents,
 That for unequal Births, or Fortunes, frown'd;
 But Love, that kindly join'd our Hearts, to bless us,
 Made us a Blessing too to all besides.

M O N E S E S.

Oh! cast not thy Remembrance back, *Arpasia*;
 'Tis Grief unutterable, 'tis Distraction!
 But let this last of Hours be peaceful Sorrow;
 Here let me kneel, and pay my latest Vows;
 Be witness all ye Saints, thou Heav'n and Nature,
 Be witness of my Truth, for you have known it;
 Be witness, that I never knew a Pleasure,
 In all the World could offer, like *Arpasia*;
 Be witness, that I liv'd but in *Arpasia*;
 And oh! be witness, that her Loss has kill'd me.

A R P A S I A.

While thou art speaking, Life begins to fail,
 And every tender Accent chills like Death.
 Oh! let me haste then yet, ere Day declines,
 And the long Night prevail, once more to tell thee
 What, and how dear, *Moneses* has been to me.
 What has he not been?----All the Names of Love,
 Brothers, or Fathers, Husbands, all are poor:
Moneses is myself, in my fond Heart,
 Ev'n in my vital Blood he lives and reigns;
 The last dear Object of my parting Soul
 Will be *Moneses*; the last Breath that lingers
 Within my panting Breast, shall sigh *Moneses*.

M O N E S E S.

It is enough! Now to thy Rest, my Soul;
 The World and thou have made an End at once.

A R P A S I A.

A R P A S I A.

Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still :
 Nor Honor can forbid, that we together
 Should share the poor few Minutes that remain ;
 I swear, methinks this sad Society
 Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark Shades
 Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horror :
 At near Approach the Monsters form'd by Fear
 Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear :
 Amidst the gloomy Vale, a pleasing Scene
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
 Inviting stands to take the Wretched in.
 No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair
 Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,
 But injur'd Lovers find *Elysium* there. [Exeunt.]

Enter B A J A Z E T, O M A R, H A L Y, and the D E R V I S E.

B A J A Z E T.

Now by the glorious Tomb that shrines our Prophet,
 By *Mecca's* sacred Temple ! here I swear !
 Our Daughter is thy Bride ; and to that Gift
 Such Wealth, such Pow'r, such Honors will I add,
 That Monarchs shall with Envy view thy State,
 And own, Thou art a Demigod to them.
 Thou hast giv'n me what I wish'd, Pow'r of Revenge ;
 And when a King rewards, 'tis ample Retribution.

O M A R.

Twelve *Tartar* Lords, each potent in his Tribe,
 Have sworn to own my Cause, and draw their Thousands
 To-morrow, from th' ungrateful *Parthian's* side.
 The Day declining seems to yield to Night,
 Ere little more than Half her Course be ended,
 In an auspicious Hour prepare for Flight ;
 The Leaders of the Troops thro' which we pass,
 Rais'd by my Pow'r, devoted to my Service,
 Shall make our Passage secret, and secure.

D E R V I S E.

Already, mighty Sultan, art thou safe,
 Since by yon passing Torches Light, I guess

To

To his Pavilion *Tamerlane* retires,
 Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers.
 All, who remain within these Tents, are thine,
 And hail thee, as their Lord.
 Ha, th' *Italian* Prince,
 With sad *Monefes*, are not yet gone forth.

B A J A Z E T.

Ha ! with our Queen and Daughter ?

O M A R.

They are ours ;
 I mark'd the Slaves, who waited on *Axalla* ;
 They, when the Emperor past out, prest on,
 And mingled with the Crowd, nor mis'd their Lord :
 He is your Pris'ner, Sir ; I go this Moment,
 To seize, and bring him, to receive his Doom.

[Exit Omar.]

B A J A Z E T.

Haste, *Haly*, follow, and secure the *Greek* ;
 Him too I wish to keep within my Pow'r. [Exit Haly.]

D E R V I S E.

If my dread Lord permit his Slave to speak,
 I would advise to spare *Axalla's* Life,
 Till we are safe beyond the *Parthian's* Pow'r :
 Him, as our Pledge of Safety, may we hold ;
 And, could you gain him to assist your Flight,
 It might import you much.

B A J A Z E T.

Thou counsell'ft well ;
 And tho' I hate him, for he is a Christian,
 And to my mortal Enemy devoted,
 Yet to secure my Liberty, and Vengeance,
 I wish he now were onrs.

D E R V I S E.

And see ! they come !
 Fortune repents, again she courts your Side,
 And, with this first fair Offering of Success,
 She woos you to forget her Crime of Yesterday.

Enter

Enter OMAR with AXALLA Prisoner, SELIMA following weeping.

A X A L L A.

I wo'not call thee Villain, 'tis a Name
Too holy for thy Crime ; to break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth ;
The first revolting Angel's Pride cou'd only
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copy'ft well,
And keep'ft the black Original in View.

O M A R.

Do, rage, and vainly call upon thy Master,
To save his Minion ; my Revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curse that fond Presumption,
That set thee on, to rival me in ought.

B A Y A Z E T.

Christian, I hold thy Fate at my Disposal.
One only Way remains to Mercy open,
Be Partner of my Flight, and my Revenge,
And thou art safe. Thy other Choice is Death.

O M A R.

What means the Sultan ?

D E R V I S E.

I conjure you, hold——
Your Rival is devoted to Destruction, [*Aside to Omar.*]
Nor would the Sultan now defer his Fate
But for our common Safety—Listen further [*Whispers.*]

A X A L L A.

Then briefly thus. Death is the Choice I make ;
Since, next to Heav'n, my Master and my Friend
Has Int'rest in my Life, and still shall claim it.

B A Y A Z E T.

Then take thy Wish——Call in our Mutes.

S E L I M A.

My Father,
If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,
And turn me out, to wander in Misfortune ;

If

If yet my Voice be gracious in your Ears ;
 If yet my Duty and my Love offend not,
 Oh ! call your Sentence back, and save *Axalla*.

B A J A Z E T.

Rise *Selima* ; the Slave deserves to die,
 Who durst, with fullen Pride, refuse my Mercy :
 Yet, for thy Sake, once more I offer Life.

S E L I M A.

Some Angel whisper to my anxious Soul
 What I shall do to save him.—Oh ! *Axalla* !
 Is it so easy to thee, to forsake me ?
 Canst thou resolve, with all this cold Indiff'rence,
 Never to see me more ? To leave me here
 The miserable Mourner of thy Fate,
 Condemn'd to waste my Widow'd Virgin Youth,
 My tedious Days and Nights in lonely Weeping,
 And never know the Voice of Comfort more ?

A X A L L A.

Search not too deep the Sorrows of my Breast :
 Thou say'st, I am indifferent, and cold ;
 Oh ! is it possible, my Eyes should tell
 So little of the fighting Storm within ?
 Oh ! turn thee from me, save me from thy Beauties,
 Falshood and Ruin all look lovely there ;
 Oh ! let my lab'ring Soul yet struggle thro'——
 I will—I would resolve to die, and leave thee.

B A J A Z E T.

Then let him die.—He trifles with my Favor ;
 I have too long attended his Resolves.

S E L I M A.

Oh ! stay a Minute, yet a Minute longer ;

[To Bajazet.

A Minute is a little Space in Life :
 There is a kind Consenting in his Eyes ;
 And I shall win him to your Royal Will.
 Oh ! my *Axalla* ! seem but to consent——

[To Axalla aside.

Unkind

Unkind and Cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find, I am not worth thy least of Cares.

A X A L L A.

Oh! labor not to hang Dishonor on me:
I could bear Sicknefs, Pain, and Poverty,
Those mortal Evils worse than Death, for thee.
But this——It has the Force of Fate against us,
And cannot be.

S E L I M A.

See, see, Sir, he relents, [To Bajazet.
Already he inclines to own your Cause:
A little longer, and he is all yours.

B A J A Z E T.

Then mark how far a Father's Fondness yields:
Till Midnight I defer the Death he merits,
And give him up till then to thy Persuasion.
If by that Time he meets my Will, he lives;
If not, thyself shalt own, he dies with Justice.

A X A L L A.

'Tis but to lengthen Life upon the Rack.
I am resolv'd already.

S E L I M A.

Oh! be still,
Nor rashly urge a Ruin on us both;
'Tis but a Moment more I have to save thee.
Be kind, auspicious *Alba*, to my Pray'r;
More for my Love, than for my Self, I fear;
Neglect Mankind a while, and make him all thy Care.

[*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*

B A J A Z E T.

Moneses!——Is that Dog secur'd?

O M A R.

He is.

B A J A Z E T.

'Tis well——My Soul perceives returning Greatness,
As Nature feels the Spring. Lightly she bounds,
And shakes Dishonor, like a Burden from her,
Once more Imperial, awful, and herself.

So when of old, *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,
Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd,
And all the Majesty of Heav'n lay hid.
At length by Fate to Pow'r Divine restor'd,
His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord,
The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd. }
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E I.

B A J A Z E T ' s T E N T.

*Enter ARPASIA.**ARPASIA.*

SURE 'tis a Horror more than Darknefs brings,
 That fits upon the Night : Fate is abroad.
 Some ruling Fiend hangs in the dusky Air,
 And scatters Ruin, Death, and wild Distraction,
 O'er all the wretched Race of Man below :
 Not long ago, a Troop of ghastly Slaves
 Rush'd in and forc'd *Moneses* from my Sight ;
 Death hung so heavy on his drooping Spirits,
 That scarcely could he say—*Farewel*—*for ever.*
 And yet, methinks, some gentle Spirit whispers,
 Thy Peace draws near, *Arpasia*, sigh no more.
 And see the King of Terrors is at hand,
 His Minister appears.

*Enter BAJAZET and HALY.**B A J A Z E T.* [*aside to Haly.*]

The rest I leave

To thy dispatch. For oh ! my faithful *Haly*,
 Another Care has taken up thy Master ;
 Spite of the high-wrought Tempest in my Soul,
 Spite of the Pangs which Jealousy has cost me,
 This haughty Woman reigns within my Breast :
 In vain I strive to put her from my Thoughts,
 To drive her out with Empire, and Revenge :
 Still she comes back like a retiring Tide,
 That ebbs awhile, but strait returns again,
 And swells above the Beach.

H A L Y.

H A L Y.

Why wears my Lord
An anxious Thought for what his Pow'r Commands?
When in an happy Hour, you shall ere long
Have borne the Empress, from amidst your Foes,
She must be yours, be only, and all yours.

B A J A Z E T.

On that depends my Fear. Yes, I must have her;
I own, I will not, cannot go without her;
But such is the Condition of our Flight,
That should she not consent, 'twould hazard all,
To bear her hence by Force: Thus I resolve then;
By Threats and Pray'rs, by ev'ry way to move her;
If all prevail not, Force is left, at last;
And I will set Life, Empire on the Venture,
To keep her mine——Be near to wait my Will.

[Exit Haly.]

When last we parted 'twas on angry Terms;
Let the Remembrance die, or kindly think
That jealous Rage is but a hasty Flame,
That blazes out, when Love too fiercely burns.

A R P A S I A.

For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,
Is the hard Lesson that my Soul has learnt;
And now I stand prepar'd for all to come:
Nor is it worth my Leisure to distinguish,
If Love or Jealousy commit the Violence;
Each have alike been fatal to my Peace,
Confirming me a Wretch, and thee a Tyrant.

B A J A Z E T.

Still to deform thy gentle Brow with Frowns!
And still to be perverse! It is a Manner
Abhorrent from the Softness of thy Sex:
Women, like Summer Storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;
But strait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair Horizon is serene.

A R P A S I A.

Then to retrieve the Honor of my Sex,

Here

Here I disclaim that Changing and Inconstancy ;
To Thee I will be ever, as I am.

B A J A Z E T.

Thou say'st, I am a Tyrant ; think so still,
And let it warn thy Prudence to lay hold
On the good Hour of Peace, that courts thee now :
Souls form'd like mine, brook being scorn'd but ill ;
Be well advis'd, and profit by my Patience,
It is a short-liv'd Virtue.

A R P A S I A.

Turn thy Eyes
Back on the Story of my Woes, Barbarian,
Thou that hast violated all Respects
Due to my Sex, and Honor of my Birth,
'Thou brutal Ravisher ! that hast undone me,
Ruin'd my Love ! Can I have Peace with thee ?
Impossible ! first Heav'n and Hell shall join,
They only differ more.

B A J A Z E T.

I see, 'tis vain,
To court thy stubborn Temper with Endearments.
Resolve this Moment, to return my Love,
And be the willing Partner of my Flight,
Or by the Prophet's holy Law ! thou dy'lt.

A R P A S I A.

And dost thou think to fright me with that Phantom,
Death ? 'Tis the greatest Mercy thou canst give ;
So frequent are the Murders of thy Reign,
One Day scarce passing by unmark'd with Blood,
That Children, by long use, have learn'd to scorn it :
Know, I disdain to aid thy treacherous Purpose ;
And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my Cries
I will call Heav'n and Earth to my Assistance.

B A J A Z E T.

Confusion ! dost thou brave me ? But my Wrath
Shall find a Passage to thy swelling Heart,
And rack thee worse, than all the Pains of Death.
That *Grecian* Dog, the Minion of thy Wishes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy Sight ;

Thou

Thou shalt behold him, when his Pangs are terrible,
 Then, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles strongly,
 Ev'n in the bitterest Agony of dying ;
 'Till thou shalt rend thy Hair, tear out thy Eyes,
 And curse thy Pride, while I applaud my Vengeance.

A R P A S I A.

Oh ! fatal Image ! All my Pow'rs give way,
 And Resolution sickens at the Thought ;
 A Flood of Passion rises in my Breast,
 And labors fiercely upward to my Eyes.
 Come all ye great Examples of my Sex,
 Chaste Virgins, tender Wives, and pious Matrons ;
 Ye holy Martyrs, who with wond'rous Faith,
 And Constancy unshaken, have sustain'd
 The Rage of cruel Men, and fiery Persecution ;
 Come to my Aid, and teach me to defy
 The Malice of this Friend. I feel, I feel
 Your sacred Spirit arm me to Resistance.
 Yes, Tyrant, I will stand this Shock of Fate ;
 Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a Moment ;
 Then die well pleas'd, and follow my *Moneses*.

B A J A Z E T.

Thou talk'st it well: But talking is thy Privilege,
 'Tis all the boasted Courage of thy Sex ;
 Tho', for thy Soul, thou dar'st not meet the Danger.

A R P A S I A.

By all my Hopes of Happiness ! I dare——
 My Soul is come within her Ken of Heav'n ;
 Charm'd with the Joys and Beauties of that Place,
 Her Thoughts, and all her Cares she fixes there,
 And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below :
 Thus Stars shine bright, and keep their Place above,
 Tho' ruffling Winds deform this lower World.

B A J A Z E T.

This Moment is the Trial.

A R P A S I A.

Let it come ;
 This Moment then shall shew I am a *Greek*,
 And speak my Country's Courage in my suff'ring.

B A J A Z E T.

B A J A Z E T.

Here, Mercy, I disclaim thee. Mark me Trait'refs!
My Love prepares a Victim to thy Pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in Blood.

[Exit Bajazet.]

A R P A S I A.

My Heart beats higher, and my nimble Spirits
Ride swiftly thro' their purple Channels round:
'Tis the last Blaze of Life: Nature revives
Like a dim winking Lamp, that flashes brightly
With parting Light, and strait is dark for ever.
And see my last of Sorrows is at hand:
Death and *Moneses* come together to me;
As if my Stars, that had so long been cruel,
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

*Enter MONESES, guarded by some Mutes; others
attending with a Cup of Poison and a Bow-string.*

M O N E S E S.

I charge ye, O ye Ministers of Fate,
Be swift to execute your Master's Will:
Bear me to my *Arpasia*; let me tell her,
The Tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her Feet. A Joy shoots thro'
My drooping Breast, as often when the Trumpet
Has call'd my youthful Ardor forth to Battle;
High in my Hopes, and ravisht with the Sound,
I have rush'd eager on amidst the foremost,
To purchase Victory, or glorious Death.

A R P A S I A.

If it be Happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent Grave,
To Love and Glory lost, and from among
The great Creator's Works expung'd and blotted,
Then very shortly shall we both be happy.

M O N E S E S.

There is no Room for Doubt, 'tis certain Blifs;
The Tyrant's cruel Violence, thy Loss,
Already seems more light, nor has my Soul
One unrepented Guilt upon Remembrance,

To make me dread the Justice of Hereafter;
 But standing now on the last Verge of Life,
 Boldly I view the vast Abyfs, Eternity,
 Eager to plunge, and leave my Woes behind me.

A R P A S I A.

By all the Truth of our past Loves I vow!
 To die, appears a very nothing to me:
 But oh! *Monefes*, should I not allow
 Somewhat to Love, and to my Sex's Tendernefs!
 This very Now, I could put off my Being,
 Without a Groan; but to behold thee die——
 Nature shrinks in me, at the dreadful Thought,
 Nor can my Constancy sustain this Blow.

M O N E S E S.

Since thou art arm'd for all things, after Death,
 Why should the Pomp and Preparation of it
 Be frightful to thy Eyes? There's not a Pain,
 Which Age, or Sicknefs brings, the least Disorder,
 That vexes any Part of this fine Frame,
 But's full as grievous: All that the Mind feels
 Is much, much more.—And see, I go to prove it.

*Enter a Mute; he signs to the rest, who proffer a Bow-
 string to MONESES.*

A R P A S I A.

Think ere we part!

M O N E S E S.

Of What?

A R P A S I A.

Of something soft,
 Tender, and kind; of something wond'rous sad.
 Oh! my full Soul!

M O N E S E S.

My Tongue is at a loss,
 Thoughts crowd so fast, thy Name is all I've left,
 My kindest! truest! dearest! best *Arpasia*!

[The Mutes struggle with him.]

A R P A S I A.

I have a thousand, thousand Things to utter,
 A thou-

A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous Villains!
Give me a Minute. Speak to me *Monefes*.

M O N E S E S.

Speak to thee? 'Tis the Business of my Life,
'Tis all the Use I have for vital Air.
Stand off, ye Slaves! To tell thee that my Heart
Is full of thee; that ev'n at this dread Moment
My fond Eyes gaze with Joy and Rapture on thee,
Angels and Light itself are not so fair.

Enter BAJAZET, HALY, and Attendants.

B A J A Z E T.

Ha! wherefore lives this Dog? Be quick, ye Slaves;
And rid me of the Pain.

M O N E S E S.

For only Death,
And the last Night can shut out my *Arpasia*.

[The Mutes strangle Monefes.]

A R P A S I A.

Oh! dismal! 'tis not to be borne. Ye Moralists,
Ye Talkers, what are all your Precepts now?
Patience! Distraction! Blast the Tyrant, blast him!
Avenging Lightnings; snatch him hence, ye Fiends!
Love! Death! *Monefes*! Nature can no more,
Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once. *[She sinks down.]*

B A J A Z E T.

Help, *Haly*, raise her up, and bear her out.

H A L Y.

Alas! she faints.

A R P A S I A.

No, Tyrant, 'tis in vain;
Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel Pow'r:
The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me:
Ev'n all the tedious Day of Life I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes;
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home:
Forgetting all the Toils and troubles past,
Weary I'll lay me down, and sleep till——Oh!

She dies.

B A J A Z E T.

Fly, ye Slaves,
And fetch me Cordials. No, she shall not die.
Spite of her swollen Pride, I'll hold in Life,
And force her to be blest against her Will.

H A L Y.

Already 'tis beyond the Pow'r of Art ;
For see a deadly Cold has froze the Blood,
The pliant Limbs grow stiff, and lose their Use,
And all the animating Fire is quench'd ;
Ev'n Beauty too is dead ; an ashy Pale
Grows o'er the Roses, the red Lips have lost
Their fragrant Hue, for want of that sweet Breath,
That blest 'em with its Odours as it past.

B A J A Z E T.

Can it be possible ? Can Rage and Grief,
Can Love and Indignation be so fierce,
So mortal in a Woman's Heart ? Confusion !
Is she escap'd then ? What is Royalty,
If those that are my Slaves, and should live for me,
Can die, and bid Defiance to my Pow'r ?

Enter the D E R V I S E.

D E R V I S E.

The valiant *Omar* sends, to tell thy Greatness
The Hour of Flight is come, and urges Haste ;
Since he descries, near *Tamerlane's* Pavilion,
Bright Troops of crowding Torches, who from thence
On either Hand stretch far into the Night,
And seem to form a shining Front of Battle.
Behold, ev'n from this Place, thou may'st discern 'em.

[*Looking out.*]

B A J A Z E T.

By *Alba* ! yes ! they cast a Day arround 'em,
And the Plain seems thick set with Stars, as Heav'n.
Ha ! or my Eyes are false, they move this way ;
'Tis certain so. Fly, *Haly*, to our Daughter.

[*Exit Haly.*]

Let some secure the Christian Prince *Axalla* :

We

We will be gone this Minute.

Enter O M A R.

O M A R.

Loft! Undone!

B A J A Z E T.

What mean'st thou?

O M A R.

All our Hopes of Flight are loft,
Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian Horse,
Inclofe us round, they hold us in a Toil.

B A J A Z E T.

Ha! whence this unexpected Curfe of Chance?

O M A R.

Too late I learnt, that early in the Night
A Slave was suffer'd by the Princess's Order,
To pafs the Guard; I clove the Villain down,
Who yielded to his Flight; but that's poor Vengeance.
That Fugitive has rais'd the Camp upon us,
And unperceiv'd by Favor of the Night,
In Silence they have march'd to intercept us.

B A J A Z E T.

My Daughter! oh! the Traitrefs!

D E R V I S E.

Yet, we have

Axalla in our Pow'r, and angry *Tamerlane*
Will buy his Fav'rite's Life on any Terms.

O M A R.

With thofe few Friends I have, I for a while
Can face their Force; if they refuse us Peace,
Revenge fhall sweeten Ruin; and 'twill joy me,
To drag my Foe down with me, in my Fall. [*Exit Om.*]

Enter HALY, with SELIMA weeping.

B A J A Z E T.

See where ſhe comes! with well difsembled Innocence,
With Truth and Faith fo lovely in her Face,
As if ſhe durſt ev'n difavow the Falſhood.—
Hop'ſt thou to make amends with trifling Tears,

For my lost Crown, and disappointed Vengeance?
 Ungrateful *Selima*! thy Father's Curse!
 Bring forth the Minion of her foolish Heart;
 He dies this Moment.——

H A L Y.

Would I could not speak
 The Crime of fatal Love; the Slave who fled,
 By whom we are undone, was that *Axalla*.

B A J A Z E T.

Ha! say'st thou?

H A L Y.

Hid beneath that vile Appearance,
 The Princess found a Means for his Escape.

S E L I M A.

I am undone! ev'n Nature has disclaim'd me!
 My Father! have I lost you all? My Father!

B A J A Z E T.

Talk'st thou of Nature? who hast broke her Bands!
 Thou art my Bane, thou Witch! thou Infant Parricide!
 But I will study to be strangely cruel;
 I will forget the Folly of my Fondness;
 Drive all the Father from my Breast, now snatch thee,
 Tear thee to Pieces, drink thy treach'rous Blood,
 And make thee answer all my great Revenge:
 Now, now, thou Traitors. [Offers to kill her.]

S E L I M A.

Plunge the Ponyard deep! [She embraces him.]
 The Life my Father gave shall hear his Summons,
 And issue at the Wound—— Start not to feel
 My Heart's warm Blood gush out upon your Hands,
 Since from your Spring I drew the Purple Stream,
 And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

B A J A Z E T.

Hence! from my Thoughts! thou soft relenting
 Weakness.

Hast thou not giv'n me up a Prey? betray'd me?

S E L I M A.

Oh! not for Worlds; not ev'n for all the Joys,
 Love, or the Prophet's Paradise can give;

Amidst

Amidst the Fears and Sorrows of my Soul,
Amidst the thousand Pains of anxious Tenderness,
I made the gentle, kind, *Axalla* swear,
Your Life, your Crown, and Honor should be safe.

B A J A Z E T.

Away! my Soul disdains the vile Dependance;
No, let me rather die, die like a King:
Shall I fall down at the proud *Tartar's* Foot,
And say, Have mercy on me? Hark they come, [*Shout.*
Disgrace will overtake my ling'ring Hand:
Die then; thy Father's Shame, and thine, die with thee.
[*Offers to kill her.*

S E L I M A.

For Heav'n, for Pity's sake!

B A J A Z E T.

No more, thou Trifler!

[*She catches hold of his Arms.*

Ha! dar'ft thou bar my Will? Tear off her Hold.

S E L I M A.

What, not for Life? Shou'd not I plead for Life;
When Nature teaches ev'n the Brute Creation
To hold fast that, her best, her noblest Gift?
Look on my Eyes, whom you so oft have kiss'd,
And swore they were your best-lov'd Queen's, my
Mother's.

Behold 'em now streaming for Mercy, Mercy!

Look on me; and deny me, if you can;

'Tis but for Life I beg; is that a Boon

So hard for me t'obtain? or you to grant?

Oh! spare me! spare your *Selima*, my Father.

B A J A Z E T.

A lazy Sloth hangs on my Resolution;
It is my *Selima*!—Ha! What? my Child?
And can I murder her?—Dreadful Imagination!
Again they come. I leave her to my Foes! [*Shout.*
And shall they triumph o'er the Race of *Bajazet*!
Die, *Selima*! Is that a Father's Voice?
Rouse, rouse, my Fury! yes, she dies the Victim
To my lost Hopes. Out! out! thou foolish Nature!

Justly she shares the Ruin she has made.
Seize her, ye * Slaves, and strangle her this Moment.
[* To the Mutes.

S E L I M A.

Oh! let me die by you! Behold my Breast!
I wo'not shrink! oh save me but from these.

[The Mutes seize her.

B A J A Z E T.

Dispatch.

S E L I M A.

But for a Moment, while I pray,
That Heav'n may guard my Royal Father.

B A J A Z E T.

Dogs!

S E L I M A.

That you may only bless me, ere I die. [Shout.

B A J A Z E T.

Ye tedious Villains! then the Work is mine.

As Bajazet runs at Selima, with his Sword, Enter Tamerlane, Axalla, &c. Axalla gets between Bajazet and Selima, whilst Tamerlane and the rest drive Bajazet and the Mutes off the Stage.

A X A L L A.

And am I come to save thee? Oh! my Joy!
Be this the whitest Hour of all my Life;
This one Success is more than all my Wars,
The noblest, dearest Glory of my Sword.

S E L I M A.

Alas, Axalla, Death has been around me;
My Coward Soul still trembles at the Fright,
And seems but half secure, ev'n in thy Arms.

A X A L L A.

Retire, my Fair, and let me guard thee forth;
Blood and tumultuous Slaughter are about us,
And Danger in her ugliest Forms is here;
Nor will the Pleasure of my Heart be full,
'Till all my Fears are ended in thy Safety.

[Exeunt Axalla and Selima.

Enter

Enter Tamerlane, the Prince of Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, and Soldiers; with Bajazet, Omar, and the Der-vise, Prisoners.

T A M E R L A N E.

Mercy at length gives up her peaceful Scepter,
And Justice sternly takes her Turn to govern ;
'Tis a rank World, and asks her keenest Sword,
To cut up Villainy of Monstrous Growth.
Zama, take care, that with the earliest Dawn,
Those Traitors meet the Fate their Treason merits.

[*Pointing to Omar and the Der-vise.*

[*To Bajazet.*] For thee, thou Tyrant, whose oppressive
Violence

Has ruin'd those thou should'st protect at Home,
Whose Wars, whose Slaughters, whose Assassinations,
(That basest Thirst of Blood, that Sin of Cowards)
Whose Faith so often giv'n and always violated,
Have been th' Offence of Heav'n, and Plague of Earth,
What Punishment is equal to thy Crimes ?
The Doom, thy Rage design'd for me, be thine :
Clos'd in a Cage, like some destructive Beast,
I'll have thee borne about, in public View,
A great Example of that Righteous Vengeance
That waits on Cruelty, and Pride like thine.

B A J A Z E T.

It is beneath me to decline my Fate ;
I stand prepar'd to meet thy utmost Hate ;
Yet think not, I will long thy Triumph see ;
None want the Means, when the Soul dares be free,
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting Breath ;
And keep the Courage of my Life in Death ;
Then boldly venture on that World unknown :
It cannot use me Worse, than this has done.

[*Exit Bajazet guarded.*

T A M E R L A N E.

Behold the vain Effects of Earth-born Pride,
That scorn'd Heav'n's Laws, and all its Pow'r defy'd ;

• That could the Hand, which form'd it first forget,
And fondly say, I made myself be great :
But justly those above assert their Sway,
And teach ev'n Kings what Homage they should pay, }
Who then Rule best, when mindful to Obey. }
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

E P I-

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

TOO well we saw what must have been our Fate,
When Harmony, with Beauty join'd of late,
Threaten'd the Ruin of our sinking State;
Till you from whom our Being we receive,
In Pity bid your own Creation live.
With moving Sounds you kindly drew the Fair,
And fix'd, once more, that shining Circle here.
The Lyre you bring is half Apollo's Praise;
Be ours the Task to win and wear his Bays.
Thin Houses were before so frequent to us,
We wanted not a Project to undo us.
We seldom saw your Honors but by chance,
As some Folks meet their Friends in Spain and France;
'Twas Verse decay'd, or Politicks improv'd,
That had estrang'd you thus from what you lov'd.
Time was, when busy Faces were a Jest;
When Wit and Pleasure were in most request;
When chearful Theatres with Crowds were grac'd;
But those good Days of Poetry are past:
Now four Reformers in an empty Pit,
With Table-Books, as at a Lecture sit,
To take Notes, and give Evidence 'gainst Wit.
Those who were once our Friends, employ'd elsewhere,
Are busy now in settling Peace and War.
With careful Brows at Tom's and Will's they meet,
And ask who did Elections lose or get —
Our Friend has lost it — Faith I'm sorry for't
He's a good Man, and ne'er was for the Court:
He to no Government will sue for Grace;
By Want of Merit safe against a Place:

By

E P I L O G U E

*By Spite a Patriot made, and sworn t'oppose
All who are uppermost, as England's Foes.
Let Whig or Tory, any Side prevail,
Still 'tis his constant Privilege to rail.
Another, that the Tax and War may cease,
Talks of the Duke of Anjou's Right, and Peace;
And, from Spain's wise Example, is for taking
A Vice-Roy of the mighty Monarch's making;
Who should all Rights and Liberties maintain,
And English Laws by learn'd Dragoons explain.*

*Come, leave these Politics, and follow Wit;
Here uncontroul'd you may in Judgment sit:
We'll never differ with a crowded Pit.
We'll take you all, ev'n on your own Conditions,
Think you Great Men, and wond'rous Politicians;
And, if you slight the Offers which we make you,
No Brentford Princes will for Statesmen take you.*

T H E



THE
FAIR PENITENT.
A
TRAGEDY.

Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. 4.



Printed in the YEAR 1746.

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T O H E R
GRACE the DUTCHESS
O F
O R M O N D.

MADAM,

THE Privilege of Poetry (or it may be the Vanity of the Pretenders to it) has given 'em a Kind of Right to pretend at the same Time, to the Favor of those, whom their high Birth and excellent Qualities have placed in a very distinguishing Manner above the rest of the World. If this be not a received Maxim, yet I am sure I am to wish it were, that I may have at least some kind of Excuse for laying this Tragedy at your GRACE's Feet. I have too much
Reason

DEDICATION.

Reason to fear that it may prove but an indifferent Entertainment to YOUR GRACE, since, if I have any Way succeeded in it, it has been in describing those violent Passions which have been always Strangers to so happy a Temper, and so noble and so exalted a Virtue as YOUR GRACE is Mistress of. Yet for all this, I cannot but confess the Vanity which I have to hope that there may be something so moving in the Misfortunes and Distress of the Play, as may be not altogether unworthy of YOUR GRACE'S Pity. This is one of the main Designs of Tragedy; and to excite this generous Pity in the greatest Minds, may pass for some kind of Success in this Way of Writing. I am sensible of the Presumption I am guilty of by this Hope, and how much is it that I pretend to in YOUR GRACE'S Approbation; if it be my good Fortune to meet with any little Share of it, I shall always look upon it as much more to me than the general Applause of the Theatre, or even the Praise of a good Critic. YOUR GRACE'S Name is the best Protection this Play can hope for,
since

DEDICATION.

since the World, ill-natur'd as it is, agrees in an univerfal Respect and Deference for Your GRACE'S Person and Character. In fo censorious an Age as this is, where Malice furnishes out all the public Conversations, were every Body pulls and is pull'd to Pieces of course, and where there is hardly such a Thing as being merry, but at Another's Expence; yet by a public and uncommon Justice to the Dutcheſs of *Ormond*, Her Name has never been mention'd but as it ought, tho' She has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction from the faireſt of Her own Sex, and Virtue enough to make the Loose and Dissolute of the other (a very formidable Party) Her Enemies. Instead of this, they agree to say nothing of Her but what She deserves: That Her Spirit is worthy of Her Birth; Her Sweetness, of the Love and Respect of all the World; Her Piety, of Her Religion; Her Service, of her Royal Mistresses; and Her Beauty and Truth, of Her Lord; that in short every Part of Her Character is Just, and that She is the best Reward for one of the greatest Heroes this Age has produc'd.

