

Pal. Distrust him not my sov'reign; noble Zaphna
Disdains to lag in love or glory's course.

Mab. Enough of words—

Pal. As boldly I've avow'd

The love I bear that hero at your feet,
I'll now to him, and fire his gen'rous breast

To prove the duty he has sworn to thee. [*Exit Palmira.*

Mab. alone.] Confusion! must I, spite o' me, be made

The confidant of her incestuous passion?

What could I say? such sweet simplicity
Lur'd down my rage, and innocently wing'd

The arrow thro' my heart. And shall I bear this?

Be made the sport of curs'd Alcanor's house?

Check'd in my rapid progress by the fire,

Supplanted in my love by this rash boy,

And made a gentle pander to the daughter?

—Perdition on the whole detested race!

Enter MIRVAN.

Mir. Now, Mahomet, 's the time to seize on Mecca,

Crush this Alcanor, and enjoy Palmira.

This night the old enthusiast offers incense

To his vain gods in sacred Caabo:

Zaphna, who flames with zeal for Heav'n and thee,

May be won o'er to seize that lucky moment.

Mab. He shall; it must be so; he's born to act

The glorious crime; and let him be at once

The instrument and victim of the murder.

My law, my love, my vengeance, my own safety,

Have doom'd it so—But, Mirvan, dost thou think

His youthful courage, nurs'd in superstition,

Can e'er be work'd—

Mir. I tell thee, Mahomet,

He's tutor'd to accomplish thy design.

Palmira too, who thinks thy will is Heav'n's,

Will nerve his arm to execute thy pleasure.

Love and enthusiasm blind her youth:

They're still most zealous who're most ignorant.

Mab. Didst thou engage him by a solemn vow?

Mir. I did, with all th'enthusiastick pomp

Thy law enjoins; then gave him, as from thee,

A consecrated sword to act thy will.

Oh, he is burning with religious fury!

Mab. But hold, he comes—

Enter ZAPHNA.

Child of that awful and tremendous pow'r
Whose laws I publish, whose behests proclaim,
Listen whilst I unfold his sacred will:
'Tis thine to vindicate his ways to man,
'Tis thine his injur'd worship to avenge.

Zaph. Thou Lord of nations, delegate of Heav'n,
Sent to shed day o'er the benighted world,
Oh say in what can Zaphna prove his duty!
Instruct me how a frail earthprison'd mortal
Can or avenge or vindicate a god.

Mab. By thy weak arm he deigns to prove his cause,
And lanch his vengeance on blaspheming rebels.

Zaph. What glorious action, what illustrious danger,
Does that Supreme, whose image thou, demand?
Place me, oh place me! in the front of battle
'Gainst odds innumerable; try me there;
Or if a single combat claim my might
'The stoutest Arab may step forth and see
If Zaphna fail to greet him as he ought.

Mab. Oh, greatly said, my son; 't is inspiration!
But heed me: 't is not by a glaring act
Of human valour Heav'n has will'd to prove thee;
This infidels themselves may boast when led
By ostentation, rage, or brutelike rashness.
'To do whate'er Heav'n gives in sacred charge,
Nor dare to sound its fathomless decrees,
This and this only's meritorious zeal.
Attend, adore, obey; thou shalt be arm'd
By Death's remorseless angel which awaits me.

Zaph. Speak out, pronounce; ~~what victim must I offer?~~
What tyrant sacrifice? whose blood requir'st thou?

Mab. The blood of a detested infidel,
A murderer, a foe to Heav'n and me,
A wretch who slew my child, blasphemes my god,
And like a huge Colossus bears a world
Of impious opposition to my faith:
The blood of curst Alcanor.

Zaph. I!—Alcanor!

Mab. What! dost thou hesitate! Rash youth, beware;

He that deliberates is sacrilegious.
 Far, far from me be those audacious mortals
 Who for themselves would impiously judge,
 Or see with their own eyes; who dares to think
 Was never born a profelyte for me.
 Know who I am; know on this very spot
 I've charg'd thee with the just decree of Heav'n,
 And when that Heav'n requires of thee no more
 Than the bare off'ring of its deadliest foe,
 Nay, thy foe too and mine, why dost thou balance,
 As thy own father were the victim claim'd!
 Go, vile idolater! false Musselman!
 Go seek another master, a new faith.

