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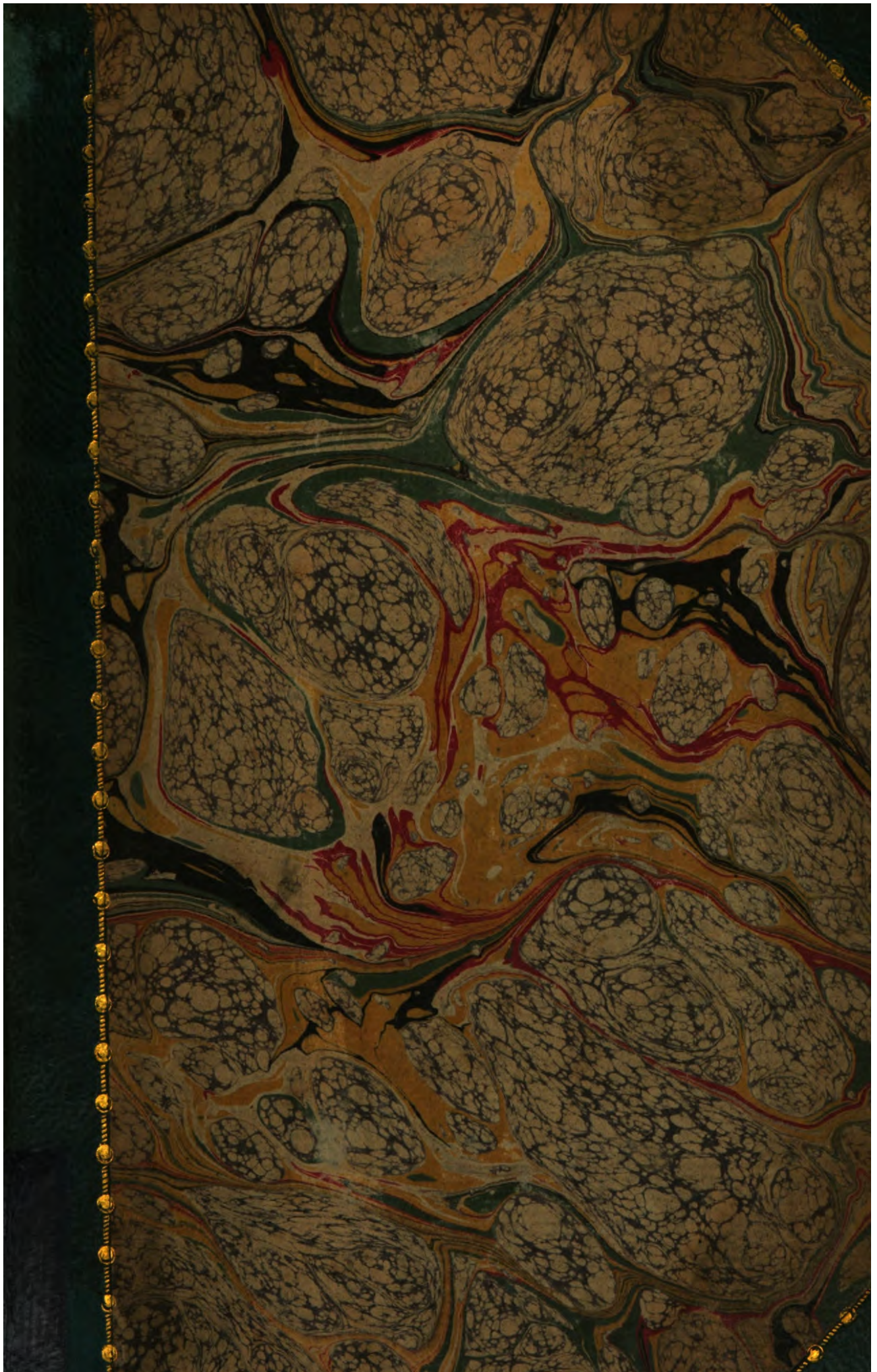
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Malone. B. 146.



92
July 1820
London

THE
Fatal Constancy.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by
HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;

Fortis, & infelix, & plusquam foemina Virgo.

Ovid. Metam.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON at *Shakespear's Head* over-
against *Katharine Street* in the *Strand*. 1723.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or address, which is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.



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To the Honourable

Mrs. *MARY HOWE.*



Hope, MADAM, there needs no great Apology for presenting you, in this manner, with a TRAGEDY, to which you have already made a Compliment of your Approbation, and where there is a Portraiture of Female Virtue; which, were it a finish'd Picture, you wou'd resemble in every thing

DEDICATION.

thing but her Love, and her Misfortunes.

I flatter my self too, Madam, that the Honour I have, of being no distant Relation of yours, may, in some measure, excuse the Liberty I take, of appearing under the Sanction of your Name, which is of Authority enough to support any thing, if possible, more unworthy of your Perusal than the following Piece. I am,

MADAM,

Your Obedient, Humble Servant,

Hildebrand Jacob



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

THIS Night we represent a modern Play,
Short, plain, and simple, in the ancient way :
Instead of Ornament, and borrow'd Grace,
The Unities of Action, Time, and Place.
We raise no Ghosts, call down no gay Machines,
Nor tempt you with variety of Scenes ;
With no rich, pompous Pageantry surprise,
Nor, to secure your Hands, delude your Eyes :
On Thought we now rely, and hope Success
From easy Words, and natural Distress.
In early Ages with no Charms but these
The Fathers of the Drama sought to please ;
By Nature Nature's Passions they refin'd,
Search'd their own Hearts, to gain the Hearer's Mind, }
And from their own Emotions mov'd Mankind. }
But, O, for such a Muse, and such a Fire
As did of old the Grecian Bards Inspire !
While Athens from the manly Scene grew sage,
And sat whole Days attentive to the Stage ;
When Theatres were Schools, and the pleas'd Youth
Was kindly cheated into Sense, and Truth.
Then might our Author too demand Applause,
And boldly trust in Aristotle's Laws,
Sure to instruct, as sure to give delight,
And Art with Nature happily unite.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

ZIMON, an <i>Athenian</i> General.	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
OMPHALES, a young Nobleman of <i>Athens</i> , betrothed to <i>Zimon's</i> Daughter.	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
TRYPHON, an Augur, retain'd by <i>Zimon</i> .	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
AMMON, an Orphan, depending upon <i>Zimon</i> .	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .

WOMAN.

HESIONE, Daughter to <i>Zimon</i> .	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
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A Herald, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE a large Hall in *Zimon's* Villa, adjoining to *Athens*.

Time of the Action no longer than that of the Representation.

THE



THE
FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter AMMON.



THE Shades of Night retire, and
infant Day
Looks doubtful in the East, the
Day which bears
My Happiness, or my Destruction.
And you, infernal Ministers of
Wrath,
Ye *Furies*, who delight in human
Ills,

Hear, and attend! to no light Purpose call'd!
This Day shall be the Parent of such Deeds
As well deserve your Aid!—soft!— who comes
Tyrphon! [there?—

Enter Tryphon.

Try. The same.

Amm. The same I would have met.
But say, sage Prophet, why, e'er well 'tis Day,

The Fatal Constancy.

Thou'rt searching here alone for Prodigies,
 And ominous Portents? thou ne'er art wont
 So early to forsake thy easy Down,
 And venture on th'inclement Breath of Morn.

Try. Hallow'd I come, and recent from the Tem-
 Big with Prophetic Truth, in mystic Dreams [ple;
 Reveal'd e'en now before the Sacred Altar.

If thou art pure, approach.

Amm. Fly from thy self,

If thou dost fear Pollution——I am free!

Try. *Ammon*, thou may'st repent this impious

Amm. 'Tis now no time of Sport. [Mirth.

Canst thou be bold?

Try. Ay, in a worthy Cause.

Amm. Hast thou a free, and enterprizing Spirit,
 That for the sake of doing ought that's Great,
 Will do't! and make no cold Reflections?
 If so, thou hast a Soul for my Design.

Try. Why this is strange! Say, is my Aid requir'd
 In what concerns thy Peace; or to advance
 The gen'ral Growth of Piety, and Truth;
 To dry the Widow's Tears; or to relieve
 The Orphan's Wants? —If thus I am of use,
 In brief propose thy Will? Some previous Rites
 To these intended Nuptials call me hence.

Amm. I am, thou know'st, an Orphan; nobly
 And a Dependent still. [born;

Try. I mourn thy Fate.

Amm. The wealthy *Zimon* has an only Daughter.

Try. Which Child our gracious Benetactor gives
 This Morning to thy Friend.

Amm. An Heiress, *Tryphon*,
 Best on a ruin'd Noble is bestow'd,
 To mend the Breaches angry Fortune makes,
 And cleanse that Blood, Contempt and Poverty
 Has well-nigh tainted.

Try. Hah! —no more of that!
 Is this thy Aim?

The Fatal Constancy.

9

Amm. My Love, and Int'rest both
Demand the beauteous Treasure. Did'st thou not dis-
The Joy I vainly labour'd to subdue, [cern
When *Zimon* twice, in th' Error of his Zeal,
Defer'd the Rites, protracting so my Hope
To this important Day! — Shall I endure
To see *Omphales* bear away the Maid?
Can I, as Friends are wont, joyn in the Mirth?
Mix with the sprightly Dance, and Nuptial Song?
Nay more; when slow, and long-expected Night,
When every smiling Planet to their Joy
Shall call the happy Lovers, even then
Shall I, with others of the cheerful Throng,
Unto my Rival's Bed, their Scene of Blifs,
Usher the blushing Pair? Not e'en in Thought
Can I support it!

Try. Fond Presumption!

Amm. No! You can construe Omens as you please,
And either way expound the Will of Heav'n,
As Inclination, or as Int'rest leads.
I know thou can'st: 'Tis so thou dost delude
The Superstitious *Zimon*, practising
Upon his credulous, and easy Nature.

Try. Unheard-of Insolence! Am I chose out
To aid thee in thy Crimes? Thus dost thou treat
The sacred Seer of Heav'n, whose hallow'd Breast
Th' Immortals deign to visit, and inform?
Away, thou Prophanation! Vex no more
My holy Ears with thy Impieties! [Going off.]

Amm. No! Thou shalt hear me on, and aid me too!

[Detaining him.]

Try. Aid thee! To rob thy Patron of his Daughter.
Is *Zimon* thus repaid? Is this the Meed
Of his Protection, and indu'gent Care?
Had he not sav'd thee, Fate had cast thee forth
To all the ling'ring Pains of shameful Want.
But when thy Father fell, this gen'rous Friend
Held thee an helpless Infant in his Arms.

The Fatal Constancy.

And fondly told thee—Yet thou hast a Father!
 So took thee home, and rank'd thee with his fair
Hestone, where, like a tender Plant
 Plac'd on the Brink of some refreshing Stream,
 You flourish'd thro' his kindly Influence.
 This, *Ammon*, is the Man thou would'st abuse!

Amm. His Gifts are, as a Step-Dame's Largeesses,
 But cold, and given with a grudging Hand:
 No more than to support my Misery.