This

D E D I C A T I O N.

This, Madam, is what You must allow People every where to say; those whom You shall leave behind You in *England* will have something further to add, the Loss we shall suffer by YOUR GRACE'S Journey to *Ireland*; the Queen's Pleasure, and the Impatient Wishes of that Nation, are about to deprive us of Two of our public Ornaments. But there is no arguing against Reasons so prevalent as these. Those who shall lament Your GRACE'S Absence will yet acquiesce in the Wisdom and Justice of Her MAJESTY'S Choice: Among all whose Royal Favours none could be so agreeable, upon a thousand Accounts, to that People, as the Duke of *Ormond*. With what Joy, what Acclamations shall they meet a Governor, who, beside their former Obligations to his Family, has so lately ventur'd His Life and Fortune for their Preservation? What Duty, what Submission shall they not pay to that Authority which the Queen has delegated to a Person so dear to 'em? And with what Honour, what Respect shall they receive YOUR GRACE, when they look upon You as the Noblest and Best
Pattern

DEDICATION.

Pattern her MAJESTY cou'd send 'em, of Her own Royal Goodness, and personal Virtues? They shall behold Your GRACE with the same Pleasure the *English* shall take whenever it shall be their good Fortune to see You return again to Your Native Country. In *England* Your GRACE is become a public Concern; and, as your going away will be attended with a general Sorrow, so Your Return shall give as general a Joy; and to none of those many, more than to,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

LONG has the Fate of Kings and Empires been
The common Bus'ness of the Tragic Scene,
As if Misfortune made the Throne her Seat,
And none cou'd be unhappy but the Great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the Crown he wears,
And many are the mighty Monarch's Cares:
By foreign Foes and home-bred Factions prest,
Few are the Joys he knows, and short his Hours of Rest.
Stories like these with Wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher Sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share:
Like distant Battles of the Pole and Swede,
Which frugal Citizens o'er Coffee read,
Careless for who shall fail, or who succeed.
Therefore an humbler Theme our Author chose,
A melancholy Tale of private Woes:
No Princes here lost Royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with Sorrows like your own;
Here see imperious Love his Vassals treat,
As hardly as Ambition does the Great;
See how succeeding Passions rage by turns,
How fierce the Youth with Joy and Rapture burns,
And how to Death, for Beauty lost, he mourns.

Let no nice Taste the Poet's Art arraign,
If some frail vicious Characters he feign:

Who

PROLOGUE.

*Who writes shou'd still let Nature be his Care,
Mix Shades with Lights, and not paint all Things fair,
But shew you Men and Women as they are.
With Deference to the Fair he bade me say,
Few to Perfection ever found the Way;
Many in many Parts are known t'excel,
But 'twere too hard for One to act all well;
Whom justly Life would through each Scene commend,
The Maid, the Wife, the Mistress, and the Friend:
This Age, 'tis true, has one great Instance seen,
And Heav'n in Justice made that one a Queen.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>SCIOLTO</i> , a Nobleman of <i>Genoa</i> , Father to <i>Calista</i> .	} Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Altamont</i> , a young Lord, in Love with <i>Calista</i> , and design'd her Husband by <i>Sciolto</i> .	} Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Horatio</i> , his Friend.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Lothario</i> , a young Lord, and Enemy to <i>Altamont</i> .	} Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Rossano</i> , his Friend.	Mr. <i>Baily</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Calista</i> , Daughter to <i>Sciolto</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Lavinia</i> , Sister to <i>Altamont</i> , and Wife to <i>Horatio</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Lucilla</i> , Confident to <i>Calista</i> .	Mrs. <i>Prince</i> .

Servants to *Sciolto*.

SCENE, *Sciolto's Palace and Garden,*
with some Part of the Street near it, in
G E N O A.

T H E

T H E
F A I R P E N I T E N T .

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.

Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.

A L T A M O N T .

L E T this auspicious Day be ever sacred,
No Mourning, no Misfortunes happen on it ;
Let it be mark'd for Triumphs and Rejoicings ;
Let happy Lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their Hopes, and crown their Wishes ;
This happy Day that gives me my *Calista*.

H O R A T I O .

Yes, *Altamont* ; to Day thy better Stars
Are join'd, to shed their kindest Influence on thee :
Sciolto's noble Hand that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy Father's Grave,
Compleats its Bounty and restores thy Name
To that high Rank and Lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful *Genoa* had forgot
The Merit of thy Godlike Father's Arms ;

Before

214 *The FAIR PENITENT.*

Before that Country which he long had serv'd,
 In watchful Councils, and in Winter Camps,
 Had cast off his white Age to Want and Wretchedness,
 And made their Court to Faction by his Ruin.

AL TAMONT.

Oh great *Sciolto*! oh my more than Father!
 Let me not live, but at thy very Name
 My eager Heart springs up, and leaps with Joy,
 When I forget the vast vast Debt I owe thee,
 (Forget! but 'tis impossible) then let me
 Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,
 Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
 To wander in the Desert among Brutes,
 To bear the various Fury of the Seasons,
 The Night's unwholsome Dew and Noon-day's Heat,
 To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heav'n.

HORATIO.

So open, so unbounded was his Goodness,
 It reach'd ev'n me, because I was thy Friend.
 When that Great Man I lov'd, thy Noble Father,
 Bequeath'd thy gentle Sister to my Arms,
 His last dear Pledge and Legacy of Friendship,
 That happy Tye made me *Sciolto's* Son;
 He call'd us his, and with a Parent's Fondness
 Indulg'd us in his Wealth, bless'd us with Plenty,
 Heal'd all our Cares, and sweeten'd Love itself.

AL TAMONT.

By Heav'n, he found my Fortunes so abandon'd,
 That nothing but a Miracle could raise 'em;
 My Father's Bounty, and the State's Ingratitude,
 Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a Grave;
 Undone myself, and sinking with his Ruin.
 I had no Wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
 But fruitless Tears.

HORATIO.

Yet what thou couldst thou didst,
 And did'st it like a Son; when his hard Creditors,
 Urg'd and assisted by *Lothario's* Father,
 (Foe to thy House, and Rival of their Greatness)

By

By Sentence of the cruel Law forbid
His venerable Corps to rest in Earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a Ransom for his Bones ;
With Piety uncommon, didst give up
The hopeful Youth to Slaves who ne'er knew Mercy ;
Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
Who laugh at Human Nature and Forgiveness,
And are, like Fiends, the Factors of Destruction,
Heav'n, who beheld the pious Act, approv'd it,
And bade *Sciolto's* Bounty be its Proxy,
To bless thy filial Virtue with Abundance.

ALTAMONT.

But see he comes, the Author of my Happiness,
The Man who sav'd my Life from deadly Sorrow,
Who bids my Days be blest with Peace and Plenty,
And satisfies my Soul with Love and Beauty.

Enter SCIOLTO, he runs to ALTAMONT and embraces him.

SCIOLTO.

Joy to thee, *Altamont* ! Joy to myself !
Joy to this happy Morn, that makes thee mine,
That kindly grants what Nature had deny'd me,
And makes me Father of a Son like thee.

ALTAMONT.

My Father ! oh let me unlade my Breast,
Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought,
This wond'rous Goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And Utterance all is vile ; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

SCIOLTO.

It is enough ; I know thee, thou art honest ;
Goodness innate, and Worth hereditary
Are in thy Mind ; thy noble Father's Virtues
Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy Youth.

ALTAMONT.

Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair Creation,
And then with wond'rous Joy beheld its Beauty,

Well

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Well pleas'd to see the Excellence he gave.

SCIOLTO.

Oh noble Youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,
 Ev'n from that Day of Sorrows when I saw thee
 Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial Tears,
 The Mourner and Redeemer of thy Father
 I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:
 'Thou art my Son, ev'n near me as *Calista*.
Horatio and *Lavinia* too are mine; [*Embraces Hor.*
 All are my Children, and shall share my Heart;
 But wherefore waste we thus this happy Day?
 The laughing Minutes summon thee to Joy,
 And with new Pleasures court thee as they pass;
 Thy waiting Bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
 And swears thou com'st not with a Bridegroom's Haste.

ALTAMONT.

Oh! cou'd I hope there was one Thought of *Altamont*,
 One kind Remembrance in *Calista's* Breast,
 The Winds, with all their Wings, would be too slow
 To bear me to her Feet. For Oh! my Father,
 Amidst the Stream of Joy that bears me on,
 Blest as I am, and honor'd in your Friendship,
 There is one Pain that hangs upon my Heart.

SCIOLTO.

What means my Son?

ALTAMONT.

When at your Intercession,
 Last Night *Calista* yielded to my Happiness,
 Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my Vows
 With Rapture on her Lips, I found her cold,
 As a dead Lover's Statue on his Tomb;
 A rising Storm of Passion shook her Breast,
 Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
 And then she sigh'd as if her Heart were breaking.
 With all the tend'rest Eloquence of Love
 I begg'd to be a Sharer in her Grief;
 But she, with Looks averse, and Eyes that froze me,
 Sadly reply'd, her Sorrows were her own,
 Nor in a Father's Power to dispose of.

SCIOLTO.

SCIOLO.

Away! It is the Cozenage of their Sex,
One of the common Arts they practise on us :
To sigh and weep, then when their Hearts beat high,
With Expectation of the coming Joy.
Thou hast in Camps and fighting Fields been bred,
Unknowing in the Subtleties of Women ;
The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
To see the End of all her Wishes near,
When blushing from the Light and public Eyes,
To the kind Covert of the Night she flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves,
Melts in his Arms, and with a Loose she loves. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

LOTHARIO.

The Father and the Husband!

ROSSANO.

Let them pass,

They saw us not.

LOTHARIO.

I care not if they did,

Ere long I mean to meet 'em Face to Face,
And gaul 'em with my Triumph o'er *Calista*.

ROSSANO.

You lov'd her once.

LOTHARIO.

I lik'd her, wou'd have marry'd her;
But that it pleas'd her Father to refuse me,
To make this Honourable Fool her Husband.
For which, if I forget him, may the Shame
I mean to brand his Name with, stick on mine.

ROSSANO.

She, gentle Soul, was kinder than her Father.

LOTHARIO.

She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
'Till, by long list'ning to the soothing Tale,
At length her easy Heart was wholly mine.

L

R O S.

ROSSANO.

I've heard you oft describe her, Haughty, Insolent,
And fierce with high Disdain ; it moves my Wonder,
That Virtue thus defended, should be yielded
A Prey to loose Desires.

LOTHARIO.

Hear then, I'll tell thee.
Once in a lone and secret Hour of Night,
When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon
And Stars alone shone conscious of the Theft,
Hot with the *Tuscan* Grape, and high in Blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her Chamber.

ROSSANO.

That Minute sure was lucky.

LOTHARIO.

Oh 'twas great !
I found the fond, believing love-sick Maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wishes :
Fierceness and Pride, the Guardians of her Honor,
Were charm'd to Rest, and Love alone was waking.
Within her rising Bosom all was calm,
As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides.
I snatch'd the glorious, golden Opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful Ardor prest her,
Till, with short Sighs, and murmuring Reluctance,
The yielding Fair One gave me perfect Happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long Night we pass'd in Bliss,
In Ecstasies too fierce to last for ever ;
At length the Morn and cold Indiff'rence came ;
When fully sated with the luscious Banquet,
I hastily took Leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

ROSSANO.

You saw her soon again ?

LOTHARIO.

Too soon I saw her :
For Oh ! that Meeting was not like the former ;
I found my Heart no more beat high with Transport,
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for Enjoyment :

'Twas.

'Twas past, and Reason took her Turn to reign,
While ev'ry Weakness fell before her Throne.

ROSSANO.

What of the Lady?

LOTHARIO.

With uneasy Fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a Priest, and Marriage;
Of flying with me from her Father's Pow'r;
Call'd every Saint and blessed Angel down,
To witness for her that she was my Wife.
I started at that Name.

ROSSANO.

What Answer made you?

LOTHARIO.

None; but pretending sudden Pain and Illness
Escap'd the Persecution: two Nights since,
By Message urg'd, and frequent Importunity,
Again I saw her. Strait with Tears and Sighs,
With swelling Breasts, with Swooning and Distraction,
With all the Subtleties and pow'rful Arts
Of wilful Woman lab'ring for her Purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous Tale.
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare the ungrateful Subject,
Since I resolv'd, that Love and Peace of Mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the Marriage Chain;
That I would still retain her in my Heart,
My ever-gentle Mistress and my Friend;
But for those other Names of Wife and Husband,
They only meant Ill-nature, Cares, and Quarrels.

ROSSANO.

How bore she this Reply?

LOTHARIO.

Ev'n as the Earth,
When (Winds pent up, or eating Fires beneath
Shaking the Mass) she labors with Destruction.
At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,
But when the Storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.

Mad as the Priestless of the *Delphic* God,
 Enthusiastic Passion swell'd her Breast,
 Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form;
 Proud, and disdainful of the Love I proffer'd,
 She call'd me Villain! Monster! base Betrayer!
 At last, in very Bitterness of Soul,
 With deadly Imprecations on herself,
 She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
 Then bid me fly that Minute: I obey'd,
 And bowing left her to grow cool at leisure.

R O S S A N O.

She has relented since, else why this Message,
 To meet the Keeper of her Secrets here
 This Morning?

L O T H A R I O.

See the Person whom you nam'd.

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my Ambassadors, what must we treat of?
 Come you to menace War and proud Defiance,
 Or does the peaceful Olive grace your Message?
 Is your Fair Mistress calmer? Does she soften?
 And must we love again? Perhaps she means
 To treat in Juncture with her new Ally,
 And make her Husband Party to th' Agreement.

LUCILLA.

Is this well done, my Lord? Have you put off
 All Sense of Human Nature? Keep a little,
 A little Pity to distinguish Manhood;
 Lest other Men, tho' cruel, shou'd disclaim you,
 And Judge you to be number'd with the Brutes.

L O T H A R I O.

I see thou'st learnt to rail.

LUCILLA.

I've learnt to weep;
 That Lesson my sad Mistress often gives me;
 By Day she seeks some melancholy Shade,
 To hide her Sorrows from the prying World;
 At Night she watches all the long long Hours,

And

And listens to the Winds and beating Rain,
With Sighs as loud, and Tears that fall as fast.
Then ever and anon she wrings her Hands,
And cries, False! false *Lothario!*

LOTHARIO.

Oh, no more!

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty Face with Crying,
And thou hast Beauty that may make thy Fortune
Some keeping Cardinal shall dote upon thee,
And barter his Church Treasure for thy Freshness!

LUCILLA.

What! shall I sell my Innocence and Youth,
For Wealth or Titles, to perfidious Man!
To Man! who makes his Mirth of our Undoing!
The base, profest Betrayer of our Sex!
Let me grow old in all Misfortunes else,
Rather than know the Sorrows of *Calista*.

LOTHARIO.

Does she send thee to chide in her Behalf?
I swear thou dost it with so good a Grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

LUCILLA.

Read there, my Lord; there, in her own sad Lines,
[Giving a Letter.]

Which best can tell the Story of her Woes,
That Grief of Heart which your Unkindness gives her.
[Lothario reads.]

*Your Cruelty—Obedience to my Father---give my Hand
to Altamont.*

By Heav'n! 'tis well! such ever be the Gifts,
With which I greet the Man whom my Soul hates.

[Aside.]

But to go on!

*—Wish—Heart—Honor—too faithless—
Weakness—To-morrow—last Trouble—lost Calista.*

Women I see can change, as well as Men;
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my Brows with mournful Willow,

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For she has giv'n her Hand to *Altamont* :
Yet tell the Fair Inconstant——

LUCILLA.

How, my Lord ?

LOTHARIO.

Nay, no more angry Words : say to *Calista*,
The humblest of her Slaves shall wait her Pleasure ;
If she can leave her happy Husband's Arms,
To think upon so lost a Thing as I am.

LUCILLA.

Alas ! for Pity come with gentler Looks ;
Wound not her Heart with this unmanly Triumph ;
And tho' you love her not, yet swear you do ;
So shall Dissembling once be virtuous in you.

LOTHARIO.

Ha ! who comes here ?

LUCILLA.

The Bridegroom's Friend, *Horatio* :

He must not see us here ; To-morrow early
Be at the Garden Gate.

LOTHARIO.

Bear to my Love

My kindest Thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[*Lothario putting up the Letter hastily, drops it
as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano one Way, Lu-
cilla another.*

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Sure 'tis the very Error of my Eyes :
Waking I dream, or I beheld *Lothario* ;
He seem'd conferring with *Calista's* Woman :
At my Approach they started, and retir'd.
What Bus'ness cou'd he have here, and with her ?
I know he bears the noble *Altamont*
Profest and deadly Hate——What Paper's this ?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Ha !

Ha! To *Lothario*!--'s death! *Calista's* Name. [Opening it.
Confusion and Misfortune! [Reads.

YOUR Cruelty has at length determin'd me, and I have
resolv'd this Morning to yield a perfect Obedience to
my Father, and to give my Hand to *Altamont*, in Spite
of my Weakness for the false *Lothario*. I could almost
wish I had that Heart, and that Honour to bestow with
it, which you have robb'd me of:

Damnation to the rest—— [Reads again.

*But oh! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should again be un-
done by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario. This is
the last Weakness of my Pen, and To-morrow shall be the
last in which I will indulge my Eyes. Lucilla shall con-
duct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall
be the last Trouble you shall meet with from*

The lost *Calista*.

The lost indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be Perdition. Fire and Sulphur!
Hell is the sole Avenger of such Crimes.
Oh that the Ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy Father curse his Age;
At Sight of this black Scrawl, the gentle *Altamont*
(For oh! I know his Heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented Head,
Like Merit scorn'd by insolent Authority,
And never grace the Public with his Virtues.—
Perhaps, ev'n now, he gazes fondly on her,
And thinking Soul and Body both alike,
Blesses the perfect Workmanship of Heav'n;
Then sighing, to his ev'ry Care speaks Peace,
And bids his Heart be satisfy'd with Happiness.
Oh, wretched Husband! while she hangs about thee
With idle Blandishments, and plays the fond one,
Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,
Contriving Riot, and loose 'scapes of Love;
And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a Monster.
What if I give this Paper to her Father?

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It follows that his Justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his Heart with Sorrow; hard Return,
For all the Good his Hand has heap'd on us:—
Hold, let me take a Moment's Thought.

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

My Lord!

Trust me, it joys my Heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the Company,
Before my Brother's Nuptial Rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden Illness;
Where are you sick? Is it your Head? your Heart?
Tell me, my Love, and ease my anxious Thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my Arms,
Sooth you to Rest, and soften all your Pains.

HORATIO.

It were unjust: no, let me spare my Friend,
Lock up the fatal Secret in my Breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his Quiet.

LAVINIA.

What means my Lord?

HORATIO.

Ha! saidst thou, my *Lavinia*?

LAVINIA.

Alas! you know not what you make me suffer?
Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that Sigh? And wherefore are your Eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick Man thus,
Acknowledging the Summons of his Fate,
Lifts up his feeble Hands and Eyes for Mercy,
And with Confusion thinks upon his Audit.

HORATIO.

Oh no! thou hast mistook my Sickness quite,
These Pangs are of the Soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpest Convulsions, spotted Pestilence's,
Or any other deadly Foe to Life,
Rather than heave beneath this Load of Thought.

LAVINIA

LAVINIA.

Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falsely call me your *Lavinia*,
And swear I was *Horatio's* better Half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my Partnership of Sadness?
Witness, you Holy Pow'rs, who know my Truth,
There cannot be a Chance in Life so miserable,
Nothing so very hard but I could bear it,
Much rather than my Love should treat me coldly,
And use me like a Stranger to his Heart.

HORATIO.

Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a Pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate or good,
But strait I ran to bless thee with the Tidings,
And laid up all my Happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee Pain?
Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no farther;
Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
And let 'em brood in Secret o'er their Sorrows.

LAVINIA.

It is enough; chide not, and all is well;
Forgive me if I saw you sad, *Horatio*,
And ask'd to weep out Part of your Misfortunes;
I wo't not press to know what you forbid me;
Yet, my lov'd Lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your Cares for this one happy Day;
Devote this Day to Mirth, and to your *Altamont*;
For his dear Sake let Peace be in your Looks:
Ev'n now the jocund Bridegroom wants your Wishes,
He thinks the Priest has but half blest his Marriage,
'Till his Friend hails him with the Sound of Joy.

HORATIO.

Oh never! never! never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from Ill, pure native Truth,
And Candor of the Mind adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false Ones in the World,
'Twould fill thy gentle Soul with wild Amazement
To hear their Story told.

LAVINIA.

False Ones, my Lord!

HORATIO.

Fatally Fair they are; and, in their Smiles,
 The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit;
 But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
 For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
 And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety:
 One Lover to another still succeeds,
 Another, and another after that,
 And the last Fool is welcome as the former:
 'Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives Place,
 And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

LAVINIA.

Can there be such? And have they Peace of Mind?
 Have they in all the Series of their changing,
 One happy Hour? If Women are such Things,
 How was I form'd so different from my Sex!
 My little Heart is satisfy'd with you,
 You take up all her Room; as in a Cottage
 Which harbors some benighted Princely Stranger,
 Where the good Man, proud of his Hospitality,
 Yields all his homely Dwelling to his Guest,
 And hardly keeps a Corner for himself.

HORATIO.

Oh, were they all like thee, Men would adore 'em,
 And all the Bus'ness of their Lives be loving;
 The Nuptial Band shou'd be the Pledge of Peace,
 And all domestic Cares and Quarrels cease;
 The World shou'd learn to love by virtuous Rules,
 And Marriage be no more the Jest of Fools. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A H A L L.

Enter CALISTA and LUCILLA.

CALISTA.

BE dumb for ever, silent as the Grave,
Nor let thy fond officious Love disturb
My solemn Sadness with the Sound of Joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal Tale
Of pining Discontent, and black Despair;
For oh! I've gone around through all my Thoughts,
But all are Indignation, Love or Shame,
And my dear Peace of Mind is lost for ever.

LUCILLA.

Why do you follow still that wand'ring Fire,
That has mis-led your weary Steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a Wilderness of Woe?
That false *Lothario!* Turn from the Deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle *Altamont,*
Kind as the softest Virgin of our Sex,
And faithful as the simple Village Swain,
That never knew the courtly Vice of Changing,
Sighs at your Feet, and woos you to be happy.

CALISTA.

Away, I think not of him. My sad Soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy Scene,
Such a Retreat as I wou'd wish to find;
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shade,
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd, only dwell;
No Sound to break the Silence but a Brook,
That bubbling winds among the Weeds; no Mark

Of any human Shape that had been there,
 Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
 Who had long since, like me, by Love undone,
 Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in.

LUCILLA.

Alas for Pity!

CALISTA.

There I fain wou'd hide me,
 From the base World, from Malice, and from Shame;
 For 'tis the solemn Counsel of my Soul,
 Never to live with public Loss of Honor:
 'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the Insolence
 Of each affected She that tells my Story,
 And blesses her good Stars that she is virtuous.
 To be a Tale for Fools! Scorn'd by the Women,
 And pity'd by the Men! Oh insupportable!

LUCILLA.

Can you perceive the manifest Destruction,
 The gaping Gulf that opens just before you,
 And yet rush on, tho' conscious of the Danger?
 Oh, hear me, hear your ever-faithful Creature;
 By all the Good I wish, by all the Ill
 My trembling Heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
 Never to see this faithless Man again:
 Let me forbid his coming.

CALISTA.

On thy Life

I charge thee no; my Genius drives me on;
 I must, I will behold him once again;
 Perhaps it is the Crisis of my Fate,
 And this one Interview shall end my Cares.
 My lab'ring Heart that swells with Indignation,
 Heaves to discharge the Burden; that once done,
 The busy Thing shall rest within its Cell,
 And never beat again.

LUCILLA.

Trust not to that;

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls;
 Like narrow Brooks that rise with sudden Show'rs,

It

It swells in Haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer Thoughts flow in,
And the Deceiver, Love, supplies its Place.

CALISTA.

I have been wrong'd enough to arm my Temper
Against the smooth Delusion; but alas!
(Chide not my Weakness, gentle Maid, but pity me)
A Woman's Softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my Folly.
I swear I could not see the dear Betrayer
Kneel at my Feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting Heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

LUCILLA.

Ye sacred Powers, whose gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flatteries;
Still let me pass neglected by their Eyes,
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane.

CALISTA.

Ha! *Altamont!* *Calista*, now be wary,
And guard thy Soul's Accesses with Dissembling;
Nor let this hostile Husband's Eyes explore
The warring Passions and tumultuous Thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy Reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

Be gone my Cares, I give you to the Winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy *Altamont*;
For from this sacred Æra of my Love,
A better Order of succeeding Days
Come smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Calista is the Mistress of the Year,
She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,
And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful.

CALISTA.

CALISTA.

If I was ever Mistress of such Happiness,
 Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty Fool,
 And wasting all on others, leave myself
 Without one Thought of Joy to give me Comfort?

ALTAMONT.

Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair Face profane
 This thy great Festival with Frowns and Sadness?
 I swear it sha'not be, for I will wooe thee
 With Sighs so moving, with so warm a Transport,
 That thou shalt catch the gentle Flame from me,
 And kindle into Joy.

CALISTA.

I tell thee, *Altamont,*

Such Hearts as ours were never pair'd above;
 Ill-suited to each other; join'd, not match'd!
 Some sullen Influence, a Foe to both,
 Has wrought this fatal Marriage to undo us.
 Mark but the Frame and Temper of our Minds,
 How very much we differ. Ev'n this Day,
 That fills thee with such Ecstasy and Transport,
 To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
 Or think it better than the Day before,
 Or any other in the Course of Time,
 That dully took its Turn, and was forgotten.

ALTAMONT.

If to behold thee as my Pledge of Happiness,
 To know none fair, none excellent, but thee;
 If still to love thee with unweary'd Constancy
 Through ev'ry Season, ev'ry Change of Life,
 Through wrinkled Age, through Sicknefs and Misfortune,
 Be worth the least Return of grateful Love,
 O then let my *Calista* bless this Day,
 And set it down for happy.

CALISTA.

'Tis the Day

In which my Father gave my Hand to *Altamont*;
 As such I will remember it for ever.

Enter

The FAIR PENITENT. 231

Enter SCIOLTO, HORATIO, and LAVINIA.

SCIOLTO.

Let Mirth go on, let Pleasure know no Pause,
But fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day.
'Tis yours, my Children, sacred to your Loves;
The glorious Sun himself for you looks gay:
He shines for *Altamont*, and for *Calista*.
Let there be Music, let the Master touch
The sprightly String, and softly-breathing Flute,
'Till Harmony rouse ev'ry gentle Passion,
Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,
And the fierce Youth to languish at her Feet.
Begin: ev'n Age itself is chear'd with Music;
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport.
[Here an Entertainment of Music and Dancing.]

S O N G.

By Mr. CONGREGVE.

I.

*AH stay! ah turn! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless Maid?
I follow not to Conquer, but to Die;
You of the fearful are afraid.*

II.

*In vain I call; for she, like fleeting Air,
When prest by some tempestuous Wind,
Flies swifter from the Voice of my Despair,
Nor casts one pitying Look behind.*

SCIOLTO.

Take Care my Gates be open, bid all Welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-Day are Friends:
Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth.
The sprightly Bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;

Loffes

Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,
 The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn,
 In Wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
 Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
 Oh! grant ye Powers, that I may see these happy,
 [Pointing to Altamont and Calista.
 Compleatly blest, and I have Life enough;
 And leave the rest indifferently to Fate.

[*Exeunt.*]*Manet* H O R A T I O.

H O R A T I O.

What if, while all are here intent on Revelling,
 I privately went forth, and sought *Lothario*?
 This Letter may be forg'd; perhaps the Wantonness
 Of his vain Youth, to stain a Lady's Fame;
 Perhaps his Malice to disturb my Friend; —
 Oh, no! my Heart forebodes it must be true.
 Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt,
 That shook her Soul; tho' damn'd Dissimulation
 Screen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to public View
 A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
 Oh, false Appearance! What is all our Sov'reignty,
 Our boasted Pow'r? When they oppose their Arts,
 Still they prevail, and we are found their Fools.
 With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
 The first Fair-She beguil'd her easy Lord;
 Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
 He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;
 Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face
 Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched
 Race.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The Street near Sciolto's Palace.

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

LOTHARIO.

TO tell thee then the Purport of my Thoughts,
The Loss of this fond Paper would not give me
A Moment of Disquiet, were it not
My Instrument of Vengeance on this *Altamont*;
Therefore I mean to wait some Opportunity
Of speaking with the Maid we saw this Morning.

ROSSANO.

I wish you, Sir, to think upon the Danger
Of being seen; to-Day their Friends are round 'em,
And any Eye that lights by Chance on you,
Shall put your Life and Safety to the Hazard.

[They confer aside]

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Still I must doubt some Mystery of Mischief,
Some Artifice beneath. *Lothario's* Father,
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in Words, and bold in peaceful Councils;
But of a cold, unactive Hand in War:
Yet with these Coward's Virtues he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest Friend.
This Son, if Fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful---Ha! He's here! *[Seeing him]*

LOTHARIO.

Damnation! He again!—This second Time
To-Day he has cross'd me like my evil Genius.

HORATIO.

I fought you, Sir.

LOTHARIO.

'Tis well then I am found.

H O R A T I O

HORATIO.

'Tis well you are: The Man who wrongs my Friend,
 To the Earth's utmost Verge I would pursue;
 No Place, tho' e'er so holy, should protect him;
 No Shape that artful Fear e'er form'd, should hide him,
 'Till he fair Answer made, and did me Justice.

LOTHARIO.

Ha! dost thou know me? That I am *Lothario*?
 As great a Name as this proud City boasts of.
 Who is this mighty Man then, this *Horatio*?
 That I should basely hide me from his Anger,
 Lest he should chide me for his Friend's Displeasure?

HORATIO.

The Brave, 'tis true, do never shun the Light;
 Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers;
 Freely without Disguise they love and hate;
 Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
 And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.

LOTHARIO.

Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a Purpose,
 Which my Soul ever fram'd, or my Hand acted,
 But I could well have bid the World look on;
 And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

HORATIO.

Where was this open Boldness, this free Spirit,
 When but this very Morning I surpriz'd thee,
 In base, dishonest Privacy, consulting
 And bribing a poor mercenary Wretch,
 To sell her Lady's Secrets, stain her Honor,
 And with a forg'd Contrivance blast her Virtue?
 At Sight of me thou fled'st!

LOTHARIO.

Ha! fled from thee?

HORATIO.

Thou fled'st! and Guilt was on thee, like a Thief,
 A Pilferer descry'd in some dark Corner,
 Who there had lodg'd with mischievous Intent
 To rob and ravage at the Hour of Rest,
 And do a midnight Murder on the Sleepers.

LOTHA-

LOTHARIO.

Slave! Villain! [*Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.*]

ROSSANO.

Hold, my Lord! think where you are;
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your Honor,
It were to urge a Quarrel in this Place,
And shock the peaceful City with a Broil.

LOTHARIO.

Then, since thou dost provoke my Vengeance, know
I would not for this City's Wealth, for all
Which the Sea wafts to our *Ligurian* Shore,
But that the Joys I reap'd with that fond Wanton,
The Wife of *Altamont*, should be as public
As is the Noon-day Sun, Air, Earth, or Water,
Or any common Benefit of Nature:
Think'st thou I meant the Shame should be conceal'd?
Oh no! by Hell and Vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit Messenger to bear the News
To the dull doating Husband; now I have found him,
And thou art he.

HORATIO.

