



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

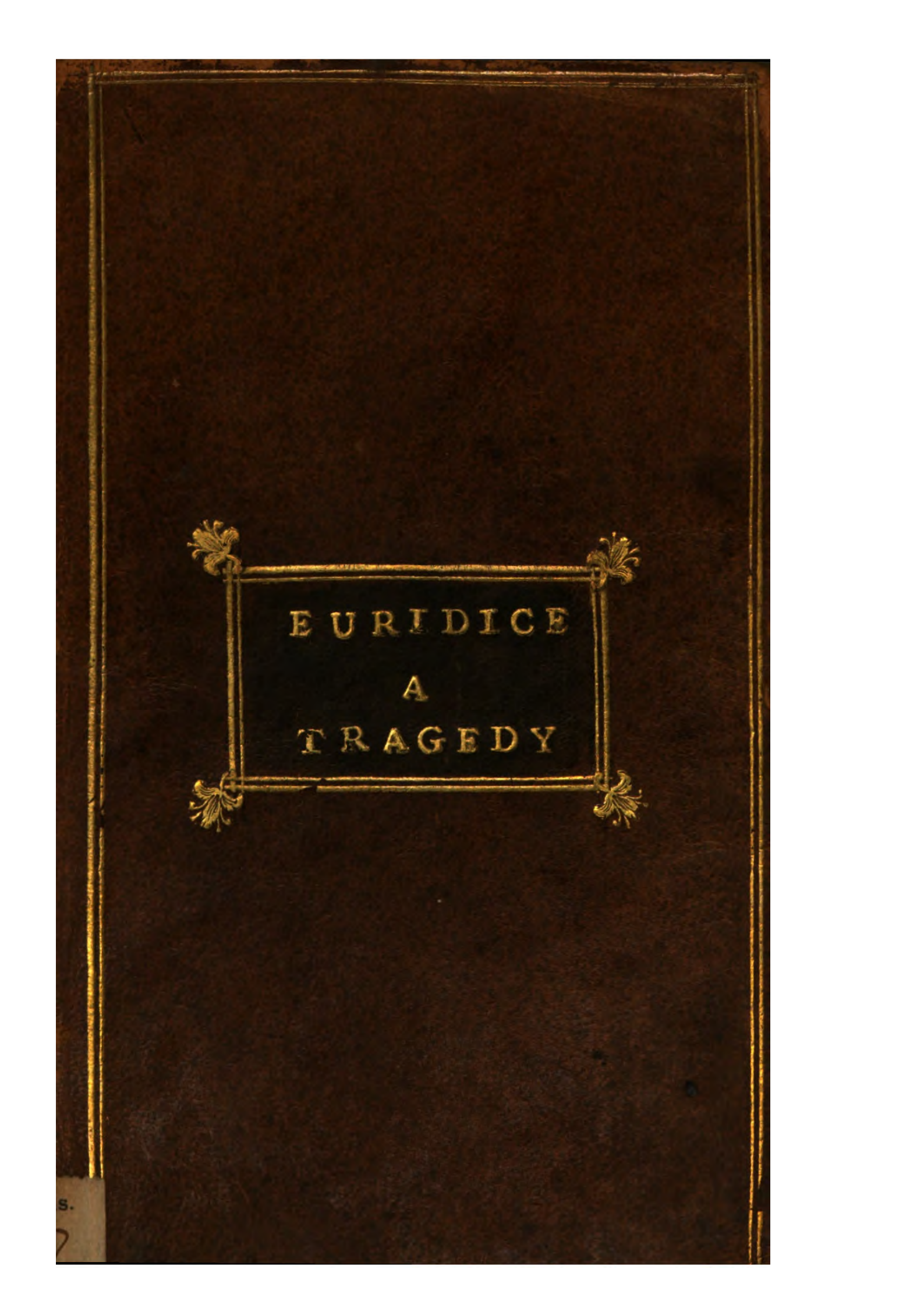
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

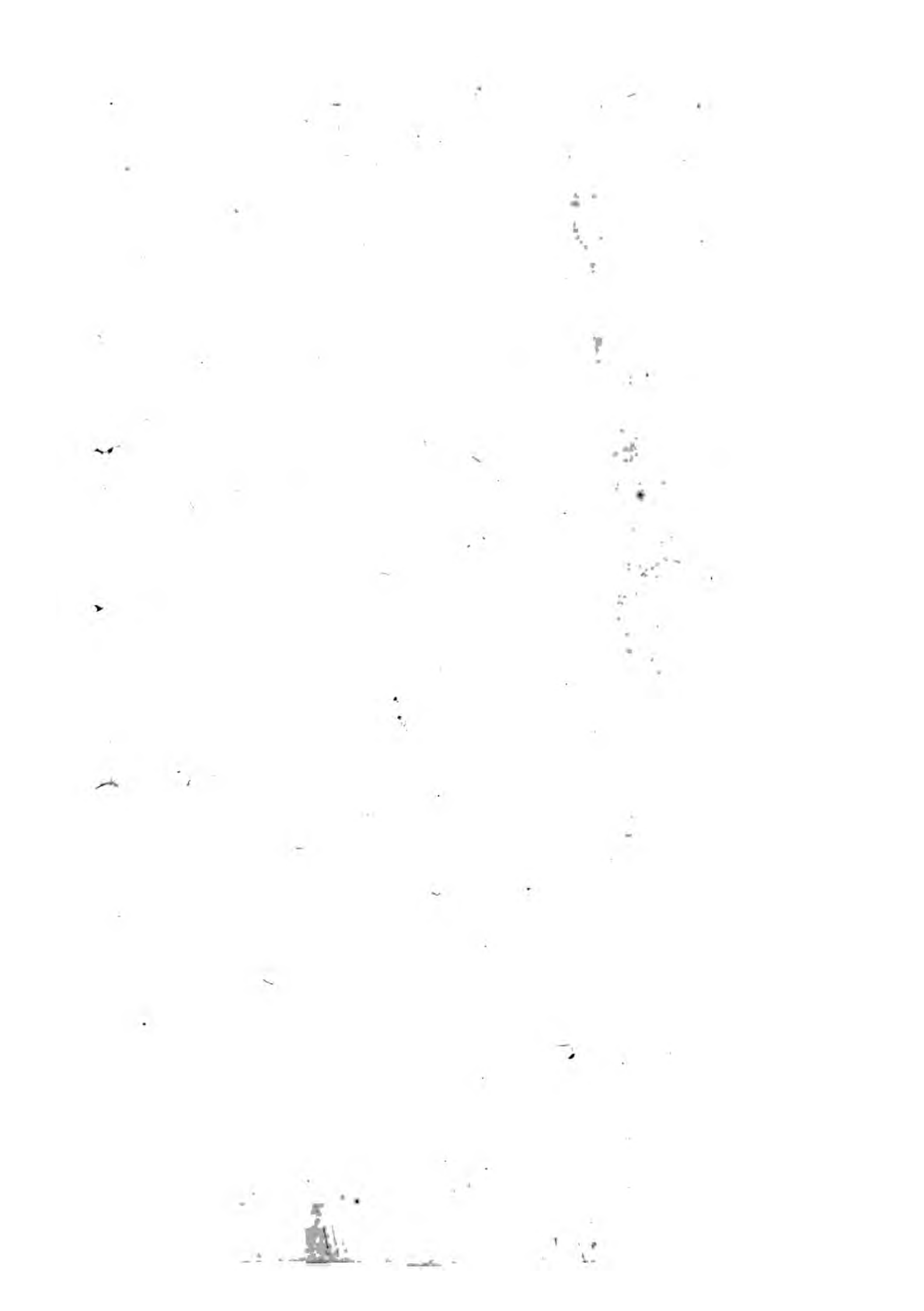


EURIDICE
A
TRAGEDY

A-C¹²D⁶. CRP. 7-6-52



P





G. V. de Gucht inv. Sculp.

EURYPIDICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By HIS MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. MALLET.

A NEW EDITION, Corrected.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan's Head*, over-against
St. Clement's Church, in the Strand; and sold by W. FEALES.

M.DCC.XXXV.

M. add: 108. f. 17.

ВУКОВА

ВУКОВА



ВУКОВА

ВУКОВА



TO HIS GRACE

The Duke of Montrose.

MY LORD,

I Beg leave to shelter the following tragedy under your patronage: a small, but sincere return of gratitude for the many obligations I have to your Grace; and in particular, for the generous concern with which you espoused and supported the interest of this performance: and to which I am greatly indebted for its reputation and success.

Permit me to add, in justice to your Grace, (and I do it with equal pride and pleasure) that I received this indulgence, without being obliged to pay for it that adulation and baseness of heart, which is, sometimes, exacted by the vulgar Great ; but is, more frequently, the voluntary, ill-judged offering of mean and venial writers. I am, with the truest zeal and attachment,

M Y L O R D,

Your Grace's most obliged,

and most faithful servant,

D. M A L L E T.



PROLOGUE.

Written by AARON HILL, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

IN youth, when modesty and merit meet,
How rare the union! and the force how sweet!
Tho' at small praise our humble author aims,
His friend may give him, what his blush disclaims.

Ladies! — to you he makes his chief address;
Form'd, to be pray'd to, and even born to bless!
He feels your power, himself, and makes it felt;
His scenes will teach each stubborn heart to melt:
And each fair eye, that now shines softly here,
Anon shall shine, still softer, thro' a tear.

Let not constraint your gen'rous sighs repress,
Nor veil compassion, nor repel distress.
Your sex's strength is in such weakness found;
And sighs and tears but help your charms to wound.

Of all the wonders taught us by the fair,
'Tis strangest, Tragedy shou'd lose their care!
Where Love, soft tyrant! in full glory reigns;
And sovereign Beauty holds the world in chains.

Less polish'd, and more bold, the Comic Muse
Unkings your Cupid, or obstructs his views;
Upholds presuming wit's familiar claim,
And blots out awe from Love's diminish'd flame.

*Finds, or makes faults, and sets 'em strong in sight,
And dares draw WOMAN false, or vain, or light.
While Tragedy—your servant, try'd, and true,
Still to your Fame devoted, and to YOU!
Enslav'd to Love, subdu'd ambition brings,
Firms Beauty's power, and crowns it king of kings.*

*Let wish'd attention grace our scene to-night,
And mourn'd afflictions move refin'd delight.
Each tender light of life we recommend;
Wife, husband, subject, parent, son, and friend!
All! your impassion'd int'rests shall engage,
And hopes, and fears, and pity, fire the stage.*

*Then, when soft sorrow swells the fair one's breast,
And sad impressions mix with nightly rest,
Pleasing remembrance shall our scene supply,
And the sweet saddening influence never die.*



E P I L O G U E.

Written by AARON HILL, Esq;

Spoken by Miss ROBINSON, in boys clothes;
tripping in hastily.

OH! Gentlemen! — I'm come—but was not sent ye:
A voluntier—Pray does my size content ye?
MAN, I am yours—Sex!—bles'd, as heaven can make ye,
And from this time, weak WOMAN! I forsake ye.

Who'd

*Who'd be a wife? when each new Play can teach us,
To what fine ends these Lords of ours beseech us?
At first, whate'er they do, they do—so charming!
But mark what follows; frightful! and alarming!
They feed too fast on Love; then sick'ning tell us,
They can't, forsooth, be kind—because they're jealous.*

*Who wou'd be Woman, then? to sigh—and suffer,
And wish—and wait—for the slow-coming proffer!
Not I—farewel to petticoats, and stitching,
And welcome dear, dear, breeches! more bewitching.
Henceforth, new-moulded, I'll rove, love, and wander,
And fight, and storm—and charm—like PERIANDER.
Born for this dapper age; pert, short, and clever;
If e'er I grow a MAN—'tis now, or never.*

*Well! but what conduct suits this transformation?
I'll copy some smart soul of conversation.
Shou'd there be war, I'd talk of fields and trenches;
Shou'd there be peace—I'd toast ten favourite wenches!
Shou'd I be lov'd—Gadso! how then? no matter,
I'll bow, as you do—and look foolish at her.
And so, who knows, that never means to prove ye,
But I'm as good a Man, as any of ye!*

*Well! 'tis a charming frolick—and I'll do't:
Sirs!—have I your consent?—What say ye to't?
Yet hold—Perhaps they'll dread a rival beau:
I may be what I seem, for aught they know.
Ladies! farewel—I shou'd be loth to leave ye,
Cou'd an increase of pretty fellows grieve ye:
Each, like myself, devoted, ne'er to harm ye,
And full as fit, no doubt, to serve and charm ye.*

The PERSONS represented.

EURYDICE, Queen of <i>Corinth</i> .	Mrs. Porter.
MELISSA, her Confidante.	Mrs. Butler.
LEONIDAS, a Nobleman, secretly in the Queen's interest.	} Mr. Bridgewater.
PROCLES, Tyrant of <i>Epidaurus</i> , in possession of the Crown of <i>Corinth</i> .	} Mr. Marshall.
MEDON, his Favourite.	Mr. W. Mills.
PERIANDER, King of <i>Corinth</i> .	Mr. Mills.
POLYDORE, his Son.	Mr. Hallam.
ARISTON.	Mr. Corey.