Try. Methinks, I see *Omphales* too inrag'd,
 And ready to accuse his perjur'd Friend!
 On thy own Head be all thy Treachery! [*Going off.*]

Amm. I have a Lure shall bring thee back again!
Tryphon, behold! this Gem contains the Sum
 Of all my present Fortunes.

[*Discovers a Jewel, while Try. turns and pauses.*]

Try. Be it so!—
 Thou dar'st not bribe me sure? [*Approaching.*]

Amm. Impossible! [*Lustre,*
Try. I think, thou dar'st not!—'Tis, in Size, and
 Second to none my Eyes have yet beheld—

[*Observing the Jewel.*]

Wou'dst thou to any of the heav'nly Pow'rs
 Present, and dedicate this precious Treasure,
 I'll recommend it with my warmest Pray'rs.

Amm. I now conceive thee—here! —may *Paphian Venus*

Accept this Gem as *Ammon's* Offering! [*Gives him the*

Try. I take it, as 'tis meant! [*Jewel.*]

Amm. I trust you do.

Try. A Sacred Off'ring to the Queen of Love.
 I've no sinister Ends! I take no Bribes!

Amm. To thee no Bribe; but to the *Paphian God-*
Venus, in Pity to her Votary's Pain, [*decs!*
 May blast these Lovers hopes, turn all their Signs
 Of Peace and Joy to ominous, and bad,
 Inspiring thy Prophetic Tongue to prove
 That I alone was born to bless the Maid.

The Fatal Constancy.

11

Try. The Deities delight in Offsprings!
Venus is present, and accepts thy Gift.

— A num'rous Offspring, and a constant Love
Shall bless thy future Days!——but this not yet!
Nor is *Hesione* the promis'd Fair!
Not *Jove* himself can alter Fate's Decrees!

[Spoken as tho' he then laboured with the Deity.

Amm. Practise thy Arts on Fools!

[Endeavouring to recover the Gem.

Try. O Sacrilege!—

Dar'st thou retake what to th' Immortal Powers
Thou'st offer'd up, and sanctify'd to Heav'n?——
I tremble for thee! [Going off.

Amm. Stir! by this good Sword,
Thy Fate pursues!

Try. Fond Man! I'm arm'd from Heav'n!

Amm. Hold! — I have yet a stronger Argument!
[Recollecting.

Try. No more! it is not in the Pow'r of Man
To tempt me!

Amm. No? nor Woman, Dotard?

Try. Hah! — [Discovering Signs of Surprise.

Amm. The kind, young Slave, the beauteous *African*,

Swears thou'rt a very *Paris* in thy Courtship!

— Is it not Death for any of thy Tribe

To break his solemn Oath of Chastity?

[In a threatening Tone.

— Nay, blush not, nor deny it, holy Seer!

You but prepar'd her for more youthful Arms!

She told me all your Love, e'en from the time

When you pursu'd her, faulting, to the Grove,

And mutter'd Curses on your aged Limbs.

'Twas then, that, lavish of your Sighs and Pray'rs,

You pour'd out all your tender Artifice!

Why all this Fear you cry'd, this coy Disdain?

Can chirping Birds reveal? can Winds complain?

Will yon, soft, murm'ring Brook our Loves upbraid?

The Fatal Constancy.

Or Myrtles tell what's done beneath their Shade?
 The stol'n Delight with me you safely prove;
 For who suspects the sacred Seer of Love?
 — Thus eloquent thou wast! then, to confirm
 The wav'ring Maid, thou needs must make it clear,
 That Vice, and Virtue are Opinions!
 That the Discovery only is the Crime!
 Till she—nay, frown not! it avails thee nought!

Try. [*After a Pause.*] *Ammon*, thou knowst me well:
 and I know thee.

The Masks are off, and we convicted stand
 To one another.

Amm. Then our wisest Course
 Is to secure each other's Interest.

Try. Grant me but one thing more, I'll follow
 thine

Thro' all the Labyrinths of close Deceit.
 Thou art not now to learn our Patron's Fortunes,
 His endless Treasure, his unnumber'd Stores,
 The Gifts of *Athens*, and the Spoils of War;
 Enough to weary the most lavish Hand,
 And even make a Virtue of Profuseness.
 Nor need I tell thee, by th' *Athenian* Law
 'Tis all *Hesione's* Inheritance.

Amm. Enough! I can imagine thy Request.
 — Now, by the equal Powers who preside
 O'er mortal Contracts, and revenge their Fraud,
 I swear! and thus confirm the Oath! * — succeed,
 [* *Giving his Right Hand, according to the Grecian
 manner of plighting Faith*].

The Fourth of all her Dowry shall be thine.

Try. No more! I'll call up all my Artifice!
 — Behold! the Morning gilds th' *Athenian* Towers.
Zimon will soon awake, and bless the Day.
 Then will I fill his Superstitious Mind
 With holy Scruples, and religious Fears;
 Invent new Prophecies; confound the old;
 Be wond'rous dark and doubtful —

Amm.

Amm. And in haste:

Matters of this Consistence must not hang.

Try. The very Banquet, if I aim aright,

[*After a Pause.*

Made for thy Rival's Nuptials, graces thine.

Amm. My Soul will labour for the wish'd Event.

Try. Fear not! the Man we purpose to deceive,
Thou know'st by Nature moulded to our Use.

Hast thou forgot what in the Front of War
Th' Enthusiast did, when either Host prepar'd,
In dreadful Silence stood; 'twixt Foe, and Foe
A narrow; but an horrid Interval!

While Ruin in a thousand threatening Shapes

Ruin oppos'd; and grinning Death o'er all
Shook his dire Shaft, impatient for th' Alarm,

To let loose all his Furies, and commence
The wild Destruction? it was at that time

That Victim after Victim madly fell

By his own Hand; for still in vain they bled,
Nor promis'd to his Arms the wish'd Success:

When, suddenly, behold! th' impatient Foe
Rain on our Host a Storm of missive War.

Yet wou'd he sacrifice! None dare t'advance,
He cry'd, 'till Heav'n commands! our Ranks grew
thin;

Reluctant, unreveng'd th' *Athenians* fell.

At length the Omens of Success were found,

Then, strong with double Fury, on he led
His conquering Army! his devouring Sword,

Thus licens'd from above, and edg'd with Zeal,
Fell keen, and heavy on the *Persian* Pride!

Ammon. Such is the Force of superstitious Fire!

Try. But why to thee need I unfold the Man?

'Tis Time I practis'd on th' Enthusiast.

Farewel! thy Rival comes!

Amm. Smiling in Hope!

Try. Why smile thou on him too: meet Smile with
Smile,

And safely in the Form of Truth deceive. [*Exit Try.*

Enter Omphales to Ammon.

Amm. Welcome from *Athens!* this good Morning's
Hopes

Have brought you early to your Happiness.

[*Embracing him.*

No longer be the promis'd Bliss delay'd!

May every Omen now propitious prove,

And every Joy that *Hymen* can bestow

Reward *Omphales* Truth!

Omp. Thou'rt ever kind!

Amm. So be the Fair you love!

Omp. Possess'd of her.

Not Jealousy it self might doubt my Bliss.

O *Ammon*, she was made without Allay!

Perfection's fairest Pattern!

Amm. So compleat,

That you alone are worthy of the Maid.

All *Greece* shall joy to see *Omphales* blest:

Unenvy'd you shall call that Beauty yours,

Her Wealth, this happy Mansion too, your own,

This lov'd Retreat, which proudly from its Height

Looks down on *Athens* as it wou'd contemn

The busy Croud, and frown on the vain World:

Is, and is not of *Athens*.

Omp. O, my Friend!

Name not those Trifles with *Hesione!*

From Beggary, and Want! e'en from the Chains

Of Slav'ry I had ta'en her to my Arms,

And glory'd in her Smiles! when thou art told,

I doat with Fondness never known before;

Am dead to all Delights but those she gives,

Her Arms my World, her Bosom my Retreat:

Yet think me Just! it shall be strange, indeed,

When thou'rt forgot! were Fortune in my Pow'r,

Thou shou'dst outshine thy glorious Ancestors.

Had'st thou Ambition, it might serve thee now:

The Fatal Constancy.

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War threatens us; [but thou 'rt a Slave to Ease]
War is at hand, and calls our Youth to Glory.

Amm. I thought the World at Peace: th' *Atheni-*
Hang idly up, and rust within our Temples. [*an Arms*
Whence is this Storm?

Omp. It blows from *Persia*.

Th' Invaders, like a Deluge, come upon us,
Exulting in their Barb'rous Multitude,
And pompous War. It is not yet abroad:
This Morning will unfold it to the State.

Amm. *Zimon* will head our Pow'rs?

Omp. Most certainly:

His Name's a Terror to the *Persian*.

Thrice has the daring Chief o'erthrown the Foe.

O, cou'd he but as well himself subdue!

His only Error! turn but from that side,

And thou may'st look with wonder at the Man!

By Heav'ns, it galls my Heart, when I behold

These Prophets lord it o'er a gen'rous Spirit!

I tremble at their Pow'r! our common Cause,

The Fate of *Greece* it self is in their Hands!

Under their Omens we go forth to War,

And with their Omens sheath the Sword in Peace:

For them we Conquer! for the holy Drones

Batten upon the Harvest of our Toil,

And laugh to see our labour!—fain I'd learn,

Which was their Hour of Danger; or the time

When to themselves they prophesy'd of Ill!

But this is not enough! they now become

Our private Guides, and rule our inmost Souls!

Influence every Circumstance of Life!

Our Reason; nay, our very Passions too

They wou'd inflave! and we must love, and hate

At their Direction!—Insolence, and Craft!

Amm. Delays have vex't thee: I'll engage, at least,
For *Tryphon's* Faith!

Omp. No more; the time draws on.

I'll in, and at the Altar see perform'd

What

The Fatal Constancy.

What previous Rites th' *Athenian* Law requires:
I wou'd not seem remis in Duty here.
Come! thou shalt witness to my Offering.

Then with a Bridegroom's Joy I'll meet the Fair,
And in her Arms elude all future Care.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.





The Fatal Constancy.

A C T II.

Z I M O N, and T R Y P H O N.

Z I M O N.



AN awful Dread, a Parent's fond Compassion
Contend within me—and this midnight
Dream——— [ly bred
Try. No airy Dream of Chance! not vain-
Of midnight Vapours, and unkind Repose;
But with Lustrations sought, and Sacrifice!
Presented at the time when no false Dream
Deludes the Sense; in the last Watch of Night,
While on the Victims Skins I slept before the Altar.
The Priests, who in the outward Temple held
Their solemn Vigils, say the Pavement shook,
The Altars groan'd, and strange amazing Sounds
The while re-echo'd thro' the vaulted Dome———
The dreadful Interdiction too resounds
Still in my Ears, like the low, murm'ring Noise
Of distant Thunder.

Zim. And will Heav'n divide
A Pair which Nature seems herself joyn?
A Pair whose Loves have from their Childhood grown,

And strengthen'd with 'em?

Try. Yet the Gods are just! ———

Let us consider well of this Design,
E'en from its Birth. Now twice the full-orb'd Moon
Has wasted, since our first Attempt was made;
And now the third sends forth its Influence,
Propitious held to *Hymen's* Votaries.