Zaph. Oh Mahomet!

Mab. Just when the prize is ready,
 When fair Palmira's destin'd to thy arms—
 But what's Palmira? or what's heav'n to thee,
 Thou poor weak rebel to thy faith and love!
 Go serve and cringe to our detested foe.

Zaph. Oh pardon, Mahomet! methinks I hear
 The oracle of Heav'n—It shall be done.

Mab. Obey then, strike, and for his impious blood
 Palmira's charms and Paradise be thine. [eyes

"Apart to Mirvan.] Mirvan attend him close, and let thy
 "Be fix'd on ev'ry movement of his soul." [Exeunt.

Zaph. alone.] Soft, let me think—This duty wears the
 face

Of something more than monstrous—Pardon, Heav'n!

To sacrifice an innocent old man,

Weigh'd down with age, unfuccour'd and unarm'd!

When I am hostage for his safety too!—

No matter, Heav'n has chose me for the duty;

My vow is past and must be straight fulfill'd.

Ye stern relentless ministers of wrath,

Spirits of vengeance! by whose ruthless hands

The haughty tyrants of the earth have bled,

Come to my succour, to my flaming zeal

Join your determin'd courage;

And thou, ange!

Of Mahomet, exterminating angel!

That now'st down nations to prepare his passage,

Support my falt'ring will, harden my heart,

Left nature, pity, plead Alcanor's cause,
And wrest the dagger from me.
Hah! who comes here?

Enter ALCANOR.

Alc. Whence, Zaphna, that deep gloom,
That like a blasting mildew on the ear
Of promis'd harvest blackens o'er thy visage?
Grieve not that here, thro' form, thou art confin'd;
I hold thee not as hostage but as friend,
And make thy safety partner with my own.

Zaph. apart.] And make my safety partner with thy own!

Alc. The bloody carnage, by this truce suspended
For a few moments, like a torrent check'd
In its full flow, will with redoubled strength
Bear all before it—

In this impending scene of publick horror
Be then, dear youth! these mansions thy asylum:
I'll be thy hostage now, and with my life
Will answer that no mischief shall befall thee.
I know not why, but thou art precious to me.

Zaph. Heav'n, duty, gratitude, humanity! [*Apart.*]
What didst thou say Alcanor? Didst thou say
That thy own roof should shield me from the tempest?
That thy own life stood hostage for my safety?

Alc. Why thus amaz'd at my compassion for thee?
I am a man myself, and that's enough
To make me feel the woes of other men,
And labour to redress 'em—

Zaph. apart.] What melody these accents make!
And whilst my own religion spurs to murder
His precepts of humanity prevail.

[*To Alcanor.*] Can then a foe to Mahomet's sacred law
Be virtue's friend?

Alc. Thou know'st but little, Zaphna,
If thou dost think true virtue is confin'd
To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream thro'out the whole creation,
And beats the pulse of ev'ry healthful heart.
How canst thou, Zaphna, worship for thy god
A being claiming cruelty and murders
From his adorers? Such is thy master's god—

Zaph. apart.] Oh, my relenting soul! thou'rt almost
thaw'd

From thy resolve—I pray you Sir no more.
Peace, reason, peace!

Alc. apart.] The more I view him, talk with him, observe
His understanding tow'ring 'bove his age,
His candour, which ev'n bigotry can't smother,
The more my breast takes int'rest in his welfare. [*ask thee*
[*To Zaphna.*] Zaphna, come near—I oft' have thought to
To whom thou ow'st thy birth, whose gen'rous blood
Swells thy young veins and mantles at thy heart.

Zaph. That dwells in darkness; no one friendly beam
E'er gave me glimpse from whom I am descended.
The camp of godlike Mahomet has been
My cradle and my country, whilst of all
His captive infants no one more has shar'd
The sunshine of his clemency and care.

Alc. I do not blame thy gratitude young man;
But why was Mahomet thy benefactor?
Why was not I? I envy him that glory.
Why then this impious man has been a father
Aske to thee and to the fair Palmira.