I hold thee base enough
To break through Law, and spurn at sacred Order,
And do a brutal Injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young Lord, I think *Calista*
Too Nice, too Noble, and too great of Soul,
To be the Prey of such a Thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a Man,
To forge a Scrawl so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble Lady's Name;
These are the mean, dishonest Arts of Cowards,
Strangers to Manhood, and to glorious Dangers;
Who bred at Home in Idleness and Riot,
Ransack for Mistresses th' unwholsom Stews,
And never know the Worth of virtuous Love.

LOTHARIO.

Think'st thou I forg'd the Letter? Think so still,
'Till the broad Shame come staring in thy Face,
And Boys shall hoot the Cuckold as he passes.

HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Away! no Woman could descend so low:
 A skipping, dancing, worthless Tribe you are,
 Fit only for yourselves: You herd together;
 And, when the circling Glafs warms your vain Hearts,
 You talk of Beauties that you never saw,
 And fancy Raptures that you never knew.
 Legends of Saints, who never yet had Being,
 Or Being, ne'er were Saints, are not so false
 As the fond Tales which you recount of Love.

LOTHARIO.

But that I do not hold it worth my Leisure,
 I could produce such damning Proof——

HORATIO.

'Tis false:

You blast the Fair with Lies because they scorn you;
 Hate you like Age, like Ugliness and Impotence;
 Rather than make you blest, they wou'd die Virgins,
 And stop the Propagation of Mankind.

LOTHARIO.

It is the Curse of Fools to be secure,
 And that be thine and *Altamont's*: Dream on,
 Nor think upon my Vengeance, 'till thou feel'st it.

HORATIO.

Hold, Sir; another Word, and then farewell:
 Tho' I think greatly of *Calista's* Virtue,
 And hold it far beyond thy Pow'r to hurt;
 Yet, as she shares the Honour of my *Altamont*,
 That Treasure of a Soldier, bought with Blood,
 And kept at Life's Expence, I must not have
 (Mark me, young Sir) her very Name profan'd.
 Learn to restrain the Licence of your Speech;
 'Tis held you are too lavish: When you are met
 Among your Set of Fools, talk of your Drefs,
 Of Dice, of Whores, of Horses and yourselves;
 'Tis safer, and becomes your Understandings.

LOTHARIO.

What if we pass beyond this solemn Order;
 And, in Defiance of the stern *Horatio*,

Indulge

Indulge our gayer Thoughts, let Laughter loose,
And use his sacred Friendship for our Mirth?

HORATIO.

'Tis well, Sir, you are pleasant—

LOTHARIO.

By the Joys,
Which my Soul has uncontroul'd pursu'd,
I would not turn aside from my least Pleasure,
Tho' all thy Force were arm'd to bar my Way;
But like the Birds, great Nature's happy Commoners,
That haunt in Woods, in Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,
Rifle the Sweets, and taste the choicest Fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the Lordly Owner's Leave.

HORATIO.

What Liberty has vain presumptuous Youth,
That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, Boy, I warn thee shun my Walks;
If in the Bounds of yon forbidden Place
Again thou'rt found, expect a Punishment,
Such as great Souls, impatient of an Injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n Death;
Or something worse; an injur'd Husband's Vengeance
Shall print a thousand Wounds, tear thy fine Form,
And scatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n.

LOTHARIO.

Is then my Way in Genoa prescrib'd,
By a Dependent on the wretched *Altamont*;
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in Taverns,
And vouches for his Valor's Reputation?

HORATIO.

Away, thy Speech is fouler than thy Manners.

LOTHARIO.

Or, if there be a Name more vile, his Parasite,
A Beggar's Parasite!

HORATIO.

Now learn Humanity,
[Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes.
Since Brutes and Boys are only taught with Blows.

LOTHARIO.

Damnation!

[They draw.
ROSSANO.

ROSSANO.

Hold, this goes no further here.

Horatio, 'tis too much; already see,
The Crowd are gath'ring to us.

LOTHARIO.

Oh *Rossano*!

Or give me Way, or thou'rt no more my Friend.

ROSSANO.

Sciolto's Servants too have ta'en the Alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by Numbers: Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence; take't on my Word,
You shall have Justice done you on *Horatio*.
Put up, my Lord.

LOTHARIO.

This wo'not brook Delay;
West of the Town a Mile, among the Rocks,
Two Hours ere noon, To-morrow I expect thee,
Thy single Hand to mine.

HORATIO.

I'll meet thee there.

LOTHARIO.

To-morrow, Oh my better Stars! To-morrow
Exert your Influence, shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common Conquest I would gain,
Since Love, as well as Arms, must grace my Triumph.

[*Exeunt* Lothario and *Rossano*.]

HORATIO.

Two Hours ere Noon To-morrow! Ha! ere that
He sees *Calista*! Oh unthinking Fool——
What if I urg'd her with the Crime and Danger?
If any Spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her Breast, my Breath perhaps may wake it;
Cou'd I but prosper there, I wou'd not doubt
My Combat with that loud vain-glorious Boaster.
Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom Fools are just,
So many of your Sex wou'd not in vain,
Of broken Vows, and faithless Men, complain.

Of

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Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?
Convinc'd by Reason, they your Pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your Worth, can never love you less. }
[Exit.

ACT

 A C T III. S C E N E I.

An Apartment in SCIOLTO's Palace.

Enter SCIOLTO and CALISTA.

SCIOLTO.

NOW by my Life, my Honour, 'tis too much ;
 Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
 Perverse and fullen all this Day of Joy ?
 When ev'ry Heart was chear'd, and Mirth went round,
 Sorrow, Displeasure, and repining Anguish,
 Sat on thy Brow ; like some malignant Planet,
 Foe to the Harvest, and the healthy Year,
 Who scouls adverse, and lours upon the World ;
 When all the other Stars, with gentle Aspect,
 Propitious shine, and meaning Good to Man.

CALISTA.

Is then the Task of Duty half perform'd ?
 Has not your Daughter giv'n herself to *Altamont*,
 Yielded the native Freedom of her Will,
 To an imperious Husband's lordly Rule,
 To gratify a Father's stern Command ?

SCIOLTO.

Dost thou complain ?

CALISTA.

For Pity do not frown then,
 If, in despite of all my vow'd Obedience,
 A Sigh breaks out, or a Tear falls by chance ;
 For Oh ! that Sorrow which has drawn your Anger,
 Is the sad Native of *Calista's* Breast,
 And once possess'd will never quit its Dwelling,

'Till

'Till Life, the Prop of all, shall leave the Building,
To tumble down, and moulder into Ruin.

SCIOLO.

Now by the sacred Dust of that dear Saint,
That was thy Mother, by her wond'rous Goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying Sweetness,
I swear some sullen Thought that shuns the Light,
Lurks underneath that Sadness in thy Visage.
But mark me well; tho' by yon Heav'n I love thee,
As much, I think, as a fond Parent can;
Yet shou'dst thou (which the Pow'rs above forbid)
E'er stain the Honor of thy Name with Infamy,
I cast thee off, as one whose Impious Hands
Had rent asunder Nature's nearest Ties,
Which once divided never join again.
To-day, I've made a noble Youth thy Husband,
Consider well his Worth, reward his Love,
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

[*Exit Sciolto.*

CALISTA.

How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man?
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand:
To his, the Tyrant Husband's Reign succeeds;
Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
He holds Domestic Bus'ness and Devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloister'd Idiots, from the World's Acquaintance
And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high Souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World?

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

She's here! yet Oh! my Tongue is at a Loss:
Teach me, some Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,

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To dress my Purpose up in gracious Words ;
Such as may softly steal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempestuous Passions.
By Heav'n she weeps !—Forgive me, Fair *Calista*,
If I presume on Privilege of Friendship,
To join my Grief to yours, and mourn the Evils
That hurt your Peace, and quench those Eyes in Tears.

CALISTA.

To steal unlook'd for on my private Sorrow,
Speaks not the Man of Honor, nor the Friend,
But rather means the Spy.

HORATIO.

Unkindly said !

For Oh ! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself *Calista's* Friend.

CALISTA.

You are my Husband's Friend, the Friend of *Altamont*.

HORATIO.

Are you not one ? Are you not join'd by Heav'n,
Each interwoven with the other's Fate ?
Are you not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whose blended Waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the Sea, one common Flood ?
Then, who can give his Friendship but to one ?
Who can be *Altamont's*, and not *Calista's* ?

CALISTA.

Force, and the Wills of our imperious Rulers,
May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain ;
But Minds will still look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm,
Stands on the Shore, and sends his Wishes back
To the dear native Land from whence he came.

HORATIO.

When Souls that should agree to Will the same,
To have one common Object for their Wishes,
Look different Ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a Train of Wretchedness ensues ;
Love shall be banish'd from the genial Bed,

The

The Night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry Day shall be a Day of Cares.

CALISTA.

Then all the boasted Office of thy Friendship,
Was but to tell *Calista* what a Wretch she is ;
Alas ! what need that ?

HORATIO.

Oh ! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy ;
To sooth the secret Anguish of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.

CALISTA.

Say thou, to whom this Paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful Region ? Mark my Way to it,
For Oh ! 'tis sure, I long to be at Rest.

HORATIO.

Then——to be Good is to be Happy ;——Angels
Are happier than Mankind, because they are better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow ; 'tis the Fiend,
Th'avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings ; the Blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav'n is Goodness

CALISTA.

And what bold Parasite's officious Tongue
Shall dare to tax *Calista's* Name with Guilt ?

HORATIO.

None should ; but 'tis a busy, talking World,
That with licentious Breath blows like the Wind,
As freely on the Palace, as the Cottage.

CALISTA.

What mystic Riddle lurks beneath thy Words,
Which thou wou'dst seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant Dishonor to my Virtue ?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling Phrase,
And let thy Oracle be understood.

HORATIO.

Lothario!

CALISTA.

Ha! What wou'dst thou mean by him?

HORATIO.

Lothario and Calista!—Thus they join
Two Names, which Heav'n decreed should never meet;
Hence have the Talkers of this populous City,
A shameful Tale to tell for public Sport,
Of an unhappy Beauty, a false Fair One,
Who plighted to a noble Youth her Faith,
When she had giv'n her Honor to a Wretch.

CALISTA.

Death! and Confusion! have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly Insolence!
To be the Sport of a loose Ruffian's Tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest Creature,
That ever was a Slave to Vice and Infamy.

HORATIO.

By Honor and fair Truth you wrong me much;
For, on my Soul, nothing but strong Necessity
Cou'd urge my Tongue to this ungrateful Office:
I came with strong Reluctance, as if Death
Had stood a-cross my Way, to save your Honor;
Yours, and *Sciolto's*; yours, and *Altamont's*;
Like one who ventures through a burning Pile,
To save his tender Wife with all her Brood
Of little Fondlings, from the dreadful Ruin.

CALISTA.

Is this! is this the famous Friend of *Altamont*,
For noble Worth, and Deeds of Arms renown'd?
Is this! this Tale-bearing, officious Fellow,
That watches for Intelligence from Eyes;
This wretched *Argus* of a jealous Husband,
That fills his easy Ears with monstrous Tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody Revenge on his defenceless Wife;
Who guiltless dies, because her Fool ran mad?

HORATIO.

Alas! this Rage is vain; for if your Fame,
Or Peace be worth your Care, you must be calm,

And

And listen to the Means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky Minute of your Fate.
By me your Genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst *Lothario* more ;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all your virtuous Maids and noble Matrons ;
Unless you have devoted this rare Beauty
To Infamy, Diseases, Prostitution——

CALISTA.

Dishonor blast thee, base, unmanner'd Slave !
That dar'st forget my Birth, and sacred Sex,
And shock me with the rude unhallow'd Sound.

HORATIO.

Here kneel, and in the awful Face of Heav'n
Breathe out a solemn Vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee ;
Or by my *Altamont's* dear Life I swear,
This Paper !—Nay you must not fly !—This Paper,
[*Holding her.*]
This guilty Paper shall divulge your Shame——

CALISTA.

What mean'st thou by that Paper? What Contrivance
Hast thou been forging to deceive my Father,
To turn his Heart against his wretched Daughter,
That *Altamont* and thou may share his Wealth?
A Wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The Weakness of my Sex.——Oh for a Sword,
To urge my Vengeance on the Villain's Hand
That forg'd the Scrowl.

HORATIO.

Behold, can this be forg'd?
See where *Calista's* Name——

[*Shewing the Letter near.*]

CALISTA.

To Atoms thus ; [*Tearing it.*]
Thus let me tear the vile, detested Falshood,
The wicked, lying Evidence of Shame.

HORATIO.

Confusion !

CALISTA.

Henceforth, thou officious Fool,
 Meddle no more; nor dare, ev'n on thy Life,
 To breathe an Accent that may touch my Virtue;
 I am myself the Guardian of my Honor,
 And wo't not bear so insolent a Monitor.

*Enter ALTAMONT.**ALTAMONT.*

Where is my Life, my Love, my charming Bride,
 Joy of my Heart, and Pleasure of my Eyes,
 The Wish, and Care, and Bus'ness of my Youth?
 Oh! let me find her, snatch her to my Breast!
 And tell her she delays my Blifs too long,
 'Till my soft Soul ev'n sickens with Desire.
 Disorder'd!—and in Tears! *Horatio* too!
 My Friend is in Amaze!—What can it mean?
 Tell me, *Calista*, who has done thee wrong,
 That my Swift Sword may find out the Offender,
 And do thee ample Justice.

CALISTA.

Turn to him.

*ALTAMONT.**Horatio!**CALISTA.*

To that Insolent.

ALTAMONT.

My Friend!

Could he do this! He, who was half myself?
 One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
 Guided our Wills: Have I not found him Just,
 Honest as Truth itself? And cou'd he break
 The Sanctity of Friendship? Cou'd he wound
 The Heart of *Altamont* in his *Calista*?

CALISTA.

I thought what Justice I should find from thee!
 Go fawn upon him, listen to his Tale,
 Applaud his Malice, that wou'd blast my Fame,
 And treat me like a common Prostitute.

Thou

Thou art perhaps Confed'rate in his Mischief,
And wilt believe the Legend, if he tells it.

ALTAMONT.

Oh impious ! What presumptuous Wretch shall dare
To offer at an Injury like that ?
Priesthood, nor Age, nor Cowardise itself,
Shall save him from the Fury of my Vengeance.

CALISTA.

The Man who dar'd to do it was *Horatio* !
Thy darling Friend ! 'Twas *Altamont's* *Horatio* !
But mark me well ! while thy divided Heart
Dotes on a Villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No Force shall drag me to thy hated Bed ;
Nor can my cruel Father's Pow'r do more
Than shut me in a Cloister ; there, well pleas'd,
Religious Hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast, and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r ;
Nor think it hard, within a lonely Cell,
With melancholy, speechless Saints to dwell ;
But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran,
Free from the Marriage Chain, and from that Tyrant,
Man. [Exit Calista.

ALTAMONT.

She's gone ; and as she went, ten thousand Fires
Shot from her angry Eyes, as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel Vow she made.
Now as thou art a Man, *Horatio* tell me,
What means this wild Confusion in thy Looks,
As if thou wert at Variance with thyself ?
Madness and Reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which shou'd get the better ?

HORATIO.

I wou'd be dumb for ever, but thy Fate
Has otherwise decreed it ; thou hast seen
That Idol of thy Soul, that fair *Calista* ;
Thou hast beheld her Tears.

ALTAMONT.

I have seen her weep,

M 4

Loft

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I've seen that lovely One, that dear *Calista*,
Complaining in the Bitterness of Sorrow,
That thou! my Friend! *Horatio*! thou hadst wrong'd her.

H O R A T I O.

That I have wrong'd her! Had her Eyes been fed
From that rich Stream which warms her Heart, and
number'd

For ev'ry falling Tear a Drop of Blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my *Altamont*! She has undone thee,

A L T A M O N T.

Dost thou join Ruin with *Calista's* Name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than Painting can express,
Or youthful Poets fancy, when they love?
Does she not come, like Wisdom, or good Fortune,
Replete with Blessings, giving Wealth and Honor?
The Dowry which she brings is Peace and Pleasure,
And everlasting Joys are in her Arms.

H O R A T I O.

It had been better thou hadst liv'd a Beggar,
And fed on Scraps at great Men's surly Doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal. —

A L T A M O N T.

It is too much for Friendship to allow thee:
Because I tamely bore the Wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal Part,
And urge the Injury ev'n to my Face.

H O R A T I O.

I see she's got Possession of thy Heart;
She's charm'd thee, like a Siren, to her Bed,
With Looks of Love, and with enchanting Sounds;
Too late the Rocks and Quick-sands will appear:
When thou art wreckt upon the faithless Shore,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy Friend,
To follow her Delusion.

A L T A M O N T.

If thy Friendship
Do churlishly deny my Love a Room,
It is not worth my keeping, I disclaim it.

H O R A-

HORATIO.

Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shar'd the Task of Nature with thy Father,
And form'd with Care thy unexperienc'd Youth
To Virtue and to Arms.
Thy noble Father, Oh thou light young Man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One Fortune fed us,
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me Friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus? for a Woman? nay, a vile one too?

ALTAMONT.

Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it; speak again,
Say, who is vile? but dare not name *Calista*.

HORATIO.

I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus urg'd,
I must avow I do not know a viler.

ALTAMONT.

Thou wert my Father's Friend, he lov'd thee well;
A kind of venerable Mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my Ven-
geance:
I cannot, dare not lift my Sword against thee;
But henceforth never let me see thee more.

[Going out.]

HORATIO.

I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must, and will preserve thee from Dishonor,
Ev'n in despite of thee.

[Holds him.]

ALTAMONT.

Let go my Arm.

HORATIO.

If Honor be thy Care, if thou wou'dst live,
Without the Name of credulous, wittal Husband,
Avoid thy Bride, shun her detested Bed,
The Joys it yields are dash'd with Poison——

ALTAMONT.

Off!

To urge me but a Minute more is fatal.

M 5,

H. O. R. A.

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HORATIO.

She is polluted ! stain'd !

ALTAMONT.

Madness and Raging !

But hence !

HORATIO.

Dishonor'd by the Man you hate.——

ALTAMONT.

I pr'ythee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If Life be worth the keeping——

HORATIO.

By Lotbario.

ALTAMONT.

Perdition take thee, Villain, for the Falshood.

[Strikes him.]

Now nothing but thy Life can make Atonement.

HORATIO.

A Blow ! Thou hast us'd me well—— *[Draws.]*

ALTAMONT.

This to thy Heart.——

HORATIO.

Yet hold !————By Heav'n his Father's in his
Face,

Spite of my Wrongs my Heart runs o'er with Ten-
derness,

And I cou'd rather die myself than hurt him.

ALTAMONT.

Defend thyself, for by my much-wrong'd Love,
I swear the poor Evasion shall not save thee.

HORATIO.

Yet hold ! thou know'st I dare !——Think how we've
liv'd.——

[They fight ; Altamont presses on Horatio, who retires.]
Nay ! then 'tis brutal Violence ! And thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the Life she gave.

[They fight.]

LAVINIA enters, and runs between their Swords.

LAVINIA.

My Brother, my *Horatio!* is it possible ?

Oh !

Oh! turn your cruel Swords upon *Lavinia*.
If you must quench your impious Rage in Blood,
Behold my Heart shall give you all her Store,
To save those dearer Streams that flow from yours.

ALTAMONT.

'Tis well thou hast found a Safe-guard; none but this,
No Pow'r on Earth, cou'd save thee from my Fury.

LAVINIA.

Oh fatal, deadly Sound!

HORATIO.

Safety from thee!

Away, vain Boy! Hast thou forgot the Reverence
Due to my Arm, thy first, thy great Example,
Which pointed out the Way to noble Daring,
And shew'd thee what it was to be a Man?

LAVINIA.

What busy, meddling Fiend, what Foe to Goodness,
Could kindle such a Discord? Oh! lay by
Those most ungentle Looks, and angry Weapons,
Unless you mean my Grievs, and killing Fears,
Should stretch me out at your relentless Feet,
A wretched Coarse, the Victim of your Fury.

HORATIO.

Ask'st thou what made us Foes? 'twas base Ingratitude;
'Twas such a Sin to Friendship, as Heav'n's Mercy,
That strives with Man's untoward, monstrous Wickedness,
Unweary'd with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me, Child! Brother! Friend!
With barb'rous bloody Malice, fought my Life.

ALTAMONT.

Thou art my Sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely Mourner of a widow'd Bed,
Therefore thy Husband's Life is safe; but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable Roof.
He has but ill repaid *Sciolto's* Bounty;
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous; farewell.

[*He is going, Lavinia holds him.*]

LAVINIA.

Stay *Altamont*, my Brother stay, if ever
Nature, or, what is nearer much than Nature,

The

The kind Consent of our agreeing Minds,
 Have made us dear to one another, stay,
 And speak one gentle Word to your *Horatio*.
 Behold, his Anger melts, he longs to love you,
 To call you Friend, then prefs you hard, with all
 The tender, speechless Joy of Reconcilement.

ALTAMONT.

It cannot, sha' not be!—you must not hold me.

LAVINIA.

Look kindly then!

ALTAMONT.

Each Minute that I stay,

Is a new Injury to fair *Calista*.
 From thy false Friendship to her Arms I'll fly;
 There, if in any Pause of Love I rest,
 Breathless with Bliss, upon her panting Breast,
 In broken melting Accents I will swear,
 Henceforth to trust my Heart with none but her;
 Then own the Joys, which on her Charms attend,
 Have more than paid me for my faithless Friend.

[*Altamont breaks from Lavinia, and Exit.*

HORATIO.

Oh, raise thee, my *Lavinia*, from the Earth;
 It is too much, this Tide of flowing Grief,
 This wond'rous Waste of Tears, too much to give,
 To an ungrateful Friend, and cruel Brother.

LAVINIA.

Is there not Cause for Weeping? Oh *Horatio*!
 A Brother and a Husband were my Treasure,
 'Twas all the little Wealth that poor *Lavinia*
 Sav'd from the Shipwreck of her Father's Fortunes.
 One Half is lost already; if thou leav'st me,
 If thou shouldst prove unkind to me, as *Altamont*,
 Whom shall I find to pity my Distress,
 To have Compassion on a helpless Wanderer,
 And give her where to lay her wretched Head?

HORATIO.

Why dost thou wound me with thy soft Complaining?
 Tho' *Altamont* be false, and use me hardly,

Yet

Yet think not I impute his Crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken, for I'll keep thee,
Next to my Heart, my certain Pledge of Happiness.
Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of Goodness,
And made thee all my Portion here on Earth ;
It gave thee to me, as a large Amends,
For Fortune, Friends, and all the World beside.

L A V I N I A.

Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from Misfortune in your Bosom :
Here end my Cares, nor will I lose one Thought,
How we shall live, or purchase Food and Raiment.
The holy Pow'r, who clothes the senseless Earth,
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs and verdant Grass,
Whose bounteous Hand feeds the whole Brute Creation,
Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us.

H O R A T I O.

From *Genoa*, from Falshood and Inconstancy,
To some more honest distant Clime we'll go,
Nor will I be beholden to my Country,
For ought but thee, the Partner of my Flight.

L A V I N I A.

Yes, I will follow thee ; forsake, for thee,
My Country, Brother, Friends, ev'n all I have ;
Tho' mine's a little all ; yet were it more,
And better far, it shou'd be left for thee,
And all that I wou'd keep shou'd be *Horatio*.
So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast,
Gladly, for Life, the Treasure he wou'd give ;
And only wishes to escape, and live.

Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the rest behind. }

[*Exeunt.*]

 A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A G A R D E N.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

WITH what unequal Tempers are we form'd?
 One Day, the Soul, supine with Ease and Fulness,
 Revels secure, and fondly tells herself,
 The Hour of Evil can return no more;
 The next, the Spirits pall'd, and sick of Riot,
 Turn all to Discord, and we hate our Beings,
 Curse the past Joy, and think it Folly all,
 And Bitterness and Anguish. Oh! last Night!
 What has ungrateful Beauty paid me back,
 For all that Masses of Friendship which I squander'd?
 Coldness, Aversion, Tears, and fullen Sorrow;
 Dash'd all my Bliss, and damp'd my bridal Bed.
 Soon as the Morning dawn'd, she vanish'd from me,
 Relentless to the gentle Call of Love.
 I have lost a Friend, and I have gain'd——a Wife!
 Turn not to Thought, my Brain; but let me find
 Some unfrequented Shade, there lay me down,
 And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me,
 To soften and assuage this Pain of thinking. *[Exit.*

Enter LOTHARIO and CALISTA.

LOTHARIO.

Weep not, my Fair, but let the God of Love
 Laugh in thy Eyes, and revel in thy Heart,
 Kindle again his Torch, and hold it high,
 To light us to new Joys; nor let a Thought
 Of Discord, or Disquiet pass, molest thee;

But

But to a long Oblivion give thy Cares,
And let us melt the present Hour in Blifs.

CALISTA.

Seek not to footh me with thy false Endearments,
To charm me with thy Softness: 'tis in vain;
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The Hours of Folly, and of fond Delight,
Are wasted all and fled; those that remain,
Are doom'd to Weeping, Anguish, and Repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long Account,
Of all the Sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

LOTHARIO.

Unjust *Calista!* dost thou call it Ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely Happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that Wish's Height?
To die with Joy, and strait to live again,
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous Transport----

CALISTA.

Oh! let me hear no more, I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to Remembrance; let that Night,
That guilty Night, be blotted from the Year;
Let not the Voice of Mirth, or Music know it;
Let it be dark and desolate, no Stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wish for Light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn;
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame,
To Sorrow, to perfidious, false *Lothario.*

LOTHARIO.

Hear this, ye Pow'rs! Mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth;
She calls me false; ev'n She, the faithless She,
Whom Day and Night, whom Heav'n and Earth have
heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand Times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the Man whom most I hate on Earth.——

CALIST

CALISTA.

Art thou so base to upbraid me with a Crime,
Which nothing but thy Cruelty could cause?
If Indignation, raging in my Soul,
For thy unmanly Insolence and Scorn,
Urg'd me to do a Deed of Desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee;
Think whom I should devote to Death and Hell,
Whom curse as my Undoer, but *Lothario*?
Hadst thou been Just, not all *Sciolto's* Pow'r,
Not all the Vows and Pray'rs of fighting *Altamont*,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

LOTHARIO.

How have I fail'd in Justice, or in Love?
Burns not my Flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my Heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My Transports are as fierce, as strong my Wishes,
As if thou hadst never blest me with thy Beauty.

CALISTA.

How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A Slave to base Desires, and brutal Pleasures,
To be a wretched Wanton for thy Leisure,
To toy, and waste an Hour of idle Time with?
My Soul disdains thee for some mean a Thought.

LOTHARIO.

The driving Storm of Passion will have Way,
And I must yield before it; wert thou calm,
Love, the poor Criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender Things to plead,
To charm thy Rage, and mitigate his Fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

I have lost my Peace—Ha! Do I live and wake!

CALISTA.

Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been?
Not *Altamont*, but thou hadst been my Lord.
But wherefore nam'd I Happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;

For

For thee, my secret Soul each Hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my Virtue stain'd,
My Honor lost to thee; for thee it haunts me,
With stern *Sciolto* vowing Vengeance on me;
With *Altamont* complaining for his Wrongs——

ALTAMONT.

Behold him here—— [Coming forward.

CALISTA.

Ah!

[Starting.

ALTAMONT.

The Wretch whom thou hast made;
Curfes and Sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And Vengeance is the only Good that's left. [Drawing.

LOTHARIO.

Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis true;
But Love and War take Turns like Day and Night,
And little Preparation serves my Turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either Field.
We've long been Foes, this Moment ends our Quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair *Calista* judge the Combat.

CALISTA.

Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

ALTAMONT.

Thou hast talk'd too much, thy Breath is Poison to me;
It taints the ambient Air; this for my Father,
This for *Sciolto*, and this last for *Altamont*.

[They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice,
and then falls.

LOTHARIO.

Oh, *Altamont*! thy Genius is the stronger,
Thou hast prevail'd---My fierce, ambitious Soul
Declining droops, and all her Fires grow pale;
Yet let not this Advantage swell thy Pride;
I conquer'd in my Turn, in Love I triumph'd:
Those Joys are lodg'd beyond the Reach of Fate;
That sweet Revenge comes smiling to my Thoughts,
Adorns my Fall, and cheers my Heart in dying. [Dies.

CALISTA.

And what remains for me, beset with Shame,
Encompass'd round with Wretchedness? There is

But

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But this one Way to break the Toil, and 'scape.

[*She catches up Lothario's Sword, and offers to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from her.*]

ALTAMONT.

What means thy frantic Rage?

CALISTA.

Off! let me go.

ALTAMONT.

Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me: yet still,
Still art thou here! and my Soul starts with Horror,
At Thought of any Danger that may reach thee.

CALISTA.

Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
Oh! thou hast known but little of *Calista*:
If thou hadst never heard my Shame, if only
The midnight Moon, and silent Stars had seen it,
I wou'd not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a Grave beneath,
And hide me from their Beams.

SCIOLTO *within.*

What ho! my Son!

ALTAMONT.

It is *Sciolto* calls; come near and find me;
The wretched'st Thing of all my Kind on Earth.

CALISTA.

Is it the Voice of Thunder, or my Father?
Madness! Confusion! let the Storm come on,
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,
Dash my devoted Bark; ye Surges, break it;
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the Bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

SCIOLTO.

Ev'n now *Roffano* leap'd the Garden Walls——
Ha! Death has been among you---Oh my Fears!
Last Night thou hadst a Diff'rence with thy Friend,
The Cause thou gav'st me for it, was a damn'd one;
Didst

Didst thou not wrong the Man who told thee Truth?
Answer me quick—

ALTAMONT.

Oh! press me not to speak;
Ev'n now my Heart is breaking, and the Mention
Will lay me dead before you; see that Body,
And guess my Shame! my Ruin! Oh *Calista!*

SCIOLTO.

It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And Justice lingers in my lazy Hand;
Thus let me wipe Dishonor from my Name,
And cut thee from the Earth, thou Stain to Goodness--

[Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.]

ALTAMONT.

Stay thee, *Sciolto*; thou rash Father, stay;
Or turn the Point on me, and thro' my Breast
Cut out the bloody Passage to *Calista*;
So shall my Love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

CALISTA.

No, *Altamont!* my Heart, that scorn'd thy Love,
Shall never be indebted to thy Pity;
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of *Sciolto's* Virtue.
Yes! yes, my Father, I applaud thy Justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the Blow;
Be merciful, and free me from my Pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I cou'd curse
The chearful Day, Men, Earth, and Heav'n, and Thee,
Ev'n Thee, thou venerable, good old Man,
For being Author of a Wretch like me.

ALTAMONT.

Listen not to the Wildness of her Raving.
Remember Nature! Shou'd thy Daughter's Murder
Refile that Hand, so just, so great in Arms,
Her Blood wou'd rest upon thee to Posterity,
Pollute thy Name, and sully all thy Wars.

CALISTA.

Have I not wrong'd his gentle Nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my Life.

Loft as thou art to Virtue, Oh *Calista!*
 I think thou canst not bear to be outdone;
 Then haste to die, and be oblig'd no more.

SCIOLOTTO.

Thy pious Care has giv'n me Time to think,
 And sav'd me from a Crime; then rest, my Sword;
 To Honor have I kept thee ever sacred,
 Nor will I stain thee with a rash Revenge:
 But, mark me well, I will have Justice done;
 Hope not to bear away thy Crimes unpunish'd,
 I will see Justice executed on thee,
 Ev'n to a *Roman* Strictness; and thou, Nature,
 Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
 Be still, thy tender Strugglings are in vain.

CALISTA.

Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your Triumph!
 To groan beneath your Scorn and fierce Upbraidings,
 Daily to be reproach'd, and have my Misery
 At Morn, at Noon, and Night told over to me,
 Lest my Remembrance might grow pitiful,
 And grant a Moment's Interval of Peace!
 Is this, is this the Mercy of a Father?
 I only beg to die, and he denies me.

SCIOLOTTO.

Hence from my Sight, thy Father cannot bear thee;
 Fly with thy Infamy to some dark Cell,
 Where, on the Confines of eternal Night,
 Mourning, Misfortune, Cares and Anguish dwell;
 Where ugly Shame hides her opprobrious Head,
 And Death and Hell detested Rule maintain;
 There howl out the Remainder of thy Life,
 And wish thy Name may be no more remember'd.

CALISTA.