Think, when the first appointed Day was come,
And the young Pair before the Altar plac'd,
How suddenly the Sun withdrew his Beams,
And vail'd him from the Sight, while Night in Clouds
Seem'd to return in haste upon the Morn.

How *Jove* from forth the wat'ry Stores of Heaven
Pour'd down a second Deluge on our Heads;
Nor ceas'd his livid Shafts of sulph'rous Flame,
Nor ceas'd his dreaded Voice till we retir'd?

Zim. The Day was horrible!

Try. Again the Moon

Grew to her highest Pride: fondly again
'Thou did'st presume! for what, alas, avail'd
Thy Hecatomb, and pompous Sacrifice?
Think how unwillingly the Victims fell;
How they were dragg'd into the holy Place.
How, when the Intrals were explor'd, in one
The Heart was sought in vain; and from the next
A stench of foul Corruption issued forth:
How from the sacred Altar, Clouds of Smoak,
Black as *Tartarean* Vapours, roul'd around,
And hung like Night upon us: nor aspir'd
The Flame towards Heav'n; but, dividing, seem'd
To steal as in disdain from what it fed on.
Rank was the Incense, and the holy Wine
Imbitter'd as with Gall: with these compare
What now has happen'd. Urge not Heav'n too far!
But rather thank th' indulgent Pow'rs, who deign
'To lighten up our dark, uncertain Ways.
Heaven, the tender Parent of Mankind,
At first informs us gently, and in Smiles;

But

But with an heavy Hand Correction comes,
If we neglect the kind Admonisher.

Zim. May not repeated Sacrifice avail?
Not the pure Vows of the unspotted Maid? [bine,
Try. Then know't thou not, that tho' all Heav'n com-
To turn the steady Course of Fate, 'twere vain?
—Yet when I reason with my self, 'tis strange,
[After a Pause.

That you, my Lord, who are the very Head,
Or, as it were, the Helm of this Design,
Shou'd find no private Information;
(As oft it happens on the like Occasions)
Nor yet are self-instructed from above:
Nor from within, by Doubts, Misgivings, Fears,
Involuntary Motions, such as seem
Impos'd upon the Sense; nor from without,
By Objects, or confirming Accidents.

Zim. Now, *Tryphon*, thou awak'st my Memory,
Which Age, and a long Care for *Athens'* Good
Have worn to frequent Slumbers. Some Days since,
As thro' the solemn Cloister of the *Temple*,
And round its hallow'd Grove, where awful Shade
And Silence teach us Adoration,
All bent on Heav'n, I took my wonted Way;
A sudden strange Emotion fir'd my Soul;
I grew enlighten'd, and the Book of Fate,
Methought, was opening to my Mind: When, lo!
Forth from the Thicket rush'd a monst'rous Boar,
The Terror, and the Tyrant of his Kind,
In Horror, and in Size surpassing far
All that our *Attic* Mountains yet have bred.
He stop'd! e'en in my Path he stop'd!— I paus'd!
He glar'd awhile, and, foaming, as in Rage,
With hideous Yells betook him to the Forest.

Try. How? glar'd he on thee?

Zim. With an Eye of Death!
As tho' we had encounter'd in the Chase,
And with my Spear I had fix'd him to the Earth!

Try. And came he on the Left, my Lord?

Zim. He did.

Try. O, how industrious are the pitying Pow'rs,
To guide aright the wand'ring Steps of Man!
Think! has ought else occur'd?—

Zim. The other Morn, [After a short Pause.
As tow'rd's the East I bow'd my self to Heaven,
Begging Success on this our Enterprize,
A lonely Turtle on the Left I spy'd.

Try. The social Bird of *Venus*, and alone?
This boads a Separation! or by Death;
Or, what is worse than Death, Domestic Jarrs.
Far off be all such strife from *Zimon's* Walls! [Gods!

Zim. I know thou lov'st me, know thou fear'st the

Try. So fearing, I obey their Heav'nly Wills.

Zim. 'Tis plain thou dost—but oh, ye awful Pow'rs!
How to the tender Maid may I make known
Your harsh Resolves? how tear her from his Arms?
Oh, 'twill be worse than Death! a Love so true!
So deep ingrafted in each other's Heart!
Oft have I mark'd with Joy their growing Passion,
And thought 'twas happy! first in Infant Smiles
It broke, and strengthen'd into Sighs from thence;
Sighs almost made in Ignorance of their Cause:
At length Maturity awakes Desire;
'They Hope, they Fear; they Vow, and call it Love.
And now to part! in reach of either's Arms?
Cut off, divided at their Noon of Hope!

Try. Alas, 'tis hard! but Sense of Duty sure
Will mitigate the Pain. *Hesione*

Knows what is due to Heav'n, and to her Sire:
Early you painted to her tender Mind
The Monster Vice in all its ugly Forms;
The flow'ry Paths of Virtue next you drew,
And peaceful Innocence: she was all Ear;
Her happy Disposition met your Care,
And half prevented your Instruction.

Zim.

The Fatal Constancy.

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Zim. True, my good *Tryphon!* but so great a Tryal!
So difficult a Task for Patience!
Tho' nurs'd amidst the Horrors of the Field,
Bred in Alarms, and intimate with Danger,
I'm not so steel'd against Compassion,
That I conceive not what such Lovers feel
At such a Separation: nor has Age
So sower'd my Nature, that I wish not Youth
Its innocent Desires—nor can'st thou feel
A Father's Tenderness.

Try. A Father's Love
Shines clearest in the Duty of a Father!
Shall Man, shall narrow-sighted Man declare
This is my certain Path to Happiness?
Here will I tread? but that I'll surely shun;
For Danger, Care, and Pain are ambush'd there?
When even then the kind, indulgent Pow'rs
Expose the wildness of his fond Desires,
And Thunder loudly tells him he is wrong?
—Then let all-knowing Fate provide no more!

Zim. Mistake me not! I am not all subdu'd:
The Will of Heav'n is fervent at my Heart!
Had yet th' all-equal Pow'rs been more severe,
And to their Altars doom'd the Spotless Maid;
Destin'd her Virgin Blood a Sacrifice
To the sad Manes of th' unburied Foes
This Arm has slain—shou'd I with-hold my Child?
Nay more, was this her Parent's Sword decreed
Death's sacred Instrument—shou'd I yet pause?
Withdraw my Hand, and spare the beauteous Victim?

Try. No! in Compassion thou wou'dst Sacrifice!
Nor meant I ought to thee: but there are some,
Shou'd even the Guardian Goddess of our State
Minerva's self from her high Heav'n descend,
And in th' *Athenian* Streets declare her Will,
Yet some, I fear, there wou'd be found, to close
Their impious Ears against her loud Commands!

Zim. If any such there be, forgive 'em Heav'n!

The Fatal Constancy.

Try. Heav'n is forgot ! our Altars are grown cold !

Zim. Behold my Daughter ! Joy, and Innocence
Bloom in her Face. Alas ! *Hesione,*
Thou know'st not yet how near thou art to Pain !
That the rich Robe, gay *Hymen's* Livery,
Which, foil'd by thy own Lustre, fades upon thee,
Now only serves to decorate thy Sorrows.

Enter Hesione.

Welcome ! O welcome to thy Father's Arms !

[*Embracing her.*

Pledge of my youthful Love ! thou fairest Flow'r,
Which with a Planter's Care I still have guarded,
Cherish'd, defended from invading Storms,
That when my Winter shou'd draw on, when Age
Shou'd sadden all things to me, thou alone
Might'st bloom, and flourish in my faded Eyes,
And smooth the last, sad, rugged Stage of Life.

— O, may'st thou yet, yet answer all my Hope !

Hes. Doubt you *Hesione,* whose grateful Heart
Ne'er knew a Wish, that came not first from yours ?

Zim. O, gaze not on me thus ! but rather turn,
And hide thee from me — Oh, *Hesione* !
Say, from thy Soul, hast thou not ever found me
Kind to thy Will, and yielding to thy Pray'rs ?

Hes. Ever ! and a whole Life of dutious Love
Will poorly recompence your tender Care.

Zim. Can'st thou be rigid in Obedience ?

Hes. Duty, and Love stand ready to perform,
Whate'er my Father's Justice can command.

Try. You think the Gods are just, *Hesione* ?

Hes. Let all my Actions testify I do.

Try. Heav'n grant they may !

Hes. Then I am doubted still.

Say, my lov'd-Father, I conjure you, say, [Breast ?
Whence are these Sighs ? why heaves your gen'rous

Zim. Think ! canst thou bear the Storms of angry
Fate ?

Can't thou thy self subdue? and hast thou learnt
Of Patience ought besides its empty Name?

Hes. With you the worst of Fates I cou'd endure!
Shou'd it please Heav'n, at once to pull us down
Even unto the last of Miseries!

That Bondage, Sicknes, Poverty, and Shame
Might seize upon us all, your Name, and House
Expung'd for ever from the Book of Fame!

E'en then *Omphales*, and *Hesione*

Cou'd least forsake you. All the weary Day,
Tho' threaten'd, scorn'd, we'd beg for your Support;
All Night by turns secure you in your Sleep,
And with our wretched Weeds from the cold Dew
Defend your reverend Head.

Zim. Excellent Creature! —

Thou art, alas! too tender for thy Fate.

[*Aside.*

Tell me, *Hesione*, when thou hast heard
Some moving Tale of unsuccessful Love,
Some sad, disastrous Story, full of Woe,
Of tedious Absence, Pain, and Sufferance;

When, thro' a strange variety of Ills,
The constant Pair have met, have even reach'd
Each others Arms, and then some angry God
Has sever'd 'em for ever! say, my Child,
When thou hast heard a moving Tale like this,
How has thy Heart endur'd it?

Hes. Oh, my Father!

Whence are these Words? why urge you this to me?

— Where is *Omphales*?

Enter Omphales, and Ammon.

Omp. See the happy Man!

Call'd by that Voice, were I an Age intomb'd,
Methinks, I e'en might force the Grave it self,
And struggle thro' the Arms of Death to meet thee!

[*Embracing her.*

Here every Fear is lost! this is the Hour
The Hour of Joy, and Heaven crowns our Wishes!

Thus let this happy Day begin with Blessings.

[*Kneeling with Hefione, to Zimon, who turns from 'em.*]

Hah! why this Silence, and these signs of Mourning?

Are these our Nuptials? ——— Oh, *Hefione!*

[*Rising.*]

E'en on this Day shall we converse in Sighs,

The sad Intelligence of hopeless Lovers? —

Oh, answer me! nor turn thy Face in Sorrow!

Hef. Learn there the Cause! a Tale too sad, I fear,

He labours to unfold. [Pointing to Zimon.]

Zim. Fain wou'd I speak

Of Joy, and Comfort to your troubled Souls!

Omp. Whate'er your heavy Story is, at once

Declare it: For my Soul had rather prove

One certain Evil, than imagine all.

Zim. Imagine what you least cou'd wish to hear.

Omp. Ha! how is this? — By Heav'n's it must be so!

It strikes at us, *Hefione!* — O, arm,

Arm thee with Patience, my prophetic Soul!