Zaph. Oh!

Alc. What's the cause, my Zaphna, of that sigh,
And all that language of a smother'd anguish?
Why didst thou snatch away thy cordial eye
That shone on me before?

Zaph. apart.] Oh my torn heart!
Palmira's name revives the racking thought
Of my near-blunted purpose.

Alc. Come, my friend;
The floodgates of destruction soon thrown ope
Will pour in ruin on that curse of nations.
If I can save but thee and fair Palmira
From this o'erflowing tide let all the rest
Of his abandon'd minions be the victims
For your deliverance—I must save your blood.

Zaph. apart.] Just Heav'n! and is't not I must shed his
Alc. Nay, tremble if thou dar'st to hesitate. [*blood?*
Follow me straight.

Enter PHARON.

Pha. Alcanor, read that letter,
Put in my hands this moment by an Arab

With utmost stealth, and air bespeaking somewhat
Of high importance.

Alc. reads.] Whence is this?—Hercides!
Cautious, my eyes! be sure you're not mistaken
In what you here insinuate. Gracious Heav'n!
Will then thy Providence at length o'errule
My wayward fate, and by one matchless blessing
Sweeten the suff'rings of a threescore years!

[*After looking for some time earnestly at Zaphna.*
Follow me.

Zaph. Thee!—But Mahomet—

Alc. Thy life

And all its future bliss dwells on this moment.

Follow I say. [*Exeunt Alcanor and Pharon.*

*Enter MIRVAN and his Attendants hastily on the other side of
the Stage.*

Mir, to Zaphna.] Traitor, turn back; what means —
This conference with the foe? To Mahomet
Away this instant; he commands thy presence.

Zaph. apart.] Where am I? Heav'n's! how shall I now
How act! A precipice on ev'ry side [*resolve!*
"Awaits me," and the first least step's perdition.

Mir. Young man, our prophet brooks not such delay;
Go, stop the bolt that's ready to be lanch'd
On thy rebellious head.

Zaph. Yes, and renounce
This horrid vow, that's poison to my soul.

[*Exit with Mirvan, &c.*

Reenter ALCANOR and PHARON.

Alc. Where is this Zaphna?—But he flies me still:
In vain I call in all the soft'ning arts
Of pity, love, and friendship, to engage him:
His breast is fear'd by that impostor's precepts
'Gainst all who bid defiance to his laws.
But, Pharon, didst thou mark the baneful gloom,
The somewhat like reluctance, rage, and pity,
That blended sat upon his pensive brow?

Pha. I did; there's something at his heart—

Alc. There is—

Would I could fathom it! This letter, Pharon,
His aspect, age, the transport that I taste
When he is near me, the anxiety

His absence gives, do too much violence
 To my distracted sense. Hercides here
 Desires to see me; 't was his barbarous hands
 That robb'd me of my children; they are living,
 He tells me, under Mahomet's protection,
 And he has something to unfold on which
 Their destiny and mine depends. This Zaphna
 And young Palmira, vassals of that tyrant,
 Are ignorant from whom they are descended.
 Imagination's pregnant with the thought,
 My wishes mock me. Sinking with my grief
 I blindly catch at ev'ry flatt'ring error,
 And supplicate Deception's self for succour.

Pha. Hope, but yet fear, Alcanor: think, my chief,
 How many infants from their parents torn,
 Ere conscious whose they are, attend that tyrant,
 Drink in his dictates, place their being in him,
 And deem him an infallible dispenser
 Of Heav'n's decisions——

Alc. Well, no matter, Pharon:
 At noon of night conduct Hercides hither;
 Thy master in th' adjoining fane once more
 Will importune the gods with pray'r and incense
 That he may save his friends and see his children.