Yes, I will fly to some such dismal Place,
 And be more curst than you can wish I were;
 This fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
 Fasting and Tears, and Hardship shall destroy;
 Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
 Nor ought that may continue hated Life.

Then

Then when you see me meagre, wan and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away,
At length 'tis Time her Punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace.

[Exit Calista.

SCIOLOTTO.

Who of my Servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

On your Lives
Take Care my Doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my Appointment.

[Exeunt Servants.

ALTAMONT.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction:
My Father, I am sick of many Sorrows,
Ev'n now my easy Heart is breaking with 'em;
Yet, above all, one Fear distracts me most;
I tremble at the Vengeance which you meditate,
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

SCIOLOTTO.

Hast thou not read what brave *Virginus* did?
With his own Hand he slew his only Daughter,
To save her from the fierce *Decem-vir's* Lust.
He slew her yet unspotted, to prevent
The Shame which she might know. Then what shou'd
I do?

But thou hast ty'd my Hand.—I wo't not kill her;
Yet by the Ruin she has brought upon us,
The common Infamy that brands us both,
She sha' not 'scape.

ALTAMONT.

You mean that she shall die then?

SCIOLOTTO.

Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is Anarchy and Uproar.

Oh

Oh *Altamont!* what a vast Scheme of Joy
 Has this one Day destroy'd! Well did I hope
 This Daughter would have blest my latter Days,
 That I shou'd live to see you the World's Wonder;
 So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
 While I, from busy Life and Care set free,
 Had spent the Evening of my Age at Home,
 Among a little prattling Race of yours:
 There, like an old Man, talk'd a-while, and then
 Laid down and slept in Peace. Instead of this,
 Sorrow and Shame must bring me to my Grave;
 Oh damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Arm yourself, my Lord:
Rossano, who but now escap'd the Garden,
 Has gather'd in the Street a Band of Rioters,
 Who threaten you, and all your Friends, with Ruin,
 Unless *Lothario* be return'd in Safety.

SCIOLTO.

By Heav'n, their Fury rises to my Wish,
 Nor shall Misfortune know my House alone,
 But thou, *Lothario*, and thy Race, shall pay me,
 For all the Sorrows which my Age is curst with.
 I think my Name as great, my Friends as potent,
 As any in the State; all shall be summon'd:
 I know that all will join their Hands to ours,
 And vindicate thy Vengeance. Raise the Body,
 And bear it in; his Friends shall buy him dearly,
 I will have Blood for Ransom: When our Force
 Is full, and arm'd, we shall expect thy Sword,
 To join with us, and sacrifice to Justice.——

[*Exit Sciolto.*

[*The Body of Lothario is carried off by Servants.*

Manet ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

There is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,
 A dismal, sullen Stillness, that succeeds

The

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The Storm of Rage and Grief, like silent Death,
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life.
Wou'd it were Death, as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,
For I am sick of Living; my Soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge;
Love was th' informing, active Fire within;
Now that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred Earth.

[A tumultuous Noise, with clashing of Swords,
as at a little Distance.

Enter LAVINIA, with two Servants, their Swords drawn,

LAVINIA.

Fly, swiftly fly, to my *Horatio's* Aid,
Nor lose your vain officious Cares on me;
Bring me my Lord, my Husband to my Arms;
He is *Lavinia's* Life, bring him me safe,
And I shall be at Ease, be well and happy.

[Exeunt Servants.

ALTAMONT.

Art thou *Lavinia*? Oh! what barb'rous Hand
Could wrong thy poor, defenceless Innocence,
And leave such Marks of more than savage Fury?

LAVINIA.

My Brother! O my Heart is full of Fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear *Horatio* bleeds.——
Not far from hence, as passing to the Port,
By a mad Multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted Swords,
And cry'd aloud for Vengeance, and *Lothario*.
My Lord, with ready Boldness, stood the Shock,
To shelter me from Danger, but in vain,
Had not a Party from *Sciolto's* Palace,
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the Fray.

ALTAMONT.

What of my Friend?

LAVINIA.

Ha! by my Joys 'tis he:

[Looking out.

He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe!——

Enter

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*Enter HORATIO, with two or three Servants, their
Swords drawn.*

I. SERVANT.

'Twere at the utmost Hazard of your Life
To venture forth again, 'till we are stronger;
Their Number trebles ours.

HORATIO.

No Matter, let it;
Death is not half so shocking as that Traitor.
My honest Soul is mad with Indignation,
To think her Plainness could be so abus'd,
As to mistake that Wretch, and call him Friend:
I cannot bear the Sight.

ALTAMONT.

Open thou Earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark Bosom,
To hide me from *Horatio*.

HORATIO.

Oh Lavinia!

Believe not but I joy to see thee safe:
Wou'd our ill Fortue had not drove us hither;
I cou'd even wish, we rather had been wreckt
On any other Shore, than sav'd on this.

LAVINIA.

Oh, let us bless the Mercy that preserv'd us,
That gracious Pow'r that sav'd us for each other:
And, to adorn the Sacrifice of Praise,
Offer Forgiveness too; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' Offences of thy Friend,
Far, far from thy Remembrance.

ALTAMONT.

I have mark'd him,
To see if one forgiving Glance stole hither,
If any Spark of Friendship were alive,
That wou'd, by Sympathy, at Meeting glow,
And strive to kindle up the Flame anew;
'Tis lost, 'tis gone, his Soul is quite estrang'd,
And knows me for its Counter-part no more.

HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Thou know'st thy Rule, thy Empire in *Horatio*;
Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
Where Nature, Reason, nay, where Love is Judge;
But when you urge my Temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.

LAVINIA.

Where didst thou get this fullen gloomy Hate?
It was not in thy Nature to be thus;
Come put it off, and let thy Heart be chearful,
Be gay again, and know the Joys of Friendship,
The Trust, Security, and mutual Tendernefs,
The double Joys, where each is glad for both;
Friendship, the Wealth, the last Retreat and Strength,
Secure against ill Fortune, and the World.

HORATIO.

I am not apt to take a light Offence,
But patient of the Failings of my Friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an Injury
Stabs to the Heart, and rouses my Resentment,
(Perhaps it is the Fault of my rude Nature)
I own I cannot easily forgive it.

ALTAMONT.

Thou hast forgot me.

HORATIO.

No,

ALTAMONT.

Why are thy Eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful and fierce?

HORATIO.

Because they speak the Meaning of my Heart;
Because they are honest, and disdain a Villain.

ALTAMONT.

I have wrong'd thee much, *Horatio*.

HORATIO.

True, thou hast:
When I forget it, may I be a Wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious Fellow;
An infamous, believing, *British* Husband.

ALTAMONT.

I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd it.
 I have not, since we parted, been at Peace,
 Nor known one Joy sincere; our broken Friendship
 Pursu'd me to the last Retreat of Love,
 Stood glaring like a Ghost, and made me cold with
 Horror.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,
 Swell o'er my Head, like Waves, and dash me down.
 Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame, have torn my Soul;
 They hang like Winter on my Youthful Hopes,
 And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year.

LAVINIA.

So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
 To lose their Freshness amongst Bones and Rottenness,
 And have their Odors stifled in the Dust:
 Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard *Horatio*?
 Canst thou behold thy *Altamont* undone?
 That gentle, that dear Youth! Canst thou behold him,
 His poor Heart broken, Death in his pale Visage,
 And groaning out his Woes, yet stand unmov'd?

HORATIO.

The Brave and Wise I pity in Misfortune;
 But when Ingratitude and Folly suffers,
 'Tis Weakness to be touch'd.

ALTAMONT.

I wo'not ask thee
 To pity or forgive me; but confess,
 This Scorn, this Insolence of Hate is just;
 'Tis Constancy of Mind, and manly in thee.
 But, Oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, *Horatio*,
 There is a yielding Softness in my Heart
 Cou'd ne'er have stood it out; but I had ran,
 With streaming Eyes, and open Arms, upon thee,
 And prest thee close, close!

HORATIO.

I must hear no more;
 The Weakness is contagious, I shall catch it,
 And be a tame, fond Wretch.

LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

Where would'st thou go?
Would'st thou part thus? You sha' not, 'tis impossible;
For I will bar thy Passage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps thy cruel Hand may spurn me off;
But I will throw my Body in thy Way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful Bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me ere thou pass.

ALTAMONT.

Urge not in vain thy pious Suit, *Lavinia*;
I have enough to rid me of my Pain.
Calista, thou hadst reach'd my Heart before;
To make all sure, my Friend repeats the Blow:
But in the Grave our Cares shall be forgotten;
There Love and Friendship cease. [Falls.

[*Lavinia runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*

LAVINIA.

Speak to me, *Altamont*.

He faints! He dies! Now turn and see thy Triumph.
My Brother! But our Cares shall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear Side,
Bemoan thy too hard Fate, then share it with thee,
And never see my cruel Lord again.

[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his Arms.*

HORATIO.

It is too much to bear! Look up, my *Altamont*!
My stubborn, unrelenting Heart has kill'd him.
Look up and bless me; tell me that thou liv'st:
Oh! I have urg'd thy Gentleness too far; [*He revives.*
Do thou and my *Lavinia* both forgive me;
A Flood of Tenderness comes o'er my Soul;
I cannot speak—I love! forgive! and pity thee—

ALTAMONT.

I thought that nothing could have stay'd my Soul;
That long ere this her Flight had reach'd the Stars;
But thy known Voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks I fain wou'd set all Right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky Breach, and then,
With thine and Heav'n's Forgiveness on my Soul,
Shrink to my Grave, and be at Ease for ever.

HORATIO.

By Heav'n my Heart bleeds for thee; ev'n this Moment,
 I feel thy Pangs of disappointed Love.
 Is it not Pity that this Youth should fail,
 That all his wond'rous Goodness shou'd be lost,
 And the World never know it? Oh, my *Altament!*
 Give me thy Sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
 And shelter thee from Ruin.

LAVINIA.

Oh my Brother!

Think not but we will share in all thy Woes:
 We'll sit all Day, and tell sad Tales of Love;
 And when we light upon some faithless Woman,
 Some Beauty, like *Calista*, false and fair,
 We'll fix our Grief, and our Complaining there;
 We'll curse the Nymph that drew the Ruin on,
 And mourn the Youth that was like thee undone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room hung with Black; on one Side Lothario's Body on a Bier; on the other, a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.

CALISTA is discover'd on a Couch, in Black; her Hair hanging loose, and disorder'd: After Music and a Song, she rises, and comes forward.

S O N G.

I.

HEAR, you Midnight Phantoms hear,
You, who pale and wan appear,
And fill the Wretch, who wakes, with Fear.
You who wander, scream, and groan,
Round the Mansions once your own;
You, whom still your Crimes upbraid,
You, who rest not with the Dead:
From the Coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk, and shun the Day;
From the Charnel and the Tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.

II.

Chide Calista for Delay;
Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die, and come away.
See the Sexton with his Spade,
See the Grave already made;
Listen, Fair One, to thy Knell;
This Music is thy passing Bell.

CALISTA.

'Tis well! these solemn Sounds, this Pomp of Horror,
 Are fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;
 Here's Room for Meditation, ev'n to Madness,
 'Till the Mind burst with Thinking. This dull Flame
 Sleeps in the Socket. Sure the Book was left
 To tell me something;—for Instruction then—
 He teaches holy Sorrow, and Contrition,
 And Penitence;—Is it become an Art then,
 A Trick, that lazy, dull, luxurious Gownmen
 Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't:

[*Throwing away the Book.*

I have more real Anguish in my Heart,
 Than all their Pedant Discipline e'er knew.
 What Charnel has been rifled for these Bones?
 Fy! this is Pageantry:----They look uncouthly.
 But what of that, if He or She that own'd 'em,
 Safe from Disquiet sit, and smile to see
 The Farce their miserable Relicts play?
 But here's a Sight is terrible indeed;
 Is this that haughty, gallant, gay *Lothario*,
 That dear Perfidious!---Ah!---how pale he looks!
 How grim with clotted Blood, and those dead Eyes!
 Ascend, ye Ghosts, fantastic Forms of Night,
 In all your diff'rent dreadful Shapes ascend,
 And match the present Horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLO.

SCIOLO.

This Dead of Night, this silent Hour of Darkness,
 Nature for Rest ordain'd, and soft Repose;
 And yet Distraction, and tumultuous Jars,
 Keep all our frighted Citizens awake:
 The Senate, weak, divided and irresolute,
 Want Pow'r to succour the afflicted State.
 Vainly in Words and long Debates they're Wise,
 While the fierce Factions scorn their peaceful Orders,
 And drown the Voice of Law in Noise and Anarchy.
 Amidst the general Wreck, see where she stands,

[*Pointing to Calista.*
 Like

Like *Helen*, in the Night when *Troy* was sack'd,
Spectatress of the Mischief which she made.

CALISTA.

It is *Sciolto!* be thyself, my Soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal Indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great Spirit lives
In the forlorn *Calista*.

SCIOLO.

Thou wert once

My Daughter.

CALISTA.

Happy were it I had dy'd,
And never lost that Name.

SCIOLO.

That's something yet.

Thou wert the very Darling of my Age;
I thought the Day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the Blessings I could gather for thee,
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to Folly then, and curse me?

CALISTA.

Because my Soul was rudely drawn from your's;
A poor, imperfect Copy of my Father:
Where Goodness, and the Strength of manly Virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle Void
Fill'd up with light Belief, and easy Fondness;
It was, because I lov'd, and was a Woman.

SCIOLO.

Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a Cherubim;
But of that Joy, as of a Gem long lost,
Beyond Redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on Death?

CALISTA.

I have, as on the End of Shame and Sorrow.

SCIOLO.

Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
Tis not the Stoic's Lessons got by Rote, The

272 *The FAIR PENITENT.*

The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Differtations,
That can sustain thee in that Hour of Terror:
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it;
But when the Trial comes, they start, and stand aghast:
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy Account may stand, and what to answer?

CALISTA.

I've turn'd my Eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul Offence, and Shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my Soul abhors the wretched Dwelling,
And longs to find some better Place of Rest.

SCIOLTO.

'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that Spirit
That dwelt in ancient *Latian* Breasts, when *Rome*
Was Mistress of the World. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my Purpose, but it sticks
Here at my Heart, and cannot find a Way.

CALISTA.

Then spare the Telling, if it be a Pain,
And write the Meaning with your Ponyard here.

SCIOLTO.

Oh! truly guess'd---see'st thou this trembling Hand---

[Holding up a Dagger.

Thrice Justice urg'd---and thrice the slack'ning Sinews
Forgot their Office, and confest the Father;
At length the stubborn Virtue has prevail'd;
It must, it must be so---Oh! take it then,

[Giving the Dagger,

And know the rest untaught.

CALISTA.

I understand you;

It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.

[She offers to kill herself, Sciolto catches hold of her Arm.

SCIOLTO.

A Moment, give me yet a Moment's Space.
The stern, the rigid Judge has been obey'd;
Now Nature, and the Father, claim their Turns.
I've held the Balance with an Iron Hand,

And

The FAIR PENITENT. 273

And put off ev'ry tender, human Thought,
To doom my Child to Death; but spare my Eyes
The most unnatural Sight, lest their Strings crack,
And my old Brain split, and grow mad with Horror.

CALISTA.

Ha! Is it possible? And is there yet
Some little, dear Remain of Love and Tenderness,
For poor, undone *Calista*, in your Heart?

SCIOLTO.

Oh! when I think what Pleasure I took in thee,
What Joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling Infancy,
Thy sprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty;
How I have stood, and fed my Eyes upon thee,
Then lifted up my Hands, and wond'ring, blest thee;
By my strong Grief, my Heart ev'n melts within me,
I could curse Nature, and that Tyrant, Honor,
For making me thy Father, and thy Judge;
Thou art my Daughter still.

CALISTA.

For that kind Word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the Earth;
Weep on your Feet, and bless you for this Goodness;
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending Wretch,
This Parricide, that murders with her Crimes,
Shortens her Father's Age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than Half his Years be number'd.

SCIOLTO.

Wou'd it were otherwise---but thou must die.——

CALISTA.

That I must die! it is my only Comfort:
Death is the Privilege of Human Nature,
And Life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner,
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.
Come then, and take me now to thy cold Arms,
Thou meagre Shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my Father's Pity and Forgiveness,
More than if Angels tun'd their golden Viols,
And sung a *Requiem* to my parting Soul.

N. 5 . *SCIOLTO.*

SCIOLO.

I'm summon'd hence; ere this my Friends expect me.
 There is I know not what of sad Presage,
 That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
 If it be so, this is our last Farewel,
 And these the parting Pangs, which Nature feels,
 When Anguish rends the Heart-strings——Oh! my
 Daughter!

[Exit Sciolto.]

CALISTA.

Now think, thou curst *Calista*, now behold
 The Desolation, Horror, Blood and Ruin,
 Thy Crimes and fatal Folly spread around,
 That loudly cry for Vengeance on thy Head;
 Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect Natures,
 How blind with Passions, and how prone to Evil,
 Makes not too strict Inquiry for Offences,
 But is aton'd by Penitence and Pray'r:
 Cheap Recompence! here 'twou'd not be receiv'd;
 Nothing but Blood can make the Expiation,
 And cleanse the Soul from inbred, deep Pollution.
 And see, another injur'd Wretch is come,
 To call for Justice from my tardy Hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT

Hail to you Horrors! hail thou House of Death!
 And thou the lovely Mistress of these Shades,
 Whose Beauty gilds the more than midnight Darkness,
 And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day.
 Oh! take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee,
 I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;
 And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
 Mine shall supply the Stream, and weep for both.

CALISTA.

I know thee well, thou art the injur'd *Altamont*;
 Thou com'st to urge me with the Wrongs I've done
 thee;

But know I stand upon the Brink of Life,
 And in a Moment mean to set me free
 From Shame, and thy Upbraiding.

ALTA.

ALTAMONT.

Falsly, falsly

Dost thou accuse me; when did I complain,
 Or murmur at my Fate? For thee I have
 Forgot the Temper of *Italian* Husbands,
 And Fondness has prevail'd upon Revenge;
 I bore my Load of Infamy with Patience,
 As holy Men do Punishments from Heav'n,
 Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee:
 Oh! then forbid me not to mourn thy Loss,
 To wish some better Fate had rul'd our Loves,
 And that *Calista* had been mine, and true.

CALISTA.

Oh, *Altamont*! 'tis hard for Souls like mine,
 Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss;
 But Oh! behold my proud, disdainful Heart,
 Bends to thy gentler Virtue; yes, I own,
 Such is thy Truth, thy Tenderness, and Love,
 Such are the Graces that adorn thy Youth,
 That, were I not abandon'd to Destruction,
 With thee I might have liv'd, for Ages blest,
 And dy'd in Peace within thy faithful Arms.

ALTAMONT.

Then Happiness is still within our Reach;
 Here let Remembrance lose our past Misfortunes,
 Tear all Records that hold the fatal Story;
 Here let our Joys begin, from hence go on
 In long successive Order.

CALISTA.

What! in Death?

ALTAMONT.

Then art thou fix'd to die—But be it so,
 We'll go together; my advent'rous Love
 Shall follow thee to those uncertain Beings;
 Whether our lifeless Shades are doom'd to wander
 In gloomy Groves, with discontented Ghosts;
 Or whether thro' the upper Air we fleet,
 And tread the Fields of Light, still I'll pursue thee,
 'Till Fate ordains that we shall part no more.

CALISTA.

Oh no! Heav'n has some better Lot in Store
 To crown thee with; live, and be happy long;
 Live for some Maid that shall deserve thy Goodness,
 Some kind unpractis'd Heart, that never yet
 Has listen'd to the False Ones of thy Sex,
 Nor known the Arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
 Meet thee with Virtues equal to thy own,
 Charm thee with Sweetness, Beauty, and with Truth,
 Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Now mourn indeed, ye miserable Pair,
 For now the Measure of your Woes is full.

ALTAMONT.

What dost thou mean, *Horatio*?

HORATIO.

Oh! 'tis dreadful!
 The great, the good *Sciolto* dies this Moment.

CALISTA.

My Father!

ALTAMONT.

That's a deadly Stroke indeed.

HORATIO.

Not long ago he privately went forth,
 Attended but by few, and those unbidden;
 I heard which Way he took, and strait pursu'd him,
 But found him compass'd by *Lothario's* Faction,
 Almost alone, amidst a Crowd of Foes;
 Too late we brought him Aid, and drove them back
 Ere that his frantic Valor had provok'd
 The Death he seem'd to wish for from their Swords.

CALISTA.

And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient Earth?
 Dost thou not labor with my murd'rous Weight?
 And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly Host of Stars,
 Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I shall blast you,
 For

The FAIR PENITENT. 277

For I am all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
And Nature sickens at me; rest, thou World;
This Parricide shall be thy Plague no more;
Thus, thus, I set thee free. [Stabs herself.]

HORATIO.

Oh! fatal Rashness!

ALTAMONT.

Thou dost instruct me well; to lengthen Life,
Is but a Trifle now.

[Altamont offers to kill himself; Horatio prevents
him, and wrests his Sword from him.]

HORATIO.

Ha! what means

The frantic *Altamont*? Some Foe to Man,
Has breath'd on ev'ry Breast contagious Fury,
And epidemic Madness.

Enter SCIOLTO, pale and bloody, supported by
Servants.

CALISTA.

Oh, my Heart!

'Well may'st thou fail; for see the Spring that fed
Thy vital Stream is wasted, and runs low.
My Father! will you now at last forgive me,
If after all my Crimes, and all your Suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear Name?
Will you forget my Shame, and those wide Wounds,
Lift up your Hand, and bless me ere I go
Down to my dark Abode?

SCIOLTO.

Alas! my Daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy Sea,
Where Life, Fame, Virtue, all were wreck'd and lost;
But sure thou'st borne thy Part in all the Anguish,
And smarted with the Pain; then rest in Peace,
Let Silence and Oblivion hide thy Name,
And save thee from the Malice of Posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same Forgiveness,
As with thy Father here.—Die, and be happy.

CALISTA.

CALISTA.

Celestial Sounds! Peace dawns upon my Soul,
 And ev'ry Pain grows less—Oh! gentle *Altamont*,
 Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone,
 But pity me——Had I but early known
 Thy wond'rous Worth, thou excellent young Man,
 We had been happier both:——Now 'tis too late,
 And yet my Eyes take Pleasure to behold thee.
 Thou art their last dear Object.——Mercy, Heav'n!

[*She dies.*]

ALTAMONT.

Cold! dead and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd,
 But lovely still! Hadst thou a thousand Faults,
 What Heart so hard, what Virtue so severe,
 But at that Beauty must of force relented,
 Melted to Pity, Love, and to Forgiveness?

SCIOLOT O.

Oh! turn thee from that fatal Object; *Altamont*,
 Come near, and let me bless thee ere I die.
 To thee, and brave *Horatio* I bequeath
 My Fortunes——Lay me by thy noble Father,
 And love my Mem'ry as thou hast done his,
 For thou hast been my Son.—Oh! gracious Heav'n!
 Thou that hast endless Blessings still in store,
 For Virtue, and for filial Piety,
 Let Grief, Disgrace, and Want be far away,
 But multiply thy Mercies on his Head;
 Let Honor, Greatness, Goodness still be with him,
 And Peace in all his Ways.——

[*He dies.*]

ALTAMONT.

Take, take it all;
 To thee, *Horatio*, I resign the Gift,
 While I pursue my Father and my Love,
 And find my only Portion in the Grave.

HORATIO.

The Storm of Grief bears hard upon his Youth,
 And bends him like a drooping Flower to Earth.
 Raise him, and bear him in. [*Altamont is carried off.*

By

By such Examples are we taught to prove,
The Sorrows that attend unlawful Love ;
Death, or some worse Misfortunes, soon divide
The injur'd Bridegroom from his guilty Bride :
If you would have the Nuptial Union last,
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, who
play'd *Lavinia*.

YOU see the tripping Dame could find no Favor;
Dearly she paid for Breach of good Behavior,
Nor could her loving Husband's Fondness save her.
Italian Ladies lead but scurvy Lives,
There's dreadful dealing with eloping Wives;
Thus 'tis, because these Husbands are obey'd
By Force of Laws, which for themselves they made.
With Tales of old Prescriptions they confine
The Right of Marriage-rule to their Male Line,
And buff, and domineer, by Right Divine.
Had we the Pow'r, we'd make the Tyrants know
What 'tis to fail in Duties which they owe;
We'd teach the saunt'ring Squire, who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear Spouse at Home,
Who snores at Night supinely by her Side,
'Twas not for this the nuptial Knot was ty'd.
The plodding Petty-fogger, and the Cit,
Have learn'd at least this Modern Way of Wit:
Each ill-bred senseless Rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
Has th' Impudence to think his Wife a Fool;
He spends the Night, where merry Wags resort,
With joking Clubs, and Eighteen-penny Port;
While she poor Soul's contented to regale,
By a sad Sea-coal Fire, with Wigs and Ale.
Well may the Cuckold-making Tribe find Grace,
And fill an absent Husband's empty Place:

If

E P I L O G U E.

*If you wou'd e'er bring Constancy in Fashion,
You Men must first begin the Reformation.
Then shall the golden Age of Love return,
No Turtle for her wand'ring Mate shall mourn,
No foreign Charms shall cause domestic Strife,
But ev'ry married Man shall toast his Wife;
Phillis shall not be to the Country sent,
For Carnivals in Town to keep a tedious Lent:
Lampoons shall cease, and envious Scandal die,
And all shall live in Peace, like my good Man and I.*

U L Y S S E S.

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U L Y S S E S.

A

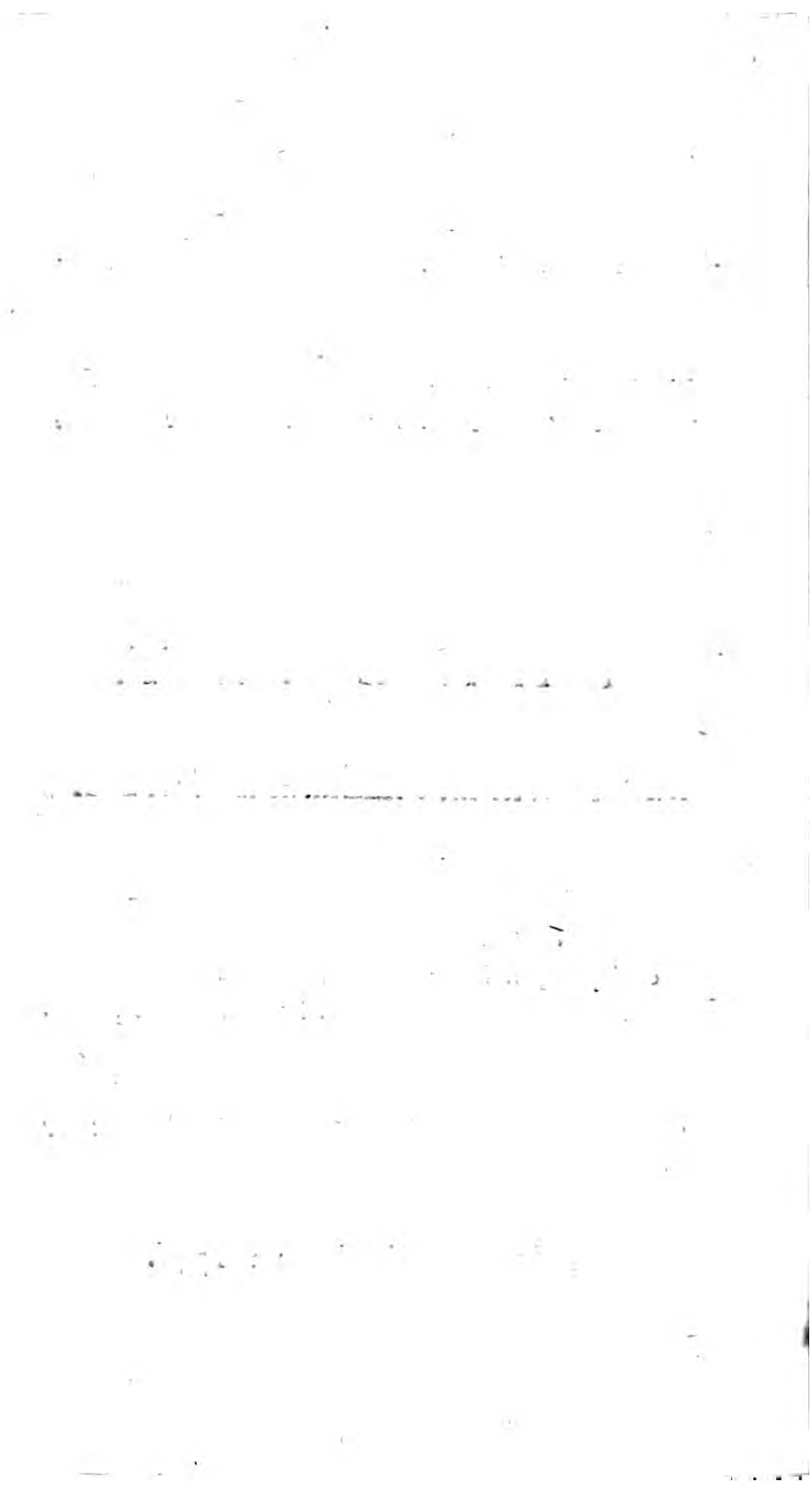
TRAGEDY.

*Stultorum Regum & Populorum continet Æstus—
Rursus quid Virtus, & quid Sapientia possit
Utile proposuit Nobis Exemplar Ulysses.*

Horat. Epist. Lib. 1. Epist. 2.



Printed in the YEAR 1746.



To the Right Honourable

SIDNEY Lord GODOLPHIN,

*Lord High-Treasurer of England, and Knight
of the most Noble Order of the Garter:*

MY LORD,

IF those Cares in which the Service of a great QUEEN, and the Love of Your Country, have so justly engaged Your Lordship, would allow any Leisure to run back and remember those Arts and Studies, which were once the Grace and Entertainment of Your Lordship's Youth; I have Presumption enough to hope, that this Tragedy may, some time or other, find an Hour to divert Your Lordship. Poetry, which was so venerable to former Ages, as in many Places to make a Part of their Religious Worship, and every where to be had in the highest Honor and Esteem, has miserably languished and been despised, for want of
that

DEDICATION.

that Favor and Protection which it found in the famous *Augustan* Age. Since then, it may be asserted, without any Partiality to the present Time, it never had a fairer Prospect of lifting up its Head, and returning to its former Reputation, than now: And the best Reason can be given for it, is, that it seems to have a particular Hope from, and Dependance upon Your Lordship, and to expect all just Encouragement, when those Great Men, who have the Power to protect it, have so delicate and polite a Taste and Understanding of its true Value. The restoring and preserving any Part of Learning, is so generous an Action in itself, that it naturally falls into Your Lordship's Province, since every Thing that may serve to improve the Mind, has a Right to the Patronage of so great and universal a Genius for Knowledge as Your Lordship's. It is indeed a Piece of good Fortune, upon which I cannot help congratulating the present Age, that there is so Great a Man, at a Time, when there is so great an Occasion for him. The Divisions which Your Lordship has healed, the Temper which You have restored to our Councils, and that indefatigable Care and Diligence which You have used in preserving our Peace at Home, are Benefits so virtuously and so seasonably conferred upon Your Country, as shall draw the Praises of all wise Men,

DEDICATION.

Men, and the Blessings of all good Men upon Your Lordship's Name. And when those unreasonable Feuds and Animosities, which keep Faction alive, shall be buried in Silence and forgotten, that great public Good shall be universally acknowledged, as the happy Effect of Your Lordship's most equal Temper and right Understanding. That this glorious End may very suddenly succeed to Your Lordship's Candor and generous Endeavors after it, must be the Wish of every good *Englishman*. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient

humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

TO Night, in Honor of the marry'd Life,
Our Author treats you with a virtuous Wife:
A Lady, who, for Twenty Years, withstood
The pressing Instances of Flesh and Blood;
Her Husband, still a Man of Sense reputed,
(Unless this Tale his Wisdom have confuted,)
Left her at ripe Eighteen, to seek Renown,
And battle for a Harlot at Troy Town;
To fill his Place, fresh Lovers came in Shoals,
Much such as now-a-days are Cupid's Tools,
Some Men of Wit, but the most part were Fools. }
They sent her Billets-doux, and Presents many,
Of ancient Tea and Thericlean China;
Rail'd at the Gods, toasted her o'er and o'er,
Dress'd at Her, danc'd, and fought, and sigh'd, and swore,
In short, did all that Men could do to have her,
And damn'd themselves to get into her Favor;
But all in vain, the virtuous Dame stood Buff,
And let 'em know that she was Coxcomb Proof;
Messieurs the Beaux, what think you of the Matter?
Don't you believe old Homer giv'n to flatter?
When you approach, and pressing the soft Hand,
Favors, with well-bred Impudence, demand, }
Is it in Woman's Weakness to withstand?
Cease to be vain, and give the Sex their Due;
Our English Wives shall prove this Story true:
We have our chaste Penelope's, who mourn
Their Widow'd Beds, and wait their Lords Return;

We

PROLOGUE.