A third Delay! — how long must I endure? —

Thou honour'd Parent of *Hefione!*

I see thy generous Breast is troubled for me.

Doubt not my Patience: I'm enur'd to suffer!

[Pointing to Hefione.]

If yet the Gods wou'd prove my Constancy,

If it concerns thy Peace, that we again

Defer our promis'd Bliss, proclaim it now!

Name but the certain Time, th' appointed Day

When we shall meet in Joy, and tho' till then

Each Hour is loaded with an Age's Care;

Tho' no pale, lonely Ghost, deny'd its Rest,

Shall wish to wander out its Term so fast,

Yet point me out that Day! and mark how well

I've learnt to suffer for *Hefione!* [torn? —

Zim. Oh, Nature! — oh, ye Gods! — how am I

Tryphon, declare the Will of Heav'n, while I

Withdraw, and mourn their hapless Destiny. [Going off.]

Omp. Now, by the Gods, if 'tis of so much weight,

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I'll learn it from no Tongue but thine !

Zim. Know then——

[But arm your Hearts : for you have much t' endure]

Know, you can never meet in nuptial Joy !

Omp. Never !

Hef. Avert it Heav'n !

Omp. By all our Sufferance,
They are unequal Gods that tell thee this !

Zim. Rash Youth, beware ! let me not hear the
Revil'd in thy fantastic Passions ! [Pow'rs
By their blest Mansions ! by their awful Thunder !
If in the face of Heav'n thou fling'st thy Slanders,
Wert thou the dearest Issue of these Loins,
I wou'd be first to practice Vengeance on thee !
——Unequal Gods !

Amm. Heavens ! that these shou'd part !
This wou'd not be believ'd in *Athens*.

Try. Learn t'endure !——

[To Omphales : who is fix'd in Astonishment, and in
an Agony of Passion.

Not urge his Wrath !—— wast thou not in the Field,
When, at the Army's Head, an impious Foe
Traduc'd the Gods of Greece, while he, inrag'd,
Rush'd forth, and pierc'd the proud Blasphemer's
Heart ?

Omp. Never ! oh, never ! Not a distant Hope
To rest my Sorrows on ! to turn away
Despair, and Frenzy, from my tortur'd Soul !

Hef. O think, my Father, think 'twas you who
first,

Approving, blew the kindling Flame of Love !
Early you taught me to receive his Vows,
And form'd my tender Heart for him alone.
Why did you paint him Noble, Gen'rous, Brave,
Perfection all, as you wou'd have describ'd
Some Offspring of the Gods ? why all this Care
To train me up to Sorrow ? rather why
Distant as Pole from Pole were we not plac'd ;

Or told 'twas Death to gaze? O, yet recall,
Recall thy Words, and save us from Despair!

Zim. Daughter, trust Heaven with your Happiness!
You'll find the Gods are just.

Omp. Wou'd Man was so!

[*Recovering from his Astonishment.*

Now, by our glorious House! by the great Names,
And happy Souls of my brave Ancestors,
This matter wears a Face of Treachery!
'Tis all Deceit! an impious Artifice!

A studied Plot! a poor Conspiracy
T'illude my Hopes, evade the promis'd Rites,
And cheat me of my Love! by Heav'ns, no more!

Zim. Know, when thou wou'dst be busy with my
Honour,

Thou aim'st at what e'en Envy cannot reach!

Omp. Say, hast thou found a Youth who loves
her more?

If so, best prove him, and it shall be found,
Who dares deserve her most! or haply Avarice,
The Curse, and cold Disease of Age, has seiz'd thee,
And it repents thee of the proffer'd Dow'r:

Take then thy Offerings back, and with 'em all
E'er Fortune gave me — Oh, *Hesione!*

We cannot pay too dear for one another!

Banish me to some desert Isle remote,

Where Int'rest, or Ambition never led

Inquiring Man, where yet no Path is worn;

But all things rude as at the Birth of Nature:

Contented there with her cou'd I sit down,

There build the Nuptial Bed, wear out Life's Date,

And in those Arms forget there is a World!

Hes. But, oh, to live divided!

Omp. 'Tis a Thought

My Nature starts at, and my Mind rejects,

As something Monstrous, and Impossible!

Amm. Compose thy Sorrows: Yet she shall be
thine

[*Apart to Omp.*

Omp. O, *Ammon, Ammon*, I grow wild with
Thought!

As soon thou may'st reclaim the angry North,
When in his Rage he bows the stubborn Forest.
She's mine! She's justly mine! My lawful Claim!
By Love, by Suffrance, and by Contract mine!
And now to give her up! tamely to part!
Let me be branded with a baser Name
Than Calumny has found, when that can happen!
Whatever desp'rate Man wou'd tear her from me,
Shall win her thus!——

[*Here, attempting to draw, Hef. obstructs his Hand.*

Hef. Hah! whither art thou hurry'd?
Forbear this Violence! raise not thy Arm
Against that sacred Head!——

Omp. 'Twas impious!——

But thou hast chasten'd me——behold me now
Calm, and Repentance all!——O, thou hast Pow'r,
E'en' with a Look to charm the wildest Frenzy!
There dwells a wond'rous Magic in those Beauties,
Which, even as the Voice of Harmony,
Comes o'er the Soul, and all is strait compos'd!
Thus lowly let us bend, and to his Heart
Send forth the moving Pray'er of Misery.

[*Kneeling with Hefione.*

Zim. No more! I must not, dare not hear you
more!

Tryphon, instruct the Priests, that they prepare
A Sacrifice. I'll to the Altar strait,
And thank the Pow'rs, who deign to guide our Actions.

[*Exit Try.*

Hef. Yet think, my Father, think how much I owe
That wond'rous Youth!

Zim. Arise, *Hefione*!

Thou know'st me tender as thy Soul shou'd wish:
Thou know'st me too, when Heav'n, and Duty calls,
Rigid as Death!——Thy Mother was a *Spartan*,
And wou'd have dyed, e'er she had own'd this soft-

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No more of it, if thou woud'st hold my Love! [*They rise.*
 'Tis thro' the best Compassion of my Soul,
 That I refuse to grant, what Heav'n forbids.

Omp. O barbarous Mercy of mistaken Zeal!
 How dreadful are those blind Enthusiasts,
 Who wound in Mercy, and torment, to save?
 I'm lost for ever! Famine, Exile, Chains
 Have none so deeply wretched!

Zim. Let us hence! [*To Hefione.*
 I can allow no farther Conference.

Hef. Hear me, *Omphales*, hear me, e'er we part!
 [Haply no more my Voice may reach your Ears]
 When we are banish'd far from one another,
 And thy poor Heart is breaking with its Sorrows,
 Call to thy Mind the solemn Vow I made,
 When, once conversing in the Myrtle Bower,
 We talk'd of Separation, then in Joy,
 And sporting, as it were, -with Misery.
 Be that thy Comfort in the Hour of Mourning!

Omp. Whene'er 'tis said, *Omphales* loves thee less;
 Mourns not thy Absence like a faithful Wretch;
 Gives respite to Affliction; or receives
 Comfort from ought but thee: When this thou'rt
 Conclude Distraction has been busy here, [*told,*
 And I'm no more *Omphales*!

Hef. Thou art true!

Omp. We both are true!

Hef. *Omphales* will not rest;
 Nor think of Peace without me!—Oh, farewell!

Omp. Farewel! and with thee all our Happiness;
 [*Exeunt Zim. and Hef.*

Manent Omp. and Ammon.

She gone! And never to return to me!
 Hide thee, *Omphales*, hide thee from thy self,
 Nor dare inquire how wretched thou art grown.

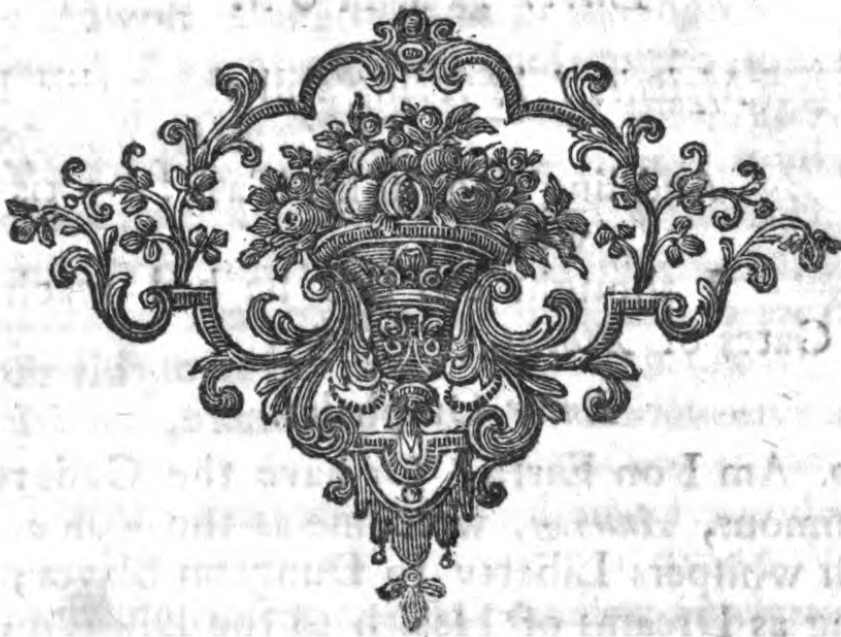
Amm. I've found a Stratagem shall make her thine.
 Yet thou shalt hope! Thy *Ammon* bids thee Hope.

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Omp. Oh, *Ammon*, I am curs'd beyond all Hope!
Lead me to some yet unfrequented Shade,
Which Nature in despite of Joy has made;
The melancholy Mansion of Despair,
Gloomy, and horrid as the Fate I bear;
Where hollow Winds, where Springs invite to mourn,
And Echoes sadly every Sigh return:
There I'll grow wild thro' the Excess of Grief,
And in Distraction only find Relief! [Exeunt.

End of the Second ACT.





The Fatal Constancy.

A C T III.

Enter AMMON.



Omphales! hovering still about this Place,
[*Discovering his Approach.*
And ling'ring in his Task! — 'tis not so
well.

I thought e'er this he had reach'd the
Gates of *Athens*.

Enter Omphales.

Omp. Am I on Earth? Or have the Gods receiv'd
A Summons, *Ammon*, welcome as the Voice [me?
Which whispers Liberty to Dungeon Slaves;
Pleasing as Dreams of Health to the Diseas'd;
Or Hope to the despairing Penitent,
Th' indulgent Maid hastes to the conscious Bow'r,
The former Scene of more successful Love;
Thither invites me to a last Farewel!
But when again I find her downy Bosom,
Shall I forgo the happy, lov'd Retreat?
Return content that we have mourn'd our Fate?—
No!——'tis resolv'd!——

Ammon. All's ruin'd if they meet!

[*Aside.*
Omp.

Omp. Exile with her, or for her Death is pleasing!
[Going off.]

Amm. No! You depart not thus! [Detaining him.]

Omp. Delay me not!

Amm. A moment!

Omp. Moments are too precious now!—

This is too much!—

Amm. By the dear Name of Friend!