Pha. Thou shalt not find thy Pharon slack in aught
 That tends to thy deliverance from this anguish. [*Ex. Pha.*]

Alc. Just Heav'n! if by erroneous thought or act
 I have drawn down your fierce displeasure on me
 Point me to right, I'll onward to its goal
 With double energy, will expiate all,
 That in the days of ignorance might offend;
 Only restore my children to my care,
 Give to my craving arms my hapless children,
 That I may form them, turn 'em back from wrong,
 Weed their young minds of those pernicious errors
 The arch-impoffor has implanted in 'em,
 Train 'em in virtue's school, and lead them on
 To deeds of glorious and immortal honour.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Mahomet's apartment.*MAHOMET *alone.*

AMBITION knows not conscience—

Well, this Zaphna

Is fix'd at length—I lesson'd him so home,

Dealt to his young enthusiastick soul

Such promises and threats—

Enter MIRVAN.

Mirvan, what news?

Mir. Oh, Mahomet, I fear the nice-wov'n web

Of our design's unravell'd. Ere thy spirit

Had reinflam'd young Zaphna with the thirst

Of old Alcanor's blood he had reveal'd

The dreadful purpose to Hercides—

Mab. Hah!*Mir.* Hercides loves the youth, and Zaphna still

Has held him as a father.

Mab. That I like not.

What does Hercides say? thinks he with us?

Mir. Oh no; he trembles at the very thought

Of this dread scene, compassionates Alcanor,

And—

Mab. He's but a half friend then, and a half friend

Is not a span from traitor. Mirvan, Mirvan,

A dangerous witness must be some way dealt with;

Am I obey'd?

Mir. 'Tis done.*Mab.* Then for the rest—

Or e'er the harbinger of morrow's dawn

Gleam in the east, Alcanor, thou must set,

Or Mahomet and all his hopes must perish:

That's the first step then—Zaphna, next for thee.

Soon as thy hands have dealt the midnight mischief

In thy own blood the secret must be drown'd.

Thus quit of son and father (those curst rivals

Who elbow me at once in love and grandeur)

Both Mecca and Palmira shall be mine.

Oh tow'ring prospect! how it fills the eye

Of my aspiring and enamour'd soul!

Night! put on double fable, that no star
 May be a spy on those dark deeds——Well, Mirvan,
 Shall we accomplish this?

Mir. We shall, my chief.

Mab. What tho' I seize his life from whom she sprung?
 He's not her father as she knows it not.
 Trust me those partial ties of blood and kindred
 Are but th' illusive taints of education:
 What we call nature is mere habit Mirvan;
 That habit's on our side; for the whole study
 Of this young creature's life has been obedience,
 To think, believe, and act, as pleasur'd me.
 But hold, the hour on which our fortune hangs
 Is now at hand. While Zaphna seeks the temple
 Let us look round us, see that not a wheel
 Lag in the vast machine we have at work:
 It is success that consecrates our actions:
 The vanquish'd rebel as a rebel dies,
 The victor-rebel plumes him on a throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the temple.

Enter ZAPHNA with a drawn sword in his hand.

Zaph. Well then, it must be so; I must discharge
 This cruel duty—Mahomet enjoins it,
 And Heav'n thro' him demands it of my hands.
 Horrid, tho' sacred act!—my soul shrinks back,
 And wont admit conviction—Ay, but Heav'n!
 Heav'n's call I must obey—Oh dire obedience!
 What dost thou cost me! my humanity!
 Why, duty, art thou thus at war with nature?

Enter PALMIRA.

Thou here Palmira! oh! what fatal transport
 Leads thee to this sad place, these dark abodes,
 Sacred to death? Thou hast no business here.

Pal. Oh, Zaphna, fear and love have been my guides.
 What horrid sacrifice is this enjoin'd thee?
 What victim does the god of Mahomet
 Claim from thy tender hand?

Zaph. Oh, my guardian angel,
 Speak, resolve me;
 How can assassination be a virtue?
 How can the gracious parent of mankind
 Delight in mankind's sufferings? May n't this prophet,

This great announcer of his heav'nly will,
Mistake it once?

Pal. Oh, tremble to examine.

He sees our hearts—'Tis doubly so blaspheme.

Zaph. Be steady then, my soul, arm to thy purpose,
And let religion steel thee against pity.

Come forth thou foe to Mahomet and Heav'n,

And meet the doom thy rebel faith deserves;

Come forth Alcanor.