*We have our Heroes too, who bravely bear,
Far from their Home, the Dangers of the War;
Who careless of the Winter Season's Rage,
New Toils explore, and in new Cares engage;
From Realm to Realm their Chief unweary'd goes,
And restless journies on, to give the World Repose.
Such are the constant Labors of the Sun,
Whose active, glorious Course is never done;
And tho' when hence he parts, with us 'tis Night,
Still he goes on, and lends to other Worlds his Light.
Ye beauteous Nymphs, with open Arms prepare
To meet the Warriors, and reward their Care;
May you for ever kind and faithful prove,
And pay their Days of Toil with Nights of Love!*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>ULYSSES</i> , King of <i>Ithaca</i> , conceal'd for some time under the Name of <i>Æthon</i> .	} Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Eurymachus</i> , King of <i>Samos</i> .	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Polydamas</i> , <i>Thoön</i> , <i>Agenor</i> , <i>Ephialtes</i> ,	} Neighboring Princes, Pretenders to the Queen. { Mr. <i>Mynns</i> . Mr. <i>Knap</i> . Mr. <i>Weller</i> . Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Telemachus</i> , Son to <i>Ulysses</i> and <i>Penelope</i> .	} Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Antinous</i> , a Nobleman of <i>Ithaca</i> , secretly in Love with the Queen.	} Mr. <i>Husband</i> .
<i>Cleön</i> , <i>Arcas</i> ,	} Friends to <i>Antinous</i> . { Mr. <i>Dickins</i> . Mr. <i>Cory</i> .
<i>Mentor</i> , Tutor to <i>Telemachus</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Eumæus</i> , an old Servant, and faithful to <i>Ulysses</i> .	
<i>Ceraunus</i> , a <i>Samian</i> Officer belonging to <i>Eurymachus</i> .	

W O M E N.

<i>Penelope</i> , Queen of <i>Ithaca</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Semantbe</i> , Daughter to <i>Eurymachus</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Several Samian and Ithacan Officers and Soldiers, with other Attendants, Men and Women.</i>	

S C E N E, I T H A C A.

U L Y S S E S.

U L Y S S E S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter TELEMACHUS *and* MENTOR.

TELEMACHUS.

O MENTOR! Urge no more my royal Birth,
Urge not the Honors of my Race divine,
Call not to my Remembrance what I am,
Born of *Ulysses*, and deriv'd from *Jove*;
For 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,
To think what their State is, and what it shou'd be;
Impatient of their Lot, they reason fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

MENTOR.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,
And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul;
That thou might'st know to rule the fiery Passions,
To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course,
To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change

Of various Life, to struggle with Adversity,
 To wait the Leisure of the righteous Gods,
 'Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
 Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once,
 A long and shining Train ; till thou well-pleas'd
 Shalt bow, and blest thy Fate, and own the Gods are just.

TELEMACHUS.

Thou prudent Guide, and Father of my Youth,
 Forgive my Transports, if I seem to lose
 The Rev'rence to thy sacred Precepts due ;
 'Tis a just Rage and honest Indignation.
 Ten Years ran round ere *Troy* was doom'd to fall,
 Ten tedious Summers and ten Winters more
 By turns have chang'd the Seasons since it fell,
 And yet we mourn my Godlike Father's Absence,
 As if the *Grecian* Arms had ne'er prevail'd,
 But *Jove* and *Hector* still maintain'd the War.

MENTOR.

Tho' absent, yet, if Oracles are true,
 He lives and shall return.---Where'er he wanders,
 Pursu'd by hostile *Trojan* Gods, in Peril
 Of the waste Desert, or the foamy Deep,
 Or Nations wild as both, yet Courage, Wisdom,
 And *Pallas*, Guardian of his Arms, is with him.

TELEMACHUS.

And Oh ! to what does the Gods Care reserve him ?
 Where is the Triumph shall go forth to meet him ?
 What *Paean* shall be sung to blest his Labors ?
 What Voice of Joy shall cry, Hail King of *Ithaca* ?
 Riot, and Wrong, and woful Desolation,
 Spread o'er the wretched Land, shall blast his Eyes,
 And make him curse the Day of his Return.

MENTOR.

Your Guest, the Stranger *Æthon*.

Enter ÆTHON.

TELEMACHUS.

By my Life,
 And by the great *Ulysses*, truly welcome ;

Oh

Oh thou most worthy *Æthon*, thou that wert
 In Youth Companion of my Father's Arms,
 And Partner of his Heart, does it not grieve thee
 To see the Honor of his Royal Name
 Despis'd and set at nought? his State o'er-run,
 Devour'd and parcel'd out by Slaves so vile,
 That if oppos'd to him 'twould make Comparifon
 Abfurd and monftrous feem, as if to mate
 A Mole-hill with *Olympus*?

Æ T H O N.

He was my Friend,
 I think I knew him; and, to do him right,
 He was a Man indeed — Not as these are,
 A Rioter, or Doer of foul Wrongs;
 But boldly juft, and more like what Man shou'd be.

T E L E M A C H U S.

From Morn 'till Noon, from Noon 'till the Shades
 darken,
 From E'vning 'till the Morning dawns again,
 Lewdnefs, Confufion, Infolence, and Uproar,
 Are all the Bus'nefs of their guilty Hours;
 The Cries of Maids enforc'd, the Roar of Drunkards,
 Mixt with the Braying of the Minftrels Noife
 Who minifters to Mirth, ring thro' the Palace,
 And echo to the Arch of Heav'n their Crimes.
 Behold! ye Gods, who judge betwixt your Creatures,
 Behold the Rivals of the great *Ulyffes*!

M E N T O R.

Doubt not but all their Crimes, and all thy Wrongs
 Are judg'd by *Nemefis* and equal *Jove*;
 Suffer the Fools to laugh and loll feure,
 This is their Day, — but there is one behind
 For Vengeance and *Ulyffes*.

Æ T H O N.

'Till that Day,
 That Day of Recompence and righteous Juftice,
 Learn thou, my Son, the cruel Arts of Courts;

Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
 And suffer Crimes, thou want'st the Pow'r to punish;
 Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly,
 Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways,
 But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none;
 Believe me, seventy Years, and all the Sorrows
 That seventy Years bring with 'em, have thus taught me,
 Thus only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Enter ANTI NOUS.

ANTI NOUS.

Hail to thee, Prince; thou Son of great *Ulysses*,
 Offspring of Gods, most worthy of thy Race;
 May ev'ry Day like this be happy to thee,
 Fruition and Success attend thy Wishes,
 And everlasting Glory crown thy Youth!

TELEMACHUS.

Thou greet'st me like a Friend——Come near,
Antinous;

May I believe that Omen of my Happiness,
 That Joy which dances in thy chearful Eyes?
 Or dost thou, for thou know'st my fond, fond Heart,
 Dost thou betray me to deceitful Hopes,
 And sooth me like an Infant, with a Tale
 Of some Felicity, some dear Delight,
 Which thou didst never purpose to bestow?

ANTI NOUS.

By *Cytherea's* Altar and her Doves,
 By all the gentle Fires that burn before her,
 I have the kindest Sounds to bless your Ear with,
 Nay, and the truest too, I'll swear I think,
 That ever Love and Innocence inspir'd.

TELEMACHUS.

Ha! from *Semanthe*?

ANTI NOUS.

From the fair *Semanthe*,

The gentle, the forgiving——

TELEMACHUS.

Soft, my *Antinous*,
 Keep

Keep the dear Secret safe ; Wisdom and Age
Reason perversely when they judge of Love.
A Bus'ness of a Moment calls me hence, [To Men.
That ended I'll attend the Queen ; till then,
Mentor ! the noble Stranger is thy Care.
Fly with me to some safe, some sacred Privacy,

[To Ant.
There charm my Senses with *Semantbe's* Accents,
'I here pour thy Balm into my love-sick Soul,
And heal my Cares for ever. [Exeunt Tel. and Ant.

Æ T H O N.

This smooth Speaker,
This supple Courtier is in Favor with you.
Mark'd you the Prince ? how, at this Man's Approach,
The Fierceness, Rage, and Pride of Youth declin'd ;
His changing Visage wore a Form more gentle,
And ev'ry Feature took a softer Turn ;
As if his Soul bent on some new Employment,
Of different Purpose from the Thought before,
Had summon'd other Counsels, other Passions,
And dress'd her in a gay fantastic Garb
Fit for th' Adventure which she meant to prove.
By *Jove*, I lik'd it not——

M E N T O R.

The Prince, whose Temper
Is open as the Day, and unsuspecting,
Esteems him as devoted to his Service ;
Wise, brave, and just : And since his late Return
From *Nestor's* Court at *Pyle*, he still has held him
In more especial Nearness to his Heart.

Æ T H O N.

'Tis rash, and favors of unwary Youth :
Tell him he trusts too far——If I mistook not,
You said he was a Wooer.

M E N T O R.

True, he was ;
Noble by Birth, and mighty in his Wealth,
Proud of the Patriot's Name and People's Praise,
By Gifts, by friendly Offices and Eloquence,

He won the the Herd of *Ithacans* to think him
Ev'n worthy to supply his Master's Place.

Æ T H O N.

Unthinking, changeable, ungrateful *Ithaca!*
But *Mentor!* say, the Queen! Cou'd she forget
The Diff'rence 'twixt *Ulysses* and his Slave?
Did not her Soul resent the Violation,
And, spight of all the Wrongs she labor'd under,
Dash his Ambition and presumptuous Love?

M E N T O R.

Still great and royal in the worst of Fortunes,
With native Pow'r and Majesty array'd,
She aw'd this rash *Ixion* with her Frown;
Taught him to bend his abject Head to Earth,
And own his humbler Lot——He stood rebuk'd,
And full of guilty Sorrow for the past,
Vow'd to repeat the daring Crime no more,
But with Humility and loyal Service
To purge his Fame, and wash the Stains away.

Æ T H O N.

Decoit and Artifice! the Turn's too sudden;
Habitual Evils seldom change so soon,
But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows,
Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
And work a second Nature in the Soul,
Fre Virtue can resume the Place she lost;
'Tis else Dissimulation——But no more,
The ruffling Train of Suitors are at hand,
Those mighty Candidates for Love and Empire;
'Tis well the Gods are mild, when these dare hope
To merit their best Gifts by Riot and Injustice.

*Enter Polydamas, Agenor, Thoon, Ephialtes and
Attendants.*

P O L Y D A M A S.

Our Souls are out of Tune, we languish all,
Nor does the sweet returning of the Dawn

Chear

Chear with its usual Mirth our drowzy Spirits,
That droop'd beneath the lazy leaden Night.

A G E N O R.

Can we, who swear we love, smile or be gay,
When our fair Queen, the Goddess of our Vows,
She that adorns our Mirth and gilds our Day,
Withholds the Beams that only can revive us?

T H O O N.

Night must involve the World 'till she appear,
The Flow'rs in painted Meadows hang their Heads,
The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs,
Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labor;
Ev'n Nature seems to slumber 'till her Call,
Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day.

E P H I A L T E S.

Why is she then withheld, this public Good?
Why does she give those Hours that should rejoice us
To Tears, Perverseness, and to sullen Privacy;
While vainly here we waste our lusty Youth,
In Expectation of th' uncertain Blessing?

P O L Y D A M A S.

For twice two Years, this coy, this cruel Beauty
Has mock'd our Hopes, and cross'd 'em with Delays;
At length the female Artifice is plain,
The Riddle of her mystic Web is known,
Which ere her second Choice she swore to weave;
While still the secret Malice of the Night
Undid the Labors of the former Day.

A G E N O R.

Hard are the Laws of Love's despotic Rule,
And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain;
Grown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,
Bacchus the jolly God of laughing Pleasures,
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,
Apollo's Lyre, and *Hermes'* tuneful Shell;
Let Wine and Music join to swell the Triumph,
To sooth uneasy Thought, and lull Desire.

Æ T H O N.

Is this the Rev'rence due to sacred Beauty,
Or these the Rites the *Cyprian* Goddess claims?

These rude licentious Orgies are for *Satyrs*,
 And such the drunken Homage which they pay
 To old *Silenus* nodding on his Afs.
 But be it as it may ; it speaks you well.

E P H I A L T E S.

What says the Slave ?

T H O O N.

Oh ! 'tis the Snarler *Æthon*,
 A privileg'd Talker---Give him leave to rail ;
 Or send for *Irus* forth, his fellow Droll,
 And let 'em play a Match of Mirth before us,
 And Laughter be the Prize to crown the Victor.

Æ T H O N.

And dost thou answer to Reproof with Laughter ?
 But do so still, and be what thou wert born ;
 Stick to thy native Sense, and scorn Instruction.
 Oh Folly ! What an Empire hast thou here !
 What Temples shall be rais'd to thee ! What Crowds
 Of slav'ring, hooting, senseless, shameful Idiots
 Shall worship at thy ignominious Altars,
 While Princes are thy Priests !

P O L Y D A M A S.

Why shoud'st thou think,
 O'erweening, insolent, unmanner'd Slave,
 That Wisdom does forsake the Wealth, the Honors,
 And full Prosperity of Princes Courts,
 To dwell with Rags and Wretchedness like thine ?
 Why dost thou call him Fool ?

Æ T H O N.

Speech is most free,
 It is *Jove's* Gift to all Mankind in common.
 Why dost thou call me poor, and think me wretched ?

P O L Y D A M A S.

Because thou art so.

Æ T H O N.

Answer to thyself,
 And let it serve for thee and for thy Friend.

A G E N O R.

He talks like Oracles, obscure and short.

Æ T H O N.

Æ T H O N.

I wou'd be understood, but Apprehension
Is not thy Talent—Midnight Surfeits, Wine,
And painful undigested Morning Fumes,
Have marr'd thy Understanding.

E P H I A L T E S.

Hence, thou Miscreant!
My Lords, this Railer is not to be borne.

Æ T H O N.

And wherefore art thou borne, thou public Grievance,
Thou Tyrant, born to be a Nation's Punishment;
To scourge thy guilty Subjects for their Crimes,
And prove Heav'n's sharpest Vengeance?

E P H I A L T E S.

Spurn him hence,
And tear the rude, unhallow'd Railer's Tongue
Forth from his Throat.

Æ T H O N.

If brutal Violence,
And Lust of foul Revenge, should urge thee on,
Spight of the Queen, and hospitable *Jove*,
T'oppress a Stranger, single and unarm'd,
Yet mark me well, I was not born thy Vassal;
And wert thou ten Times greater than thou art,
And ten Times more a King, thus wou'd I meet thee;
Thus naked as I am, I wou'd oppose thee,
And fight a Woman's Battle with my Hands,
Ere thou should'st do me Wrong, and go unpunish'd.

E P H I A L T E S.

Ha! dost thou brave me, Dog?

Coming up to Æthon.

T H O O N.

Avant!

P O L Y D A M A S.

Begone!

Enter E U R Y M A C H U S.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

What Daughter of old *Chaos*, and the Night,
What Fury loiters yet behind the Shades,

To vex the peaceful Morn with Rage and Uproar
 Each frowning Visage, doubly dy'd with Wrath,
 Your Voices in tumultuous Clamors rais'd,
 Venting Reproach, and stirring strong Contention,
 Say, you have been at Variance—Speak, ye Princes,
 Whence grew th' Occasion?

Æ T H O N.

King of *Samos*, hear me.

To thee, as to a King, worthy the Name,
 The Majesty and Right-divine of Pow'r,
 Boldly I dare appeal—This King of *Scriphos*,
 [Pointing to *Ephialtes*.

This Island Lord, this Monarch of a Rock,
 He and his Fellow Princes there, yon' Band
 Of eating, drinking Lovers, have, in Scorn
 Of the Gods Laws, and Strangers sacred Privilege,
 Offer'd me foul Offence, and most unmanly Injuries.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Away! it is too much---You wrong your Honors,---

[To the *Wooers*.

And stain the Lustre of your royal Names,
 To brawl and wrangle with a Thing beneath you;
 Are we not Chief on Earth, and plac'd aloft?
 And when we poorly stoop to mean Revenge,
 We stand debas'd, and level with the Slave,
 Who fondly dares us with his vain Defiance.

E P H I A L T E S.

Henceforward, let the ribbald Railer learn
 To curb the lawless Licence of his Speech;
 Let him be dumb, we wo'not brook his Prating.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Go to! You are to bitter---But no more; [To *Æthon*.
 Let ev'ry jarring Sound of Discord cease,
 Tune all your Thoughts and Words to Beauty's Praise,
 To Beauty, that, with sweet and pleasant Influence,
 Breaks like the Day-star from the chearful East.
 For see where, circled with a Crowd of Fair Ones,
 Fresh as the Spring, and fragrant as its Flow'rs,
 Your Queen appears, your Goddess, your *Penelope*.

Enter

Enter the Queen, with Ladies, and other Attendants.

Diana thus, on *Cynthus*' shady Top,
Or by *Eurotas*' Stream leads to the Chace
Her Virgin Train; a thousand lovely Nymphs
Of Form celestial all, troop by her Side;
Amidst a thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands confest,
In Beauty, Majesty, and Port divine,
Supreme and eminent.

QUEEN.

If these sweet Sounds,
This humble fawning Phrase, this faithless Flattery,
If these known Arts cou'd heal my wounded Soul,
Cou'd recompence the Sorrows of my Days,
Or sooth the Sighings of my lonely Nights;
Well might you hope to wooe me to your Wishes,
And win my Heart with your fond Tales of Love:
But since whate'er I've suffer'd for my Lord,
From *Troy*, the Winds and Seas, the Gods and you,
Is deeply writ within my sad Remembrance,
Know, Princes, all your Eloquence is vain.

AGENOR.

If those bright Eyes, that waste their Lights with
weeping,
Wou'd kindly shine upon *Agenor*'s Hopes,
Behold he offers to his charming Queen,
His Crown, his Life, his ever faithful Vows,
What Joys soe'er, or Love or Empire yield,
To bless her future Days, and make 'em happy all!

POLYDAMAS.

Accept my Crown, and reign with me in *Delos*.

THOON.

Mine, and the Homage of my People wait you.

EPHIALTES.

I cannot court you with a filken Tale,
With easy, ambling Speeches, fram'd on Purpose,
Made to be spoke in Tune——But be my Queen,
And leave my plain-spoke Love to prove its Merit.

QUEEN.

Q U E E N.

And am I yet to learn your Love, your Faith?
 Are not my Wrongs gone up to Heav'n against you?
 Do they not stand before the Throne of *Jove*;
 And call incessant on his tardy Vengeance?
 What Sun has shone that has not seen your Insolence,
 Your wasteful Riot, and your impious Mirth,
 Your Scorn of old *Laertes*' feeble Age,
 Of my Son's Youth, and of my Woman's Weakness!
 Ev'n in my Palace, here, my latest Refuge,
 (For you are Lords of all besides in *Ithaca*)
 With Ruffian Violence, and murd'rous Rage
 You menace the Defenceless and the Stranger;
 And from th' unhospitable Dwelling drive
 Safety and friendly Peace.

A T H O N.

For me, it matters not;
 Wrong is the Portion still of feeble Age;
 My toilsome Length of Days, full oft has taught me
 What 'tis to struggle with the Proud and Powerful;
 But 'tis for thy unhappy Fate, fair Queen,
 'Tis to behold thy Beauty and thy Virtue,
 'Transcendent both, worthy the Gods who gave 'em,
 And worthy of their Care, to see 'em left,
 Abandon'd and forsaken to rude Outrage,
 And made a Prize for Drunkards; 'tis for this
 My Soul takes Fire within, and vainly urges
 My cold, enervate Hand, t'assert thy Cause.

Q U E E N.

Alas! they scorn the Weakness of thy Age,
 As of my Sex—— But mark me well, ye Princes!
 Whoe'er amongst you dares to lift his Hand
 Against the hoary Head of this old Man,
 This good old Man, this Friend of my *Ulysses*,
 Him will I hold my worst, my deadliest Foe;
 Him shall my Curses and Revenge pursue,
 And mark him from the rest with most distinguish'd
 Hatred.

EPHIALTES.

That you are weak, defenceless and oppress'd,
 Impute not to the Gods; they have befriended you;
 With lavish Hands they spread their Gifts before you:
 What Pride, Revenge, what wanton Love of Change,
 Or Woman's Wish can ask, behold, we offer you.
 Curse the Perverseness of your stubborn Will then,
 That has delay'd your Choice, and in that Choice your
 Happiness.

QUEEN.

And must I hear this still, and still endure it?
 Oh Rage! Dishonor! wretched, helpless Queen!
 Return, return my Hero, my *Ulysses*:
 Bring him again, you cruel Seas and Winds,
Troy, and adult'rous *Paris*, are no more;
 Restore him then, you righteous Gods of *Greece*,
 T'avenge himself and me upon these Tyrants,
 And do a second Justice here at Home.

EURYMACHUS.

Amongst the mighty *Manes* of the *Greeks*,
 Great Names, and fam'd for highest Deeds in War,
 His honor'd Shade rests from the Toils of Life,
 In everlasting Indolence and Ease,
 Careless of all your Pray'rs and vain Complaining,
 Which the Winds bear away, and scatter in their
 Wantonness.

Turn those bright Eyes, then, from Despair and Death,
 And fix your better Hopes among the Living;
 Fix 'em on One, who dares, who can defend you;
 One worthy of your Choice.

QUEEN.

If my free Soul
 Must stoop to this unequal, hard Condition,
 If I must make this second-hated Choice,
 Yet by connubial *Juno* here I swear,
 None shall succeed my Lord, but that brave Man
 That dares avenge me well upon the rest.
 Then let whoever dares to Love be bold,

Be,

Be, like my former Hero, made for War,
 Able to bend the Bow, and tofs the Spear;
 For ev'ry Wrong his injur'd Queen has found,
 Let him revenge and pay it with a Wound;
 Fierce from the Slaughter let the Victor come,
 And tell me that my Foes have met their Doom;
 Then plight his Faith upon his bloody Sword,
 And be what my *Ulyffes* was, my best, my dearest Lord.
 [*Exeunt Queen, Mentor, and Attendants; Eurymachus,
 Ephialtes, Agenor, Thoon, and Polydamas, following.*]

Manet Æ T H O N.

Æ T H O N.

O matchless Proof of Faith and Love unchang'd!
 Left in the Pride, the wishing Warmth of Youth,
 For ten long Years, and ten long Years to that;
 And yet so true! Beset with strong Allurements,
 With Youth, proud Pomp, and soft bewitching Pleasure,
 'Tis wonderful! and Wives in later Times
 Shall think it all the Forgery of Wit;
 A Fable curiously contriv'd t'upbraid
 Their fickle easy Faith, and mock them for their
 Lightness.

But see the *Samian* King returns.

Enter E U R Y M A C H U S.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

I fought you
 Amidst the Crowd of Princes, who attend
 The Queen to *Juno's* Temple.

Æ T H O N.

When I worship,
 And bow myself before the awful Gods,
 I mingle not with those who scorn their Laws,
 With raging, brutal, loose, voluptuous Crowds,
 Who take the Gods for Gluttons, like themselves.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

This fullen Garb, this moody Discontent,
 Sits on thee well, and I applaud thy Anger;

Thy.

Thy just Disdain of this licentious Rout :
 Yet all are not like these; nor ought thy Quarrel
 Be carry'd on to all Mankind in common.

Æ T H O N.

Perhaps the untaught Plainness of my Words,
 May make you think my Manners rude and savage :
 But know, my Country is the Land of Liberty ;
Phœacia's happy Isle, that gave me Birth,
 Forbids not any to speak plain and truly ;
 Sincere and open are we, roughly honest,
 Upright in Deed, tho' simple in our Speech,
 As meaning not to flatter, or offend ;
 The Use of Words we have, but not the Art ;
 And ev'n as Nature dictates, so we speak.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Now by great *Juno*, Guardian of our *Samos*,
 In strong Description hast thou well express'd
 That manly Virtue I wou'd make a Friend of.
 Nor thou, brave *Æthon*, shalt disdain our Amity,
 Our proffer'd Love; for know, that Kings, like Gods,
 With all Things good adorn their own Creation ;
 And where their Favor fixes, there is Happiness.

Æ T H O N.

Yes, Sir, you are a King; a great One too;
 My humbler Birth has cast me far beneath you,
 And made me for the proffer'd Grace unfit;
 Friendship delights in equal Fellowship ;
 Where Parity of Rank, and mutual Offices,
 Engage both Sides alike, and keep the Balance ev'n.
 'Tis irksome to a gen'rous, grateful Soul,
 To be oppress'd beneath a Load of Favors;
 Still to receive, and run in Debt to Friendship,
 Without the Pow'r of paying something back.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

I know thee grateful; just and gen'rous Minds
 Are always so; nor is thy Pow'r so scanty,
 But that it may vie with a King's Munificence;
 May make me large Amends for all my Bounty;

May

May blefs me with a Benefit I want;
 And give me that which my Soul moſt deſires:
 The Queen——

Æ T H O N.

How, Sir, the Queen?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

The beauteous Queen!

That Summer-Sun in full Meridian Glory!
 Brighter than the faint Promise of the Spring,
 With Bleſſings ripen'd to the Gatherer's Hand,
 Mature for Joy, and in Perfection lovely;
 Ev'n ſhe!

The Pride of Greece, the Wiſh of youthful Princes,
 Severe and cold, and rigid as ſhe is,
 Looks gently on thee, *Æthon!*; ſhe beholds thee
 With kind Regard, and liſtens to thy Counſels.

Æ T H O N.

Be ſtill thou beating Heart! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, go on.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

No more, there needs no more; thy piercing Wit,
 I read it in thy Eyes, hath found my Purpose.
 Be favorable then, be friendly to me;
 Nay, I'll conjure thee, by my Hopes, by thine,
 Whether they follow Wealth, or Pow'r, or Fame,
 Or what Deſires foe'er warm thy old Breaſt,
 Counſel me, aid me, teach me, be my Friend.

Æ T H O N.

Suppoſe me ſuch, What ſhou'd my Friendſhip profit
 you?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

O by ten thouſand Ways! Has not that Age
 That turn'd thy rev'rend Locks ſo Silver white,
 Has it not giv'n thee Skill in Womankind,
 Sagacious Wiſdom to explore their Subtleties,
 Their coy Averſions, and their eager Appetites,
 Their falſe Denials, and their ſecret Yieldings?
 Yet more, thy Friendſhip with her former Lord,
 Gives thee a Right to ſpeak, and be believ'd.

Æ T H O N.

Æ T H O N.

Then you wou'd have me wooe her for you, win
her;

This Queen, this Wife of him that was my Friend?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Thou speak'st me well; of him that was thy Friend:
His Death has broke those Bonds of Love and Friendship,
And left me free and worthy to succeed,
Both in her Heart, and thine.

Æ T H O N.

Excuse me, Sir,

Nor think I meant to question your high Worth.

I am but ill at Praising, or my Tongue

Had spoke the great Things that my Heart thinks of
you.

Suppose me wholly yours——Yet do you hold
This Sov'reign Beauty made of such light Stuff,
So like the common Changelings of her Sex,
That he that flatter'd, sigh'd, and spoke her fair,
Cou'd win her from her stubborn Resolution,
And chaste Reserv'dness, with his sweet Persuasion?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

No, were she form'd like them, she were a Conquest
Beneath a Monarch's Love, or Æthon's Wit.

Not but I think, she has her warmer Wishes;

'Twere monstrous else, and Nature had deny'd

Her choicest Blessing to her fairest Creature:

Her soft Desires that steal abroad unseen,

Like Silver *Cynthia* sliding from her Orb,

At Dead of Night to young *Endymion's* Arms.

Æ T H O N.

How! think you so?——But so 'tis true it may be;

The best of all the Sex is but a Woman;

And why shou'd Nature break her Rule for One?

To make One true, when all the rest are false?

To find those Wishes then, those fond Desires,

To trace the fulsom Haunts of wanton Appetite,

She must be try'd.

E U R Y-

U L Y S S E S.

EURYMACHUS.

That to thy Care, my *Æthon*,
Thy Wit and watchful Friendship I commend.

Æ T H O N.

Yes, Sir, be certain on't, she shall be try'd;
Thro' all the winding Mazes of her Thoughts,
Thro' all her Joys, her Sorrows, and her Fears,
Thro' all her Truth and Falshood I'll pursue her.
She shall be subtler than Deceit itself,
And prosp'rously wicked, if she 'scape me.

EURYMACHUS.

Thou art my Genius, and my happier Hours
Depend upon thy Providence and Rule.
'This Day, at her Return from *Juno's* Altar,
I have obtain'd an Hour of private Conference.

Æ T H O N.

What! private, said you? 'Twas a Mark of Favor,
Distinguishingly kind.

EURYMACHUS.

Somewhat I urg'd
That much concern'd her Honor, and her Safety,
Nay ev'n the Life of her belov'd *Telemachus*,
Which to her Ear alone I wou'd disclose:
Thou shalt be present—How I mean to prove her,
Which Way to shake the Temper of her Soul,
And where thy Aid may stand me most in stead,
I will instruct thee as we pass along.

Æ T H O N.

I wait you, Sir.

EURYMACHUS.

Nor doubt of the Success;
This stubborn Beauty shall be taught Compliance.
Fair Daughter of the Ocean, smiling *Venus*,
Thou Joy of Gods and Men, assist my Purpose;
Thy *Cyprus* and *Cythera* leave a-while,
Thy *Paphian* Groves, and sweet *Idul.an* Hill,
To fix thy Empire in this rugged Isle;

}

Bring.

U L Y S S E S.

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Bring all thy Fires from ev'ry Lover there,
To warm this coy, this cruel, frozen Fair;
Let her no more from Nature's Laws be free,
But learn Obedience to thy great Decree,
Since Gods themselves submit to Fate and Thee.

}

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

 A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter ANTINOUS, CLEON, and ARCAS.

ANTINOUS.

'TIS thus, my Fellow-Citizens and Friends,
'Tis thus unhappy *Ithaca* must groan
Beneath the Bondage of a foreign Lord;
A needy, upstart Race of hungry Strangers
Shall swarm upon the Land, eat its Increase,
Devour the Labors of the toiling Hind,
And gather all the Wealth and Honors of our Isle.

CLEON.

The filken Minions of the *Samian* Court,
To lord it o'er the Province shall be sent,
To rule the State, to be the Chiefs in War,
And lead our hardy *Ithacans* to Battle.
Freedom and Right shall cease; our Corn, Wine, Oil,
The Fatness of the Year, shall all be theirs;
Our modest Matrons, and our Virgin Daughters,
Ev'n all we hold most dear, shall be the Spoil,
The Prey of our imperious, haughty Masters.

ARCAS.

Wou'd I cou'd say I did not fear these Evils.

ANTINOUS.

O honest *Arcus*, 'tis too plain a Danger.
The Queen, requir'd by public Voice to wed,
To end at once the Hopes and riotous Concourse
Of princely Guests, contending for her Love,
O'er-passing all the noblest of our Isle,
Inclines to fix her Choice on proud *Eurymachus*.

CLEON.

Why rides the *Samian* Fleet within our Harbor,
But to support their Tyrant's Title here?

With

With Causes feign'd, they linger long, pretending
Rude Winter Seas, with Omens that forbid
The frighted Mariner to leave the Shore;
While *Neptune* smoothes his Waters for their Passage,
And gently-whistling Winds invite their Sails,
As if they wish'd to waft them back to *Samos*?

A R C A S.

Ulysses is no more; the partial Gods,
Who favor'd *Priam* and his hapless Race,
Have pour'd their Wrath on his devoted Head;
And now, in some far distant Realm, expos'd
To glut the Vulture's, and the Lion's Maw,
Or in the oozy Bottom of the Deep,
Full many a Fathom down, the Hero lies,
And never shall return—What then remains,
But that our Country fly to thee for Succor,

[To Antinous,

To thee, the noblest of the Lords of *Ithaca*?
And since, so Fate ordains, our Queen must wed,
Be thou her second Choice, be thou her Ruler,
And save our Nation from a foreign Yoke.