Omp. My Friend! And hold me from *Hesione*!
Away!—By Heav'ns, I can endure no more!

Amm. By Heav'ns, I must detain thee! hear me
You cannot meet! [speak!]

Omp. Hah!—cannot:—by the Gods!
If any Tongue but thine had spoke these Words,
I wou'd have call'd it false!

Amm. Thou art too warm!

What I relate, I tell thee from her Mouth,
And learnt e'en now to save thee! Is it thus
Omphales pays my Care? Am I thrown off,
Spurn'd with Contempt, cast, like a fawning Slave,
From him, whose Wrongs I've labour'd to redress?
Whose Sorrows are my own?—Why then no more:
But hasten to Destruction!

Omp. Oh my Friend!

Forgive me! I'm become a froward Wretch!
Wearied beyond the Pow'r of Patience!—
Say, whence this sudden Change?

Amm. Her jealous Father

Has torn the Secret of your Meeting from her:
And since, before the Altar he has sworn,
If e'er again you're found within these Walls,
To treat you as a common Enemy!
A Robber; or a *Persian*!

Omp. Mistaken Man!—

Oh, how unequal is the State of Lovers?
A Moment's Hope elates us to the Clouds;
And in a Moment more some sudden Fear,
Some Disappointment pulls us down again
Lower than Envy's self cou'd wish to place us!

— But tell me, *Ammon*, tell me from thy Soul,
How does she bear our Separation?

Amm. You cannot doubt her?

Omp. That were impious!

Amm. Nor shall you fear th' Extremity of Grief.
Yet justly she bemoans her absent Mate.

Remote she sat; her Words were few and forc'd;

Her Eyes still fix'd; her Posture still the same.

Down either Cheek a Tear had made its Way,

Two more stood ripe, and ready to pursue 'em;

And had not Sighs inform'd me she cou'd breathe,

She'd seem'd the Image of despairing Beauty.

Not *Venus* look'd more lovely in her Sorrow,

When she beheld the Youth *Adonis* slain!

Yet she might raise her Head to speak of you!

Omph. By Heav'ns, I see her! ——— Oh, my tor-
tur'd Soul! ———

So truly do I love her Happiness,

I almost wish she might forget me now!

Yet all my Comfort is ——— that cannot be!

Oh, *Ammon*, if thy Breast hath ever heav'd

For Sorrows not thy own; if yet thy Heart

Hath prov'd the anxious Pain of hopeless Love,

Thou now must feel for an unhappy Friend!

Amm. I'm not to learn Love's Pangs ——— there
was a time!

Omp. And cou'dst thou truly love? and do'st thou
live

To tell it, as an idle Dream that's past?

Amm. Thou art, indeed, a Lover!

Omp. I am true:

Nor blush to own it ——— Oh, *Hesione*!

The Pain I feel, instructs me what you suffer!

I fear! I fear! for you are all compos'd

Of Tenderness! ——— O *Ammon*, tell me all!

Decieve me not! speak all her Sorrow out!

The worst unfold! her very Words impart!

Hide her not from me!

Amm. O, she utter'd all
That Love in Pain, and Absence might conceive :
Oft o'er, and o'er again she told her Passion;
For Love, tho' in a thousand Modes it speaks,
Says but one thing: the varied Eloquence
Of Lovers means no more than that they Love.
'Midst other things, she joy'd you had receiv'd
What I propos'd; for I had told her all.

Omp. And she approv'd it?

Amm. Wish'd it were begun!
Urg'd its Performance! and my Fancy errs,
Or she preferr'd it in her parting Words
To thee! even here! — “ *Omphales will not rest,*
“ Nor think of Peace without me! ”

Omp. Now, by Heav'n's
Such were her Words!

Amm. And in the instant chang'd
Her Sorrow into Frowns, as she had meant —
There's need of Violence! — mark'd you not
that?

Omp. Ammon, as there are Gods in yon bright
Heav'n!
I will not rest! I will not think of Peace,
Till I accomplish all! I've linger'd here too long.
Farewel! be ready to perform thy Charge.
The beauteous Prize already chides my Sloth,
Stands at the Goal, and beckons me away.

[Exit Omp.

Amm. Farewel, my Friend! if e'er we meet again,
And meet as Foes, I meet but with a Man.

Enter Tryphon to Ammon.

Tryphon! — let me embrace thee! thou'rt, indeed,
A Match for this good Age! I read Success,
And Triumph in thy Face — what wou'dst thou
say?

Hast thou propos'd it? will he call me Son?
Tell me, my Oracle! for on thy Words
My Destiny depends.

Try. Hope, *Ammon*, hope!
All shall be well!

Amn. He has consented then?

Try. Not absolutely given his Consent;
Nor have I grossly put him to the Test;
But only by Insinuations
Have yet obliquely touch'd upon the Subject;
Observing how he might be wrought upon;
How far we might proceed with Confidence.
As thus! — supposing you had lov'd his Daughter!
That Providence had thrown you in her way!
— I gag'd him so — he answers in a Sigh,
And wish'd some Pow'r might guide him to her
Good.

Amn. Excellent *Tryphon*! — we must lose no
time:

While warm, he'll best be form'd to our Intent.

Try. Fear not! I left him at the Sacrifice:
Soon as 'tis ended, he appointed me
To meet him here; then will I press it home,
And in such Terms as shall not fail to move.

Amn. A Doubt yet haunts my Mind — *Hestone*,
She bears her Disappointment heavily,
And may be violent.

Try. Her Father's Will
Is sacred to her as the Law of Heaven!
How is she fam'd for her Obedience?
I look not on her as on one consenting:
But, trust me, *Ammon*, many a stubborn Maid
Softens like Wax in the Embracer's Hold,
And yields to strange Impressions in his Arms.

Amn. O, let me feel the mourning Beauty there!
I'll kiss away her Tears, suppress her Sighs,
Warm her, and find the Passage to her Heart;

While,

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While, like a Flow'r reviving in the Sun,
She shall look up, and bless her Comforter!
Joy, like the Light, shall break thro' all her Sor-

row,
Chear her sad Heart, and drive *Omphales* thence!

Try. First he must hence! 'tis he whom we shou'd
fear!

'Tis him we shou'd suspect of Violence!
Secure him instantly! — I've had a Thought —
Suppose him Dead! it shall be after told,
And with a shew of Reason, that Despair
Drew his own Sword against him.

Amm. 'Tis too late:

My Care already has diverted him.

I took him in the height of Disappointment;
Acted the Friend; discours'd his Injuries o'er;
Told him I felt 'em all, and thus advis'd him.
Get thee to *Athens*; to the noble Youth,
Thy Friends, and Partners of the sacred Band,
The Band which by a solemn League are bound,
To succour and redress each others Wrongs.
Tell 'em how *Zimon* has dishonour'd thee;
Conjure 'em, to assist thee in thy Right;
Select a resolute and a faithful Few;
Secure 'em in the Covert of yon Grove,
Till, at my promis'd Signal, they rush in
Impetuous, and bear away the Maid.

Blinded with Love, he embrac'd the Enterprize,
And to confirm his Resolution,

I told him that *Hesione* approv'd it.

Try. But how hast thou secur'd him from Success?

Amm. Know, it is thus contriv'd! this very
Hour

A Paper will be found before the Senate,
Declaring the whole Purpose of *Omphales*;
Their very Place of Consultation.

Imagine the Result of this Attempt!

Can such a Violence against this House
Be known, and prosper? at a Juncture too
When *Athens* must implore her Gen'ral's Aid?

Try. True! Valour's ever courted in Distress.

Amm. Nay, more! our Law makes instant Banishment

The Meed of such Offenders.

Try. Yet whene'er again

Thy Friend grows dang'rous, see him in his Tomb!

So is he well secur'd! the Maxim's good:

A sanguine Politician taught it me.

It might have sav'd thee too from Calumny.

How will the rigid Votaries of Justice

Exclaim against thee, shou'd it e'er be known,

How you've deceiv'd this Friend? this Intimate?

Amm. Out on the subtile Herd! let me succeed,

And thou shalt find 'em loudest in my Praise:

The Fortunate were never in the wrong.

Invest me once in *Zimon's* large Possessions,

My Faults shall die, and Flatt'ry will not fail

To picture Virtues for me.

Try. Let, at least,

The Name of Friend be lost! contrive some Slight

Of which thou may'st accuse him.

Amm. Be it so!

Try. 'Twill set some Gloss upon this Action.

— Tho' if I fail not in my Stratagem,

Zimon shall even court thee to thy Wish.

Amm. Succeed what will succeed! — I'm well
resolv'd!

Tho' Poor, I'm Proud; and cannot suffer Scorn;

Have Appetites, and want the Means to feed 'em.

Courage, Extravagance and Luxury

Was all th' Inheritance my Father left me.

My Pride is my fond Mother's Legacy:

My young *Hippolitus*! she oft wou'd cry,

My little *Theseus*! thou art nobly born!

Sprung from a Race of Heroes, and of Gods!
—— Then in the Streets of *Athens* thus they
have it ——

Behold the Orphan! *Zimon's* Pensioner!——
How is that House decay'd!——By Heav'ns, a Dog
Wou'd blush, and turn to be so pointed at!

Try. No more of this! the happy Change is near!
Learn to forget thy self, and thy old Friends.

Henceforth thou shalt be reckon'd with the First;
At Feasts, and Games be plac'd next *Zimon's* self;
Shine in the *Tyrian* Dye; be gaz'd upon;
Envy'd by many, yet care's'd by all.

The time draws on——thou hast a Part to act
In my Design, which now thou art to learn.

Amm. But see! the Object of my Wish appears!
And, like *Aurora* wrapt in sullen Clouds,
Advances mourning. Yet so ripe she seems!
Her Charms so ready! so compos'd for Love!

Try. Let us not now be found in Conference!
I wou'd retire.

Amm. To yonder Portico——
I will but gaze awhile, and follow thee. [*Exit Try.*]

Enter Hefione to Ammon.

Hef. It must be so! the Message which I sent
Has either misinform'd him of the Place;
Or thro' some Treach'ry never reach'd his Ears.
Hah! *Ammon* here!——he haply may inform me.

Amm. If 'tis the lost *Omphales* whom you seek,
The Man whose Fate I once sincerely mourn'd,
In vain you ask him of his old Companion.
Inrag'd, impatient he departed hence,
Loud against me, 'gainst Heaven, and his Fate.
And, when I wou'd have been a Comfort to him,
He spurn'd me off; and bid me fawn no more!

Hef. Forget it, *Ammon*; much he has endur'd,

And, like a wayward Infant, shou'd be sooth'd,
And soften'd into Temper. Thou'rt sincere,
And earnest, and too apt to think thou'rt wrong'd.

Amm. Thou art sincere, and earnest, and too apt
To think thou'rt——*Hes.* What? *Amm.* Belov'd!

Hes. I take thee not.

Amm. He swore that you, and all your Sex were false;
That he had been at some appointed Place——
I know not where——but that you had contriv'd
T' abuse his Patience, and insult his Love.