Pal. Who, Alcanor!

Zaph. Yes.

Pal. The good Alcanor!

Zaph. "Why d'ye call him good?"

Curse on his Pagan virtues! he must die;

So Mahomet commands: and yet methinks

Some other deity arrais'd my arm,

And whispers to my hear!—Zaphna, forbear!

Pal. Distracting state!

Zaph. Alas! my dear Palmira,

I'm weak, and shudder at this bloody bus'ness.

Help me, oh help, Palmira! I am torn,

Distracted with this conflict.

Zeal, horror, love, and pity, seize my breast,

And drag it diffr'd ways. Alas! Palmira,

You see me tossing on a sea of passions;

'Tis thine, my angel, to appease this tempest,

Fix my distracted will, and soothe me—

Pal.—What!

What can I teach thee in this strife of passions?

Oh Zaphna! I revere our holy prophet,

Think all his laws are register'd in heav'n,

And ev'ry mandate minted in the skies.

Zaph. But then to break thro' hospitality,

And murder him by whom we are protected!

Pal. Oh, poor Alcanor! gen'rous good Alcanor!

My heart bleeds for thee.

Zaph. Know then, unless I act this horrid scene,

Unless I plunge this dagger in the breast

Of that old man, I must—I must—

Pal. What—

Zaph. Must Palmira—

(Oh agonizing thought!) lose thee for ever.

Pal. Am I the price of good Alcanor's blood?

Zaph. So Mahomet ordains.

Ral. Horrible dowry!

Zaph. Thou know'st the curse our prophet has denounc'd
Of endless tortures on the disobedient?

Thou know'st with what oath I have bound myself

To vindicate his laws, extirpat all

That dare oppose his progress; say then, fair one,

Thou tustore'st divine, instruct me how,

How to obey my chief, perform my oath,

Yet list to mercy's call.

Pal. This rends my heart.

Zaph. How to avoid being banish'd thee for ever.

Pal. Oh, save me from that thought I must that e'er be?

Zaph. It must; art thou his slave, now pronounc'd his doom.

Pal. What doom?—Have I!

Zaph. Yes, thou hast seal'd his death.

Pal. I seal his death!—Did I?

Zaph. 'Twas heav'n a spoke by thee; thou'rt its oracle,

And I'll fulfil its laws. This is the hour

In which he pays at the adorning altar

Black rites to his imaginary gods.

Follow me not, *Palmer*!

Pal. I must follow.

I will not, dare I leave thee.

Zaph. Get thee gone!

I beg thee fly; single walls thou canst not bear

This horrid scene—Oh, these are dreadful moments!

Begone—quick—this way—

Pal. No, I'll follow thee,

Retread thy ev'ry footsteps, tho' they lead

To the dark gulf of death.

Zaph. Thou manful maid!—to the dire trial then.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE draws, and discovers the inner part of the temple with a
pagan altar and images, Alcanor addressing himself to the idols.*

Alc. Eternal Pow'rs! that deign to bless these mansions,
Protectors of the sons of Ishmael,

Crush this blasphemous invader's force,

And turn him back with shame. If pow'r be your's

Oh! shield your injur'd votaries, and lay

Oppression bleeding at your altar's foot.

D

Enter ZAPHNA and PALMIRA.

Pal. entering.] Act not this bloody deed: oh save him, save him.

Zaph. Save him, and lose not Paradise and thee!

Pal. Hah, you' he stands—Oh! Zaphna, all my blood is frozen at the sight.

Alc. 'Tis in your own behalf that I implore
The terrors of your might; swift, swiftly
Pour vengeance on this vile apostate's head,
Who dares profanely wrest your thunder from you,
And lodge it with an unknown fancy'd god.

Zaph. Hear how the wretch blasphemes! So, now—

Pal. Hold Zaphna!

Zaph. Let me go—

Pal. I cannot—cannot

Alc. But if, for reasons which dim-sighted mortals
Can't look into, you'll crown this daring rebel
With royalty and priesthood, take my life:
And if, ye gracious Pow'rs! you 'ave ought of bliss
In store for me, at my last hour permit me
To see my children, pour my blessing on them,
Expire in their dear arms, and let them close
These eyes, which then would wish no after-sight.