Officers, Guards, Attendants.

The SCENE, Corinth.



E U R Y D I C E.

A

T R A G E D Y.



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

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

EURYDICE.



Y heavenly Powers!

What means this dreadful war of sea and sky!

Melis. Dreadful indeed. It rose not by degrees,

But all at once, a tempest wild and loud.

Euryd. Hear! from the wintry north how keen it howls

Thro' these lone towers that rock with every blast,
 Each moment threaten'g ruine on our heads.
 But see—stand here, and cast thy eyes below
 O'er the broad ocean to the distant sky,
 See what confusion fills the raving deep!
 What mountain-waves arise!—'Tis terrible,
 And suiting to the horrors of my fate,
 The deep despair that desolates my soul.

Melis. Ha! look, behold, due west where yonder
 rocks

O'erhang the beating tides——O sight of woe!
 Four goodly ships, abandon'd to the storm,
 Drive blindly with the billows; their drench'd sails
 Stript off, and whirl'd before the rending wind.

Euryd. Assist them, all good Powers! The storm is
 high,

And the flood perilous.

Look! now they climb a fearful steep, and hang
 On the big surge that mixes with the clouds.
 Save me! it bursts, and headlong down they reel
 Into the yawning gulph——They cannot scape.
 A sea rowls o'er the foremost.

Melis. Ah! she strikes

On yonder wave-worn cliff. The fatal shock
 Has doubtless shiver'd her strong side. She sinks
 So swiftly down, that scarce the straining eye
 Can trace her tallest mast.—Where is she now!
 Hid in the wild abyfs, with all her crew,
 All lost for ever!

Euryd. Turn we from the sight,
 Too dismal for a woman's eye to bear.
 Ill-fated men! whom, knowing not, I mourn;
 Whence, or what may they be? Even now, perhaps,
 In some far-distant land, a faithful wife,
 Or tender parent, offers vows to heaven

For their return; and fondly numbers up
 The lingring months of absence. Fruitless love!
 They never more shall meet!—By my own ills
 Severely taught, I pity them; yet think
 Their fate, all full of horror as it seems,
 Is rather to be envy'd. They are now
 Beyond the hand of Fate, at rest for ever!
 While I, *Melissa*——

Melis. Ah, *Eurydice*,
 My royal Mistress, rather think the Gods
 Would teach you, by this sight of mournful ruine,
 Patience and gentler thought. When others too
 Are miserable, not to know the worst
 Is some degree of bliss.

Euryd. *Melissa*, no.
 I tell thee, no ill fate, no face of death
 Can be so dreadful as a life like mine.
 Call back to thy remembrance what I have been:
 Rich in a Son, and glorious in a Husband,
 All happiness was mine. Behold me now
 Cast down to lowest infamy; the slave,
 The sport of a foul Tyrant, who betray'd me,
 And would destroy my honour.—Gracious heaven!
 And shall this bold offender, who has broke
 All bonds of holy faith, yet bids his soul
 Rejoice and take her ease; shall he long triumph
 Here in the throne of *Corinth*, while its lord,
 The great, unhappy *Periander* roams
 An unknown fugitive!

Melis. These tears, my Queen,
 These faithful tears, which sympathizing sorrow
 Draws from my eyes, speak the sad share I take
 In all your mighty ills.

Euryd. Say now, *Melissa*,
 Is there among the daughters of Affliction

One so forlorn as poor *Eurydice*?
 A prisoner here, subjected to the power
 Of impious *Procles*, daily doom'd to hear,
 O deadly insult! his detested love.
 What ill can equal this? Why did I trust
 The brutal Tyrant?

Melis. See, his Minion's here.



S C E N E II.

EURYDICE, MELISSA, MEDON.

Med. **H**Ail, beauteous Queen! By me, the royal
Procles

With lowly service bends him to your charms:
 Bids smiling health, and gentle peace of mind
 Light up your morn, and make your evening fair.
 This, with the tenderest vows——

Euryd. Canst thou inform me
 Of those unhappy men, whom I but now
 Saw perish on this coast?

Med. Not who they are;
 But what their fate, these eyes with dread beheld.
 The King too, from the morning's chase return'd,
 At this sad sight spur'd on with all his train,
 To save, if possible, whom the wild sea
 Casts forth upon the land. But first his love,
 That counts each moment's absence from your eyes
 An age of lingering torment, bade me fly
 With health and greeting to the matchless fair,
 Who holds his soul enslav'd.

Euryd. Then bear him back,
 From her whom he has wrong'd, betray'd and ruin'd,
 Horror

Horror and loathing, unrelenting scorn,
 And all a woman's hate, in just return
 For his detested love. The tyrant coward!
 To crush the fallen and helpless! to embitter
 The pangs, the miseries himself has caus'd,
 With gall of mockery!

Med. Your pardon, Madam,
 If I, the humblest of your slaves, presume
 To place before your eyes in faithful prospect
 That mournful period, full of dread and danger,
 Which late you saw. Behold then your false subjects,
 Wantonly mad and spurning every tie
 Of sworn obedience, mix'd in one bold treason,
 Threatning and universal: your lost husband
 Absent, involv'd in unsuccessful war:
 His troops averse and mutinous. From them
 Bold faction with contagious swiftness spread
 To *Corinth* too; where the wild herd arrous'd
 Insulted you, and drove you to this Fortrefs.
 Say where was then your hope, when meagre Famine
 Join'd his devouring ravage; and your eyes
 Saw daily, hourly perish those poor few
 Whose faith had kept them yours?

Euryd. O would to heaven
 I then had perish'd too!

Med. Such was your state,
 Lost even to hope, when generous *Procles* flew
 Impatient to your aid, dispers'd and quell'd
 The general treason. May I dare to urge
 These services? But what are these? His throne,
 His heart is yours: he lays them at your feet:
 He bids you reign in both.

Euryd. Thou base of heart!
 To slaves like thee, who flatter and inflame
 Their prince's crimes, are owing half the plagues
 That

That curse mankind. Has not thy cruel Master,
 Whose guilt this shameful praise of thine brings home
 On thy own soul, say, has he not usurp'd,
 With perfidy avow'd, the very crown
 He swore to save? And I too——thy bold insult
 Shews I indeed am wretched. But away.
 'Tis base to parle with thee, the sycophant
 Who leads him on from guilt to guilt, and swears
 He grows a God by sinning.



S C E N E III.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

Melis. **A**H, my Queen,
 My heart forebodes some fatal consequence
 Will grow of this.

Euryd. Why let it come, *Melissa*.
 I merit all that fortune can inflict,
 For trusting this betrayer, this curst *Procles*.

Melis. Alas, what could you do?

Euryd. I should have dy'd.
 He was the known and mortal foe of *Corinth*.

Melis. Yet his fair-seeming might have won belief
 From doubting Age, or wary Policy.
 By frequent, urgent message he conjur'd you
 To save yourself. With open honour own'd
 His antient enmity; but, by each Power
 Celestial and infernal, swore 'twas past.
 Nay more, that as a king and as a man,
 Just indignation at your impious subjects,
 And pity of your fate, had touch'd his heart.

Euryd.

EURYDICE.

17

Euryd. But Fame had spoke him faithless, bold, ambitious.

No; 'twas the coward woman in my soul,
Th' inglorious fear of dying, that betray'd
My virtue into the Deceiver's power.

For this my heart, each conscious hour upbraids me,
As faithless to my trust, weak, and unworthy
Even of the base precarious life I hold.

For this, O crown of misery! I'm doom'd
Daily to hear the Tyrant's impious passion,
His horrid vows and oaths.

Melis. That way indeed
I dread to turn my thoughts. A soul so brutal,
And floun with nightly insolence and wine,
What may he not attempt?

Euryd. O curse! to know
That I am in his power, and yet compell'd
To suffer hated life! — for can I die
Unheard, unjustify'd; while yet perhaps
Th' unhappy *Periander* thinks too hardly
Of my late error? — King of gods and men!
Whose universal eye beholds each thought
Most secret in the soul, give me to clear
My faith to him; I ask of heaven no more
For my past miseries.

Melis. What shouts are these? [*Looking out.*
Ah me! th' inhuman triumph of the croud,
The hard-soul'd many, who have watch'd the storm
For driving wrecks, the spoils of perish'd wretches.

Euryd. Unfeeling beasts of prey! — Methinks the
storm
Is almost overblown. The waves subside,
And fall their fiercer roarings. But alas!
Of all the four, not one remaining sail
Is to be seen around.

Melis.

Melis. Either my eyes
Deceive me, or the good *Leonidas*
Bends hitherward his steps: and on his brow
Sits some afflicting thought.

Euryd. Ha! whence is this?
What mean these secret shiverings, this dark horror
Of some approaching ill?



S C E N E IV.

EURYDICE, MELISSA, LEONIDAS.

Leon. **F**orgive me, Madam,
That I appear before you to impart
A mournful message: but by *Procles'* order—

Euryd. Whate'er proceeds from him, *Leonidas*,
Must needs be fatal to me. But say on.
No form of ruine is so dreadful now,
As being in his power.

Leon. Unhappy Queen!
Your fate might melt the hardest breast, and teach
Even Cruelty's remorseless eye to weep.
How shall I speak the rest?

Euryd. *Leonidas!*
What is this fatal tale too sad for utterance?
Alas! why dost thou weep? why turn thy eyes,
Severe on heaven?

Leon. This ruinous storm,
Whose sudden outrage—

Euryd. Ha! what ships were these,
Say, speak, that sunk but now before our eyes
In sight of shore?

Leon. The very fleet design'd
To rescue you; to free repenting *Corinth*

From

From this betrayer, this detested *Procles*.

The King was there embark'd.

Euryd. Then all is lost!

Melis. Ah heaven! she faints.

Leon. Behold, ye Gods! this sight.

Remember the curst Author of this ruine.

My eyes, my soul's in tears to see her thus.

Euryd. O *Periander*! my much-injur'd Lord!
Would I had dy'd for thee—Ah! gentle maid,
Was it then he, my husband, whom these eyes
Saw perish in the storm! whose fate I wept,
Nor knew that all the cruel wreck was mine!

Melis. Unhappy day!

Euryd. Undone *Eurydice*!

But I will die—I should have dy'd before
When my mean cowardice, my dread of death,
Betray'd me to false *Procles*. I had then
Dy'd innocent: I had not then deserv'd
A ruin'd husband's curse. — O thought of horror!
Perhaps his latest breath, even in the hour
Of dreadful fate, charg'd me with all his wrongs,
His life and honour lost! perhaps expir'd
In imprecations on me!

Melis. Oh, for pity,

Forbear these fatal thoughts. They but inflame
The rage of real ills, and wound you deeper.

Leon. Would tears, my gracious Mistress, aught
avail us,

Methinks these aged eyes could number drops
With falling clouds, or the perpetual stream.
But while we mourn, our enemy rejoices,
And sounds his cruel triumph loud to heaven.
If I have bow'd me to his impious will,
Tho' with that strong abhorrence Nature feels
At what she holds most mortal; 'twas to turn

Against

Against the traitor his own treacherous arts,
 And ruin him more surely. This may be.
 Sad *Corinth* looks with horror on the hand
 That scourges her each hour with whips of scorpions.
 She waits but some fair chance, at once to rise
 And drive him from her throne.

Melis. These trumpets speak
 His near approach.

Euryd. Father of human kind!
 Eternal Justice! hear these guilty sounds!
 Behold this Tyrant's revel! while a King,
 Thy great resemblance, floats a cold pale corse;
 Or on the naked beach cast vilely out,
 Unknown, unhonour'd lies. *Leonidas,*
 By all my griefs I beg thee, search these shores,
 Each cliff and cavern where the wild wave beats,
 For my lov'd Lord, and to these widow'd arms
 Give back his dear remains. But *Procles* comes.



SCENE V.

PROCLE, MEDON, LEONIDAS, *Attendants.*

Proc. **H**Ail glorious day! auspicious fortune hail!
 From this triumphant hour my future life
 Runs fair and smiling on. The bold attempt,
 Laid dark and deep by my most dreaded foe,
 Is perish'd with its author. From on high
 Heaven arm'd his winds and seas to fight for me:
 And victory is mine without my care,
 Almost without my knowledge. Yes the Gods,
 The Gods themselves espouse my happy cause!
 For this, let flowery garlands wreath their shrines;

Let

EURYDICE.

21

Let hecatombs before their altars bleed,
And triumph reign thro' *Corinth*.

[*Attendants withdraw.*]

Is the Queen
Inform'd of all, *Leonidas*?

Leon. She is.

Proc. And she receiv'd the news——

Leon. With sad surprize,
And many tears, my Lord.

Proc. Just the fond sex.

Such their vain grief; a moment's passing storm,
Then all is calm. Be it thy farther care,
As the receding flood forsakes the shore,
To make strict search thro' all this coast around
For *Periander's* Corpse. I would methinks
A while indulge my eyes; a while peruse
The features of a rival once so fam'd,
So terrible in arms; whose partial fortune
Soar'd high above, and ever thwarted mine
In all the dearer aims that swell my thought,
Love and ambition.