Hes. Unhappy Youth! his Troubles are too great,
And Reason fails beneath the weight of Sorrow:
For he himself cou'd never call me False,
Ne'er doubt my Truth! his is a gen'rous Soul,
Noble, and glorious as the Form he wears!
Love, and Suspicion dwell not there together.
You too forgive him, *Ammon*; 'tis too much
In one sad Day to lose his Friend, and me:
Nor wonder, you was treated with Disdain,
When I might not be spar'd.

Amm. This his return——
Of Friendship?—thus I blow such Friends away!

Hes. Thou'rt lost with ease.

Amm. I am not won so soon!——
My Soul abhors the least Ingratitude!

[*Exit Ammon.*

Hes. *Omphales* Breast is Stranger to such Baseness!
When Nature form'd him, she forgot 'twas Man,
And made him up of Virtues!——this his Friend?
The boasted, happy Sharer of his Heart?
My Mind informs me wrong, or he's deceiv'd.
This looks like Treach'ry——something I cou'd dread!
But what, alas! have Wretches left to fear?——
Yes! to another's Arms I may be forc'd:
But then I know my Vow, and will prepare.
Oh my *Omphales*! whither art thou fled
From the lov'd Haven where thy Soul might rest!

Like

The Fatal Constancy.

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Like some poor Turtle widow'd of her Love,
Anxious, I sought thee long thro' every Grove:
But oh! the restless, fond Pursuit is vain;
Pensive, I find my sad Retreat again,
Brood o'er my Care, and murmur out my Pain.

[Exit.]

End of the Third Act.





The Fatal Constancy.

ACT IV.

AMMON, and *TRYPHON*.

AMMON.



OR yet the Rites of Sacrifice are past.
I scent the Fat of Oxen from the Altar,
And snuff the Censer's fragrant Offering.
Try. At length it ends. Behold the sinking
Flame:

Zimon advances, and the busy Priests
Croud to divide their savoury Perquisites.
He comes in haste to meet me: now's our time!
Retire, and wait the Opportunity.

Amm. Now *Mercury* inspire thee! [*Amm. absconds.*
Try. Peace! he's here.

Enter Zimon to Tryphon.

Zim. How am I blest, to have been born in
Greece,
Where every Pow'r is found with Sacrifice,
And ev'ry Action guided from above?
And now my Gratitude is paid to Heav'n,
To thee, the Instrument thro' whom the Gods
Convey

Convey their Wills, thou second Cause of Good,
Tryphon, to thee I bow, and thus I thank thee—

[*Embracing him.*

Nor, trust me, sacred Prophet, shou'd I blush
E'en in our *Forum*, in the Face of *Athens*,
To bend more lowly to those reverend Seers,
The Gods distinguish thus— [Offering to kneel to him.

Try. Alas, my Lord!

[*Obstruſting him.*

The best of us are Men, and frail ones too!

Zim. How shall I pay thy Care?

Try. If other End,

Beside the secret Joy of doing Good,
Its Authors have propos'd; I'm Stranger to it.
Wou'dst thou o'erpay what I've already done?—

Let me do more!—I speak in a just Cause,
And will be bold! my Duty makes me bold!
Know, all is yet not right within thy Walls!
This House is threaten'd with impending Dangers!
The Wound is cover'd o'er; but yet not cur'd!
—Be strictly on thy Guard!

Zim. Explain thy self!

Try. Look to thy Daughter!

Zim. Hah!

Try. Observe her well!

Is she obedient in this time of Tryal?
Does *Zimon*, or *Omphales* rule the Maid?
If I presage aright, some Violence
Against the Will of Heav'n is now conspir'd.

Zim. What's to be done?

Try. Best marry her.

Zim. To whom?

Try. 'Twere Mercy, tho' a shackled Slave possess'd
To save her from *Omphales*! marry her!
Secure her from her self, and suddenly!
'Twill ease thy loaded Heart of every Care,
And so thou shalt sit down again in Peace,
And thank the Gods, thou'st done a Parent's Duty.

Zim. Some Pow'r direct me!

The Fatal Constancy.

Try. Fix thy Choice on one
Whom Heav'n shall seem to point at, tho' he's found
As poor as Merit, and as much forsaken.
Be Heaven still the Guide of all thy Actions,
The fix'd, and certain Star, by whose sure Light
Thou safely may'st direct thy doubtful Course.
— Say, hast thou treasur'd in thy Memory
What was reveal'd last Night?—observe it well!
And so thou can'st not err.

Zim. Heav'n best can tell,
I wou'd not err!—renew it to my Mind

Try. Hear, and attend! thus spake th' immortal Voice!

*The longing Youth, and sighing Maid
For whom these sacred Rites are paid,
The Storms of adverse Fate shall prove,
Whenever they meet in Nuptial Love.*

*Seek, near the Maid, a Noble Youth,
In Treasure less; but more in Truth;
Who loves; yet wou'd conceal his Pain:
The Gods for him the Maid ordain!*

Zim. Seek near the Maid!—near her—haply in Blood!
Let me reflect!—amongst our great Allies,
Think'st thou *Lysander* worthy of her Love?
Or rather *Mentheus*?—

Try. Guard her from his Arms!
An Unbeliever! nurs'd in the loose Schools
Of *Epicurus*!—thou may'st recollect,
Before the Sacrifice I gave some Hints
Towards one I thought intended for thy Choice.

Zim. I think thou did'st, and thou did'st speak of
Ammon?

Try. *Ammon* it was—and might I judge in this,
Ammon shou'd call thee Father—'tis a Thought
Has often forc'd it self upon my Mind,
Intruding on my Meditations,
And, when I most have strove to bury it,

It still wou'd rise, and haunt my Memory:
And most of late. I am not credulous;
Nor yet esteem it lawful, to resist
The Hints of Heav'n, howe'er obscure at first
And faint in their Beginning; so resolv'd
To give it to Reflection, as I sat
Retir'd, and musing in my hallow'd Seat,
The sacred Place for Divination chose,
Where oft the wond'rous, and resistless Pow'r
Revisits, and informs my labouring Breast.
There, while I thought, thus it occur'd to me!—
'Midst all the Blessings Heaven has granted *Zimon*
A Son has been deny'd his fervent Pray'rs,
A Son, to follow in his track of Glory;
To pay just Honours to his sacred Tomb;
And, by a noble, and illustrious Race,
Transmit his Name e'en to the last of Time:
But when he's summon'd hence, a Female Hand
Must glad some Stranger's House with his Possessions.

Zim. Nor have I murmur'd yet!—

Try. Thus thought I, pensive.

When, lo! a secret Impulse from within
Made silent Answer—then have *Zimon's* Pray'rs,
His Gifts, his Off'rings no regard in Heaven?
Or sees he not the Son the Gods provide?
E'en him he feeds? the Son who wants a Sire?
The Son whose Father *Zimon* wants?

Zim. My Friend!

The faithful *Cleon*!

Try. E'en that very Friend!

The same who, in the moment of thy Danger,
Advanc'd 'twixt thee, and Death, and in his Heart
(His honest Heart) receiv'd the fatal Weapon.

Zim. While there is Warmth, and feeling in this Breast,
That Action claims the noblest of its Sorrows!

Try. I've heard too, that, expiring in your Arms,
His Son he recommended to your Care,
And in these Words breath'd out his gen'rous Spirit.

“ As thou art more, or less a Father to him,
 “ So lives the Name, and Honour of thy House !
 Construe it thus——his Name shall be forgot ;
 But thine shall live, and be maintain'd in him.
 There's more than Sound ! a Meaning in his Words !
 Prophetic Strength !——the Souls of dying Men,
 Breaking from Nature, feel Perfection near,
 And, as Immortals, can look into Fate.
 Let us not flight these Hints ! thou wou'dst not err !

Zim. Whene'er I do, my Heart intends it not !

Try. Add then to these what Heav'n has now reveal'd !
 Methinks, the Words direct us to the Man.

*Seek near the Maid [observe] a noble Youth,
 In Treasure less——[Mark that]——but more in Truth ;
 Who Loves, yet wou'd conceal his Pain !*

Zim. Who Loves !——

Try. I have observ'd his Looks of late,
 Watch'd every motion of his Eyes, which still
 I've found attracted to the lovely Maid.

Zim. The Eyes are faithful Ministers in Love,
 And ill disguise the Purpose of the Soul.
 If thou might'st prove him ta'en in Beauty's Toys——

Try. Lo, where he comes ! with weight upon his
 Brow.

Zim. And seems to hold a Conference with himself.

Try. Haply his Words may lead us to the Truth :
 'Tis the Delight of Lovers to retire,
 And tell their darling Sorrow to the Winds,
 Here let us stand, and listen to his Talk. [*They Abscond.*]

Enter Ammon.

O, for a Heart of true *Camelion* Temper,
 To change, and turn, and shift to all Complexions !
 Then might *Omphales* hence ! then might I tell
 What labours here, and beats for Utterance !
 —Yet shall I hide from *Zimon* ought ? from him
 Thro' whom I breathe ? ought of this Nature too ?

Yet

—Yet sure 'tis vain! a Child of busy Fancy!
Or some delusive *Dæmon* haunts my Slumbers!
—But then again 'tis pow'rful in my Soul,
And something like a Duty bids me on.
Oh, I'm all War within!—some Pow'r direct me!—
[*Seems going off.*]

[*Zimon, and Tryphon appear again.*]

Zim. *Ammon?*

Amm. My Patron!

Zim. I conjure thee, stay ———
If yet thou hold'st thy Father's Memory dear;
If *Zimon* merits ought of Friendship from thee,
Unfold thy self!—what hast thou seen, or heard
To shake thee thus? whence is it, I demand,
Thou'rt haunted by thy self? I charge thee, speak!
Tell this strange Secret, which so fears the Air,
Yet struggles to be known!

Amm. What means my Patron?

Zim. No more Evasions, *Ammon!* 'tis too late:
I overheard thee——dost thou fear to trust me?
Now by the sacred Guardians of my House!
By my good Sword, and Fame, I'll do it Right!
Whate'er it be, it meets with Justice here!

Amm. 'Twas but a Dream! ↓

Try. Remember, *Ammon,* Dreams
Are sacred Things; for Dreams descend from *Jove.*

Amm. Forbid it, Heav'n, I shou'd resist thy Will!

Zim. And thou conceal'st it yet.

Amm. Why then, my Lord,
I will be bold, and open all my Soul!
—But first resolve me this! thus on my Knees
I beg, thou wilt resolve me from thy Heart;
For it concerns my Peace—hast thou decreed,
Art thou irrevocably fix'd to hold
Thy Daughter from my Friend?

Try. Observe you that? [Apart to *Zim.*]

Zim.

Zim. Art thou to learn me yet? when am I found
Irresolute, and wav'ring in my Duty?

Tho' to these Eyes she's dearer than the Light,
Whene'er he meets her in the Nuptial Bed,
May Nature err! and Monsters be their Offspring!

Amm. It is enough! and witness now ye Pow'rs, [*Rises.*
By whose dread Names *Omphales* seal'd our Friendship!
Witness! I've now been faithful to the Man
Who scorns his sacred Vow!—no more! I'm free!
And thus with Honour may unfold my self.