A N T I N O U S.

You are my Friends, and over-rate my Worth:
But witness for me, for you still have known me,
When e'er my Country's Service calls me on,
No Enterprize so doubtful, or so dangerous,
But I will boldly prove it, to preserve thee,
Oh *Ithaca*, from Bondage.

C L E O N.

Wherefore urge you not
Your Suit among the rest?

A N T I N O U S.

The cruel Queen
Rejects my humble Vows with angry Scorn:
And when I once presum'd to speak my Passion,
She call'd it Insolence—Since then I've strove
To hide th' unlucky Folly, from all Eyes
But yours, my Friends, who view my naked Soul.

A R C A S.

A R C A S.

Avow your Flame in public, tell the World
Antinous is worthy of a Queen;
 So many valiant Hands shall own your Cause,
 So shall the Voice in *Ithaca* be for you,
 The Queen shall own your Love has made her great,
 And giv'n her back an Empire she had lost.

A N T I N O U S.

Think not I dream the Hours of Life away,
 Supine, and negligent of Love and Glory;
 No, *Arcas*, no, my active Mind is busy,
 And still has labor'd with a vast Design;
 Ere long, the beauteous Birth will be disclos'd,
 Then shall your Pow'rs come forth, your Swords and
 Counsels,

And manifest the Love you bear *Antinous*;
 'Till then be still——To favor my Design,
 With low Submissions, with obsequious Duty,
 And Vows of Friendship, fit to flatter Boys with,
 I've wound myself into the Prince's Heart.

C L E O N.

'Tis said, the Love-sick Youth dotes ev'n to Death
 Upon the *Samian* Princess, fair *Semanthe*.

A N T I N O U S.

Let it go on—'tis a convenient Dotage,
 And suits my Purpose well—The Youth, by Nature
 Is active, fiery, bold, and great of Soul;
 Love is the Bane of all these noble Qualities,
 The sickly Fit that palls Ambition's Appetite;
 And therefore have I nurs'd the fond Disease,
 Inspiring lazy Wishes, Sighs and Languishings,
 Unactive dreaming Sloth, and Womanish Softness,
 To freeze his Veins, and quench his manly Fires.
 The froward God of Love, to boast his Pow'r,
 Has bred of late some little Jars between 'em;
 But 'twas my Care to reconcile their Follies;
 And, if my Augury deceives me not,
 This Day a Priest in private makes 'em one,
 Unknown, or to the Queen, or to *Eurymachus*.
 But see!——They come——retire.——

Enter

Enter TELEMACHUS and SEMANTHE.

Do, Sigh and Smile,
And print thy Lips upon the soft white Hand ;
Scepters and Crowns are Trifles none regard,
That can be blest with such a Joy as this is.

[*Exeunt Antinous, Cleon, and Arcas.*

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, my *Semantbe*, still I will complain,
Still I will murmur at thee, cruel Maid,
For all that Pain thou gav'st my Heart but now.
What God, averse to Innocence and Love,
Cou'd shake thy gentle Soul with such a Storm ?
Just at that happy Moment, when the Priest
Had join'd our Hands, thou start'st as Death had struck
thee,

And sighing cry'dst, Ah ! no !——it is impossible !

SEMANTHE.

And yet, oh my lov'd Lord, yet I am yours ;
This Hand has giv'n me to you, and this Heart,
This Heart that akes with Tendernefs confirm'd it.

TELEMACHUS.

And yet thou art not mine ;---else why this Sorrow ?
Why art thou wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* descends in gentle Show'rs,
To cause Increase, and blefs the infant Year,
When ev'ry spiry Grass, and painted Flow'r,
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain ?

SEMANTHE.

Ye Woods and Plains, and all ye Virgin *Dryads*,
Happy Companions of those Woods and Plains,
Why was I forc'd to leave your chearful Fellowship,
To come and lose my Peace of Mind at *Ithaca* ?
And Oh ! *Semantbe*, wherefore didst thou listen
To that dear Voice ? why didst thou break thy Vow,
Made to the Huntress *Cynthia* and her Train ?
Ah ! say, fond Maid, say wherefore didst thou love ?

TELEMACHUS.

Alas ! my gentle Love, how have I wrong'd thee ?

By what unwilling Crime have I offended?
 That thus with streaming Eyes thou shouldst complain,
 Thus dash my Joys, and quench those holy Fires,
 By yellow *Hymen's* Torch so lately lighted:
 Thus stain this blessed Day, our bridal Day,
 With the detested Omen of thy Sorrows?

SEMANTHE.

Of what shou'd I accuse thee? Thou art noble,
 Thy Heart is soft, is pitiful and tender;
 And thou wilt never wrong thy poor *Semanthe*.
 And yet——

TELEMACHUS.

What mean'st thou?

SEMANTHE.

What have we been doing?

TELEMACHUS.

A Deed of Happiness.

SEMANTHE.

Are we not marry'd?

TELEMACHUS.

We are,---and like the careful, thirsty Hind,
 Who provident of Winter fills his Stores
 With all the various Plenty of the Autumn,
 We've hoarded up a mighty Mass of Joy,
 To last for all our Years that are to come,
 And sweeten ev'ry bitter Hour of Life.

SEMANTHE.

Fain wou'd I sooth my Soul with these sweet Hopes,
 Forget the Anguish of my waking Cares,
 And all those boding Dreams that haunt my Slumbers;
 Last Night, when after many a heavy Sigh,
 And many a painful Thought, the God of Sleep,
 Insensible and soft, had stole upon me;
 Methought I found me by a murm'ring Brook,
 Reclin'd at Ease upon the flow'ry Margin;
 And thou, thou first and last of all my Thoughts,
 Thou dear, eternal Object of my Wishes,
 Close by my Side wert laid.——

TELE-

TELEMACHUS.

Delightful Vision ;

And Oh ! Oh Pity that it was not real.

SEMANTHE.

A while on many a pleasing Theme we talk'd,
 And mingled sweet Discourse ; when, on the Sudden,
 The Cry of Hounds, the jolly Huntsman's Horn,
 With all the chearful Music of the Chace,
 Surpriz'd my Ear---and strait a Troop of Nymphs,
 Once the dear Partners of my Virgin Heart,
 Flew lightly by us, eager of the Sport ;
 Last came the Goddess, great *Latona's* Daughter ;
 With more than mortal Grace she stood confest ;
 I saw the golden Quiver at her Back,
 And heard the Sounding of her Silver Bow ;
 Abash'd I rose, and lowly made Obeisance ;
 But she, not sweet, nor affable, nor smiling,
 As once she wont, with stern Regard beheld me ;
 And wherefore dost thou loiter here, she said,
 Of me, thy Fellows, and our Sports unmindful ?
 Return, thou Fugitive ; nor vainly hope
 To dress thy Bridal Bed, and waste thy Youth
 In wanton Pleasures, and inglorious Love ;
 A Virgin at my Altar wert thou vow'd,
 'Tis fix'd by Fate, and thou art mine for ever.
 With that she snatch'd a Chaplet from my Hand,
 Which for thy Head in Fondness I had wove,
 And bore me swiftly with her :---In my Flight,
 Backwards, methought, I turn'd my Eyes to thee,
 But found thee not, for thou wert vanish'd from me,
 And in thy Place my Father lay extended
 Upon the Earth, a bloody lifeless Coarse ;
 Struck to the very Heart, I shriekt aloud,
 And waking, found my Tears upon my Pillow.

TELEMACHUS.

Vex not thy peaceful Soul, my fair *Semanthe*,
 Nor dread the Anger of the awful Gods,
 Safe in thy native unoffending Innocence.
 Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,

And drowzy Night invades the weary World,
 Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantastic *Morpheus*,
 Ten thousand mimic Phantoms fleet around him,
 Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures,
 Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent Forms,
 In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper,
 While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
 Imaginary Evils give Mankind.

S E M A N T H E.

Not happy Omens that approve our Wishes,
 When bright with Flames the chearful Altar shines,
 And the good Gods are gracious to our Offerings ;
 Not Oracles themselves, that speak us happy,
 Cou'd charm my Fears, and lull my froward Sorrows,
 Like the dear Voice of him whom my Soul loves ;
 Ev'n while thou spok'st my Breast begun to glow,
 I felt sweet Hopes, and Joy, and Peace returning,
 And all the Fires of Life were kindled up anew.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Hence then, thou meager Care, ill-boding Melan-
 choly,
 Anxious Disquiet, and heart-breaking Grief,
 Fly to your native Seats, where deep below
 Old Night and Horror with the Furies dwell,
 Love and the joyful genial Bed disclaim you ;
 To Night a thousand little laughing *Cupids*
 Shall be our Guard, and wakeful watch around us,
 No Sound no Thought shall enter to disturb us,
 But sacred Silence reign ; unless, sometimes,
 We sigh and murmur with Excess of Happiness.

S E M A N T H E.

Alas, my Lord !

T E L E M A C H U S.

Again that mournful Sound !

S E M A N T H E.

What other Pain is this ? what other Fear,
 So diff'rent quite from what I felt before ?
 Alternate Heat and Cold shoot thro' my Veins ;
 Now a chill Dew hangs faintly on my Brow,

And

And now with gentle Warmth I glow all o'er ;
 Short are my Sighs, and nimbly beats my Heart,
 I gaze on thee with Joy, and yet I tremble;
 'Tis Pain and Pleasure blended, both at once,
 'Tis Life and Death, or something more than either.

TELEMACHUS.

Thus untry'd Soldiers, when the Trumpet sounds,
 Expect the Combat with uncertain Passions ;
 Thus Nature speaks in unexperienc'd Maids,
 And thus they blush, and thus like thee they tremble.
 At Even, when the Queen retires to Rest,
 I'll meet thee here, and take thee to my Arms,
 Thy best, thy surest Refuge.—
 But see ! the Stranger *Æthon* comes, retire,
 I wou'd not have his watchful Eye observe us.

Enter ÆTHON.

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me,
 Haste, at th' appointed Hour——
 Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn,
 For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn ;
 Think, how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
 And break my Heart with Grief, for thy unkind Delay.

[*Exeunt Telemachus and Semanthe.*]

Manet ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

Ha! what so close ? how cautious to avoid me !
 As who shou'd say, Old Man you are too wise,
 What has my Youth to do with your Instructions,
 While Folly is so pleasant to my Taste,
 And damn'd Destruction wears a Face so fair ?
 This *Samian* King is happy in his Arts :
 His Daughter, vow'd a Virgin to *Diana*,
 Is brought to play the Wanton here at *Ithaca* :
 No matter for Religion ; let the Gods
 Look to their Rites themselves ; the Youth grows fond,
 Just to their Wish ! and swears himself their Vassal.
 His Mother follows next——but soft——they come ;

Now to put on the Pander!—That's my Office.

Enter the QUEEN and EURYMACHUS.

QUEEN.

Have I not answer'd oft, It is vain,
In vain to urge me with this hateful Subject;
As thou art noble, pity me, *Eurymachus*;
Add not new Weight of Sorrows to my Days,
That drag too slow, too heavily along;
Compel me not to curse my Life, my Being,
To curse each Morn, each chearful Morn, that dawns
With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings,
To ev'ry wretched Creature, but myself;
To me it brings more Pain, and iterated Woes.

EURYMACHUS.

Oh God of Eloquence, bright *Maja's* Son!
Teach me what more than mortal Grace of Speech,
What Sounds can move this fierce relentless Fair,
This cruel Queen, that pityless beholds
My Heart that bleeds for her, my humble Knee,
In abject low Submission bent to Earth,
To deprecate her Scorn, and beg in vain,
One gracious Word, one favourable Look.

QUEEN.

Count back the tedious Years, since first my Hero
Forsook these faithful Arms to war with *Troy*;
And yet in all that long, long Tract of Time,
Witness, ye chaster Pow'rs, if e'er my Thoughts
Have harbor'd any other Guest but him;
Remember, King of *Samos*, what I've been,
Then think if I can change—*Æthon!* come near.

[*Æthon comes forward.*]

Good honest Man! how rare is Truth like thine!
Thou great Example of a loyal Friend!

ÆTHON.

Oh Lady, spare that Praise; if few like me
Are Friends, yet none have ever lov'd like you;
Why what a mighty Space is twenty Years!
'Tis irksome to Remembrance, to look back

Upon

Upon your Youth, that happier Part of Life,
Like some fair Field, or rich and fertile Soil,
That might have blest the Owner with Abundance;
But left unheeded, like a barren Moor,
Lies fenceless, wild, uncultivate, and waste.

QUEEN.

Alas!

EURYMACHUS.

Were Youth and Beauty giv'n in vain?
Why were the Gods so lavish of their Gifts,
To one, whose sullen Pride neglects to use 'em,
As if she scorn'd the Care Heav'n took to make her
happy?

ÆTHON.

More than enough of Sorrow have you known;
Give Ease at length to your afflicted Soul,
Be comforted, and now while Time is yours,
Taste the good things of Life, yet ere they perish,
Yet ere the happy Season pass away.

QUEEN.

What sov'reign Balm, what heav'nly healing Art,
Can cure a Heart so torn with Grief as mine,
Can stay this never-ceasing Stream of Tears,
And once more make my Senses know Delight?

EURYMACHUS.

What God can Work that Miracle but Love?
Love, who dispenses Joy to Heav'n itself,
And cheers his Fellow-Gods more than their Nectar,
'Till wrapt with vast, unutterable Pleasures,
Such as immortal Natures only know,
Each owns his Pow'r, and blesses the sweet Boy.

QUEEN.

Now *Æthon*, by thy Friendship to my Lord,
Answer, I charge thee, to this cruel King;
Demand if it be noble to prophane
My Virtue thus, with loose dishonest Courtship.

ÆTHON.

Are Love and Virtue then such mortal Foes,
That they must never meet?

QUEEN.

Never with me,

Unless my Lord return.

ÆT H O N.

Vain Expectation!

QUEEN.

Ha! surely I mistook!--what said'st thou, *Æthon?*

ÆT H O N.

That you have waited long for that Return,
Wasted too much of Life, and cast away
Those precious Hours, that might have been employ'd
To better Use than Weeping.

QUEEN.

This from thee

Oh faithless; Truth is vanish'd then indeed.

Oh *Æthon!*---art thou too---become my Enemy?

ÆT H O N.

If, to reward your Faith to lost *Ulysses*,
I pray the Gods to heap their Blessings on you,
To make you Mistress of a mighty Nation,
An Empire greater, nobler than your own;
And crown you with this valiant Monarch's Love;
If this be Enmity, you may accuse me.

QUEEN.

Dost thou solicit for him; dost thou dare
Invade my Peace, my Virtue?

ÆT H O N.

Not for him,

But for the common Happiness of both.

QUEEN.

Traitor! no more---at length thy wicked Arts,
Thy false dissembled Friendship for my Lord,
Thy pious Journey hither for his sake,
Thy Care of me, my Son, and of the State,
Thy Praise, thy Counsels, and thy Shew of Virtue,
So holy, so adorn'd with rev'rend Age,
All are reveal'd, and thou confest a Villain;
Hire, and the sordid Love of Gain have caught thee;
Gold

Gold has prevail'd upon thee to betray me,
And bargain for my Honor with this Prince.

[Pointing to Eurymachus.

Æ T H O N.

It grieves me I offend you—sure I am,
I meant it as a Friend.

Q U E E N.

Hence from my Sight !

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Æthon, no more---Since Love and willing Friendship
Employ their pious Offices in vain,
Learn we henceforth from this imperious Beauty,
Learn we, from her Example, to be cruel :
And tho' our softer Passions rest unsatisfy'd,
Yet the more fierce, the manly, and the rough,
Shall be indulg'd and riot to Excess.
Up then, Revenge, and arm thee thou fell Fury,
Up then, and shake thy hundred iron Whips,
To Day I vow to sacrifice to thee,
And flake thy horrid Thirst with Draughts of royal Gore.

Q U E E N.

What says the Tyrant? [Aside] Oh, Eurymachus
What fatal Purpose has thy Heart conceiv'd ?
What means that Rage that lightens in thy Eyes,
That flashes fierce, and menaces Destruction ?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

The lambent Fire of Love prevails no more,
And now another mightier Flame succeeds ;
Vaunt not too soon, nor triumph in thy Scorn :
For know, proud Queen, in spight of thy Disdain,
There is a Way ev'n yet to reach thy Heart.
Thou hast a Son, the Darling of thy Eyes—

Q U E E N.

Oh fatal Thought !
Fear, like the Hand of Death has seiz'd my Heart;
Cold, chilling Cold—My Son ! Oh my Telemachus !

Æ T H O N.

That Stroke was home---now, Virtue, hold thy own.

[Aside.

EURYMACHUS,

Know then, that Son is in my Pow'r, and holds
 His frail uncertain Being at my Pleasure ;
 And when I frown, Death and Destruction, greedy,
 Watchful, intent like Tigers on their Prey,
 Start sudden forth, and seize the helpless Boy.
 'Three hundred chosen Warriors from my Fleet,
 Who undiscern'd, in Parties, and by Stealth,
 Late came ashore, now wait for my Commands ;
 Think on 'em as the Ministers of Fate,
 For when I bid 'em execute, 'tis done.

QUEEN.

If, as my Soul presages from those Terrors
 Which gather on thy stern, tempestuous Brow,
 Thou art severely bent on Death and Vengeance ;
 Yet hear me, hear a Wretch's only Pray'r ;
 Oh spare the Innocent, spare my *Telemachus*,
 Let not the Ruffian's Sword nor murd'rous Violence
 Cut off the noble Promise of his Youth ;
 Oh spare him, and let all thy Rage fall here ;
 Remember 'twas this haughty, stubborn Queen
 Refus'd thy Love, and let her feel thy Hate.

EURYMACHUS.

A secret Joy glides thro' my fullen Heart,
 To see so fair a Suitor kneel before me ;
 But what have I to do with Thoughts like these ?
Aethon, go bear this Ring to bold *Ceraunus*,
 The valiant Leader of our *Samian* Band ;
 My last of Orders, which this Morn I gave him,
 Bid him perform ; haste thou, and see it done.

QUEEN.

Stay, I conjure thee, *Aethon*—Cruel King !
 Speak, answer me, unfold this dreadful Secret :
 Where points this sudden, dark, mysterious Mischief ?
 Say, at the Head of what devoted Wretch
 This winged Thunder aims—Say, while my Fears
 Have left me yet a little Life to hear thee.

EURYMACHUS.

Already dost thou dread the gath'ring Storm,

That

That grumbles in the Air, preluding Ruin?
But mark the Stroke, keep all thy Tears for that,
Too soon it shall be told thee—*Æthon* hence.

QUEEN, holding *Æthon*.

Not for thy Life—No not 'till thou hast heard me.

[*To Eurymachus*,

Too well, alas! I understand my Fate;
How have I been among the happy Mothers
Call'd the most happy, now to be most miserable:
The Barren, comfortless, fate down and wept,
When they compar'd their Marriage-Beds with mine;
The Fruitful, when they boasted of their Numbers,
With Envy and unwilling Praise, confess
That I had all their Blessings in my One;
Our Virgins, when they met him, sigh'd and blush'd;
Matrons and Wives beheld him as a Wonder,
And gazing Crowds pursu'd and blest him as he pass'd.
But then his Youth! his Tendernefs! his Piety!
Oh my *Telemachus*! my Son! my Son!

EURYMACHUS.

And what are all these Tears and helpless Wailings,
What poor Amends to injur'd Love and me?
How have I mourn'd thy Scorn, unkind and cruel?
How have I melted in unmanly Weeping?
How have I taught the stubborn Rocks of *Ithaca*,
And all the sounding Shore to echo my Complaining?
And hast thou e'er relented? Now mourn thou,
And murmur not, nor think thy Lot too hard,
Since equal Justice pays thee but thy own.

QUEEN.

Oh didst thou know what Agonies I feel,
Hard as thou art, thou would'st have Pity on me:
Death is too poor a Name, for that means Rest,
But 'tis Despair---'tis mad---tormenting Rage,
'Tis terrible---'tis bitter Pain---it is
A Mother's Mourning for her only Son.

ÆTHON.

Now, now her lab'ring Heart is rent with Anguish!
Oh Nature, how affecting are thy Sorrows!

How moving, melting in a Mother's Eyes!
 So Silver *Thetis*, on the *Phrygian* Shore,
 Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate,
 The Sea-Nymphs fate around, and join'd their Tears,
 While from his lowest Deep old Father Ocean
 Was heard to groan in pity of their Pain. [Aside.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Fair Mourner rise——Thus far thou hast prevail'd,
 [Offering to raise her.

If, to atone for all I have endur'd,
 For all thy cold Neglect, thy Arts, Delays,
 For all my Years of anxious Expectation,
 This Night thou give thy Beauties to my Arms;
 This Night! For Love, impatient of my Wrongs,
 Allows not ev'n a Moment's Space beyond it;
 The Prince, thy lov'd *Telemachus*, shall live,
 And Danger and Distress shall never know thee more.

Q U E E N.

Oh Shame! Oh Modesty! Connubial Truth
 And spotless Purity! Ye heav'nly Train!
 Have I preserv'd you in my secret Soul,
 To give you up at last, then plunge in Guilt,
 Abandon'd to Dishonour and Pollution?
 Oh never! never! let me first be rack'd,
 Torn, scatter'd by the Winds, plung'd in the Deep,
 Or bound amidst the Flames——Oh friendly Earth
 Open thy Bosom——And thou *Proserpine*,
 Infernal *Juno*, mighty Queen of Shades,
 Receive me to thy dark, thy dreadful Empire,
 And hide me, save me from this Tyrant's Fury.

Æ T H O N.

Oh racking racking Pain of secret Thought!

[Aside.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Hence! hence thou Trifler Love! fond, vain De-
 ceiver!
 I cast, I tear thee out——*Æthon*, be gone!

Q U E E N.

Then drag me too!—Yes hear me once, once more,
 For

For I will speak to thee of Love!—of Rage!
Of Death! of Madness! and eternal *Chaos*!

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Away, thou Loiterer! [To *Æthon*.

Æ T H O N.

Then I must go.

Q U E E N.

Eurymachus! [*Holding out her Hand to him.*

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Speak——

Q U E E N.

Mercy!

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Love!

Q U E E N.

Telemachus.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

My Queen! My Goddess! Art thou kind at last?
Oh softly, softly breathe the charming Sound,
And let it gently steal upon my Soul,
Gently as falls the balmy Dew from Heav'n,
Or let thy kind consenting Eyes speak for thee,
And bring me the sweet Tidings from thy Heart;
She yields! Immortal Gods! she yields!

Q U E E N.

Where is he?

Where is my Son? O tell me, is he safe?
Swear to me some most sacred solemn Oath,
Swear my *Telemachus* is free from Danger.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Hear me, great *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men,
And thou blue *Neptune*, and thou *Stygian Pluto*,
Hear, all ye greater and ye lesser Powers,
That rule in Heav'n, in Earth, in Seas, and Hell,
While to my Queen, on this fair Hand I swear,
That royal Youth, that best-lov'd Son is safe,
Nor dies unless his Mother urge his Fate.
At Night, a priest, by faithful *Æthon's* Care,
In private shall attend at thy Apartment;

There

There while rich Gums we burn, and spicy Odors,
 The Gods of Marriage and of Love invoking,
 I will renew my Vows, and at thy Feet
 Devote ev'n all my Pow'rs to thy Command.

Q U E E N.

'Till then be kind, and leave me to myself;
 Leave me to vent the Fulness of my Breast,
 Pour out the Sorrows of my Soul alone,
 And sigh myself, if possible, to Peace.
 Oh thou dear Youth, for whom I feel again
 My Throes, and twice endure a Mother's Pain;
 Well had I dy'd to save thee, Oh my Son;
 Well, to preserve thy Life, had giv'n my own;
 But when the Thoughts of former Days return,
 When my lost Virtue, Fame, and Peace I mourn,
 The Joys which still thou gav'st me I forget,
 And own I bought thee at a Price too great.

[Exit the Queen.]

E U R Y M A C H U S.

At length we have prevail'd: Fear, Doubt and Shame,
 Those peevish female Virtues, fly before us,
 And the disputed Field at last is ours.

Æ T H O N.

Yes, you have conquer'd, have approv'd yourself
 A Master in the Knowledge of the Sex.
 What then remains but to prepare for Triumph,
 To rifle all the Spoils of captive Beauty,
 And reap the sweet Reward of your past Labors?
 What of the Prince?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

He lives, but must be mine,
 And my *Semantbe's* Love the Band to hold him;
 But to to-morrow's Dawn leave we that Care;
 The present Day, for deep, for vast Designs,
 And hardy Execution is decreed.
 This Night, according to their wonted Riot,
 The Rival Princes mean to hold a Feast.

Æ T H O N.

Æ T H O N.

I mark'd but now the mighty Preparation,
 When to the Hall the sweating Slaves—past in,
 Bending beneath the massy Goblet's Weight,
 Whose each capacious Womb, fraught with rich Juice,
 Drawn from the *Chian* and the *Lesbian* Grape,
 Portended witless Mirth, vain Laughter, Boasting,
 Contentious Brawling, Madness, Mischief, and foul
 Murder;

While to appease the Glutton's greedy Maw,
 Whole Herds are slain, more than suffice for Hecatombs,
 Ev'n more than Zeal, with pious Prodigality,
 Bestows upon the Gods to feed their Priests with.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Then mark me well, or e'er the rolling Night
 Have finish'd half her Course, the fummy Vapors
 And mounting Spirits of the deep-drunk Bowl,
 Shall seize the Brains of these carousing Lovers;
 Then shalt thou *Æthon*, with my valiant *Samians*,
 Arm'd and appointed, all at thy Command,
 Surround the Hall, and on our common Foes
 At once revenge my Queen, thyself, and me.

Æ T H O N.

Ha! at a Blow!—'tis just—'tis greatly thought!
 By *Jove*, th' Avenger, 'twill be noble Slaughter;
 Nor doubt th' Event, I answer for 'em all,
 Ev'n to a Man.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Thine then be all the Care;
 While I with softer Pleasures crown my Hours
 And revel in Delight.

Æ T H O N.

How! at that Hour! [*Starting*]
 Ha!—In Enjoyment! Can that be?

E U R Y M A C H U S.

It must.

Fierce for the Joy, in secret, and alone
 I'll steal upon my Love.

Æ T H O N.

U L Y S S E S.

Æ T H O N.

Stay! that were well!

Alone you must——

E U R Y M A C H U S.

None but the conscious Priest----

That too must be thy Care, to choose one faithful,
One for the Purpose fit.

Æ T H O N.

Most worthy Office! [Aside.]

One to your Wish, try'd in these pious Secrets,
My Friend of ancient Date, is now in *Ithaca*;
Him sworn to Secrecy, and well prepar'd,
I will instruct to wait you with the Queen.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Then be propitious, Love!

Æ T H O N.

And thou, Revenge!

Shoot all thy Fires, and wake my slumb'ring Rage;
Let my past Wrongs, let Indignation raise
My Age to emulate my youthful Praise;
Let the stern Purpose of my Heart succeed,
Let Riot, Lust, and proud Injustice bleed.
Grant me but this, ye Gods, who favor Right,
I ask no other Blis nor fond Delight,
Nor envy thee, O King, thy bridal Night.

} [Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter ÆTHON, MENTOR, and EUMÆUS.

Æ T H O N.

IF Virtue be abandon'd, lost and gone,
No Matter for the Means that wrought the Ruin;
Whether the Pomp of Pleasure danc'd before her,
Alluring to the Sense; or dreadful Danger
Came arm'd with all its Terrors to the Onset,
She shou'd have held the Battle to the last,
Undaunted, yieldless, firm, and dy'd or conquer'd.

M E N T O R.

Think on what hard, on what unequal Terms,
Virtue, betray'd within by Woman's Weakness,
Beset without with mighty Fears and Flatteries,
Maintains the doubtful Conflict—Sure if any
Have kept the holy Marriage-Bed inviolate,
If all our *Grecian* Wives are not like *Helen*,
That Praise, the Queen, my royal Mistress, merits.

E U M Æ U S.

And Oh, impute not one unheeded Word,
Forc'd from her in the bitterest Pangs of Sorrow,
When fierce, conflicting Passion strove within,
Like all the Winds at once let loose upon the Main,
When wild Distraction rul'd—Oh urge not that,
A Blemish on her fair, her matchless Fame.

Æ T H O N.

Oh *Mentor*, and *Eumæus*, faithful Pair;
To whom my Life, my Honour, all I trust,
These Eyes beheld her yielding—Cursed Object!
Beheld her in the *Samian* King's Embrace;
The Sight of Hell, of baleful *Acheron*,
That rolls his livid Waves around the Damn'd,

Roaring

Roaring and yelling on the farther Shore,
 Was not so terrible, so irksome to me,
 As when I saw his Arms infold *Penelope*.
 I heard the fatal Compact for To-night,
 The Joys which he propos'd, nor she deny'd——
 But see, she comes——

M E N T O R.

How much unlike a Bride!

Enter the Q U E E N.

Behold her Tears, see comfortless Affliction,
 Anguish, and helpless, desolate Misfortune
 Writ in her Face.

Æ T H O N.

Retire! I wou'd observe her.

[*Mentor and Eumæus retire to the back Part of
 the Stage.*]

Q U E E N.

And dost thou only weep? Shall that put off
 Th' approaching Hour of Shame, or save thy Son?
 Thou weep'st, and yet the setting Sun descends
 Swift to the Western Waves, and guilty Night,
 Hasty to spread her Horrors o'er the World,
 Rides on the dusky Air——And now it comes,
 The fatal Moment comes, ev'n that dread Time
 When Witches meet to gather Herbs on Graves;
 When discontented Ghosts forsake their Tombs,
 And ghastly roam about, and doleful groan.——
 And hark! the Screech-Owl screams, and beats the
 Window

With deadly Wings——And hark! More dreadful yet,
 Tike *Thracian Tercus* to unhappy *Philomel*,
 The furious Bridegroom comes——The Tyrant! Ravisher!
 And see! the Shade of my much injur'd Lord
 Starts up to blast me!——Hence!——Begone, you Horrors,
 For I will hide me in the Arms of Death,
 And think on you no more——That Traitor here!

[*Seeing Æthon.*]

Æ T H O N.

Æ T H O N.

Hail beauteous Queen! The God of Love salutes thee,
And thus, by great *Eurymachus* he speaks,
Be Sorrow and Misfortune on thy Foes,
But let thy Days be crown'd with smiling Peace;
Content, and everlasting Joy dwell with thee.

Q U E E N.

Com'st thou to greet me with the Sounds of Joy!
Thou Messenger of Fate?—So the hoarse Raven
Croaks o'er the Mansion of the dying Man,
And often warns him with this dismal Note,
To think upon his Tomb.

Æ T H O N.

Or I mistook,
Or I was bid to treat of gentler Matters;
Kindly to ask at what auspicious Hour,
Your royal Bridegroom, and the Priest shou'd wait you.

Q U E E N.

Too well my boding Heart foretold thy Tidings.—
Now what Reply?—There is no Room for Choice,
'Tis one Degree of Infamy to doubt;
What must be, must be—Let me then resolve,
'Tis only thus—no more—and I am free. [*Aside*]
Say to the *Samian* King, thy Master, thus;
When *Menelaus*, and the Fate of *Greece*,
Summon'd my Lord to *Troy*, he left behind him
None worthy of his Place in Love or Empire.

Æ T H O N.

How, Lady!--Whither points her Meaning now?—
[*Aside*]

Q U E E N.

Say too, I've held his Merit in the Balance,
But find the Price of Honor so much greater,
That 'twere an Idiot's Bargain to exchange 'em:
Yet tell him too, I have my Sex's Weakness,
I have a Mother's Fondness in my Eyes,
And all her tender Passions in my Heart.

Æ T H O N.

Ay, there! 'Tis there she's lost!

[*Aside*]
Q U E E N.

Q U E E N.

Nor can I bear
To see what more, far more than Life I joy in,
My only Pledge of Love, my Lord's dear Image,
My Son, by bloody Hands mangled and murder'd:
(Oh terrible to Nature!) Therefore one,
One Remedy alone is left to save me,
To shield me from a Sight of so much Horror
And tell *Eurymachus*, I find it——here.