Leon. Mark this, righteous heaven!



SCENE VI.

PROCLES, MEDON.

Med. **A**T length, Sir, all the Gods declare for you,
And fortune is your own. Your native
realm,

Fair *Epidaurus*, peaceful and resign'd;
Acknowledges her Lord. Your rival's fate
Confirms his kingdom yours.

Proc.

Proc. Yet I am still
 Unblest amid this flow of prosperous fortune.
 Not all that charms Ambition's shoreless wish,
 Empire and kneeling homage, can bestow
 The better joy I long for.

Med. Ah, my Prince,
 Forget, or scorn that proud ill-natur'd fair one.

Proc. Impossible. By heaven my soul can form
 No wish, no thought but her. I tell thee, *Medon*,
 With blushes tell thee, this proud charmer reigns
 Unbounded o'er my reason. I have try'd
 Each shape, each art of varied love to win her ;
 Alternate prayers and threats, the soothing skill
 Of passionate sincerity, the fire
 Of rapturous vows : but all these arts were vain.
 Her rooted hate is not to be remov'd.
 And 'twas my soul's first aim, the towering point
 Of all my wishes, to prevail in this ;
 To triumph o'er my rival too in love.
 That had been great revenge ! but baffled here,
 I'm disappointed still.

Med. Believe me, Sir,
 When once the fit of wilfulness is o'er,
 The burst of tears discharg'd, she'll quickly soften,
 Stoop to your wishes, and forget a husband
 Who is no more.

Proc. Perdition on his name !
 I dread his memory as my rival still.
 But if I have not won her to be mine,
 At least the hated husband reap'd no joy
 From her fantastic honour. Stung to madness
 For ill-requited love, I darkly spread
 Surmizes of her truth. He thought her false :
 And, as he doated on her, the dire tale
 Was poison to his quiet. Jealousy,

In all its horrors, must have seiz'd his soul.
I triumph'd there!

Med. 'Twas exquisite revenge.

I too, my Lord, who live but for your pleasure,
Your ever-faithful Slave, I too combin'd
To aid your vengeance. You can still remember

When in a dungeon's depth *Ariston* lay,
Ariston, *Periander's* factious friend.

With looks of seeming pity I oft mourn'd
His hard imprisonment, complain'd of you,
Nay, curs'd your cruelty; till I had brought
His unsuspecting honesty to credit

My fiction of the Queen. I told him then,
With well-dissembled hatred of her crime,
Embittering every circumstance, that she,
Forgetful of her better fame, had heard
Your secret passion, and with equal ardor
Return'd its warmth. Nay, that she often urg'd you
To wreak your rage on him, the hated friend
Of *Periander*. Having thus alarm'd him,
After long pause I let him scape at last
To find his master out.

Proc. I thank thee, *Medon*.

But this avails not much. My soul burns in me
With furious longings to subdue that woman;
To bend her pride of virtue to my passion.

I fancy, in her arms, transcendent joys,
A heaven of higher bliss, not to be found
In unresisting Beauty, woo'd and won
At idle leisure. Yet once more I mean
To try the fortune of my wishes with her:
And if I am repuls'd, away at once
All little arts of love.

Med. Mean while, the banquet,
Which Pleasure's curious hand hath furnish'd out

With

With splendid choice, awaits you, and invites
 To laughing thought and triumph. There the God,
 Th' inspiring God of wine, with rose-buds crown'd,
 Mirth in his look, and at his side the band
 Of little playful Loves, fills high the bowl,
 And bids it flow unbounded. Music too
 Joins her enchanting voice, and wooes the soul
 With all her powerful skill of moving strains:
 Till the gay hour is quite dissolv'd in blifs,
 In ecstasy of revel, all-unknown
 To lean-look'd Temperance, and his peevish train.

Proc. Come on then, *Medon*. Life is vainly short;
 A very dream of being: and when death
 Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart,
 Beyond is all oblivion, and waste night
 That knows no following dawn, where we shall be
 As we had never been. The Present then
 Is only ours: and shall we let it pass,
 Untasted, unenjoy'd? No; let us on.
 Hail we the rising shade: and now while night
 Leads on the secret hour of free delight,
 With wanton gayety, in naked state,
 Let Music, Mirth, and Love around us wait.

The End of the First Act.





ACT II. SCENE I.

The scene a rocky coast, terminated by a view of the ocean.

PERIANDER *alone.*

BY the pale glimmering of the falling moon,
Amid the broken windings of these rocks
I wander on forlorn, and find no place
To trust my head, or rest my weary steps.

Horror pursues me close. In each low blast,
And murmur of the main, methinks I hear
The murderous spies of *Procles* at my heels.

Thou mournful Queen of heaven! and you dread
Gods!

Who rule the fearful secrecy of night;
Behold me here, the sport of human chance,
A nameless wretch, a ruine hardly sav'd
From the devouring deep. There my last hopes,
My great revenge lies buried. — Is there more?
Away, away; a Traitor fills my throne,
Triumphant in his crimes: and I the while
Roam here a midnight fugitive. Yet this,
All this I could have borne. He was my foe,
The jealous rival of my power—But thou,
In whom my soul had treasur'd up her heaven,

B

Friend-

Friendship, and faith, and love, *Eurydice!*
Thou to betray me!

[letting himself fall against the rock.]
Ha! by the moon's sad beam, I can descry
The towers that hold this anchor of my shame—
Nay, *Procles* too, perhaps—and may not he,
Even now—confusion! death! he may, he does
Invade my bed—O hell! she smiles to hear
The story of my fate—And now they give
A loose to impious Joys. — All-seeing Powers!
And does your vengeance slumber? Are your bolts
Reserv'd for me alone? — Ha! — yet 'tis just.
Conscience, that in the day of fortune's favour,
Securely slept, now rouses into strong
And dread conviction of her crime. I broke
The sacred oath sworn to a dying father,
To free my country from her chains. My soul
Shakes, as I roll this thought. O Providence!
Awfully just, tho' Guilt may shut her eye,
Thine ever wakes to mark, to trace, to punish!



S C E N E II.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS.

Leon. **T**HIS way a distant sound alarm'd my ear.
Broken it seem'd to be; the voice of
mourning,
And deep distress. Methought it rose just here,
From these deaf-sounding cliffs. But all is still!
Save the hoarse deep yet working from the storm
Some Power direct my steps where I may find,

By

By this faint moon-light, my lov'd Master's corpse,
To save his sacred reliques from the rage
Of brutish tyranny. — Ha! what art thou?
A man, or fear-form'd Shadow of the night?

Periand. Leonidas!

Leon. The same. But speak again.

Periand. Leonidas!

Leon. Ha! can it be, ye Powers!
My royal Lord?

Periander coming forward.

A wretch that has no name.

Leon. Oh all ye Gods! may I believe my senses?
'Tis he! my Prince! — Just heaven, to thee I kneel,
And thus adore thy gracious providence.
'Tis most amazing!

Periand. Rise, Leonidas.

I am beneath thy care. Thou seest me here
The last of men, cast off by all good Powers;
Sav'd from the deep to be more lost on shore.

Leon. My king and master, tho' my heart bleeds
in me

With all your mighty ills, I must again
Bless that good heaven whose providence has sav'd you.
'Tis great! 'tis wond'rous all! But how, oh how
Have you escap'd the Tyrant's jealous search?
His guards with strict survey rang'd every cliff,
And hollow of these rocks.

Periand. I'll tell thee then.

We were in fight of *Corinth*, when at once
Broad darkness hid the sky: at once the winds
Roar'd with mad bluster o'er us, and the seas
In rowling mountains rose. A storm so fierce,
So big with ruine, baffled our best skill.
Despair struck every heart. The ship ran round

In giddy whirls, and bulg'd on some hid rock.
 O dismal moment! still methinks I hear
 The general, dying scream of multitudes
 Just drowning in th' abyfs. How poor a thing
 Is a King then, *Leonidas!* I grasp'd
 A floating wreck, the big sea roaring round me,
 And bursting o'er my head; but, bury'd deep
 Beneath the whelming tide, at once I lost
 The light of heaven and life. A wave it seems
 Lodg'd me within a cavern's secret depth,
 Near yon tall mountain.

Leon. Miracle of fate!

Sure God's immediate hand conducted it,
 Severely merciful. — How shall I tell
 What pangs, what agonies of soul I felt
 At sight of your sad wreck? — But, Sir, the Prince,
 What of his fate?

Periand. I know not what to think:
 But to be mine, it seems, is to be wretched.
 Half of my fleet, yet riding in the port,
 I left to his command, but with strict charge
 To sail a few hours after. 'Twere in vain
 To tell thee now the reason of my order.
 This storm, I fear, may have surpriz'd him too,
 Unhappy boy!

Leon. Your own escape, my Lord,
 So full of wonder, and beyond all hope,
 Inclines me to strong faith that heaven is still
 Concern'd for your affairs. — But to behold you,
 So late the first and happiest of mankind,
 Alone and wandering here at the dead hour;
 No roof, but heaven's high cope to shelter you;
 No couch, but this un hospitable earth
 To rest your brine-drench'd limbs — it kills my heart.
 Curse on the Tyrant!

Periand.

Periand. Prithee think me not
So poorly foul'd to stoop beneath the pressure
Of Fortune's hand. That were to merit it,
But there is still behind—O death to honour!
One crushing blow that lays me low indeed!
That sinks me in the dust!

Leon. What do I hear?
Your words amaze me.

Periand. How, *Leonidas*!
Surely thou art no stranger to my thought.

*Procles—Eurydice—*Wilt thou not speak
To save my shame. Say, tell me what thou know'st
Of that bad woman.

Leon. With such watchful care
The Tyrant's trusted spies observe her steps,
That till this fatal evening, when by order
Of *Procles*, I inform'd her of your death,
I have not seen her once.

Periand. Just what I fear'd.
That guilty secrecy was well contriv'd
To cover crimes too foul for honest eyes,
And heaven's fair light to see. None, none but *Procles*
Could gain admittance: and to him my gates,
My fortrefs, nay my bed itself was open!

Leon. O wrong her not, my Lord. Had you but seen
With what convulsive pangs of heart-felt anguish,
What bleeding agonies, she heard the tale
Of your imagin'd death, your soul would melt
In pity of her woes. This *Procles* too
Call'd down each Power of heaven to witness for him,
He meant her fair. Hers was the common cause
Of kings, he said; whose place and honour bound 'em
To scourge rebellion, in whatever shape,
Wherever found. And then what was her state?
Death in his ghastliest form, devouring famine,

Hung instant o'er her head. O think of this,
And add not to her wrongs.

Periand. Ha! wrong her, say'st thou?
Answer me: has she not entail'd disgrace,
And vileness on my name? Has she not made me
The laughter of my foe, the scoff of *Procles*?
O curse! is there in all the wrath of heaven
A plague, a ruine, like that infamy!
Wrong her—I am too well inform'd of all;
Too certain of the blushful stain that cleaves
To me and mine for ever!

Leon. Ah, my Lord,
By all good Powers, by your eternal quiet,
I beg you hear me—

Periand. I have heard too much,
Too much, just Gods! to hope for quiet more.
Those fates inexorable, that pursue
My life with utmost rigor, would not spare me
'The knowledge of my shame. From my best friend
Blushing I learnt it—But hast thou e'er felt
That heart of anguish stab'd by murderous fears,
And shuddering with ten thousand mortal thoughts!
That tempest of the soul that knows no calm;
Tossing from love to hate, from doubt to rage,
To raving agony!

Leon. Alas! my Lord,
Trust me, I weep to hear so sad a tale.

Periand. I'll tell thee all! for oh! my soul is full,
And must have vent. My aking memory,
Still fruitful to my torture, brings again
Those days, those months of horror I have known.
Abandon'd to distraction, I renounc'd
The commerce of mankind. I sought to vent
My ravings in the wildness of the woods;
To hide my shame in their profoundest night.

The

The morn still brought it back : the midnight-shade
 Could not conceal it. Her lone echoes groan'd
 Unceasing with my pangs : and her sad ghosts,
 Forbid to rest even in the grave, in me
 Beheld a soul more lost, more curst, than they.

Leon. O Sir, no more—

Periand. When I call'd back past time,
 Life's vernal season, the soft hours of peace
 And unsuspecting love ; our growing joys
 In rearing one lov'd son ; that heaven of bliss
 Which princes seldom find, and was all ours ;
 My soul dy'd in me. Solitary, wild,
 I wept, I groan'd, in bitterness of heart.
 But when curst *Procles* flash'd on my remembrance,
 My known, my deadly foe—that he of all,
 That he had made her vile ! 'twas then, 'tis now
 Rage, fury, madness.—You at last arrous'd me
 To thoughts of vengeance. With all speed I sail'd,
 Feeding my frenzy with the gloomy joy
 Of stabbing the betrayer in her arms ;
 Of plunging both to hell—but this curst storm !
 These treacherous waves !