—Know then, my Patron, even at that time
When first your Daughter's Nuptials were deferr'd,
In the last hour of Night, when all was hush'd,
And Sleep had shed its kindly Influence on me,
Hesione appears to grace my Slumbers.

Not as she's wont by Day: but unattir'd,
Unbound, and wild her Hair, her Garments flowing,
And loosen'd all as for the Nuptial Bed.

A while she gaz'd upon me, and in Smiles,
Such as assenting Deities bestow,
Seem'd to persuade me, that her Heart was mine.
Ambitious Dream! but mark the heavy Change!
For from that time, e'en from that very Hour,
Forgive me, if I say, I lov'd her more
Than Health, or Life, or all that Heav'n can give!

Try. Have I presag'd aright?

Zim. O, thou unerring Seer!

Amm. Yet less than Honour! for I told my Heart
She was my Friend's, and strove to humble it.
This past, and day by day I grew in Fondness!
At length the second, solemn Tryal came;
Heav'n still averse! the Rites again deferr'd!
This, I confess, alarm'd me! now the Pow'rs,
And Precedents of Visions I besought
With due Libations, Pray'r, and Sacrifice,
That, if not false, my Dream might be renew'd
With clearer Evidence: when, lo! again
I met her in my Slumbers; met him too

Whom I wou'd call my Friend, the lost *Omphales*.
In vain, methought, he strove to hold the Maid,
While like some *Nymph* of *Dian's* nimble Train,
Thro' fancy'd Ways, o'er Hills, and flow'ry Plains
Swiftly she fled from his desiring Arms;
And with a gentle Wasture of her Hand
Bid me pursue——and then last Night again——
But thou art sick already of my Tale!

Zim. If thou in ought regard'st or Heav'n, or me,
I charge thee, on!

Amm. Then thus in brief!——last Night
Deck'd in her Marriage Garment she appear'd.
The *Hymeneal* Pomp; the Nuptial Brands,
Attending Virgins, and rejoicing Friends
Were all around: and, strange! I there beheld,
[As Death's cold Hand had ne'er obstructed her]
Her Mother!——who in Smiles——

Zim. Be brief in that!

Amm. Why then no more than this! to *Ammon's* Arms
You gave *Hesione*, and we were happy.

Zim. Then happy may'st thou be!

Try. Art thou convinc'd?

Zim. O, ye immortal Pow'rs!

Try. What Proofs are here?

O *Zimon*, thou art favour'd of the Gods!

Amm. Surely again I dream! and this is yet
Another pleasing Vision!

Zim. No, thou wak'st

To Joy! to *Hymen*! to *Hesione*!

Amm. Shall the poor Orphan *Ammon* be so rais'd?

Zim. Think in whose Cause thou did'st become an
For me you lost a Father, and in me [Orphan!
Most right it is, that you shou'd find a Father.
And thus, ye Pow'rs, you manifest your Justice!

Try. Thy Piety is register'd Above!

Zim. O *Tryphon*, I have been an Age in Debt!
I blush, with Shame I blush, when I reflect
How poor in Gratitude, how slow I've been

In my Returns of Love to *Cleon's* Offspring!

Amm. My Father's Action was its own Reward :
For well he knew, when he preserv'd thy Life,
In thee he sav'd our State, and dy'd for *Athens*.

Zim. Oh, *Athens* felt his Fall! ——— he was a
Man! ———

—— *Tryphon*, betake thee to the holy Place!
There let the Priests adorn a sacred Altar ;
With Garlands see it dress'd of genial Flow'rs ;
Spread on it all the Fragrance of the East,
Each costly Spice, each Gum *Arabia* yields,
That on th' aspiring Sweets their nuptial Vows
May mount aloft, and be receiv'd in Heav'n !

[*Exit Tryphon.*

Amm. O, may I live but to deserve this Blessing !

Zim. We'll to *Hesione* ; and she shall learn
What I've resolv'd, and listen to thy Vows.
—— I might be tedious in my Daughter's Praise ;
But thou hast known her long : When I give her,
I give thee all the Virtues of her Sex !

In Errors lost unguided Mortals stray ;
But here the Gods direct us in our Way !

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.





The Fatal Constancy.

ACT V.

HESIONE sola.



UNFOLD, O Death, thy hospitable
Arms!

The Wretched court, the Happy fear thy
Pow'r:

Yet thou art Just! for tho' thou steal'st
away

Our little Joy, thou hast our Sorrow too,
And Fear, and Hope are both forgot in thee!
Thou'rt Cold: But thou art Quiet! — oh! I long
For the still Tomb, that I may think no more!
— No dawn of Hope appears! the Danger's near!
I'm driven to the Brink, and now must fall!
Scarce have I time to see my Vow perform'd,
So fast the gath'ring Tempest gains upon me.

Enter Ammon [as following her.]

Amm. O, fly not thus in Scorn, thou wond'rous
Maid!

O, turn! — O, answer me!

Hes. No more! away!
And leave to my Sorrow!

Amm. No! I'll on!

D

And

And thou shalt hear me! Now's the time to show
Your Piety to Heav'n, and to your Sire:
Virtues for which, of all th' *Athenian* Daughters,
Hesione has ever most been fam'd.

Hes. Oh, *Ammon*, *Ammon*! thou hast torn asunder
The truest Pair that ever met in Love!

Amm. Blame the just Gods! tell the all-equal Pow'rs
That they have wrong'd thee!

Hes. Thou'rt the Injurer!
There's Treach'ry! Treachery! 'Tis manifest
To all, but him who shou'd discern it most.
My Father is abus'd! His gen'rous Breast
Glows with a thousand great, and glorious Virtues:
Thou know'st it well; for some of them have warm'd
Yet, thro' the single Error of his Soul, [thee!
His only Weakness, thou hast found a way
To ruin him, and all his Hopes for ever!

Amm. I love him, and he knows it: question him;
And he will tell thee I was won with Art,
To accept the Blessing Heav'n, and he design me.

Hes. That he is won by Art is now too plain!
Think on *Omphales* too! thy injur'd Friend!
Oh, he wou'd talk of thee, and of thy Truth,
Till even I grew Jealous of thy Pow'r,
And fear'd thy growing Empire in his Heart!
How often have I heard your Vows exchang'd,
When thou hast sworn, the Sun it self wou'd fade,
And Nature cease, whenever thou wert false?—
Cease Nature then! and fade ye conscious Beams!
For thou art false! *Omphales* is betray'd!

Amm. If e'er *Omphales* wore me at his Heart,
My Friendship taught him first to place me there:
And, as an instance of uncommon Faith,
Know, in my dear Regard to this *Omphales*,
[This no way injur'd; but unhappy Man]
I've labour'd long to hide my mighty Love;
With Pain conceal'd it: even as a Child,
Who fears the chiding of an angry Voice,

I've held my Passion in!

Hes. No more of Love!
It loses on thy Tongue.

Amm. By Heav'n's, I love!
And thou shalt prove it

[Offering to embrace her, she rejects him.]

Hes. Hence! Shall I receive
A foul, and grisly Satyr to that Heart,
Which one, resembling Heav'n, has earn'd with Truth,
Unwearied Patience, and an Age of Love?

Amm. O, let me sooth thee to thy Happiness!
I wou'd endeavour to deserve thy Smiles.
We'll live up to the height of fond Delight,
And every Joy that Art, or Nature yields,
Shall wait to catch the Moment of our Wishes.
Sorrow remote shall stand, and gloomy Care
Be known but by its Name. The *Persian Queen*
Far off shall hear thy State, and envy thee.

Hes. Think not to lure me with thy sensual Baits!
Tempt base and abject Minds! ——— Thou hast
affirm'd

That thou dost love: What canst thou then for
Love?

Canst thou endure an Age of fruitless Pain,
And yet another, and still greatly Love?
Tho' Exile, Want, Oppression stood before thee,
Wou'dst thou not faint; but still pursue thy Hope?
Say, canst thou this for Love? and canst thou too,
When Hope is lost, in th' Hour of black Despair,
Give up the World, and for thy Love expire?

Amm. I'm none of *Plato's* Lovers: but a Man!
Who court substantial Joy! ——— I tell thee, Fair! ———

Hes. No more; but leave me: I wou'd be retir'd.

Amm. Behold! thy Father hastes to joyn our
Hands.

Hes. I wou'd not meet him thus! It wounds my
Heart

To vex his gen'rous Nature. I'll withdraw,
A Moment only to compose my Thoughts:

The Fatal Constancy.

Then all resign'd to the dread Will of Fate,
He'll find me at the Altar.

Amm. This is kind!

You now appear, indeed, like *Zimon's* Daughter.
[Exit *Hef.*

Enter Zimon to Ammon.

Zim. How stands the Maid? Did she not leave
thee now?

Amm. She did; and promises Obedience:
She'll met us in the holy Place.

Zim. 'Tis well!——

This Day will be a Day of publick Joy.
An Hecatomb must bleed, and Gods and Men
Shall banquet in these Walls! I've now dispers'd
My several Invitations all around.
And, in return for Heav'n's peculiar Grace,
This Day I yearly mean to solemnize.

Amm. Thou'rt ever Grateful!

Zim. *Ammon*, I am Just;
And glory that I am!

Amm. And pitying too:
For when you broke the Will of Heaven to her,
Preferr'd my Vows, and bid her Heart be mine,
How did you struggle to resist her Sorrows?
I saw you labour with a Father's Love,
While Duty and Compassion softly strove,
And wag'd a tender War within your Breast.

Zim. Yet you observ'd how I inforc'd it too?
How resolutely just I was?

Amm. I did.

Zim. There's not a Soul o'er whom my Power
extends,
Shall dare to spurn at Heaven!

Amm. Yet the Path
Which leads to Heaven's Will, is sometimes rough,
And difficult to tread.

Zim. 'Tis true, her Task
Might in another tire Obedience out ;
But I have train'd her up to Piety !——
O *Ammon*, slight not a fond Father's Praise !
But, trust me, she will answer all thy Hope.
Approach her not like one made proud by Pow'r,
Demanding Love in Frowns ; but gently steal
The Maid's Affection : Tenderness, and Smiles
May win her to the hardest Parts of Duty.

Enter Tryphon.

Try. O *Zimon*, *Zimon* ! now thou art indeed,
The last of wretched Men ! *Amm.* What's this ? *Zim.*
The Cause ?

Declare it ! I'm prepar'd for all Events !

Try. Thy Daughter——

Zim. } Hah !

Amm. }

Try. The rash *Hesione*,
As now the Priests prepar'd the holy Place,
With an impatient Fury in her Looks
Approach'd the Altar, where upon her Knees
Thrice she invok'd *Omphales*, and the Gods ;
Then drinking deep of that most deadly Bane
Against whose Force no Antidote prevails,
Ye Pow'rs, she cry'd, behold my Vow discharg'd ?

Zim. Forbid it, Heav'n !

Try. She raves, now calls on Death !
Now on *Omphales* !

Amm. Then no Life for me !
My hopes are lost !

Zim. Oh, impious Violence !

Amm. I promis'd this good Sword to ease my
Heart

Whene'er I knew Despair ! I've breath'd thus long
But in the Expectation of to-day.