[*She offers to stab herself; Æthon catches hold of her Arm, and prevents her.*

Æ T H O N.

Forbid it, Gods! perish the Tyrant rather,
Let *Samos* be no more.

Q U E E N.

Off! Off, thou Traitor!
Give Way to my just Rage!----Oh tardy Hand!
To what hast thou betray'd me! Let me go!
Oh let me, let me die, or I will curse thee,
'Till Hell shall tremble at my Imprecations,
'Till Heav'n shall blast thee---Lost!---undone for ever!

Æ T H O N.

O Trifler that I am! *Mentor! Eumæus!*

[*They come forward.*

Come to my Aid!——Be calm but for a Moment,
And wait to see what Wonders it will shew thee.
Guard her, upon your Lives; remember that:
Guard her from ev'ry Instrument of Death;
Sooth and assuage her Grief, till my Return
Unfold the mighty Secret of her Fate,
And once more reconcile her Soul to Peace.

[*Exit Æthon.*

Q U E E N.

And are you too my Foes? Have you conspir'd
And join'd with that false *Æthon* to betray me?
Here sit thee down then, humbly in the Dust,
Here sit, a poor, forlorn, abandon'd Woman;
Cast not thy Eyes up to yon azure Firmament,
Nor hope Relief from thence; the Gods are pitiless.

Or

Or busy in their Heav'n, and thou not worth their Care;
 And Oh! Oh! cast 'em not on Earth, to seek
 For Succour from the faithless Race of Man;
 But as thou art forsaken, and alone,
 Hope not for Help, where there is none to help thee,
 But think——'tis Desolation all about thee.

M E N T O R.

Far be that Thought, to think you are forsaken;
 Gods and good Men shall make you still their Care.
 And Oh! far be it from your faithful Servants,
 For all those Honors mad Ambition toils for,
 For all the Wealth that bribes the World to Wickedness,
 For Hopes or Fears, for Pleasures or for Pains,
 To leave our royal Mistress in Distress.

E U M Æ U S.

At length Time's Fulness comes, and that great
 Period,
 For which so many tedious Years roll'd round;
 At length the white, the smiling Minute comes,
 To wipe the Tears from those fair Eyes for ever;
 That Good we daily pray'd for, but pray'd hopeless,
 That Good, which ev'n the Prescience of the Gods
 (So doubtfully was it set down in Fate)
 Uncertainly foresaw, and darkly promis'd,
 That Good, one Day, the happiest of our Lives
 Freely and fortunately brings to pass.

M E N T O R.

And hark! vindictive *Jove* prepares his Thunder.

[*Thunders.*]

Let the Wrong-doer and the Tyrant tremble;
 The Gods are present with us——And behold!
 The solid Gloom of Night is rent asunder;
 While Floods of daz'ling, pure, ætherial Light,
 Break in upon the Shades---She comes, she comes!
Pallas, the Fautress of my Master's Arms.
 And see, where terrible in Arms, majestic,
 Celestial, and ineffably effulgent,
 She shakes her dreadful *Ægis* from the Clouds!
 Bend, bend to Earth, and own the present Deity.

[*It Thunders again. The Scene opens above, and discovers Pallas in the Clouds.*]

[*They kneel*]

U L Y S S E S.

E U M Æ U S.

Daughter of mighty *Jove*, *Tritonian Pollas*,
Be favorable! Oh! be propitious,
And save the sinking House of thy *Ulysses*.

M E N T O R.

Goddeſs of Arts and Arms, thou blue-ey'd Maid,
Be favorable! Oh!--Oh! be propitious,
And glad thy Suppliants with ſome chearful Omen.

Q U E E N.

Virgin, begot and born of *Jove* alone,
Chaste, wiſe, victorious, if by thy Aſſiſtance
The *Greeks* were well aveng'd on perjur'd *Troy*,
If by thy Aid, my Lord from *Thracian Rhesus*
Obtain'd his ſnowy Steeds, and brought ſucceſſful
Thy fatal Image to the Tents of *Greece*;
Once more be favourable---be propitious,
Reſtore my Lord---Or if that be deny'd,
Grant me to ſhare his Fate, and die with Honor.

[*Thunder again---The Scene closes above---They riſe.*

M E N T O R.

The Goddeſs ſmiles---Moſt happy be the Omen!
And to the Left auspicious rolls the Thunder.

Enter ÆTHON, or ULYSSES, without his Diſguiſe,
magnificently arm'd and habited.

Q U E E N.

What other God art thou?---Oh ſacred Form!
I dream, I rave!--Why put'ſt thou on this Semblance?
What ſhall I call thee?---Say, ſpeak, answer me.

[*She advances two or three Steps, looking amazedly.*
Son of *Laertes*! King, my Lord!--*Ulyſſes*!

U L Y S S E S.

Why do'ſt thou gaze?---Am I ſo dreadful ſtill?
Is there ſo much of *Æthon* ſtill about me?
Or haſt thou---is it poſſible---forgot me?
Does not thy Heart acknowledge ſomething here?

Q U E E N.

Nay 'tis, 'tis moſt impoſſible to Reaſon.
But what have I to do with Thought or Reaſon?

Thus

Thus mad, distracted, raging with my Joy,
I'll rush upon thee, clasp thee to my Bosom,
And, if it be Delusion, let me die;
Here let me sink to everlasting Rest,
Just here, and never, never think again.

U L Y S S E S.

No, live thou great Example of thy Sex,
Live for the World, for me, and for thyself.
Unnumber'd Blessings, Honors, Years of Happiness,
Crowns from the Gods, enrich'd with brightest Stars,
All Heav'n and Earth united in Applause,
Wait, with officious Duty, to reward thee.
Live to enjoy ev'n all thou hast deserv'd;
That Fulness of Delight, of which these Arms,
And this transporting Moment, gives thee Earnest.

Q U E E N.

I gaze upon thy Face, and see thee here.
The sullen Pow'rs below, who rule the Dead,
Have listen'd to my Weeping, and relenting,
Have sent thee from *Elysium* back to me;
Or from the Deep, from Sea-green *Neptune's* Seats,
Thou'rt risen like the Day-Star, or from Heav'n
Some God has brought thee on the Wings of Winds;
Oh Extasy!——But all that I can know,
Is, that I wake and live, and thou art here.

U L Y S S E S.

Troy, I forgive thee now; ye Toils and Perils
Of my past Life, well are you paid at once.
For this the faithless *Sirens* sung in vain,
For this I 'scap'd the Den of monstrous *Polypheme*,
Fled from *Calypso's* Bonds, and *Circe's* Charms;
For this, seven Days, and seven long Winter Nights,
Shipwreck'd I floated on a driving Mast;
Toft by the Surge, pierc'd by the bitter Blasts
Of bleak North Winds, and drench'd in the chill Wave,
I strove with all the Terrors of the Deep.

Q U E E N.

Yes, thou hast borne it all; I know thou hast;
These Wars, Winds, Magic, Monsters, all for me.

Blest

Blest be the gracious Gods that gave thee to me!
 Say then! Oh how shall I reward thy Labors?
 But I will sit and listen to thy Story,
 While thou recount'st it o'er; and when thou speak'st
 Of Difficulties hard, and near to Death,
 I'll pity thee, and answer with my Tears;
 But when thou com'st to say how the Gods fav'd thee,
 And how thy Virtue struggl'd through the Danger,
 For Joy, I'll fold thee thus with soft Endearments,
 And crown thy Conquest with ten thousand Kisses.

U L Y S S E S.

It is a heavy, and a rueful Tale,
 But thou wilt kindly share with me in all Things;
 It shall be told thee, then, whate'er I suffer'd.
 Since, in a luckless Hour, I first set out,
 Ev'n to that Time, when scarce twice ten Days past;
 As from *Phœacia* homeward bound to *Ithaca*,
 A Storm o'ertook and wreck'd me on the Coast;
 Alone and naked was I cast ashore,
 And only to these faithful Two made known,
 'Till *Jove* should point me out some Opportunity,
 Once more to seize my Right in thee and Empire.

M E N T O R.

'Tis hard, injurious, an Offence to Virtue,
 To interrupt your Joys, ye royal Pair;
 But Oh forgive your faithful Servant's Caution,
 Think where you are, what Eyes malicious Chance
 May bring to pry into the happy Secret,
 Untimely to disclose the fatal Birth,
 And rashly bring it immature to light.

U L Y S S E S.

Mentor, thou warn'st us well---Retire, my Love.

Q U E E N.

What, must we part already?

U L Y S S E S.

For a Moment,
 Like Waves divided by the gliding Bark,
 That meet again, and mingle as before.

Q U E E N.

Q U E E N.

Be sure it be not longer.

U L Y S S E S.

Sweet, it sha' not ;
I'll meet thee soon, and bring our mutual Blessing,
Our Son, t' increase the Joy.

Q U E E N.

I must obey you;
Remember well how long thou hast been absent,
And what a poor Amends this short Enjoyment
makes me.

Oh I shall die with strong Desire to see thee,
Shall think this one impatient Minute more,
Than all thy long, long twenty Years before.

[Exit Queen.]

Enter at the other Door T E L E M A C H U S.

T E L E M A C H U S.

The Queen my Mother, past she not this way ?

M E N T O R.

She did, my Lord, ev'n now.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Saw you not too
The *Sarmian* Princess, fair *Semanthe*, with her ?
Say, went they not together ?

U L Y S S E S.

Might I speak,
I think, it is not fit they were together ;
For wherefore shou'd the Queen of *Ithaca*
Hold Commerce with the Daughter of *Eurymachus* ?
Pardon me, Sir, I fear you are offended,
And think this Boldness does not fit a Stranger.

T E L E M A C H U S.

'Tis true thou art a Stranger to my Eyes,
And yet, methought, thou spok'st with *Aethon's* Voice,
Save, that th' untoward Purpose of thy Words
Seem'd harsh, ungentle, and not like my Friend.

U L Y S S E S.

Whate'er I seem, believe me, princely Youth,

Thou hast not one, one dear selected Mate,
 That ought to stand before me in thy Heart;
 Tho' from your tender Infancy 'till now,
 He dwelt within thy Bosom, thou in his;
 Tho' every Year has knit the Band more close;
 Tho' Variance never knew you, but complying
 Each ever yielded to the other's Wishes,
 Tho' you have toil'd and rested, laugh'd and mourn'd,
 And ran thro' every Part of Life together;
 Tho' he was all thy Joy, and thou all his,
 Yet sure he never lov'd thee more than I do.

TELEMACHUS.

Whoe'er thou art, (for tho' thou still art *Æthon*,
 Thou art not he, but something more and greater,)
 I feel the Force of every Word thou speak'st;
 My Soul is aw'd with reverential Fear,
 A Fear not irksom, for 'tis mix'd with Love;
 Ev'n such a Fear as that we worship Heav'n with;
 Oh pardon if I err, for if thou art not
Æthon, my Father's Friend, thou art some God.

U L Y S S E S.

If barely to have been thy Father's Friend
 Cou'd move thee to such tender, just Regards,
 Thus, let me thus indulge thy filial Virtue,

[Embracing him.]

Thus press thee in my Arms, my pious Son,
 And, while my swelling Heart runs o'er with Joy,
 Thus tell thee, that I am, I am thy Father.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh most amazing!—

M E N T O R.

Yes, my royal Charge,
 At length behold thy God-like Sire, *Ulysses*.
 Blest be my Age, with all its Cares and Sorrows,
 Since it is lengthen'd out to see this Day,
 To give thee back, thou dear intrusted Pledge,
 Thus worthy as thou art, to thy great Father's Arms.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh 'tis most certain so; my Heart confesses him;

My

My Blood and Spirits, all the Pow'rs of Life,
 Acknowledge here the Spring from whence they came,
 Then let me bow me, cast me at his Feet;
 There pay the humble Homage of my Duty;
 There wet the Earth before him with my Tears,
 The faithful Witness of Love and Joy;
 And when my Tongue for Rapture can no more,
 Silent, with lifted Eyes, I'll praise the Gods,
 Who gave me back my King, my Lord, my Father.

U L Y S S E S.

Oh rise, thou Offspring of my nuptial Joys;
 Son of my Youth, and Glory of my Strength,
 Rob not thy Father's Arms of so much Treasure,
 But let us meet, as *Jove* and Nature meant us,
 Thus, like a Pair of very faithful Friends:
 And tho' I made harsh Mention of thy Love,
 (Oh droop not at the Name) by blue-ey'd *Pallas*
 I meant it not in angry, chiding Mood;
 But with a tender and a fond Concern
 Reminded thee of what thou ow'st to Honor.

T E L E M A C H U S.

When I forget it, may the worst Afflictions,
 Your Scorn, your Hate, and Infamy o'ertake me;
 Be that th' important Bus'ness of my Life,
 Let me be task'd to hunt for it thro' Danger,
 Thro' all the Roar of the tumultuous Battle,
 And dreadful Din of Arms; there, if I fail,
 May Cowards say I'm not *Ulysses'* Son,
 And the great Author of our Race disclaim me.

U L Y S S E S.

Oh Nobleness innate! Oh Worth divine!
 Ætherial Sparks! that speak the Hero's Lineage,
 How pleasing are you to me!—So the Eagle,
 That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire *Jove*,
 With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
 Forsake the Nest, to try his tender Pinions,
 In the wide untract Air; till bolder grown,
 Now, like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
 He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;

Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Writhing his spiry Tail.

TELEMACHUS.

I wou'd be active,
Get me a Name distinguish'd from the Herd
Of common Men, a Name worthy my Birth.

U L Y S S E S.

Nor shalt thou want th' Occasion, now it courts
thee,

Stands ready, and demands thy Courage now.
Were I indeed as other Fathers are,
Did I but listen to soft Nature's Voice,
I shou'd not urge thee to this high Exploit ;
For tho' it brings thee Fame, it brings thee Danger.

TELEMACHUS.

Now by the God of War so much the better,
Let there be Honor for your Son to win.
And be the Danger ne'er so rude and deadly,
No matter, 'twill enhance the Prize the more,
And make it lovely in a brave Man's Eye ;
So *Hydra's* and *Chimera's* form'd in Gold,
Sit graceful underneath the nodding Plume,
And terribly adorn the Soldier's Helm.

U L Y S S E S.

Know then, on this important Night depends
The very *Crisis* of our Fate ; to Night,
The sleeping Vengeance of the Gods shall wake,
And speak Confusion to our Foes in Thunder :
Justice intrusts her Sword to this right Hand,
And I will see it faithfully employ'd.

TELEMACHUS.

By Virtue and by Arms 'tis noble Work,
I burn impatient for it—Oh my Father,
Give me my Portion of the glorious Labor.

U L Y S S E S.

One more immediate Danger threatens thy Mother,
That to avert must be thy pious Care ;

While

While *Mentor*, with *Eumæus* and our self,
 Back'd by a chosen Band, (whom how prepar'd,
 How gather'd to our Aid, the pressing Hour
 Allows not now to tell,) invade yon' Drunkards,
 Immerst in Riot, careless, and defying
 The Gods as Fables, start upon 'em sudden,
 And send their guilty Souls to howl below,
 Upon the Banks of *Styx*; while this is doing,
 Dar'st thou defend thy Mother?

TELEMACHUS.

Oh! to Death,
 Against united Nations wou'd I stand
 Her Soldier, her Defence; my single Breast
 Oppos'd against the Rage of their whole War;
 She is so good, so worthy to be fought for,
 The sacred Cause wou'd make my Sword successful,
 And gain my Youth a mighty Name in Arms.

U L Y S S E S.

Then prove the Peril, and enjoy the Fame.
 Ere the Mid-hour of rolling Night approach,
 Remember well to plant thee at that Door,
 Thou know'st it opens to the Queen's Apartment.
 To bind thee yet more firm (for, Oh, my Son,
 [Drawing his Sword.

With powerful Opposition shalt thou strive)
 Swear on my Sword, by thy own filial Piety,
 By all our Race, by *Pallas* and by *Jove*,
 If any of these cursed foreign Tyrants,
 Those Rivals of thy Father's Love and Honor,
 Shall dare to pass thro' that forbidden Entrance,
 To take his forfeit Life for the Intrusion.

TELEMACHUS.

I swear——And may my Lot in future Fame
 [Telemachus kneels and kisses the Sword.
 Be good or evil but as I perform it.

U L Y S S E S.

Enough——I do believe thee.

MENTOR.

Hark! my Lord!
 [A confused Noise is heard within.

How loud the Tempest roars! The bellowing Voice
Of wild, enthusiastic, raging Mirth,
With Peals of Clamor shakes the vaulted Roof.

TELEMACHUS.

Such surely is the Sound of mighty Armies
In Battle join'd, of Cities sack'd at Midnight,
Of many Waters, and united Thunders;
My gen'rous Soul takes fire, and half repines,
To think she must not share the glorious Danger,
Where Numbers wait you, worthy of your Swords.

U L Y S S E S.

No more, thou hast thy Charge, look well to that;
For these, these riotous Sons of Noise and Uproar,
I know their Force, and know I am *Ulysses*.
So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of *Atoms*,
And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,
But Discord and Confusion troubled all;
Calm and serene upon his Throne he sat,
Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate,
Safe in himself, because he knew his Pow'r;
And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter TELEMACHUS *and* ANTINOUS.

ANTINOUS.

THE King return'd? So long conceal'd in *Ithaca*?
Æthon the King? What Words can speak my
 Wonder?

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, my *Antinous*, 'tis most amazing,
 'Tis all the mighty working of the Gods,
 Unsearchable and dark to human Eyes:
 But Oh, let me conjure thee by our Friendship,
 Since to thy faithful Breast alone I've trusted
 The fatal Secret, to preserve it safe,
 As thou wou'dst do the Life of thy *Telemachus*.

ANTINOUS.

Wrong not the Truth of your devoted Slave,
 To think he wou'd betray you for whole Worlds.
 Have you not said it, that your own dear Life,
 And all your royal Race, depends upon it?
 Far from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it;
 Nor breathe it softly to myself alone,
 Lest some officious murmuring Wind should tell it,
 And babbling Echos catch the feeble Sound.

TELEMACHUS.

No, thou art true, such have I ever found thee;
 But haste, my Friend, and summon to thy Aid
 What Force the shortness of the Time allows thee;
 Then with thy swiftest Diligence return,
 Since, as I urg'd to thee before, it may
 Import the Safety of my royal Parents,

Some black Design is by these Stranger-Princes
Contriv'd against the Honor of the Queen.

ANTINOUS.

Ere Night a busy Rumor ran around
Of armed Parties secretly dispos'd
Between the Palace-Gardens and the Sea ;
Bold *Cleon* strait and *Arcas* I dispatch'd
To search the Truth ; that known, with haste to raise
And arm our Citizens for your Defence :
Ere this they have obey'd me : when I've join'd
The Pow'r their Diligence has drawn together,
I'll wait you here again upon the Instant.

[*Exit Antinous.*

TELEMACHUS.

Oh Love, how are thy precious, sweetest Minutes
Thus ever cross, thus vex'd with Disappointments !
Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels
And sullen Coldness give us Pain by turns ;
Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
To bring us Fears, Disquiet, and Delays ;
And ev'n at last, when after all our Waiting,
Eager, we think to snatch the dear-bought Bliss,
Ambition calls us to its sullen Cares,
And Honor stern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures,
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Bus'ness of our Lives.

Enter EURYMACHUS.

EURYMACHUS.

The Prince yet here ! Twice have I fought, since
Night,
To pass in private to the Queen's Apartment,
But found him still attending at the Door ;
What can it mean ?

TELEMACHUS.

It is *Semanthe's* Father !
Ha !——— Sure the Gods, in pity of our Loves,
Have destin'd him to 'scape *Ulysses'* Vengeance.

EURYMA-

E U R Y M A C H U S.

How comes it, gentle Youth, when Wine and Mirth
 Chear ev'ry Heart to Night, and banish Care,
 I find thee pensively alone, avoiding
 The Pleasures and Companions of thy Youth,
 And, like the sighing Slave of Sorrow, wasting
 The tedious Time in melancholy Thought?

T E L E M A C H U S.

Behold the Ruins of my royal House,
 My Father's Absence, and my Mother's Grief;
 Then tell me if I have not Cause too great
 To mourn, to pine away my Youth in Sadness.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Our Daughter once was wont to share your
 Thoughts;
 Believe me, she has Reason to complain,
 If you prefer your Solitude to her;
 While here you stay, disconsolate and musing,
 Lonely she sits, the tender-hearted Maid,
 And kindly thinks of you, and mourns your Absence.

T E L E M A C H U S.

The constant, faithful Service of my Life,
 My Days and Nights devoted all to her,
 Poorly repay the fair *Semantbe's* Goodness:
 Yet they are hers, ev'n all my Years are hers,
 My present Youth, my future Age is hers,
 All but this Night, which here I've sworn to pass,
 Revolving many a sad and heavy Thought,
 And ruminating on my wretched Fortunes.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

How! here! ——— to pass it here ———

T E L E M A C H U S.

Ev'n here, my Lord.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Fantastic Accident! ——— Whence cou'd this come?

[*Aside.*

Well, Sir, pursue your Thoughts; I have some Matters
 Of great and high Import, which on the Instant
 I must deliver to the Queen your Mother.

U L Y S S E S:

T E L E M A C H U S.

Whate'er it be, you must of force delay it
'Till Morning.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

How, delay it!——'tis impossible.
But wherefore?——Say.

T E L E M A C H U S.

The Queen is gone to Rest.

Opprest and waded with the Toil of Sorrows,
Weary as miserable painful Hinds,
That labor all the Day to get 'em Food,
She seeks some Ease, some Interval of Cares,
From the kind God of Sleep, and sweet Repose.
Ere she retir'd she left most strict Command,
None shou'd approach her 'till the Morning's Dawn.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Whate'er those Orders were, I have my Reasons
To think myself excepted:——And whoe'er
Brought you the Message, through officious Haste
Mistook the Queen, and has inform'd you wrong.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Not so, my Lord; for, as I honor Truth,
Ev'n from herself did I receive the Charge.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Vexation and Delay!——Then 'tis thy own,
Thy Error, and thou heard'st not what she said.
I tell thee, Prince, 'tis at her own Request,
Her Bidding, that, at this appointed Hour,
I wait her here; detain me then no more
With tedious vain Replies, for I must pass.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Were it to any but *Semanthe's* Father,
That Mistress of my Reason and my Passions,
Who charming both makes both submit alike,
Perhaps I shou'd in rougher Terms have answer'd;
But here imperious Love demands Respect,
Constrains my Temper, to my Speech gives Law,
And I must only say You cannot pass.

E U R Y.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Ha! ——— Who shall bar me?

T E L E M A C H U S.

With the gentlest Words,
Which Reverence and Duty can invent,
I will intreat you not to do a Violence,
Where nought is meant to you but worthiest Honor.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Oh trifling, idle Talker! --- know, my Purpose
Is not of such a light, fantastic Nature,
That I shou'd quit it for a Boy's Intreaty.
More than my Life or Empire it imports,
All that good Fortune or the Gods can do for me
Depends upon it, and I will have Entrance.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Nay then, 'tis time to speak like what I am,
And tell you, Sir, you must not, nor you shall not.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

'Twere safer for thy rash, unthinking Youth
To stand the Mark of Thunder, than to thwart me;
Beware lest I forget thy Mother's Tears,
The Merit of her soft complying Sorrows,
Dreadful in Fury lest I rush upon thee,
Grasp thy frail Life, and break it like a Bubble,
To be dissolv'd, and mix'd with common Air.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Oh 'tis long since that I have learnt to hold
My Life from none, but from the Gods who gave it,
Nor mean to render it on any Terms,
Unless those heav'nly Donors ask it back.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Know'st thou what 'tis to tempt a Rage like mine?
But listen to me, and repent thy Folly.
This Night, this Night ordain'd of old for Blifs,
Mark'd from the rest of the revolving Year,
And set apart for Happiness by Fate,
The charming Queen, thy Mother, is my Bride.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Confusion! Curses on the Tongue that spoke it!

E U R Y M A C H U S.

To-night she yields, ev'n for thy Sake she yields;
 To-night the lovely Miser, grown indulgent,
 Reveals her Stores of Beauty long reserv'd;
 She bids me revel with the hidden Treasure,
 And pay myself for all her Years of Coldness.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Perdition on the Falshood!

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Dare not then
 To cross my Transports longer; if thou dost,
 By all the Pangs of disappointed Love, [Drawing.
 I'll force my Way, thus, through thy Heart's best
 Blood.

T E L E M A C H U S.

How is my Piety and Virtue lost,
 And all the heav'nly Fire extinct within me!
 I hear the sacred Name of her that bore me
 Traduc'd, dishonor'd by a Ruffian's Tongue.
 And am I tame!—Love, and ye softer Thoughts,
 I give you to the Winds.—Know, King of *Samos*,
 Thy Breath, like pestilential Blasts, infects
 The Air, and grows offensive to the Gods:
 If thou but whisper one Word more, one Accent
 Against my Mother's Fame, it is thy last.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Brav'd by a Boy!--a Boy!--the Nurse's Milk
 Yet moist upon his Lip,—feeble in Infancy,
 Effaying the first Rudiments of Manhood,
 With Strength unpractis'd yet, and unconfirm'd!
 Oh Shame to Arms!--But I have borne too long.
 Fly swift, avoid the Tempest of my Fury,
 Or thus I'll pour it in a Whirlwind on thee,
 Dash thee to Atoms thus, and toss thee round thee
 World.

T E L E M A C H U S.

I laugh at all that Rage, and thus I meet it.

[They fight.
 E U R Y-

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Hell and Confusion!---to thy Heart.-----

T E L E M A C H U S.

To thine

This Greeting I return.-----

E U R Y M A C H U S.

The Furies seize thee,

[Eurymachus falls.

Thou'ast struck me to the Earth, blasted my Hopes,
The partial Gods are leagu'd with thee against me,
To load me with Dishonor---Oh my Fortune!
Where is my Name in Arms, the boasted Trophies
Of my past Life! For ever lost, defac'd,
And ravish'd from me by a beardless Stripling.

T E L E M A C H U S.

What means this soft Relenting in my Soul?
What Voice is this that sadly whispers to me,
Behold *Semanthe's* Father bleeds to Death?
Why would you urge me?

[To Eurymachus.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Off, and come not near me,

But let me curse my Fate, and die contented.

T E L E M A C H U S.

And see he sinks yet paler to the Earth;
The purple Torrent gushes out impetuous,
And with a guilty Deluge stains the Ground:
No Help at Hand! what hoa!---Antinous.

[Exit.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Let there be none, no Witnesses of my Shame;
Nor let officious Art presume to offer
Its Aid, for I have liv'd too long already.

Enter S E M A N T H E.

S E M A N T H E.

Sure I have staid too long, and while I fate
Sadly attentive to the weeping Queen,
Hearing her tell of Sorrows upon Sorrows,
Ev'n to a lamentable length of Woe,
Th' appointed Hour of Love pass'd by unheeded:

My

My Lord perhaps will chide; Oh no!--He's gentle;
 And will not urge me with my first Offence.
 Just as I enter'd here, the Bird of Night
 Ill-boding shriek'd, and strait, methought, I heard
 A low complaining Voice, that seem'd to murmur
 At some hard Fate, and groan to be reliev'd.
 Ye gracious Gods be good to my *Telemachus!*

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Ha! What art thou that dost thy hostile Orisons
 Offer to Heaven for my mortal Foe?

S E M A N T H E.

Guardians of Innocence, ye holy Pow'rs,
 Defend me, save me!

E U R Y M A C H U S.

Art thou not *Semanthe?*

S E M A N T H E.

My Father!--on the Ground!--bloody and pale!

[Running to him, and kneeling by him.]

Oh Horror! Horror!--Speak to me----Say who---
 What curst Hand has done this dreadful Deed?
 That with my Cries I may call out for Justice;
 Call to the Gods, and to my dear *Telemachus,*
 For Justice on my royal Father's Murderer.

E U R Y M A C H U S.

If there be yet one God will listen to thee,
 Sollicit him, that only equal Power,
 To rain down Plagues, and Fire, and swift Destruction,
 Ev'n all his whole Artillery of Vengeance,
 On him who, aided by my adverse Stars,
 Robb'd me of Glory, Love, and Life---*Telemachus.*

S E M A N T H E.

What says my Father!--No!--it is impossible!
 He could not---would not---for *Semanthe's* Sake. ———

Enter T E L E M A C H U S.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Alas!--there is none near---no Help---*Semanthe!*

[Crying out.]

E U R Y-

E U R Y M A C H U S.

And see he bears the Trophy of his Conquest;
Behold his Sword, yet reeking with my Blood!
Then doubt no more, nor ask whom thou should'st curse;
It is *Telemachus*——on whom revenge me,
But on *Telemachus*!——Why do I leave thee,
A helpless Orphan in a foreign Land,
But for *Telemachus*? Who tears me from thee?
Telemachus.——Why is thy King and Father
Stretch'd on the Earth, a cold and lifeless Coarse,
Inglorious and forgotten---Oh! *Telemachus*! [Dies]

S E M A N T H E.

Cruel! unkind and cruel!——

[*She faints, and falls upon the Body of Eurymachus;*

T E L E M A C H U S.

She faints,

Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids---Wake, wake, *Semanthe*;
Oh let me raise thee from this Seat of Death;

[*Raising her up, and supporting her in his Arms;*

Lift up thy Eyes---Wilt thou not speak to me?

S E M A N T H E.

Let me forget the Use of ev'ry Sense;
Let me not see, nor hear, nor speak again,
After that Sight, and those most dreadful Sounds.
Where am I now?---What!---lodg'd within thy Arms!
Stand off, and let me fly from thee for ever;
Swifter than Lightning, Winds, or winged Time,
Fly from thee, 'till there be whole Worlds to part us;
'Till Nature fix her Barriers to divide us,
Her frozen Regions, and her burning Zones;
'Till Danger, Death and Hell, do stand betwixt us,
And make it Fate that we shall never meet.

T E L E M A C H U S.

'Tis just; I own thy Rage is just, *Semanthe*;
Each fatal Circumstance is strong against me;
Then if thy Heart severely is resolv'd
Never to listen when I plead for Mercy,
'Tho' Piety and Honor join with Love,

And

And humbly at thy Feet make Intercession;
If thou art deaf to all, then this alone
Is left me, to receive my Doom, and die.

S E M A N T H E.

Are Love, are Piety and Honor Parricides?
Are they like thee? Do they delight in Blood?
Oh, no! Celestial Sweetness dwells with them,
Friendly Forgiveness, Gentleness and Peace,
Mercy and Joy; but thou hast violated
The sacred Train, brought Murder in amongst 'em:
And see, displeas'd, to Heav'n they take their Flight,
And have abandon'd thee and me for ever.

T E L E M A C H U S.

If sudden Fury have not chang'd thee quite,
If there be any of *Semantbe* left,
One tender Thought of that dear Maid remaining,
Yet, I conjure thee, hear me.

S E M A N T H E.

'Tis in vain,
And that known Voice can never charm me more.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Be witnesses for me, Heav'n, with what Reluctance,
My Hand was lifted for this fatal Stroke;
With Injuries which Manhood could not brook,
With Violence, with proud insulting Scorn,
And ignominious Threat'nings was I urg'd;
Long, long, I strove with rising Indignation,
And long repress'd my swelling, youthful Rage;
I groan'd, and felt an Agony within:
'Twas hard indeed——But to myself I said,
It is *Semantbe's* Father, and I'll bear it.

S E M A N T H E.

And could'st thou not do more? Call'st thou these
Suff'rings!

These short, tumultuous, momentary Passions?
What would not I have borne for thee, thou cruel one?
For thee, so fondly was my Heart set on thee,
Forgetful of my tender, helpless Sex,

I would.

I would have wander'd o'er the wide World,
 Known all Calamities, and all Distresses,
 Sicknefs and Hunger, Cold and bitter Want;
 For thee, retir'd within some gloomy Cave,
 I wou'd have wasted all my Days in Weeping,
 And liv'd and dy'd a Wretch to make thee happy;
 'Till I had been a Story to Posterity;
 'Till Maids, in After-times, had said, Behold
 How much she suffer'd for the Man she lov'd.

T E L E M A C H U S.

And is there any one, the most afflicting
 Of all those Miseries Mankind is born to,
 Which for thy Sake I would refuse?---But Oh!
 Mine was a harder, a severer Task;
 The Queen, my Mother, trusted to my Charge,
 My royal Father's Honor, and my own;
 The Pledges of eternal Fame or Infamy,
 United urg'd, and call'd upon my Sword.