Leon. Ye Gods ! what have I heard !
 Alas ! alas ! all waves, all storms are calms
 To jealousy. O my lov'd Lord, beware
 Of that destroyer, that self-torturing fiend,
 Who loves his pain, and feeds the cruel cares
 That prey upon his life ; whose frantick eye
 Is ever open, ever prying round
 For what he dreads to find. By all most dear
 And inward to my soul, I think the Queen
 As pure as Truth herself. This is, by heaven,
 Some dark-laid treachery, the crime of *Procles*.

Periand. Of *Procles*, say'st thou ?

Leon. Oh you know him not.
Lust and ambition are not all his guilt.
But now's no time, my Lord,
For farther talk. I tremble for your life.
This place is hostile ground: and Danger here
May find us out, tho' shrouded round with night.
Hence let us fly, where I may lodge you safe
In some obscure retreat; till pitying heaven
Unravel this perplexity of ills,
And point us what to do.

Periand. Thou good old man!
By heaven, thy matchless honesty and truth
Half reconcile me to disgrace and ruine.
Yet blushing let me tell thee all my folly—
Might I but see *Eurydice*.—Nay start not:
I know 'tis base. I know she is beneath
My coolest scorn. I hate and curse this weakness.
Yet let me see her—If she still has kept
Her faith inviolate; fallen as I am,
My ruine will be light. If otherwise,
To know the worst will be soft soothing ease
To this hot hell of doubt.

Leon. I wish you, Sir,
To weigh the certain peril that attends
This rash adventure. Should, which heaven avert,
Should *Procles*' guards discover you, oh think
What must ensue! Think, in your fate, the Queen
And Prince both ruin'd!

Periand. But my Genius prompts.
Fate calls; and I must on. No face of danger
Can be so dreadful as the vultur-thoughts
That gnaw my heart-strings. But we both are safe.
The moon withdraws her light: and who will dream
Of finding *Periander* in this ruffet?
This, when the storm grew big, I threw around me;

In

In hopes my vulgar fate, if then I perish'd,
Might ever rest unknown; and *Procles* still
Sit trembling on his throne—But hark, what sounds?

Leon. The Tyrant thus dishonours fortune's favour
By this mean pomp and triumph—Yet 'tis well.
Now Riot rules the hour, and watchful Order
Resigns his post to dissolute Security.
We now may pass unquestion'd. Come, my Lord,
'This way our path lies. May some friendly God
Walk with us, and throw tenfold darkness round.



S C E N E III.

EURYDICE *alone.*

O Night of ruine, horror, and despair!
Walks there beneath thy universal shade
A wretch like me undone? All-ruling Gods!
Why have I liv'd to this? Why was my crime
Visited on the guiltless head? on him
For whom my soul would have met death with joy?
Where shall I turn my eyes? What hope remains
To misery like mine? Oh! I am lost
Beyond the hand of heaven to save me now.
Leonidas returns not.—



S C E N E IV.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

Melis. **G**racious Gods—
Defend my royal Mistress! As I watch'd
With—

Without for good *Leonidas*, this moment
 I saw the Tyrant cross the lower court,
 Preceded by his Minion: as new risen
 From the mad midnight's feast; his wanton robe
 Loose-flowing from behind, and on his head
 A festal wreath of roses—Ah! he's here.



SCENE V.

PROCLES, EURYDICE, MELISSA, MEDON.

Proc. **H**Ail young-ey'd God of wine! parent of joys!
 Frolic, and full of thee (while the cold sons
 Of Temperance, the fools of thought and care,
 Lie stretch'd in sober slumbers) we, the few
 Of purer flame, exalt each living hour
 With pleasures ever new.—*Eurydice!*
 Thou queen of souls! thou rapture of my vows!
 What means this pensive mood? O quench not thus
 In fruitless tears those eyes, that wont to smile
 With all Love's sweetness, all his dewy beams,
 Diffusing life around thee.

Euryd. Hence, thou tyrant,
 And leave me to my sorrows. Ills like mine
 Would draw remorse and reverence from the savage,
 Who howls with midnight wolves amid the desert
 In quest of horrid prey. What then art thou?
 Whose brutal rage adds bitterness to woe,
 And anguish to the breaking heart!

Proc. 'Tis well.

Yet have a care: my temper but ill brooks
 Upbraiding now. Be wise, and timely seize

The

The minute of good fortune, that by me
Invites thee to be blest.

Euryd. Talk'ft thou of blifs?
Thou bane of all my happinefs! Cast back,
Cast back thy guilty eyes, and view the crimes
Thy foul stands charg'd with: view my bleeding wrongs,
Insult, imprisonment, dishonour, ruine!
All, all this guilt is thine—but heaven will find thee.
Those Gods whom thou hast proudly fet at nought,
Will call thee to a dreadful reckoning.

Proc. No.

The Gods and I are friends: they crown my cause
With their best favour. Come, be thou too mine,
And imitate the great example fet thee.

Euryd. Thou vain and blind in soul! The righteous
Gods,

Oft, in their anger, cloathe the worst of men
With all the pride of fond prosperity,
To make his fall more terrible.

Proc. Confusion!

Still wayward and perverse!—Off then this tameness,
These supple, fawning arts. By all th' impatience
That goads my soul, I will not flatter more.
Know thou art in my power, and——

Euryd. Tyrant, no.

I scorn thy base unmanly threats—Ah heaven!
Dost thou look calmly on?—But be it so.
This friendly dagger sets me free.

[attempting to stab herself.]

Proc. Ha! what,
What means thy frantic passion? This is wildness,
Th' extravagance of female wilfulness.
It must not be: you shall be gently forc'd
To live, and to be happy.



S C E N E VI.

EURYDICE, PROCLES, *an Officer*, &c.

Off. SIR, forgive
 This rude intrusion. What I bring imports
 Your present ear. As now I walk'd the round
 Of this wide fort, where the steep-winding path
 Ends at the northern gate, I spy'd a stranger,
 Who sought to lie conceal'd. Forthwith I rous'd
 The nearest watch; and, ere he was aware,
 Surrounded him at once. His sudden silence,
 And hands oft rais'd to heaven with earnest action,
 Convince me he is of no common note.

Euryd. My soul! what dost thou hear? [*aside.*]

Proc. 'Tis well. I thank thee.
 Hasten, see him brought before us.



S C E N E VII.

PERIANDER *guarded*, EURYDICE, PROCLES, &c.

Euryd. O H ye Powers! [*aside.*]
Periand. Ha! poison to my eyes! [*aside.*]

Proc. I know him not.
 His dress is poor, and speaks him of the vulgar.
 He seems to labour with some stormy thought,
 That deeply shakes his frame. What art thou? say
Why

Why at this hour of silence lingering here?
Ha! speak, resolve me; or the rack shall tear
Confession from thy pangs.

Periand. Fate, thou hast caught me!
But all is equal now.

[*aside.*
[*to him.*

Then see before thee
The man on earth whom thou hast injur'd most.
If guilt can know remorse, what must thou feel
At sight of *Periander*?

Proc. *Periander!*

Euryd. Now, now, we both are ruin'd.

Proc. Heaven, I thank thee.

I form'd but one supreme, one crowning wish,
And thou hast heard it! This is more than triumph!

Euryd. O! my lov'd Lord—

Periand. Thou canst no more betray me.
For thee, my soul still unsubdu'd and free,
Disdains to parle with thine.

Proc. Yet thou art fallen
Beneath my wrath, the vassal of my nod,
To be chastis'd for mirth—Guards, drag him hence,
And plunge him in the dungeon's depth.

Periand. Away,
Unkingly boaster. Can prosperity
Debase thee to the cowardice of insult?
Thy brutal manners well revenge me on thee:
They shew thee as thou art—My nobler part,
Th' immortal mind, thy madness cannot reach:
Thy whips and racks can there impress no wound.
And for this weary carcass in thy power,
It is beneath my care. Lead to my dungeon.
Chains, scourges, torture, all that Nature feels,
Or fears abhorrent, cannot shock my thought
Like thy loath'd sight, and that vile Woman's. On.

S C E N E



S C E N E VIII.

EURYDICE, PROCLES, MELISSA, MEDON.

Euryd. **M**Y lord, my husband, stay—Oh hear me!
hear me——

Shame! rage! distraction!—Cruel tyrant, off.
I'll follow him to death.

Proc. No. By the joys
That swell my soaring thought, you shall not scape me.
Revenge and love combine to crown this night
With matchless blifs.

Euryd. Inhuman! hast thou eyes?
Hast thou a heart? and cannot all this wreck
Of ruin'd majesty, ruin'd by thee,
Move one relenting thought, and wake thy pity?
He feels not what I say: repeated crimes
Have savag'd his remorseless soul.—Hear then,
Almighty *Jove!* behold, and judge the cause.
Of *Periander!* number all his wrongs
In plagues, in horrors——

Proc. Ha! by hell, this raving
But wings his fate. Since thy fond folly weds thee
To ruine with this rival, know he dies;
This very night he dies. Thro' him I mean
To wound thy heart indeed. Thou shalt behold him
When the rack stretches strong his rending joints,
Bursts all his veins, and hunts the flying soul
Thro' every limb. Then, when convulsive agony
Grins hideous in his face, mangled and bleeding,
In the last throes of death, thou shalt behold him.

Euryd.

Euryd. It is not to be borne! My life dies in me
 At the destroying thought—Ah stay thee, *Procles*—
 Assist me, pitying Heaven!—See then, behold me
 Thus prostrate at thy feet. If yet thou hast not
 Renounc'd all manhood, feeling, and remorse,
 Spare me his life; save only that: all else,
 His crown, his throne be thine.

Proc. Off, let me go,
 Thy words are lost in air.

Euryd. Nay hear me, *Procles*.
 As is thy hope in heaven's forgiving goodness,
 Shut not thy heart against the cry of misery.
 Banish us any whither; drive us out
 To shame, want, beggary, to every woe
 That most embitters life—I yet will bless thee,
 Forget my crying wrongs, and own thee merciful.

Procles aside, and pausing.

This woman fools my rage—but to resolve.
 No—yes: it shall be so. Rise then, and learn
 Thy triumph o'er my soul. Yes he shall live,
 This *Periander* whom I deadly hate.
 Nay more, he shall be free. *Leonidas*,
 With such safe conduct as thyself shalt name,
 Attends him to our kingdom's farthest limit.
 This, in the sight of *Jove* the supreme Lord,
 I swear to do; so thou at last consent
 To meet my love—Ha! what! and dost thou frown?
 Weigh well what I propose; for on my soul,
 His life, or death, awaits thy next resolve.





S C E N E IX.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

Euryd. **T**hen kill me first—He's gone! and now, ye
Gods,

Is there among the wretched one so lost,
So curst as I? O scene of matchless woes!
O *Periander!* wert thou sav'd for this?
Ye holy Powers in heaven! to whom belongs
The fate of vertue, and redress of wrongs,
Assist, inspire me how to save his life;
Or to th' unhappy husband join the wife.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

MELISSA.

THIS cheerless morning rises slow and sad.
 The frowning heavens are black with
 stormy clouds;
 And, o'er the deep, a hovering night of fogs
 Lies dark and motionless.

Euryd. That mournful face
 Of Nature is less gloomy than my soul:
 All there is darkness and dismay. Ah me!
 Was ever night, *Melissa*, like the last?
 A night of many terrors, many deaths!
 How has my soul out-liv'd it? But, great Gods!
 Can mortal strength, can human virtue bear
 What *Periander* feels? In one day's course
 Wreck'd, made a captive, sunk into a dungeon,
 To die or live as his curst foe decrees!
 Distraction's in the thought. And what can I
 To save his sacred life?
 Ha! is it heaven [after a pause.]
 That darts this sudden light into my soul?
 This glimpse of dawning hope? — It shall be try'd.
 Yes, yes, ye Powers! my life and fame shall both
 Be offer'd up to save his dearer life.

Melis. Alas, what mean you, Madam?

Eurydi.

Euryd. Mean, *Melissa*?

To do a noble justice on myself;
A deed for which, in nations yet unborn,
Chaste wives and matrons shall renown my name:
I have wrong'd my husband greatly, and I mean
Ample atonement of my guilty weakness.
Go then, *Melissa*——

Melis. Whither must I go?

I tremble at your words.

Euryd. Yet it sticks here,
This fatal purpose. Can I leave behind me
A doubtful name, insulted, wounded, torn
By cruel Calumny? I can; I dare
Throw off the woman, and be deaf to all
Those nicer female fears that call so loud,
Importunate, and urging me to live
Till I may clear my truth from all surmize.
Go then, and in my name—'Tis worse than death
To utter it—but go, inform the Tyrant,
So *Periander* lives, and is set free,
I yield me to his wish.

Melis. Forbid it heaven!

Euryd. Thou faithful virtuous maid! Know then
my last,

My fix'd resolve. By this I mean to amuse
His brutal hopes, and save me from his violence,
Till *Periander* is beyond his reach.
Then, if he still dare urge his impious purpose,
A dagger sets me free. This arm at last
Shall do me right on him, myself, or both.