Let Cowards live in Pain ! I'm not so brave !

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Zim. E'en in Contempt of Heaven's Clemency
To cast her Being off!

Amm. Nay, think not Heav'n—

Try. Where tends thy Rage? [*Apart to Amm.*

Amm. Away! Thou canst no more!

Try. Hear me! This Disappointment hurts thy
Brain!

Zim. Where have I err'd, that Heaven in its
Wrath

Shou'd cast this Weight upon my weary Age?

Amm. Live? to become the Figure of Decay?
[*Breaking from Try.*

To stalk, like a repining, meagre Ghost,
About th' *Athenian* Streets? Feeding the Pride,
And Insolence of Fortune's pamper'd Fools?

Rather Obscurity, and endless Sleep!

A Sleep which Fate's severest Storms defy!

Against whose pow'rful Charm the thousand Tongues
Of Scorn, Reproach, and Envy hiss in vain!

Zim. Nor let me murmur yet! The Gods far off
Beheld this Storm, and suffer'd it to fall!

Try. Is this the Resolution of a Man?
[*Apart to Amm.*

Infects, the Creatures of a Summer's Heat,

Who live but in the Bounty of the Sun,

And in the Season of Inelegency

Seek Death in Holes, make such an End as this!

Amm. I'll treat thee as a sordid Instrument,

Made for some base Design, which, being us'd,

With loathing, and contempt is cast away.

Zim. Yet 'tis a Parent's Duty to receive

Her last, sad Words, and close her Eyes in Death!

[*Going off, is detain'd by Amm.*

Amm. Patron! I owe thee for some Favours past—

Beware of this thy evil Counsellor!

Wou'dst thou believe, that hoary, reverend Man,

Who smiles like Innocence, and talks of Heav'n,

Thy Action's Guide, the Partner of thy Heart

Has wrong'd thee? been the Author of these Ills?

Suffer'd a Bribe? and trifled with the Gods,
To rob thee of thy Daughter, and thy Fortunes?
In Combination too with that same Orphan
Whom thou hast cherish'd from his Infancy?
I say, wou'dst thou believe it?

Zim. Hah! — believe it!

Try. Madness! the Rage of disappointed Love!

Amm. Credit a Man, devoted to Despair!

A Man, who builds not on to-morrow's Hopes!

But hates the Light, and longs to be no more!

Zim. *Tryphon*, if it be found thou hast practis'd
on me!

If of their Hopes thou hast wrong'd this faithful Pair!
'Twere better—nay, by Heav'n's thou shalt be prov'd!

[*Threatening him.*

If thou return'st, like Gold from out the Fire,
Purg'd, and refin'd, and brighten'd from the Tryal,
I meet thee thus! and take thee to my Heart —

[*Embracing him.*

This, if thou'rt Faithful found: if otherwise,
No Torture may be equal to thy Crime? —

I've heard, indeed, that Artifice, and Fraud
Have lurk'd beneath the Vail of Sanctity!

Try. In hope of Mercy I confess it all! [*Kneeling.*

Zim. Mercy! — Ye Gods! if in such Shapes as these,
So near your sacred Altars we're betray'd

Where is't that Man is safe? [*Amm.* In Death alone!

Zim. Within! Secure him strait!

Enter Attendants who seize Try. and carry him off.

Amm. Come, joyn with me,
To curse Mankind, and leave the savage Race!

A poor Man lives not here without Contempt!

They stare upon the Monster! point him out!

And hunt him, like Infection, from the Herd!

Their very Mercy tastes of Cruelty!

In Pride they grant, and spurn the humble Wretch

Who feeds upon their Bounty!

Zim. Thankless Man!

[*A Trumpet.*

What may this mean?— a *Herald* from the State.

Amm. Then, lo! I prophesy! —prepare for War!
Arm for the *Persian*!—after *Ammon's* Death
Tell it with wonder, that a Prophet once
Spoke Truth in *Greece*!

Enter a Herald.

Zim. Hail, sacred Messenger!

What from the Senate? can I serve the State?

I've liv'd for *Greece*, and now for *Greece* wou'd
Dye!

Be brief with me!

Her. Let mighty *Zimon* know,
Athens once more invites him to the Field.

The *Persians* have forgot thy Victories,
And rise again, to fall before thy Sword.

This will inform you—— [Delivering a Paper.

Amm. Now, ye equal Pow'rs!
Pour down your Vengeance on th' *Athenian* Pride!
May *Persian* Rage devour their guilty Land,
And kill the Name of *Athens*!

Her. *Athens* greets thee—— [Proceeding with *Zim.*

The Senators of *Athens* are thy Friends:

And, as a Proof of the good Will they bear thee,
Have sent thee here a *Grecian* Enemy;
A young and riotous Nobleman of *Athens*.

Zim. Hah!

Her. Who, with others his Associates,
All in the Feaver of their youthful Blood,
Was seiz'd in Combination, even now
To have forc'd thy House, and spoil'd thee of thy
Daughter.

Zim. Oh, my *Hesione*!——

Her. The Senate waves
The Course of Justice, and delivers up

Th' Offender to thy Sentence——bring him forth!

Omp. [*within*] Unhand me! by the Gods, I'm
balely wrong'd!

[*Enters struggling with the Guards.*

Zim. Release him! [*To the Guards.*

Omp. Where's the Wretch whose treach'rous Heart
The warmest Friendship, and the strongest Vows
Cou'd not secure from Falshood? he who shar'd
My Heart, and Fortunes, yet seduc'd me forth,
That in my absence he might steal away
My only valued Treasure?

Amn. Such a Wretch
Shou'd *Ammon* be!——if Vengeance is thy Thirst,
Come on! and meet an Opposite, whose Hopes
Are not in Victory! —— [*Draws.*

Omp. So desperate?

Then thus —— and so I pay thy Perjuries!

[*Wrests his Sword from one of the Guards.*

[*They Fight: Ammon is driven off, and Omphales
returns instantly.*]

This Arm has justly minister'd thy Fate!
Our Enemy's no more: But where's that Friend,
That faithful, beauteous Friend? she who was wont
With Smiles of Love to welcome my Return
From greater Conquests, and a nobler Foe?

Zim. Oh, name her not! If thou hast pow'r, for-
get her!

Omp. And art thou then still deaf to all our
Pray'rs?

Zim. Alas, *Omphales!* wretched, injur'd Youth!
Had *Zimon* known, what now too late he mourns,
As soon he wou'd have shun'd his Foe in War!
Or pierc'd the dearest corner of his Heart!
As soon have trampled on the Laws of Heav'n,
As e'er have torn thee from *Hesione!*
Pleas'd, I had crown'd your long, and faithful Loves;
Fondly each Day beheld your Joys increase,

Deceiving so th' Infirmities of Age,
Till the late Hour of Fate!

Omp. What may this mean?

Zim. Demand no more!

Omp. Heav'n, guard *Hesione*!

Zim. Hah! — turn thee there! — Oh, ye im-
mortal Pow'rs!

Omp. Alas! then it is plain! the Cause is plain!
And Harmony itself is now untun'd!

Enter Hesione distracted.

Hes. Hark! — 'twas the midnight Raven! —

Omp. Guard her, Heav'n!

Hes. Dost thou not hear it? — hence, I'll boader,
hence! —

— Nay, tell me not! there's Treach'ry! Treach'ry!

— What? — *Ammon*? — out! I'll hear no more of
that!

— Soft! soft! — the Hour is almost come! —
'tis Dark!

Heav'n sees me not! I'll steal him from the Gods!

Omp. *Hesione* —!

[*Taking her by the Hand, and looking affectionately
on her*]

Hes. Away! — I'll to my Love! —

Villainy! rank Villainy! — nay, 'twill out! —

— Sure I shall meet him soon.

Omp. Behold him here!

Omphales here! —

Hes. When shall I die indeed?

Omp. Live and be happy long within these Arms —

[*Embracing her.*

Hes. *Omphales* —

[*Recovering.*]

Omp. 'Tis *Omphales* speaks to thee! —

Hes. Far off, methinks, I hear the Charmer's Voice!

— 'Tis he! *Omphales* self!

Omp.

Omp. Now shall I grow
Wild in my turn, and mad with Ecstasie!
The Gods at length reward our faithful Loves!

Hes. Alas, *Omphales* — 'tis too powerful! —
There is no Room for Hope! —

Omp. No more of this!
Enough of Sorrow we've already known!
Long Joy succeeds!

Hes. Oh, think no more of Joy!

Omp. What means my Love?

Hes. Oh! — I am cold to Death! —
Your Presence cheers me yet — if you survive
And in an happy Maid forget a true one,
May she adore you with a Love like mine!

Omp. Alas! again she raves! —

Zim. Wou'd it were so! —

Hes. My solemn Vow, *Omphales!* — it is past!
— I've ta'en the fatal Draught?

Omp. What do I hear! —

Ye Pow'rs, defend my Soul from instant Madness!

Hes. If I have been in haste — when we shall
meet

In endless Peace — you surely may forgive —
— I can no more —

[Dies.

Zim. Oh, fatal Constancy!

Omph. I was a Partner in that solemn Vow!

[Recovering from his Astonishment.

— And thus I share it! [Falls on his Sword by her.

Zim. Send me Patience, Heaven! —

Omp. Even Death is here inviting! — be it thus
With our Remains — one Urn will hold our
Ashes —

[Dies.

Zim. I shall not long survive these heavy Ills! —
Tho' Life becomes a Load too great to bear,
Let us not murmur yet; but thank the Gods,
'Tis in our Choice to die! — But let it
pass! —

Now

Now for the State— The Cause of these our Ills
 [To the Herald.

They soon shall learn ——— bear thou my Answer
 thus!

Tell 'em I'll go ——— but never to return!
 That I may conquer ——— but not live to triumph!
 That I, whom Glory, and the Cause of Greece
 Were wont to summon to the dusty Field,
 Am now call'd forth by Desperation,
 The Spur of Cowards! for I am sick of Life,
 And wou'd no more look out upon the Day!
 Then I demand this Boon! when they at large
 Have heard the Offenders Crimes, that they inflict
 A rig'rous Justice on the impious *Tryphon*.
 And lastly give 'em these Instructions from me!
 When they shall hear a smooth and forward Tongue
 Descant on Heaven from a Face like *Tryphon's*,
 That they look round, and arm against Destruction:

That to be kind is dang'rous: that they trust
 To Heav'n alone; for Heav'n alone is Just!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

End of the Fifth ACT.





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

I*F in th' Attempt you've found our Author fail,
Yet cease, severer Criticks, cease to rail!
Too well he knew, he could but faintly show,
How Poets pleas'd two thousand Years ago,
Nor vainly did presume to rival those
Whose Fame has ever liv'd, and ever grows.
Let abler Bards to such great Aims aspire,
And equal what he only can admire,
Contented if he shows the arduous Height,
And calls forth others to maintain the Flight,
Far better pleas'd in search of Truth to stray,
Than gain false Glory by a surer way.
Think, he offends in no inglorious Cause ;
And all his Benefit is your Applause.
For his own Pleasure first these Scenes were made ;
If he has pleas'd you too, he's doubly paid.*

F I N I S.

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