S E M A N T H E.

What is this vain, fantastick Pageant, Honor;
 This busy, angry Thing, that scatters Discord
 Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth,
 And sets the madding Nations in an Uproar?
 But let it be the Worship of the Great;
 Well hast thou warn'd me, and I'll make it mine;
 Yes, Prince, its dread Command shall be obey'd;
 Our *Samian* Arms shall pour Destruction on you;
 Your yellow Harvests and your Towns shall blaze,
 The Sword shall rage, and universal Wailings
 Be heard amongst the Mothers of your *Ithaca*,
 'Till War itself grow weary and relent,
 And that poor bleeding King be well reveng'd.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Haste then, and let the Trumpet sound to Arms,
Semanthe's Vengeance shall not be delay'd;
 Prepare for Slaughter and wide-wasting Ruin;
 Prepare to feel her Wrath, ye wretched *Ithacans*:
 Lift not a Sword, nor bend a Bow against her,

But

But all, like me, with low Submission meet her,
 And let us yield up our devoted Lives,
 Nor once implore her Mercy——for, alas!
 Cruel *Semantbe* has forgot to pardon:
 For Blood, Destruction and Revenge, she calls,
 And Gentleness and Love are Strangers to her.

S E M A N T H E.

Love!——Didst thou speak of Love?—Oh ill-tim'd
 Thought!

Behold it there! Behold the Love thou bear'st me!

[*Pointing to the Body of Eurymachus.*

Behold that! that!—more dreadful than *Medusa*,
 It drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,
 And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning Limb to Marble.
 Seest thou that gaping Wound, and that black Blood
 Congealing on that pale, that ashy Breast?
 Then mark the Face—how Pain and Rage, with all
 The Agonies of Death sit fresh upon it:
 This was my Father—Was there none on Earth,
 No Hand but thine——

T E L E M A C H U S.

Within my own sad Heart

I felt the Steel before it reach'd to his.
 How much more happy in his Lot!—The Sleep
 Of Death is on him, and he is in Peace;
 While I, condemn'd to live, must mourn for him,
 Mourn for myself; and, to complete my Woes,
 Feel all thy Pains redoubled on *Telemachus*.

S E M A N T H E.

I know thou hat'st me, and that deadly Blow
 Was meant to do a Murder on *Semantbe*.
 But, Oh! it needed not; for thy Unkindness
 Had been as fatal to me as thy Sword:
 If one cold Look, one angry Word had told me,
 That thou wert chang'd, and I was grown a Burden to
 thee,

I should have understood thy cruel Purpose,
 Sate down to weep, and broke my Heart, and dy'd.

T E L E M A C H U S.

TELEMACHUS.

It is too much, and I will bear no more;
 Oh thou unjust, thou lovely, false Accuser,
 How hast thou wrong'd my tender, faithful Love!
 In Spite of all these Horrors of my Guilt,
 And that malignant Fate that doom'd me to it;
 In Spite of all, I will appeal to thee,
 Ev'n to thyself, inhuman as thou art,
 If ever Maid was yet belov'd before thee
 With such Heart-aking, eager, anxious Fondness,
 As that with which my Soul desires my dear *Semantbe*.

SEMANTHE.

Detested be the Name of Love for ever!
 Henceforth let easy Maids be warn'd by me,
 No more to trust your Breasts that heave with Sighing
 Your moving Accents, and your melting Eyes;
 Whene'er you boast your Truth, then let 'em fly you,
 Then scorn you, for 'tis then you mean Deceiving;
 If yet there should some fond Believer be,
 Let the false Man betray the Wretch like thee;
 Like thee, the lost, repenting Fool disclaim,
 For Crowns, Ambition, and your Idol, Fame;
 When warm, when languishing with sweet Delight,
 Wishing she meets him, may he blast her Sight,
 With such a Murder on her bridal Night!

[Exit.]

TELEMACHUS.

Now arm thee for the Conflict, oh my Soul,
 And see how thou canst bear *Semantbe's* Loss;
 For she is lost---most certain---gone irrevocable.
Mentor, nor *Æthon* now, my King, my Father
 Shall need t'upbraid me with th' unhappy Passion;
 Ha! that has wak'd a Thought---'Tis certain so,
 And this is all the Work of cruel Policy:
 The Danger of the Queen was from *Eurymachus*,
 Therefore my Sword was chosen to oppose it,
 That it might cut the Bands of Love asunder;
 Oh Dreamer that I was!

Enter.

Enter ANTINOUS, CLEON and ARCAS, with Soldiers.

ANTINOUS.

My Lord, where are you?
Thus to his Son, our King, the great *Ulysses*,
By me commands; your royal Mother's Danger
Is now no more, since all the rival Princes
Are in the Hall beset, and ev'n this Moment
Revenge and Slaughter are let loose among 'em;
Haste then to join your God-like Father's Arms,
To bring your pious Valor to his Aid,
And share the Conquest and the Glory with him.

TELEMACHUS.

Ha! com'st thou from the Hall, *Antinous*?

ANTINOUS.

Ev'n now, my Lord, as I was hasting hither,
It was my Chance to meet my royal Master;
Eager with Joy, I threw me at his Feet;
With wond'rous Grace he rais'd me, and embrac'd me;
Then bid me fly to hear his Orders to you:
By the loud Cries, the Shouts, and Clash of Arms,
Which, just as I had left him, struck my Ear,
I guess, ere this the Combat is begun.

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, yes, my Friend, that Danger of the Queen
Is now no more:—However, be thou near
To guard her, to support her, lest the Terrors
Of this tumultuous, this most dreadful Night,
May shake her Soul—I will obey the King,
And gladly lose the Life he gave me, for him.
And since the Pleasure of my Days is lost,
Since my Youth's dearest, only Hopes are cross'd,
Careless of all, I'll rush into the War,
Provoke the lifted Sword, and pointed Spear,
'Till all o'er Wounds I sink amidst the Slain,
And bless the friendly Hand that rids me of my Pain.
[Exit Tel.]

CLEON.

Behold, my Lord, and wonder here with us;
The *Samian* King!—

ANTI-

ANTINOUS.

Eurymachus!——'Tis he;

Surprising Accident!—— Whence came this?

But 'tis no Matter, since it makes for us,

Nor have we Time to waste in vain Inquiry;

Let it suffice that we have lost an Enemy.

Haste to the Queen, my *Cleon*, and persuade her

To seek her Safety with us in the City:

If she refuse, bear her away by Force.

Do you attend him.—— [To the Soldiers.

A R C A S.

Had you ta'en my Counsel,

The Prince shou'd not have 'scap'd us.

ANTINOUS.

Arcas, no!

A Life like his is but a single Stake,

Unworthy the Contention it might cost:

Gaining the Queen, I have whate'er I wish.

Fear of the *Samians*, and the subtle King,

Forbad my coming with a stronger Power,

Lest they had ta'en th' Alarm, and turn'd upon us:

Therefore I held it safer by a Wile

To work upon the Youth, and send him hence,

And that Way gain Admittance to his Mother.

A R C A S.

Our *Itbacans*, who give the King for lost,

Shall deem this Tale of his Return a Fable;

Or, tho' they should believe it, yet will join us,

And with united Arms assist your Cause.

Why do we linger then?—— Heard you that Cry?

[Cry of Women within.

Successful *Cleon*, of his Prey possess'd,

Leads us the Way, and hastens to the City.

ANTINOUS.

Come on, and let the crafty-fam'd *Ulysses*

Repine and rage, by happier Frauds excell'd.

Let the forsaken Husband vainly mourn

His tedious Labors, and his late Return;

In vain to *Pallas* and to *Jove* complain,
That *Troy* and *Hector* are reviv'd again.
Possess'd, like happy *Paris*, of the Fair,
I'll lengthen out my Joys with ten Years War,
And think the rest of Life beneath a Lover's Care.

}
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The C I T Y.

Enter severally MENTOR and EUMÆUS.

E U M Æ U S.

WHERE is the Joy, the Boast of Conquest now?
 In vain we triumph o'er our foreign Tyrants,
 So soon to perish by domestic Foes.
 Why shone the great *Ulysses* dreadful, fierce
 As *Mars*, and mighty as *Pblegræan Jove*?
 Why reeks yon Marble Pavement with the Slaughter
 Of rival Kings that fell beneath his Sword,
 Victims to injur'd Honor and Revenge;
 Since, by the fatal Error of *Telemachus*,
 The Prize for which we fought, the Queen is lost,
 Is yielded up a Prey to false *Antinous*?

M E N T O R.

He trusted in the holy Name of Friendship,
 And, conscious of his own Uprightness, thought
 The Man whom he had plac'd so near his Heart
 Had shar'd as well his Virtues as his Love.

E U M Æ U S.

How bears the Prince this Chance?

M E N T O R.

Alas! *Eumæus*,

His Griefs have rent my aged Heart afunder;
 Stretch'd on the damp unwholsom Earth he lies,
 Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the Power to raise him;
 Now motionless as Death his eyes are fix'd,
 And then anon he starts and casts 'em upwards,
 And groaning, cries, I am th' Accurst of Heav'n,
 My Mother! my *Semanthe*! and my Mother!

E U M Æ U S.

E U M Æ U S.

The King, whose equal Temper, like the Gods,
Was ever calm and constant to itself,
Struck with the sudden, unexpected Evil,
Was mov'd to Rage, and chid him from his Sight.
But now, returning to the Father's Fondness,
He bad me seek him out, speak Comfort to him,
And bring him to his Arms.

M E N T O R.

Where have you left
Our royal Master?

E U M Æ U S.

Near the Palace-Gate,
Attended by those few, those faithful Few,
Who dare be loyal at a Time like this,
When ev'n their utmost Hope is but to die for him.

M E N T O R.

That last Relief, that Refuge of Despair,
Is all I fear is left us.—From the City
Each Moment brings the growing Danger nearer;
There's not a Man in *Ithaca* but arms;
A thousand blazing Fires make bright the Streets,
Noble gabbling Crowds gather, and roll along
Like roaring Seas that enter at a Breach;
The neighb'ring Rocks, the Woods, the Hills, the
Dales,
Ring with the deaf'ning Sound, while bold Rebellion
With impious Peals of Acclamation greets
Her trait'rous Chief *Antinous*—Where is then
One Glimpse of Safety, when we hardly number
Our Friends a twentieth Part of this fierce Multitude?

E U M Æ U S.

Yet more; the *Samians*, by whose Arms assisted
We late prevail'd against the riotous Wooers,
By some sinister Chance have learnt the Fate
Of their dead Monarch, and call loud for Vengeance;
With cloudy Brows the sullen Captains gather
In murm'ring Crowds around their weeping Princess,
As if they waited from her mournful Lips

The

The Signal for Destruction, from her Sorrows
Catching new Matter to increase their Rage,
And vowing to repay her Tears with Blood.
But see she comes, attended with her Guard.—

M E N T O R.

Retire, and let us haste to seek the Prince ;
This Danger threatens him : If he should meet 'em,
His Piety would be repaid with Death ;
Nor cou'd his Youth or Godlike Courage save him,
Unequally oppress'd and crush'd by Numbers.

[*Exeunt Mentor and Eumæus.*

*Enter two Samian Captains, and Soldiers ; some bearing
the Body of Eurymachus : Semanthe following with
Officers and Attendants.*

S E M A N T H E.

Ye valiant *Samian* Chiefs, ye faithful Followers
Of your unhappy King, justly perform
Your pious Office to his sacred Relics :
Bear to your Fleet his pale, his bloody Coarse ;
Nor let his discontented Ghost repine,
To think his injur'd Ashes shall be mix'd
With the detested Earth of cruel *Ithaca*.

I C A P T A I N.

Oh, royal Maid, whose Tears look lovely on thee,
Whose Carés the Gods shall favor and reward,
Queen of our *Samos* now, to whom we offer
Our humble Homage, to whose just Command
We vow Obedience, suffer not the Seaman
T' unfurl his Sails, or call the Winds to swell 'em,
'Till the fierce Soldier have indulg'd his Rage ;
'Till from the curled Darlings of their Youth,
And from the fairest of their Virgin-Daughters,
We've chose a thousand Victims for a Sacrifice,
T' appease the *Manes* of our murder'd Lord.

S E M A N T H E.

Now ! now *Semanthe* ! wilt thou Name the Mur-
d'rer ?
Wilt thou direct their Vengeance where to strike ?

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R

[*Afide.*
Oh,

Oh, my sad Heart!—Haste to dispose in Safety
 Your venerable Load; and, if you lov'd him,
 If you remember what he once was to you,
 How great, how good and gracious, yield this Proof
 Of early Faith and Duty to his Daughter;
 Restrain the Soldier's Fury, 'till I name
 The Wretch by whom my royal Father fell.
 Let some attend the Body to the Shore,
 The rest be near, and wait me.—

*[Exeunt some with the Body; the rest retire within
 the Scene, and wait as at a distance.]*

Enter at the other Door TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

Why was I born? why sent into the World,
 Ordain'd for mischievous Misdeeds, and fated
 To be the Curse of them that gave me Being?
 Why was this Mass ta'en from the Heap of Matter,
 Where innocent and senseless it had rested,
 To be indu'd with Form, and vex'd with Motion?
 How happy had it been for all that know me,
 If Barrenness had bless'd my Mother's Bed;
 Nor had she been dishonor'd then, nor lost,
 Nor curst the fatal Hour in which she bore me:
 Love had not been offended for *Semanthe*,
 Nor had that Fair One known a Father's Loss.

SEMANTHE.

What kind Companion of *Semanthe's* Woes
 Is that, who wand'ring in this dreadful Night
 Sighs out her Name with such a mournful Accent?
 Ha!--but thou art *Telemachus*—let Darkness
 Still spread her gloomy Mantle o'er thy Visage,
 And hide thee from those weeping Eyes for ever.

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, veil thy Eyes, or turn 'em far from me,
 For who can take Delight to gaze on Misery?
 Fly from the Moan, the Cry of the Afflicted,
 From the complaining of a wounded Spirit,

Left

Lest my contagious Grievs take hold on thee,
And every Groan I utter pierce thy Heart.

S E M A N T H E.

Oh soft enchanting Sorrows! never was
The Voice of Mourning half so sweet—Oh who
Can listen to the Sound, and not be mov'd,
Not bear a Part like me, and share in all his Pain?

[*Afide.*

T E L E M A C H U S.

Rut if, perhaps, thy Fellow-Creature's Sufferings
Are grown a Pleasure to thee, (for alas!
Much art thou alter'd) then in me behold
More than enough to satisfy thy Cruelty;
Behold me here the Scorn, the easy Prize
Of a protesting, faithless, Villain Friend.
I have betray'd my Mother, I betray'd her,
Ev'n I, her Son, whom, with so many Cares,
She nurs'd and fondled in her tender Bosom.
Wou'd I had dy'd before I saw this Day!
I left her, I forsook her in Distress,
And gave her to the Mercy of a Ravisher.

S E M A N T H E.

Yes, I have heard, with Grief of Mind redoubled;
The too hard Fortune of the pious Queen;
For her my Eyes enlarge and swell their Streams,
Tho' well thou know'st what Cause they had before
To lavish all their Tears: I pity her,
I mourn her injur'd Virtue; but for thee,
Whate'er the righteous Gods have made thee suffer,
Just is the Doom, and equal to thy Crimes.

T E L E M A C H U S.

'Tis Justice all, and see I bow me down
With Patience and Submission to the Blow;
Nor is it fit that such a Wretch as I am
Should walk with Face erect upon the Earth,
And hold Society with Man—Oh therefore
Let me conjure thee, by those tender Ties
Which held us once, when I was dear to thee,
And thou to me, as Life to living Creatures,

O Light and Heat to universal Nature,
 The Comfort and Condition of its Being,
 Compleat th' imperfect Vengeance of the Gods,
 Call forth the valiant *Samians* to thy Aid,
 Bid 'em strike here, and here revenge——

S E M A N T H E.

Oh hold,
 Stay thy rash Tongue, nor let it speak of Horrors
 That may be fatal to——

T E L E M A C H U S.

What meanst thou ?

S E M A N T H E.

Something
 For which I want a Name——Is there none near ?

[Looking about.]

No conscious Ear to catch the guilty Sound ?
 None to upbraid my Weakness, call me Parricide,
 And charge me as consenting to the Murder ?
 For Oh my Shame ! my Shame ! I must confess it,
 Tho' Piety and Honor urg'd me on,
 Tho' Rage and Grief had wrought me to Distraction,
 I durst not, cou'd not, wou'd not once accuse thee.

T E L E M A C H U S.

And wherefore art thou merciful in vain ?
 Oh do not load me with that Burden, Life,
 Unless thou give me Love, to chear my Labors.
 Tell me, *Semantbe*, is it, is it thus
 The Bride and Bridegroom meet ? Are Tears and
 Mourning,

This Bitterness of Grief, and these Lamentings,
 Are these the Portion of our nuptial Night ?

S E M A N T H E.

But thou, thou only didst prevent the Joy,
 'Tis thou hast turn'd the Blessing to a Curse ;
 Live therefore, live, and be, if it be possible,
 As great a Wretch as thou hast made *Semantbe*.

T E L E M A C H U S.

It shall be so,——I will be faithful to thee ;
 For Days, for Months, for Years I will be miserable,
 Protract

Protract my Suff'rings ev'n to hoary Age,
And linger out a tedious Life in Pain ;
In spite of Sicknefs and a broken Heart,
I will endure for Ages to obey thee.

S E M A N T H E.

Oh never shalt thou know Sorrows like mine ;
Never despair, never be curs'd, as I am.
Yes, I will open my afflicted Breast,
And sadly shew thee ev'ry secret Pain ;
Tho' Hell and Darknefs with new Monsters teem,
Tho' Furies hideous to behold ascend,
Toss their infernal Flames, and yell around me ;
Tho' my offended Father's angry Ghost
Shou'd rise all pale and bloody just before me,
'Till my Hair started up, my Sight were blasted,
And ev'ry trembling Fibre shook with Horror ;
Yet——yet——Oh yet I must confess I love thee !

T E L E M A C H U S.

Then let our envious Stars oppose in vain
Their baleful Influence, to thwart our Joys ;
My Love shall get the better of our Fate,
Prevent the Malice of that hard Decree,
That seem'd to doom us to eternal Sorrows ;
And yet, in spite of all, we will be happy.

S E M A N T H E.

Let not that vain, that faithless Hope deceive thee ;
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis certainly decreed,
Fix'd as that Law, by which imperial *Jove*
According to his Prescience and his Pow'r,
Ordains the Sons of Men to Good or Evil ;
'Tis certain, even our Love and all the Mis'ries
Which must attend that Love, are not more certain,
Than that this Moment we must part for ever.

T E L E M A C H U S.

How !---part for ever ?---That's a way indeed
To make us miserable.——Is there none,
No other sad Alternative of Grief,
No other Choice but this ?——What, must we part
for ever ?

S E M A N T H E.

Oh sigh not, nor complain---Is not thy Hand
 Stain'd with my Father's Blood? Justice and Nature,
 The Gods demand it, and we must obey:
 Yes, I must go, the pressing Minutes call me,
 Where these fond Eyes shall never see thee more;
 No more with languishing Delight gaze on thee,
 Feed on thy Face, and fill my Heart with Pleasure;
 Where Day and Night shall follow one another,
 Tedious alike and irksome, and alike
 Wasted in weary Loneliness and Weeping.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Here then, my Soul, take thy farewell of Happiness;
 That and *Semantbe* fly together from thee:
 Henceforth renounce all Commerce with the World,
 Nor hear, nor see, nor once regard what passes.
 Let mighty Kings contend, ambitious Youth
 Arm for the Battle: Seasons come and go;
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, with their fruitful Pleasures,
 And Winter with its silver Frost; let Nature
 Display in vain her various Pomp before thee;
 'Tis wretched all, 'tis all not worth thy Care;
 'Tis all a Wilderness without *Semantbe*.

S E M A N T H E.

One last, one guilty Proof, how much I love thee,
 (Forgive it Gods!) *Ceraunus* and the *Samians*
 Shall bring thee from me ere I part from *Ithaca*.
 That done, I'll haste, I'll fly, as I have sworn
 For thy lov'd sake, far from the Sight of Man;
 Fly to the pathless Wilds, and sacred Shades,
 Where *Dryads* and the Mountain-Nymphs resort;
 There beg the rural Deities to pity me,
 To end my Woes, and let me on their Hills
 Like *Cyparissus* grow a mournful Tree;
 Or melt like weeping *Byblis* to a Fountain.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Since Fate divides us then, since I must lose thee,
 For Pity's sake, for Love's, Oh suffer me,
 Thus languishing, thus dying, to approach thee.

And

And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom:
 Permit me thus, to fold thee in my Arms,
 To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets,
 Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight;
 Thus, for my last of Moments, gaze upon thee,
 Thou best---thou only Joy---thou lost *Semantbe!*

S E M A N T H E.

For ever I could listen---But the Gods,
 The cruel Gods, forbid, and thus they part us.
 Remember---Oh remember me, *Telemachus!*
 Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no matter,
 I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever
 The sad Companion of this faithful Breast,
 While Life and Thought remain; and when at last
 I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
 My Heart-strings break, and all my Senses fail,
 I'll fix thy Image in my closing Eye,
 Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. [*Exit.*]

Manet. T E L E M A C H U S.

T E L E M A C H U S.

And whither wilt thou wander, thou forlorn
 Abandon'd Wretch!---The King thy Father comes,
 Fly from his angry Frown---No matter whither,
 Seek for the darkest Covert of the Night,
 Seek out for Death, and see if that can hide thee,
 If there be any Refuge thou canst prove,
 Safe from pursuing Sorrow, Shame and anxious Love.
 [*Exit.*]

Enter U L Y S S E S, E U M Æ U S, and Attendants.

U L Y S S E S.

To doubt if there be Justice with the Gods,
 Or if they care for ought below, were impious.
 Oft have I try'd, and ever found 'em faithful;
 In all the various Perils of my Life;
 In Battles; in the midst of flaming *Troy*;
 In stormy Seas; in those dread Regions where
 Swarthy *Cimmerians* have their dark Abode,

Divided from this World, and Borderers on Hell;
 Ev'n there the Providence of *Jove* was with me,
 Defended, chear'd, and bore me thro' the Danger;
 Nor is his Pow'r, nor is my Virtue less,
 That I should fear this rude, tumultuous Herd.

E U M Æ U S.

So feeble is our Band, so few our Friends,
 We hope not Safety from ourselves, but thee;
 In thee, our King, we trust; in thee, thou Hero,
 Favor'd of Heav'n, in all thy Wars victorious.
 But see where proud Rebellion comes against thee,

[*Shout.*

Severely fierce, and breathing bold Defiance;
 Now let our Courage and our Faith be try'd;
 And if, unequal to thy great Example,
 We cannot conquer like thee, yet we can die for thee.

*Shout; Drums and Trumpets: Then enter ANTI NOUS,
 CLEON, and Soldiers.*

A N T I N O U S.

What bold Invader of our Laws and Freedom,
 Usurps the sacred Name of King in *Ithaca*?
 Who dares to play the Tyrant in our State,
 And, in despite of hospitable *Jove*,
 Defames our Island with the Blood of Strangers?

U L Y S S E S.

Have you forgot me then, you Men of *Ithaca*?
 Did I for this, amongst the *Græcian* Heroes,
 Go forth to Battle in my Country's Cause?
 Have I by Arms, and by successful Counsels,
 Deserv'd a Name from *Asia's* wealthy Shores,
 Ev'n to the western Ocean, to those Bounds
 That mark the great *Alcides'* utmost Labors,
 And am I yet a Stranger here——at Home?

A N T I N O U S.

And wherefore did'st thou leave those distant Nations.
 Through which thy Name and mighty Deeds were spread?
 We never sought to know thee; and, now known,

Regard

Regard thee not, unless it be to punish
Thy Violation of our public Peace.

U L Y S S E S.

And dost thou dare ; dost thou, audacious Slave,
Thou rash Misleader of this giddy Crowd,
Dost thou presume to match thyself with me,
To judge between a Monarch and his People ?
If Heav'n had not appointed me thy Master,
Yet it had made me something more than thou art,
Then when it made me what I am——*Ulysses.*

A N T I N O U S.

Then be *Ulysses!* Echo it again,
And see what Homage these will pay the Sound ;
[*Pointing to the Soldiers.*
Tell 'em the Story of your *Trojan Wars,*
How *Hector* drove you headlong to the Shore,
And threw his hostile Fires amidst your Fleet ;
Then mark with what Applause they will receive thee.
Say, Countrymen, will you revenge the Princes
This Wanderer has slain, and join with me ?

O M N E S.

Antinous! Antinous!

A N T I N O U S.

What of your Monarch ?

O M N E S.

Drive him out to Banishment.

U L Y S S E S.

Were there no Gods in Heav'n, or were they careless,
And *Jove* had long forgot to wield his Thunder,
And dart Destruction down on Crimes like thine ;
Yet, Traitor, hope not thou to 'scape from Justice,
Nor let rebellious Numbers swell thy Pride ;
For know, *Ulysses* is alone sufficient
To punish thee ; and, on thy perjur'd Head,
Revenge the Wrongs of Love, and injur'd Majesty.

A N T I N O U S.

And see, I stand prepar'd to meet thy Vengeance ;
Exert thy kingly Pow'r, and summon all

Thy

Thy useful Arts and Courage to thy Aid;
 And since thy faithful *Diomedé* is absent,
 Since valiant *Ajax*, with his seven-fold Shield,
 No more shall interpose 'twixt thee and Danger,
 Invoke those friendly Gods whose Care thou art,
 And let them save thee: now assert thy Cause,
 And render back to thy despairing Arms
 The beauteous Queen, whom, in despite of them
 And thee, this happy Night I made my Prize.

U L Y S S E S.

Hear this, ye Gods! he triumphs in the Rape;
 Most glorious Villain!—But we pause too long;
 On then, and tempt our Fate, my gallant Friends;
 From this Desier of the Gods, this Monster,
 Let us redeem my Queen, or die together:
 And, equal to our great Forefather's Fame,
 Descend and join those Demy-Gods of *Greece*,
 Who with their Blood enrich'd the *Dardan Plains*,
 To vindicate a Husband's sacred Right.

Shout: Then enter ARCAS wounded.

A N T I N O U S.

What means that sudden Thunder-clap of Tumult?
 Art thou not *Arcas*?—Thou art faint and bloody.

A R C A S.

I've paid you the last Office of my Friendship;
 Scarce have I Breath enough to speak your Danger:
 The furious *Samians*, led by young *Telemachus*,
 Resistless, fierce, and bearing all before 'em,
 Have from the Castle forc'd the captive Queen;
 Fir'd with Success, they drive our fainting Troops,
 And hither urge their Way with threat'ning Cries,
 Loudly demanding your devoted Head,
 A just Atonement for their murder'd Lord.

U L Y S S E S.

Celestial Pow'rs! ye Guardians of the Just!
 This wond'rous Work is yours, and yours be all the
 Praise,

A N T I-

ANTINOUS.

Confusion!---Wherefore didst thou not proclaim
My Innocence, and warn them of their Error?

A R C A S.

Behold these Wounds, through which my parting Soul
Is hast'ning forth, and judge my Truth by them:
Whate'er I cou'd I urg'd in thy Defence,
But all was vain; with clamorous Impatience
They broke upon my Speech, and swore 'twas false.
Their Queen, the fair *Scamthe*, had accus'd thee,
And fix'd her royal Father's Death on thee.
If any Way be left yet, haste and fly;
Th' inconstant, faithless *Ithacans* join with 'em,
And all is lost—What dearer Pledge than Life
Can Friendship ask? Behold I give it for thee.

[Dies. [Shouts

U L Y S S E S.

They come; Success and Happiness attend us,
Pallas, and my victorious Son fight for us,

ANTINOUS.

Thou and thy Gods at last have got the better.

[To Ulysses,

Yet know I scorn to fly; that great Ambition,
That bid me first aspire to Love and Empire,
Still brightly burns, and animates my Soul.
Be true, my Sword, and let me fall reveng'd,
And I'll forgive ill Fortune all besides.

[Ulysses, Antinous, and their Parties fight.

Enter TELEMACHUS, CERAUNUS, and Samian
Soldiers; they join ULYSSES, and drive ANTINOUS,
CLEON, and the rest off the Stage. Then enter at one
Door, ULYSSES; at the other, the QUEEN, MENTOR,
and Attendants.

U L Y S S E S.

My Queen! my Love!

[Embracing,

Q U E E N.

My Hero! my *Ulysses*!

Once more thou art restor'd, once more I hold thee;

At

At length the Gods have prov'd us to the utmost,
 Are satisfy'd with what we have endur'd,
 And never will afflict nor part us more.
 'Tis not in Words to tell thee what I've felt,
 The Sorrows and the Fears; ev'n yet I tremble;
 Ev'n yet the fierce Ideas shock my Soul,
 And hardly yield to Wonder and to Joy.

M E N T O R.

A Turn so happy, and so unexpected,
 None but those over-ruling Pow'rs who caus'd it,
 Cou'd have foreseen: The beauteous *Samian* Princess,
 Within whose gentle Breast, Revenge and Tenderness
 Long strove, and long maintain'd a doubtful Conflict,
 At length was vanquish'd by prevailing Love;
 And happily, to save the Prince, imputed
 To false *Antinous*, her Father's Death;
 Heav'n has approv'd the Fraud of fond Affection,
 The just Deceit, a Falshood fair as Truth,
 Since 'tis to that alone we owe your Safety.

Enter T E L E M A C H U S.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Here let me kneel, and with my Tears atone

[Kneeling.

The rash Offences of my heedless Youth,

[Ulysses raises him.

Here offer the first Trophies of my Sword,
 And once more hail my Father King of *Ithaca*.

Antinous, the Rebel Faction's Chief,
 Is now no more; and your repenting People
 Wait with united Homage to receive you;
 The Strangers too, to whom we owe our Conquest,
 Haste to embark, and set their swelling Sails
 To bear the sad *Semantbe* back to *Samos*;
 Joy, like the chearful Morning, dawns on all;
 And none but your unhappy Son shall mourn.

U L Y S S E S.

Like thee, the Pangs of parting Love I've known,
 My Heart like thine has bled—But Oh! my Son,
 Sigh

Sigh not, nor of the common Lot complain;
Thou that art born a Man, art born to Pain;
For Proof, behold my tedious twenty Years,
All spent in Toil, and exercis'd in Cares:
'Tis true, the gracious Gods are kind at last,
And well reward me here for all my Sorrows past.

[*Exeunt*]

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE,

JUST going to take Water, at the Stairs
I stopp'd, and came again to beg your Pray'rs;
You see how ill my Love has been repaid,
That I am like to live and die a Maid;
Poetic Rules and Justice to maintain,
I to the Woods am order'd back again
To Madam Cynthia, and her Virgin Train.
'Tis an uncomfortable Life they lead;
Instead of Quilts and Down, the silvan Bed
With Skins of Beasts, with Leaves and Moss is spread:
No Morning Toilets do their Chambers grace,
Where famous Pearl Cosmetics find a Place,
With Powder for the Teeth, and Plaister for the Face.
But, in Defiance of Complexion, they,
Like arrant Housewives, rise by Break of Day;
Cut a brown Crust, saddle their Nags, and mounting,
In scorn of the Green-Sickness ride a hunting:
Your Sal, and Harts-horn Drops, they deal not in;
They have no Vapors, nor no witty Spleen.
No Coffee to be had; and I am told,
As to the Tea they drink, 'tis mostly cold.
For Conversation, nothing can be worse;
'Tis all amongst themselves, and that's the Curse:
One Topic there, as here, does seldom fail,
We Women rarely want a Theme to rail;
But bating that one Pleasure of backbiting,
There is no earthly Thing they can delight in.
There are no Indian Houses, to drop in,
And fancy Stuffs, and choose a pretty Screen,

E P I L O G U E.

*To while away an Hour or so---I swear
These Cups are pretty, but they're deadly dear:
And if some unexpected Friend appear,
The De'il!---Who cou'd have thought to meet you here?*

*We should but very badly entertain
You that delight in Toasting and Champaign,
But keep your tender Persons safe at home;
We know you hate hard Riding: But if some
Tough, honest, Country Fox-hunter would come,
Visit our Goddess, and her maiden Court,
'Tis ten to one but we may show him Sport.*

}

End of the First Volume.