SCENE II.

EURYDICE, LEONIDAS.

Euryd. **L** *Leonidas!**Leon.* Ah Madam!*Euryd.* Dare I askWhere *Periander* is—ah where indeed?

Chain'd in a dungeon's airless depth, amid

Foul damps, and lonesome darkness! Oh that thought

Draws blood from my torn heart.

Leon. Justice divine!

In thy great day of visitation, mark

This man of blood. O let him feel the hand

He dares to disbelieve. To all his counsels

Send forth, in thy just wrath, that fatal Spirit

Of error and illusion, that foreruns

The fall of guilty kings.

Ere morning-dawn,

Soft to the dismal dungeon's mouth I stole,

Where, by the glimmerings of a dying lamp,

I saw my great unhappy Master laid

On the cold earth along—

Euryd. O hide the sad

The fatal image from me. The dire thought

Will run me into madness.

Leon. Yet even there,

Where pale Dismay, the prisoner's drear associate,

Sits ever sad and sleepless, he could rest.

Superior to the cruel fate that crush'd him,

He slept as deep as Indolence on down.

These

These eyes beheld it: and I would not break
His wish'd repose, but fix'd in silent wonder,
Stood weeping o'er the sight.

Euryd. Ah me! my life
Flows out at every word: What's to be done?

Leon. Madam, I set my all at stake for him.
Old as I am, and broken with the load
Of threescore years, what is a life like mine,
But as it may be useful to my Master?
Already the sad people know his fate:
And I, by faithful hands, will try to rouse
Their pity first, and next their rage. No hour,
No moment shall be lost.

Euryd. Thou good old man!
What words can speak thy worth? Fair loyalty
And faith inviolate, which seem'd quite lost
Among mankind, live in thy vertuous bosom.

Leon. No more of this, my Queen. Might I but see
This haughty Tyrant, in some guilty hour
Of insolence and riot, when his pride
Plumes all her vainest wishes, hurl'd at once
To ruine unforeseen; my labours then,
My services were greatly over-paid.

Euryd. Heaven hear thy pious wish. I too the while,
To save my husband's life, have been contriving—

Leon. Madam, the Tyrant—I will find another
More favourable moment.





SCENE III.

PROCLES, MEDON, LEONIDAS.

Proc. **H**Old thyself
Prepar'd, *Leonidas*: I must employ thee
In an affair of weight. [Leonidas withdraws.

Methinks I droop
With more than wonted heaviness of heart,
But I will shake it off, and to the winds
Give every thought of care. 'Tis only fondness,
And fancy sick with hope. *Eurydice*
Bends to my wishes: and, in her, I hope
That heaven imagin'd, that sole bliss, which yet
My search could never meet.

Med. It moves my wonder
To see your love thus wedded to one bosom:
While all around bright crouds of rival beauties
Practise each art of charming, look, and talk,
And live for you alone.

Proc. Alas, my friend,
Poor is the triumph over hearts like these:
This hour they please us, and the next they pall.
But to subdue the pride that scorns to yield;
To fill th' unwilling breast with sighs and longings,
With all the soft distraction of fond love,
Even while it strives against th' invading victor,
And wonders at the change; that, that is conquest!
The plume of pleasure! and from her alone
A glory to be won.

Med. Well, may you find
In this proud fair-one that enchants you thus,

What-

Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of horrors;
Rouse thy whole war against him, and compleat
My purpos'd vengeance. — But he comes to prove it.



S C E N E V.

PERIANDER, PROCLES, MEDON, *Guards.*

Procles advancing.

I Have to talk with thee: Thy life, thou know'st,
Depends upon my will——

Periand. And therefore I
Am weary of the load. But let the Gods,
Who thus dispense our fates, account for them,
And vindicate their justice.

Proc. Be more calm.
The noble mind meets every chance of fortune,
Unruffled and serene. I, tho' thy foe,
Perhaps may mean thee good.

Periand. Such good the Tyger,
Hungry for death and slaughter, means his prey.
But know my soul receives with equal scorn
Thy hate and hollow love. I am not fallen
By thy superior sword, or nobler deed:
It was the guilt of fate!

Proc. Call we it so.
At least 'tis well thou must of force acknowledge
Thy crown, thy liberty, thy life and death,
Hang on my nod. I can dispose of all
As likes me best.

Periand. Ha! dost thou boast of that?
But thou wilt never know how poor a purchase
Is power and empire gain'd for vertue lost.

Proc.

Proc. And yet, methinks, I read the difference plain
 In thee and me. Thy vertue and these bonds
 I weigh in equal scale against the crown
 And sceptre of fair *Corinth*: and while these,
 The glorious aim of each great heart that dares
 Beyond the narrow sphere of earth-born spirits;
 While these are mine, I envy not thy tribe
 A sound, an empty name.

Periand. It joys my soul
 To find the man, who bears me mortal hate,
 At war too with the gods. 'Tis great revenge!
 Had not vain fortune made thee blind, the thought
 Would change thy purple to the mourner's sack-cloath.
 What are thy glorious acts? — Thou hast undone
 A woman, weak and worthless. — Yes, ye Powers!
 This heroe, this fair warrior, well deserv'd
 To fill my vacant seat: he won it nobly!
 Dissembling, perjury, the coward's arms —
 With these he fought his vertuous way to empire.
 Thou seest I know thee.

Proc. Dost thou preach to me
 The pedant-maxims of those sons of earth,
 Whom the gross vulgar fondly title wise?
 Slaves, who to shades and solitude condemn'd,
 Pine there with all-shun'd Penury and Scorn.
 A monarch is above them, and takes counsel
 Of his unbounded will, and high ambition,
 That counts the world his own. I ever held thee
 My foe, my deadly bane: and against such,
 Force, fraud, all arts, are lawful. I have won,
 And mean to wear thy crown. Thou may'st the while
 Seek some vile cell out, and grow poorly old
 Amid the talking tribe of moralists.

Periand. Thro' this false face of arrogance, I read
 Thy heart of real terror and dismay.

Hence all these coward-boasts. The truly brave,
 Invincible to pride and fortune's flattery,
 Know neither fear, nor insult. — But I would not,
 As thou surmizest, dream out useless life
 In Sloth's unactive couch. Nay I could tell thee,
 That tho' I shun thy shameful ways of conquest;
 Still heaven-born glory, won by vertuous deeds,
 Has been my fair pursuit: still would I seek her
 In toils of war, and in the nobler field
 Of justice, peace, and mercy.

Proc. My soul longs
 To prove thy highest daring, and to meet thee
 Amid the din and peril of the battle.
 Thy life is in thy hand: thou art no longer
 Our prisoner. This moment sets thee free.

Periand. How! — but thou dare'st not — Could I find
 thee there,
 In open day, and honourable arms,
 Opposing war to war, as monarchs should;
 I would forgive thee all, my crown usurp'd,
 These slave-like bonds — But that fair hope is vain.
 The fears that haunt thy soul —

Proc. Strike off his fetters. [To Medon.
 Haste, find *Leonidas*. Bid him prepare
 To guard the prisoner to our kingdom's frontier.
 There he shall leave him free to chuse what course
 His fancy most affects.

Periand. What means all this?
 Dares Guilt then be so brave? and dost thou free
 The man whom act of thine shall never win
 To owe thee aught but deep and deadly hate?

Proc. Go, see my orders instantly perform'd.
 [Medon and Guards retire.
Periand. And is it so — I shudder with my fears. [aside.
 Say, tell me first to what is *Periander*
 Indebted for this freedom?

Proc.

Proc. Well it may

Surprize thy hope: 'twas what I never meant thee.
But that fond woman who enslaves my soul
To all her wishes, and still pities thee,
With idle blandishments extorted from me
A solemn vow to set thee free.

Periand. Confusion!

Proc. Thus I, against my better mind, release
My mortal enemy. But let it speak
The greatness of my love: and what dull husband,
Thro' all recorded time, e'er gave such proof
Of matchless fondness?

Periand. Plagues! perdition! hell!
Damn'd, damn'd adu'tress! — Villain, slave, 'tis false:
Thou ly'st—What the ! O curse——

Proc. At last 'tis done.



S C E N E VI.

PERIANDER *alone.*

HAve I then liv'd to this? to this confusion?
My foe, the man on earth my soul most loaths,
Rejoices over me: and she—even she
Hath join'd his triumph! — Off, away, be gone
Love, manhood, reason——Come, ye sister-Furies!
Daughters of hate and hell! arise, inflame
My murderous purpose; pour into my veins
Your gall, your scorpion-fellness, your keen horrors
That sting to madness; till my burning vengeance
Hath her full draught of blood——

[Walking with a disturb'd motion.]

But how! where am I?

O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury

Are whirling there, and reason is no more.
 Him! him! a caitif black with every vice!
 Debase herself to him! — the thought is hell!
 Well, well—and I, how have I doated on her
 Whole years of fondness! cherish'd, pleas'd, adorn'd her
 With all that love can give—Yet she has done this!
 Confusion on my folly—Ha! she comes.
 Down, down tempestuous soul: let me be dumb,
 And hide this shameful conflict that unmans me.



S C E N E VII.

EURYDICE, PERIANDER.

Euryd. **H**E must not know my secret fatal purpose,
 That I am fix'd to die; lest his great soul
 Refuse a life so dearly sav'd—And now
 All Powers that pity human kind assist me
 In this important hour!

O Periander —

[*Aside.*
 [To him.]

And is it thus we meet again!

Periand. Ha! see,
 She comes prepar'd. By hell, she weeps a lye.
 My rage will leap all bounds.

[*Aside.*

Euryd. My Lord, my Love,
 I know you look on me as on the cause,
 The fatal cause of all your ills; too true:
 That guilt is mine—O would to heaven this head
 Had been laid low in earth ere that sad hour!
 Why did I shrink at ruine? why not bear
 All pangs, all horrors of besieging famine?
 Alas! my love—But your false faithless subjects
 To what have they reduc'd us?

Periand.

Periand. No; not they:

Betrayer! thou alone hast made me wretched!
O death to a King's honour! thou hast sunk me
Into a proverb of reproach; a word
For low Contempt, for ribbald Scorn to mock at.

Euryd. Just Gods! what means my Lord?

Periand. Mean! — dost thou ask?

Euryd. Heaven! has the Traitor then——

Periand. Ha! does that gaul thee?

Perdition! — Woman! Woman! — Yes, thy minion,
The vile one, has repaid thy broken oath
With well-match'd perjury: has loudly boasted
To heaven, and earth, and me, that thou art—Hell!
The hated word would choak me!

Euryd. O dire error!

[*Afide.*

My lord, my only love, by holy faith

[*To him.*

I never was disloyal. Rags and penury,
Disease and death, shock not my apprehension
Like that detested crime—I dare no more.

O fly, my love; haste from this fatal place,
And leave me to my fate. O save your life,
While yet 'tis in your power.

Periand. My life! away.

And hast thou vilely barter'd for that life
Thy truth, and my fair fame? By yon blest heaven,
I could have borne all woes that Wretchedness
Groans under; age, affliction, pining anguish:
And borne them like a man. I could have smil'd
At fortune's keenest rancor—But to know
Myself deceiv'd in thee! there, there I sink!
There manhood, reason die!

Euryd. O ye just Powers!

Were ever woes like mine? What are the whips,
Rack, engines, all that murderous Cruelty
Hath yet contriv'd—what are they all to this?

This infamy that kills the soul itself?

Yet I will bear even this.

Then here, by weeping, bleeding love I beg you,
With streaming eyes, haste from this fatal place.

The Tyrant may recall his word: and then——

I cannot utter more.

Periand. And thou can'st weep?

Thou crocodile! These false, these lying tears
Are daggers here. I go——But dost thou hope
Thy mean dissimulation hides thee from me?
Thou hast dishonour'd, ruin'd me; and now
My fight is hateful to thee.

But say, tell me

[*Returning.*]

How have I merited these wrongs of thee?

What was my crime? Can all-bestowing Love

Do more than mine for thee? — When I call back

The days that are no more! Thou wert my all

Of happiness: my soul ne'er knew a joy

That was not thine: my doating fondness lull'd

Its hopes, its fears, its wishes, in thy bosom.

O heaven and earth! — and yet——*Eurydice*——

Thou could'st forsake me!

[*Weeps.*]

Euryd. Oh this is too much!

Heaven knows I would have dy'd to save thy life:

But we will perish both, both die together.

Thy tears distract me; I will tell thee all.

Periand. Curse on this weakness. I could tear these eyes

From forth their orbs——Thou exquisite deceiver!

Hence, lest this arm should do a deed of shame,

And stain me with thy blood.

Euryd. O but one moment,

For mercy's sake, allow me one short moment.

Periand. No. In the sight of all-beholding *Jove*,

Here I renounce thee. What a slave to folly,

To thy curst arts has *Periander* liv'd!

Euryd.

Euryd. O cruel! cruel! hast thou cast me out
For ever from thy heart? By all our loves;
By the dear pledge of our unspotted flames,
Grant me one moment. [*Kneels.*
Here will I hang; grow to thy knees—Yes, spurn me;
Drag this bare bleeding bosom on the ground;
Yes, use me as the vilest slave—but hear me.

Periand. Away, away.

Euryd. Then strike me dead at once.
Look here, my love; I shrink not from the blow.

Periand. That were poor vengeance. No; I meditate.

A nobler sacrifice— [*Alarm of trumpets.*
Ha! what is this? [*Alarm again.*
Th' alarm is urgent, big with war and dread.
I am the sport of fortune.



S C E N E VIII.

PERIANDER, EURYDICE, MELISSA.

Melis. O! my Lord,
Some wonderous birth of fate is sure disclosing.

Procles calls out to arms: his guards swarm round him,
Haste in each step, and fear in every eye.

This way too *Medon* speeds, and in his train
A gloomy band of soldiers.

Periand. Let him come.
Death has no terrors, when to live is shame.



S C E N E IX.

PERIANDER, EURYDICE, MELISSA.

Medon at the head of one party who hurry the Queen off the stage, Leonidas at the head of another who remove the King.

Med. **B**E quick, secure the Queen.

Euryd. What mean'st thou, ruffian?
Must we then part?—Farewel, my Lord, for ever.

Periand. Thou too, *Leonidas!*—nay then—



S C E N E X.

LEONIDAS *alone.*

O *Jove!*
Eternal and supreme, whose nod controuls
The fate of empires; whose almighty hand
Sustains the weak, and raises vertue fallen,
Now to this royal sufferer deal thy mercy:
Aid his just arms, and teach mankind to know
Thy sovereign justice sways the world below.

The End of the Third Act.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

EURYDICE.



WHAT may this mean? The gloomy band
of ruffians,
That bore me hence, vanish'd I know
not how.

And hark! no sound, no breath of hu-
man voice;

But all around the depth of solitude!

A dumb and death-like stillness! My soul trembles:

And Apprehension peoples the lone void

With fears of horrid form—But what can fate?

What can the wrath of all the Gods inflict

Beyond what I have known?

Melis. My gracious Mistress,

This awful moment is perhaps the crisis

Of all your future life. Your guards fled sudden:

And late the neighbouring courts were loud with tumult,

Which dy'd away in slow and fallen murmurs.

Some turn of fate is near. *Leonidas*

In haste bore hence the king, doubtless to save him

From his dire foe: or at the people's head

Once more to place their sovereign, and restore

You to your former state.

C. 5.

Euryd.

Euryd. All otherwise
 My thoughts forebode. There is one deadly ill,
 Which oh too sure no time, no chance can heal!
 And at the dawn of day, just as these lids
 Reluctant clos'd to rest, *Arpasia's* Shade
 My much-lov'd mother, stood confess'd before me,
 Pale as the shroud that wound her clay-cold limbs;
 Her eyes fix'd on me, still and motionless,
 Streaming unreal tears. She groan'd, and thrice
 In low, sad murmurs bade me to her tomb,
 To meet her there—and there, in death alone,
 In the dark grave, can poor *Eurydice*
 Expect repose.

Melis. O no; just heaven, I hope,
 That sees your innocence, has yet in store
 Much bliss and many days of peace for you.

Euryd. I know his heart is quite estrang'd, and shut,
 For ever shut against the voice of love:
 And can my heart survive it? Shall I live
 With publick infamy? a theme of scorn
 To all licentious tongues? Oh! in that thought,
 Death's keenest dart has stab'd my soul already;
 And what comes after is not worth my fear.

Melis. Ha! Madam, this way cast your eyes, and see
 What swarms of men; these flying, those pursuing.

Euryd. Now, Lord of battles! join thy powerful arm;
 Assert the cause of righteousness—but hark!
 The thunder of their shouts grows near and loud.
 This way the combat turns. By all my hopes,
 The Tyrant's party flies. Look, look, *Melissa*,
 Their broken numbers to the fortress bend.

Melis. And now with eager speed they climb th' ascent
 That leads to us.

Euryd. But who is he, *Melissa*,
 That like the God of war, flames foremost yonder?

See

See his sword lighten, and the foe fly scattering
 From his tempestuous arm!—Ha—yes—O heaven!
 'Tis he, 'tis he himself, 'tis *Periander*!
 O miracle! He looks again a monarch,
 Dreadfully glorious. Throw, ye Powers! your shield
 Of Providence before him; think on all
 His causeless wrongs, and do him justice now.
Melis. Ah! *Procles* comes.



SCENE II.

PROCLES followed by a party of his guards, *EURYDICE*,
MELISSA.

Proc. **C**onfusion! all is lost.
 That Traitor has undone me: and those
 slaves,
 The false *Corinthians*, in a moment's flight,
 Threw all their gates wide open to the foe.
 Of hope abandon'd, and the Gods against me,
 What now remains?—The Queen! by heaven 'tis well:
 Their boasted triumph is not yet compleat.
 She's mine, she's mine; and I am conqueror still!
 You, bear this woman thro' the postern gate
[to one party.

Down to the southern shore: I sail this moment
 For *Epidaurus*. You, the while make head
[to another

Against the near pursuit, and bar its progress
 Till she's secur'd. This is my last great stake,
 Of dearer price than victory. Away.

Euryd. No, Tyrant: I will die first. Off, base slaves.
 Dare ye, dare earth-born peasants violate,

With your rude touch, the majesty of kings?
Ah! heaven——

Proc. Be quick, nor listen to her raving.



S C E N E III.

EURYDICE, PROCLES, MEDON, &c.

Med. **U**Ndone! undone! The postern-gate is seiz'd;
That curst *Leonidas*——

Proc. Ha! say'st thou, *Medon*?

Med. By hell, our foes surround us on each hand.
We're taken in the toil.

Proc. Unequal Powers!

And have you then deceiv'd me? rais'd me high
With traiterous kindness, but to plunge me deeper
In howling desperation? Does the man,
Whom late my foot could spurn, behold my fall?
And fall I thus? my great ambition dash'd?
My love unsatisfy'd? Shall he yet revel
In her fond arms, and hear her curse my name?
No. Spite of heaven my ruin shall be glorious,
A pomp of horrors. I will make this day
For ever mournful to his aking heart.
Yes, he shall weep in blood amid the shouts
Of victory. One blow destroys his triumph,
And levels him at once to my destruction.

[*he draws a dagger.*]

Euryd. Strike, Tyrant, and compleat thy monstrous
crimes.

See, thou pale coward, see a woman braves
Thy guilty dagger.

Proc. Ha! what's this I feel?

A shivering dew of horror sweats all o'er me!
 Some Power invisible arrests my arm!
 It is heaven's secret hand—But shall I lose
 This only moment? No: be strong my heart;
 Be shut against all human thoughts, and scorn
 These warnings of thy hostile Gods—'Tis done.



SCENE IV.

POLYDORE *and Soldiers*, PROCLES, EURYDICE,
 LEONIDAS, &c.

Polydore pushing back Procles with his lance.

NO, traitor, murderer, no. Heaven is more just
 Than to permit a life so much its care
 To fall by thy vile hand. Secure the Tyrant.
[to his soldiers.]

My mother!

Euryd. O my son!

Polyd. Transporting joy!

Euryd. O ecstasy! and do I see thy face?
 And do I hold thee in my trembling arms?
 Thou darling of my love! thou early hero!
 O thou hast sav'd us all!

Polyd. This, this is triumph!
 And I can ask of bounteous heaven no more.
 Was ever joy so full? This feeble arm,
 O pride to think! has sav'd the sacred lives
 From whom I drew my own.

Euryd. And is this possible?
 What shall I say?—But language all is poor
 To speak the tender yearnings of my soul.



S C E N E VI.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, ARISTON.

Periand. **L**eonidas, my father and preserver,
Rise to my arms. By heaven the joy
that smiles

Upon thy brow adds brightness to the morn;
This wonderous revolution of my fate,
This change that gives me back my crown and name,
Rejoices me yet less, than that I owe
The gift to thee.

Leon. O sacred Sir, forbear.

The transport to behold you thus again
Is great reward. Now your old man can say
He has not liv'd in vain. Ye bounteous Powers!
Dismiss me now in peace; for I have seen
My Master blest!

Periand. No recompence can equal
Such matchless goodness. But I will repay thee
A way more pleasing to a soul like thine,
By running still in debt to all thy virtues.
Thou know'st th' unhappy, envy'd state of kings;
How perilous the height so near to heaven;
All round is precipice; and on each hand,
Foremost in place and trust, their deadliest foes,
Power, Passion, Pleasure, wait to push 'em headlong.
Thy life has roll'd thro' all the various round
Of human chance: and years of hoary thought,
Cool and unpassionate, have taught thee wisdom.
Be still my guide, and save me from the snares

That

That thus beset me; save me from myself.

Leon. My heart can only answer to this goodness
By silent gratitude and joy—But, Sir,
Forgive me if I say, another care
Demands your present thought.

Periand. aside. Fatal remembrance!
At once inflam'd my smother'd rage burns up
With fiercer blaze. He must not know the purpose
With which my bosom labours.

[to him.

Yes, my friend,
Of that we'll talk anon; but now I wish
An hour of privacy.—*Ariston, stay.*



SCENE VII.

PERIANDER, ARISTON.

Periand. **T**HUS far have I repress'd the storm
within me;

Held down its furious heavings: but they now
Shall have full flow. I am once more a king;
My foe is in my hand, and breathes this air
But till I doom him dead: yet is not he
So curst, so ruin'd as his conqueror!

Arist. What do I hear, my Lord?

Periand. Ah! good *Ariston,*
The horrors of thy tale were true. She has,
She has betray'd me.

Arist. Since the Queen is fallen,
There is no trust in woman——

Periand. Nor no hope

For wretched *Periander*. Not the grave
 Can hide me now from scorn: not length of days
 Will wear out this. O never-dying shame!
 Worlds yet unfound will hear it: and where'er
 The guilty tale is told, my fate will raise
 Base mirth, or baser pity.

Arist. Could the Queen
 Stoop to a thought of *Procles*? False fond sex!
 Unfix'd by reason, ever wandering wild,
 As Fancy whirls, from folly on to folly,
 From vanity to vice. My gracious Lord,
 She is beneath your anger. Cast her out
 From all your soul, and be yourself again.
 Resume that reason, Sir——

Periand. Away: can reason
 Arrest the whirlwind's wing? or quench the forest,
 Struck by the hand of *Jove*, when all its woods
 In one broad conflagration blaze to heaven?
 'Tis Reason makes me wretched; for it tells me
 How shameful this mad conflict of my passions:
 But does that still their uproar? Here, *Ariston*,
 Works the wild storm that Reason cannot calm.
 I must, I will have ease.

Arist. You may; but oh!
 The remedy is dreadful, and will give you
 Swoonings and mortal agonies. I tremble
 To mention it; but such your soul's deep malady,
 No gentler cure can bring the health you want.
 Her death, my Lord——

Periand. Ha! death——my soul shrinks back
 From the dread image. How! for ever lose her!
 My queen! my wife! behold those eyes no more
 That were the light of mine! no longer hear
 That voice whose every sound was harmony!
 Of power to sooth tumultuous Rage, and heal

EURYDICE.

67

The wounded heart of Anguish——Can it be?
O misery! why, why is this?

Arist. Alas!

You love her still, my Lord, and know it not.

Periand. Ye Gods, why am I thus? driven to and fro
By every blast that blows?——It is too true.

A traiterous softness steals o'er my just rage,
And melts me to the dotage of low pity.

O thou mean heart! Is she not false? And I,
Shall I sit down with tame dishonour? take
Pollution to my arms? grow vilely old,
A tale for drunkards in their wine? the mirth
Of midnight libertines, when they recount
Their triumphs o'er base women? No: she dies.

I tear her from my breast, tho' the life-stream
Should issue with her. Hear me then, *Ariston*,
Do thou prepare a secret draught of death,
Of power most swift and baneful; and be ready
Upon my fatal summons.

Arist. Spare me, Sir;

I like not this employ.

Periand. It must be thine.

I have no friend in whom to trust but thee:
And she shall die——But think'st thou, good *Ariston*,
I should not hear her first?

Arist. Hear her, my Lord?

Would you then have her live?

Periand. No; were my fate
Involv'd in hers, she should not live. But still
Something within me cries that I should hear her.
It is not, can't be love. 'Tis my revenge,
All direful now, that would enjoy her tears,
Her lying oaths of innocence, her new
And added perjuries: then sink her down
To the dark world, with all her crimes upon her.

Arist. You see not, Sir, the danger of that meeting.
Is your heart proof against the powerful charm
Of beauty soften'd into sighs, and melting
With the mild languor of imploring eyes,
More winning now, and shedding gentler beams
Thro' showers of sorrow. Think you here behold her,
The kneeling charmer lovely in her tears,
Pleading for pity, sinking at your feet,
And dying by your frown.

Periand. Art thou my friend?
O merciless! why dost thou raise before me
This dangerous image? 'Tis not to be borne.
My brain turns round with madness. O ye Powers!
Why am I not at quiet? Why is life
Forc'd on the wretch who strongly begs to die,
In bitterness of soul? who asks no more
But the grave's shade and silence, there at last
To sleep for ever, nameless and forgotten?

Arist. Alas for pity! I will talk no more
On this distressful theme.

Periand. *Ariston*, stay.
Spite of these tears, spite of this fond distraction,
It shall be done. A king may live unhappy,
But not with loss of honour unreveng'd.
'Twas mad to think of this. I will not trust
My eyes against the witchcraft of her charms.
Then summon all thy firmness, O my soul!
And dare to be accurst! since thy sad choice
Is shame, or misery. I am resolv'd.
Ye Gods who watch o'er the chaste marriage-bed!
Thou *Stygian Jove*! and all ye Powers infernal!
Behold, I kneel as in your awful presence.
By that invisible, that dreaded Lake,
Th' irrevocable oath that binds even you,
Here I pronounce, and seal her doom of death.

SCENE



SCENE VIII.

EURYDICE, PERIANDER, ARISTON.

Eurydice kneels to Periander, who after looking on her some time with emotion, flings away without speaking.

Eurydice alone.

NOT hear me! not vouchsafe me one poor word!
'Tis hard indeed.—The wretch of many crimes,
[rising.

Whom Mercy dares not save, is gentler us'd.
His rigid judge is less severe than mine.
Ye Powers! have I deserv'd this? Did my heart
E'er harbour one loose wish? Your selves can tell,
The morning's orient beam is not more pure,
More stainless than my truth. Was ever fate,
Were ever woes, like mine? Even in the hour
Of general joy to all, while pleasing hope
Sprung fast within my heart, I find my self
Undone for ever! sunk to rise no more!

Not hear me—then I know my doom is fix'd.
And shall I stay to hear the foul surmizes,
The scurril taunts, the false upbraiding pity,
The keen revilings, that must usher in
My publick sentence? Can there be in death
Such pangs? such piercing agonies? Impossible.
Death is repose and calm, is soft elysium
To thoughts like these. I will prevent their triumph,
And save my self this shame. 'Tis but to lose
A few unhappy moments; 'tis to rest

The

The sooner from my cares; to feel no more
The bitterness of misery and insult
That bait my weary soul. Then it is fix'd.
Spite of the woman, no fond tear shall flow,
No sigh arise, the coward-sex to shew.
When life is shame, and glorious freedom nigh,
A Grecian and a Queen must dare to die.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T

EUR Y D I C E.



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

PERIANDER *walking disordered*, LEONIDAS
following.



My lov'd Master! have I liv'd to see
This fight of woe? Alas! is this to
conquer?

Are these the fruits of victory?

Periand. Away,

Why nam'st thou victory to me, a slave
Subdu'd and tyranniz'd by his worst foes,
His unrelenting passions? Talk of ruine,
And I will hear thee: talk of hopeless misery;
No other strain befits thy master's triumph.

Leon. This is the language of supreme distress,
Impatient of itself. My gracious Lord,
Forgive an old man's talk, who would this moment,
Might his poor life bring back your peace of mind,
With joy resign it.

Periand. That were to bring back
The darter sun-beam, or recall the flight
Of unreturning time. O no: my soul
Has bid the last farewell to happiness,
To hope itself. And yet I thank thy love,
Indeed I do: but leave me for a while.
I would be private.

Leon.

Leon. Sir, I dare not leave you——
 Forgive these tears——I dare not leave you thus
 At variance with yourself. I read too plain
 The fatal thought that wakens in your bosom.

Periand. And would'st thou have me live this abject
 thing?

This slave of folly? For I tell thee blushing,
 With shame and strong abhorrence of myself,
 I cannot tear that Woman from my soul,
 False, faithless as she is——Then I will die.
 That just revenge is still within my power.

Leon. O Jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
 More cruel than the grave! what ravages
 Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms!
 Too long, my Lord, you listen to the whispers
 Of that domestic foe, that bosom traitor.
 For mercy's sake, throw not away so rashly
 The jewel of your soul. Some unseen error
 Mis-leads you from the truth, and ruins her.
 Grant her a moment's audience.

Periand. I have sworn,
 That she shall die.

Leon. Is then her sacred life
 Of so small price, to cast her thus away
 With blind precipitance? Your Queen, my Lord!
 The fairest form, the most exalted mind!
 Once so ador'd and lov'd! to whom your soul
 Still cleaves with fondness! Can you give her up,
 The mother of your darling *Polydore*,
 Unheard, untry'd, to death and infamy?
 Can you do this?

Periand. O thou! whose eye beholds
 And pities the frail heart of erring man,
 Ruler of heaven and earth! or still these passions,
 That rage in tempest here: or strike in mercy,

And

And free me from my pain. — What can I do?
 My solemn vow is gone up to high heaven:
 And would'st thou have me break it?

Leon. That rash oath

Nor does, nor ought to bind. The Gods refuse it.
 Should you, too late, discover she is wrong'd—
 Think on it well—O what a life of horrors
 Remains for you! I tremble but to name 'em.
 The sad and silent meltings of vain sorrow;
 The thorn of keen remorse; the sting of love,
 Inflam'd by fond reflection, hourly fighting
 For what he never, never hopes to find:
 With these, late-coming, but no more to leave you,
 Despair accurst. Dreadful society!
 Yet such will share your day and night, and haunt
 Your court, your throne, your solitude, your couch.
 Alas! my lord!

Periand. O by my soul's strong anguish,
 I would most gladly blot out from my thoughts
 All memory of past time: I yet would question
 The waking evidence of every sense,
 To give her back that vertue, those fair beams
 That shone on our first loves. Then was I blest
 Beyond the race of men, belov'd and loving,
 Honour'd and happy; and my name as odor
 Pour'd forth, and breathing freshness all around.
 O days of dear delight! that I could fix
 For ever there, and think no farther on.
 I will if possible.

Leon. O happy change!
 Confirm this gentle purpose, favouring heaven!
 I fly to bring her hither.

Periand. Stay thee yet.
 I would resolve, but cannot. Love and rage

D

By

By turns assail me: melt me now to mercy;
Now rouse me to distraction—O my heart!

Leon. Then punish the sole cause of all your pangs.
On the great criminal, on *Procles*' head
Discharge the fulness of a righteous vengeance,
And justify the Gods. Let the rack tear
The traitor's limbs; and as he howls with anguish,
Extort confession from him of the lyes,
The dark aspersions, that have well nigh ruin'd
Your injur'd, vertuous Queen, and tortur'd you.

Periand. What hast thou done? O that detested name!
Thou know'st not half my madness—that curst name
Has set my brain on blaze, and call'd up there
Ten thousand furies. Hell! hast thou not heard
What shame and scorn, what vileness and confusion,
He heap'd upon my head—and she the cause!

Leon. Oh heaven, and is this retribution thine?
Must Vertue know, what Vice alone should feel?

Periand. Forbear, fond man. That heaven thou
dar'st accuse,

Just, tho' mysterious, leads us on unerring,
Thro' ways unmark'd, from Guilt to Punishment.
I vow'd, alas! and with strong adjurations
Bound that just-vow, to set my country free.

This, to my Father on his bed of death,
Solemn I swore—But, O blind lust of greatness!
Thro' wantonness of will I lightly weigh'd it,
Nor fear'd the hour of terrible account!

That hour is come: and what avails it now
That I, with equal hand and gentle rule,
Have sway'd my people? I am punish'd most,
Where I had bid my soul be most secure
Of late— for years— *Exit Polydore.*



S C E N E II.

POLYDORE, PERIANDER, LEONIDAS.

Periand. I Said I would be private.

Polyd. O my father,

Here let me kneel for ever, weep these eyes
To blindness, and ne'er know a thought of comfort.

Periand. What would my *Polydore*?

Polyd. Alas! what means

This common face of woe that meets my sight

Where'er I turn? Even now while happy *Corinth*
Blazes with triumph; while the neighbouring shores
Resound to heaven her voice of general joy,
The palace is in tears. Her silent courts
Are dark with mourning, as if Death and Ruine,
Not Victory, had fix'd their mansion here.

Periand. There is a cause, my son, a dreadful one.
But leave me to myself.

Polyd. Am I then grown

A horror to your eyes? What is my crime,
That thus with alienated look you turn
As from some baleful object? Yet, my father,
Oft have you sworn that in this face you saw,
And lov'd your darling Queen.

Periand. Away, thy looks,
Thy words distract me.

Polyd. Whither shall I fly?

Where hide this hated head? My mother too,
As now I left her, pressing full her eyes
With fix'd and earnest mournfulness on mine,

Stream'd into tears: then clasp'd me to her bosom,
 With such sad passion, such transported tremblings,
 As parting lovers that must meet no more.

I beg'd to know the cause. Again she press'd me
 With fonder eagerness, and sighing cry'd,
 Say to the King, my heart has never err'd.

Periand. By heaven, my soul melts at the piteous tale.
 O *Polydore*—



SCENE III.

PERIANDER, POLYDORE, LEONIDAS.

Off. **M**Y Lord, the prisoner *Medon*
 Attends, and prays admittance to your presence.

Periand. Ha! *Medon!* Dost thou dream? *Medon* alive?
 Did I not charge thee strict to cast him forth
 That moment to the fury of the people?
 How hast thou dar'd to disobey?

Off. Dread Sir,
 As to his fate I led him pale and trembling;
 At sight of the tumultuous croud around,
 With utmost instance he requested of me
 To save him yet a moment; for he had
 Secrets of prime concernment that requir'd
 The King's immediate ear. We hardly scap'd
 Into the southern tower: th' unnumber'd rabble
 With cries and threats demanded forth their foe,
 At hazard of my life I ventur'd down,
 Sooth'd, flatter'd, promis'd 'em they should have justice.
 They are but now dispers'd.

Periand.

Periand. Leonidas,
My heart misgives me at that miscreant's name.
But let him enter.



SCENE IV.

PERIANDER, POLYDORÉ, LEONIDAS, MEDON.

Med. O King! renown'd for gentleness and mercy,
The noblest praise; see prostrate at your feet
A criminal, who comes to merit pardon
By fair discovery of some weighty truths,
That much import your soul's repose and health.

Periand. Say on: and if thy heart has form'd a hope
Of one hour's after-life, take heed thy tale
Be strictly just to truth.

Med. Thus groveling here,
With shame and sharp remorse I own my crime.
Misléd by that Usurper, who with me
Now shares the due reward of guilt like ours,
To pleasure him, unhappy that I was!
I told, I know not what of your good Queen.
Would I had perish'd first! for all was false,
And she most innocent.

Periand. Perdition on thee!
What do I hear?

Med. I fill'd *Arifon's* ears
With monstrous tales, which his plain honesty
Alas, too rashly credited——

Periand. Ye Gods!
And could your thunder sleep? Pernicious slave,
Hadst thou as many lives as crimes, not one

Should scape my justice—Ah *Leonidas*,
 Was ever such black treachery?—Forgive thee?
 Thy doom shall be of signal dread and warning
 To all succeeding Minions. Drag him hence,
[to the guards.
 And guard him at the peril of your heads.



SCENE V.

PERIANDER, POLYDORE, LEONIDAS.

Leon. **A** Mazing villany!
Periand. O fly, my son,
 Find the poor mourner out, and in my name
 Say all that weeping Penitence can plead,
 Or Love returning promise. My full heart
 Will more than make it good—and may the power
 Of soft persuasion wait upon thy lips.



SCENE VI.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS.

Periand. **A**S from enchantment freed, the mists dis-
 perse
 By which my eyes were held.—That injur'd Fair!
 How shall I meet her soft forgiving look,
 Whom I so much have wrong'd!
Leon. Thrice happy turn,
 Of unexpected fate!

Periand.

Periand. But let me fly
 Into her gentle arms! there lose the horrors
 That have distracted me! there lose myself
 In love's ecstatic joys!



SCENE VII.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, ARISTON.

Periand. **I**N happy time
 Thou com'st, *Ariston.* We were both de-
 ceiv'd;

And I revoke my order—But curst *Procles*
 Shall pay me dear for all.

Arist. He has, my Lord:
 And the sad tale is terrible. I shrink
 But to recount it. Slumbering Conscience rous'd,
 And flashing in his face the startling prospect
 Of his past life, furious, he dash'd his head
 Against his prison walls. I found him fallen,
 A piteous spectacle! rowling in blood,
 Deform'd with pain; for agonizing death
 Sate hideous on his brow. Faintly he drew
 His parting breath: yet all that breath went forth
 In blasphemies, assauling heaven with curses,
 The ravings of despair, for frustrating
 His impious purpose on the Queen.

Periand. How dreadful
 This period to a life like his! The hand
 Of heaven is greatly just—But O my friends,
 These strange events have well nigh overturn'd
 This tottering brain. I feel I know not what
 Of joy and terror, high amaze and transport,
 All blended here, and working in wild tumult.

Leon.

Leon. 'Tis but the motion of a troubled sea,
 After fore tempest sinking to a calm.
 All will be well, my Lord. Repose and health
 Await you in her arms. What bliss is yours?
 A second union of your meeting souls!
 A better nuptial morn, with love new-rising,
 To shine for ever.



S C E N E VIII.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, ARISTON, MELISSA.

Melis. **O** My royal Mistress!
 The dews of death are cold upon her brow!

Periand. What mean thy fatal words?

Melis. Falsely accus'd

Of what her soul most loaths, and to despair
 By your unkindness urg'd, the Queen alas!
 Has drunk a deadly draught.

Periand. O heaven and earth!

Are these at last my hopes? 'Tis I—O horror!

'Tis I have murder'd her—

S C E N E *the last.*

*Scene opening discovers EURYDICE sitting, POLYDORÉ
 kneeling by her.*

Periand. **Y**E righteous Gods!
 O give her back to life, and to your justice
 I bow this guilty head—What's to be done?

Leonidas,

Deonidas, Ariston, fly, my friends,
Call, gather all our sages; bid them try
Their sovereign skill. My crown to him that saves her.

Euryd. It cannot be. Already death invades
My shivering bosom. Yet a little moment,
And I shall be with those that rest for ever.
But here in this last awful hour I swear,
By that dread world whither my soul is parting,
I never knew pollution: I am still
Your true and loyal wife.

Periand. I know thou art,
Thou dying innocence. My fatal blindness,
Destruction on my head! has ruin'd thee.
My life! my soul's best joy! and must I lose thee?
Lose thee for ever?—Wretch! rash fool!—O yet
Forgive my madness.

Euryd. Thus, in thy lov'd arms
Each unkind thought is lost. Now I die pleas'd:
Now all is well.—Death! thou art here——

Melis. Ah! she expires. The last dim mist swims o'er
Her closing eyes!

Periand. One moment, thou fair Spirit,
One moment tarry for me—Thus we join,
To part no more— [*he draws his sword to stab himself.*]

Arist. Ah! Sir——

Leon. My Lord, what means
This fatal fury?

Periand. Cruel men, away.
And would you then detain me longer here
On this loath'd spot, to linger out old age
With darkness and despair! to curse the hour
That gave a murderer birth! Would you, my friends,
Have me live thus?

Arist. Ye Gods assuage his grief!

Periand.

Periand. These righteous Gods have cast me off for ever.

My broken vow!—O terrible! it hangs,
A bursting thunder, o'er my head. I see—
And tremble at the sight, th' inquiring Judge;
Beyond these heavens, high on his throne of terrors;
His fix'd and dread regard turn'd full upon me!
And look! behold! the Minister of vengeance
But waits his nod to strike me thro' the centre.

Polyd. Alas! my father——

Periand. O my son! my son!

I have undone thee too. How dare I look
On that dear face, where thy lost Mother's sweetness
Smiles strong reproach, and charms me into madness?
Then, farewell reason! farewell human converse!
Sun, day, and time, farewell!—All hail despair!
Eternal darkness hail!—Say'st thou I've lost her?
No, no; we will not part. Thus let me press
Her clay-cold lips, thus weep my soul away
On her chaste bosom here. O yet, my love!
My better life! O yet lift up thy eyes!
O speak to me!

Leon. Alas! she hears you not.

The soul is fled for ever.

Periand. O my Queen!

*[he throws himself by the body: the rest stand
weeping and silent.*

[raising himself up.

Ha! there—save me! 'tis he, the King of terrors!
Lo how the ghastly vision glares upon me.
With his fix'd beamless eyes!—What path is this,
Dreary and deep, thro' which he drags me on!
Bless me!—look there—what shivering Forms are these,
Thin as the passing air, that skim around me?
And now th' infernal world hath shut me in!

But

But see the Furies arm'd! see their fell serpents
That rouse themselves to sting me! Is there none,
No power to screen me from them?

Leon. Gracious Sir,

Where is that patience—

Periand. Soft—I see her plain.

Yonder on high she sits amid the Gods,
Who wonder at her charms—And dost thou smile
Upon thy murderer?—Thus let me kneel,
And weeping worship thee—Ha! seest thou there
Yon flaming pool? And what damn'd soul is that,
Rising from the mid deeps, that beckons me?
He wafts me still—By hell, 'tis hated *Procles*,
The cause of all my ruine!—Traitor, yes,
I come, I fly, to plunge thee deeper still
In this red sea of tortures—O!

Arist. He dies!

Polyd. O matchless horror!

Leon. Bear him gently hence.

Was ever fight like this?—O Jealousy!
This is thy dreadful work. May future times
Learn here thy power, and mark with heedful eyes,
From thy blind rage what mighty mischiefs rise.

T H E E N D .



BOOKS printed for, and sold by
A. MILLAR.

I. **A** Ncient and Modern ITALY compared: being the First Part of *Liberty*, a Poem.

II. GREECE: being the Second Part.

III. ROME: being the Third Part. Price One Shilling each Part.

N. B. *There are a few printed for the Curious, on a Superfine Royal Paper; the same Size with his Quarto Seasons.*

(Speedily will be publish'd,) BRITAIN: being the Fourth Part.

V. *The Seasons, A Hymn, A Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and Britannia* a Poem. In Octavo bound Six Shillings, in Quarto a Guinea.

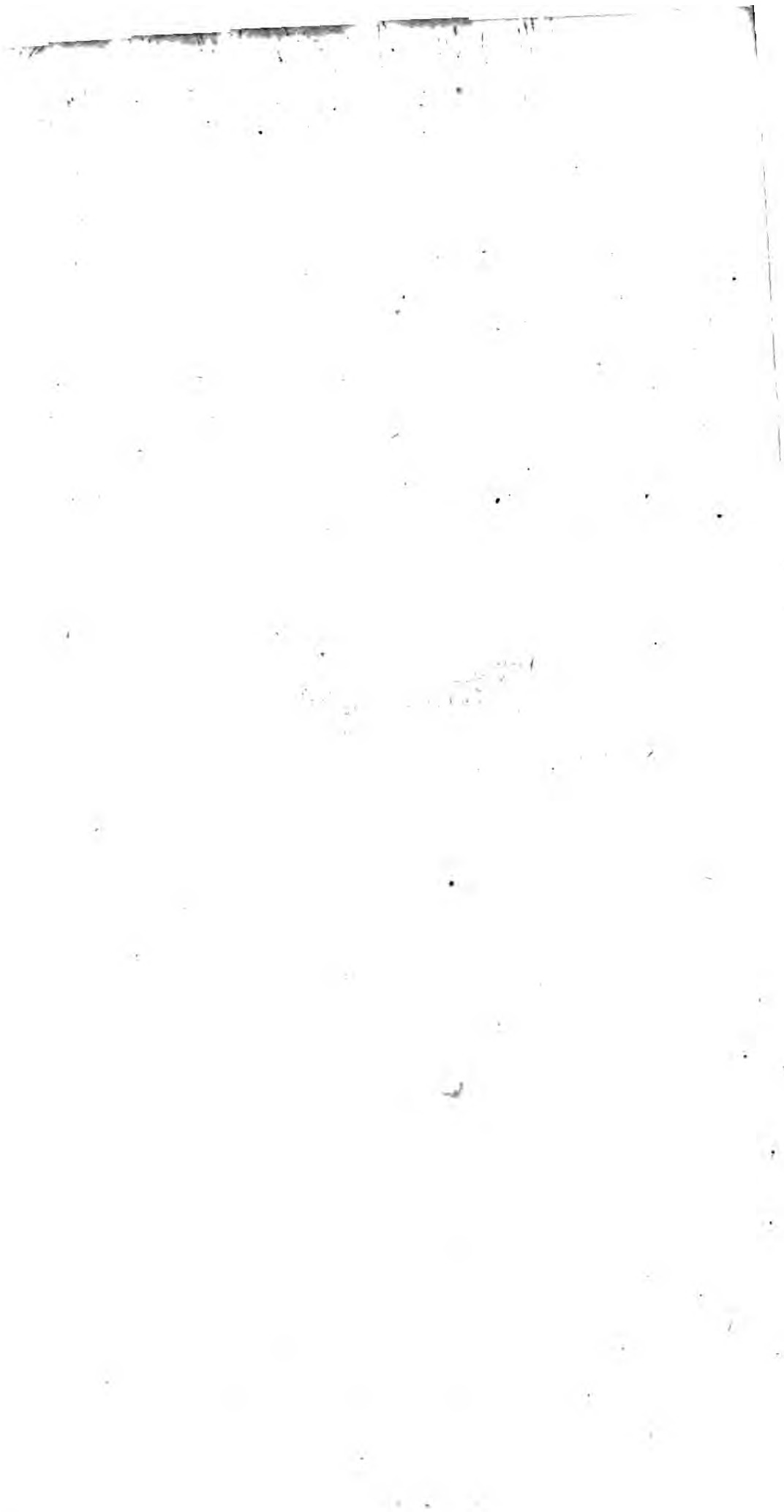
VI. The Tragedy of *Sophonisba*, as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

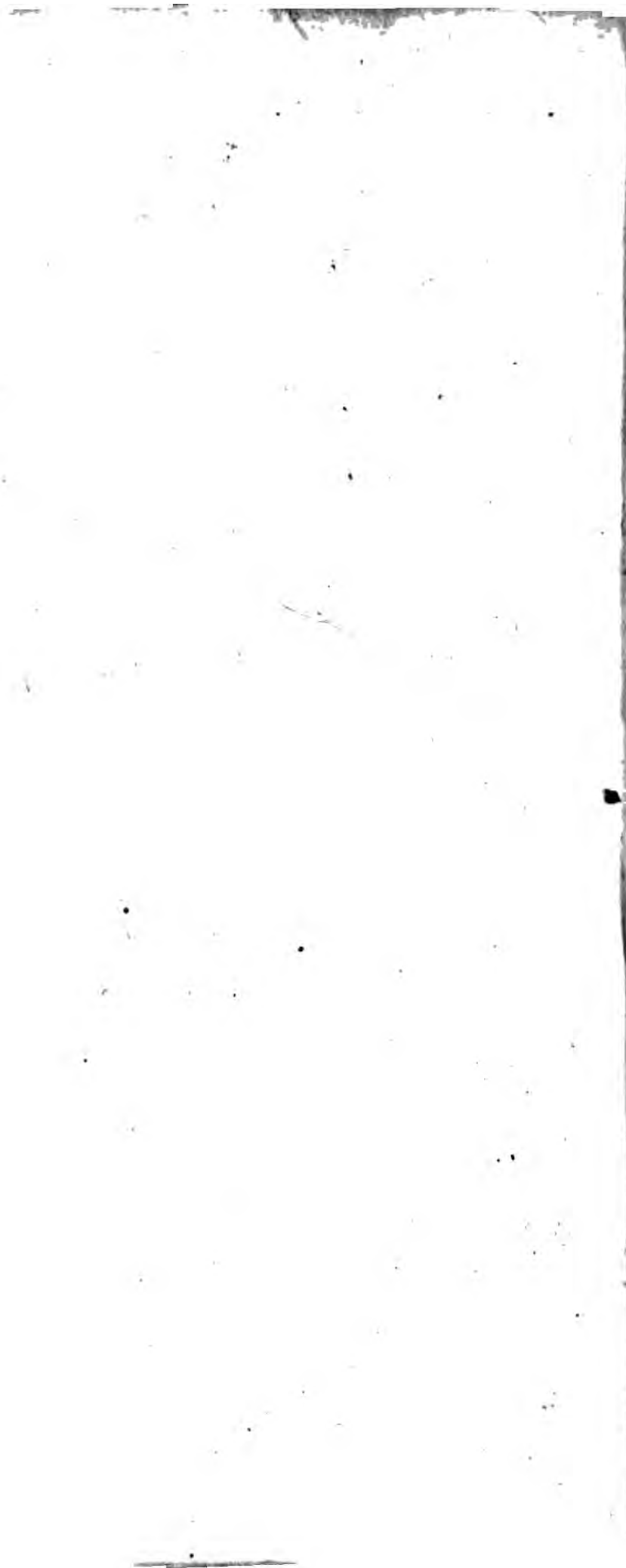
All the above wrote by Mr. THOMSON.

VII. The Tea-Table Miscellany; or a compleat Collection of *Scots* Songs, in 3 vol. being the compleatest and most correct of any yet publish'd. By *Allan Ramsay*. To which is prefix'd his Picture, from an Original Design by his Son, and curiously engraven by *G. King*, Disciple of Mr. *Virtue*.

N. B. The third Volume contains all *English* Songs, and there are many Additions to the first two Volumes, never before publish'd. The whole beautifully printed on a fine Paper, and sold for 3 s. the three Volumes neatly bound in Calf.

VIII. Collections relating to the History of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*, containing a great number of Original Papers, never before printed. Also a few scarce Pieces reprinted, taken from the best Copies, by the Learned and Judicious *James Anderson* Esq; late Postmaster General and Antiquary of *Scotland*. With an Explanatory Index of the obsolete Words; and a Preface shewing the Importance of these Collections in 4 Vol. on a fine Imperial Paper and a most beautiful Letter, 4 vol. 4to.









Ma

10