Pal. His children did he say?

Zaph. I think he did—

Alc. For this I'll at your altar pay my vows,
And make it smoke with incense. [*Retires behind the altar.*]

Zaph. "Now's the time;" [*Drawing his sword.*]
Insulting Heav'n he flies to stones for refuge:
Now let me strike.

Pal. Stay but one moment Zaphna.

Zaph. It must not be—unhand me.

Pal. What to do!

Zaph. To serve my God and king, and merit thee.

[*Breaking from Palmira, and going towards the altar, he starts, and stops short.*]

Ha! what are ye, ye terrifying shades?

What means this lake of blood that lies before me?

Pal. Oh Zaphna! let us fly these horrid roofs.

Zaph. No, no—Go on ye ministers of Death;

Lead me the way: I'll follow ye.

Pal. Stay, Zaphna;

Heap no more horrors on me; I'm expiring
Beneath the load.

Zaph. Be hush'd—the altar trembles!
What means that omen! does it spur to murder,
Or would it rein me back? No, 't is the voice
Of Heav'n itself that chides my ling'ring hand.
Now send up thither all thy vows Palmira,
Whilst I obey its will and give the stroke.

[Goes out behind the altar after Alcanor.]

Pal. What vows? will Heaven receive a murder's vows?
For sure I'm such whilst I prevent not murder.
Why beats my heart thus? that soft voice is this
That's waken'd in my soul, and preaches mercy?
If Heav'n demands his life dare I oppose?
Is it my place to judge:—Fi! that dire groan
Proclaims the bloody business about.
Zaphna! oh *Zaphna!*

Recenter ZAPHNA.

Zaph. Ha! where am I?
Who calls me? where's Palmira? she's not here:
What fiend has snatch'd her from me?
Pal. Heav'n's! he raves!

Dost thou not know me *Zaphna!* he who lives
For thee alone?—Why dost thou gaze thus on me?

Zaph. Where are we?

Pal. Hast thou then discharged
The horrid duty?

Zaph. What dost thou say?

Pal. Alcanor—

Zaph. Alcanor! what Alcanor?

Pal. Gracious Heav'n,

Look down upon him!

Let's begone my *Zaphna,*

Let's fly this place.

Zaph. Oh, whither fly! to whom?

D'ye see these hands? who will receive these hands?

Pal. Oh, come, and let me wash them with my tears!

Zaph. Who art thou? let me lean on thee—I find

My pow'rs returning. Is it thou Palmira?

Where have I been? what have I done?

Pal. I know not:

Think on't no more.

Zaph. But I must think and talk on't too Palmira.

I seiz'd the victim by his hoary locks—
 (Thou, Heav'n, didst will it)
 Then, shuddering with horror, bury'd straight
 The poignard in his breast. I had redoubled
 The bloody plunge—(what cannot zeal persuade!)
 But that the venerable fire pour'd forth
 So piteous a groan! look a-fo, Palmira—
 And with a feeble voice cry'd, Is it Zaphna?
 I could no more. Oh! hadst thou seen, my love,
 The fell, fell dagger in his bosom, view'd
 His dying face, where sat such dignity,
 Cloth'd with compassion towards his base assassin,

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

The dire remembrance weigh'd me to the earth—
 Here let me die—

Pal. Rise, my lov'd Zaphna! rise,
 And let us fly to Mahomet for protection:
 If we are found in these abodes of slaughter
 Tortures and death attend us: let us fly.

Zaph. starting up. I did fly at that blasting sight
 When drawing out the fatal steel he cast
 Such tender looks! I fled—the fatal steel,
 The voice, the tender looks, the bleeding victim
 Blessing his murderer: I could not fly:
 No, they clung to me, riv'd my throbbing heart,
 And set my brain on fire. What have we done!

Pal. Hark! what's that noise? I tremble for thy life.
 Oh! in the name of love, by all the ties,
 Those sacred ties that bind thee mine for ever,
 I do conjure thee follow me.

[Alcanor comes from behind the altar, leaning against it, with the bloody sword in his hand.]

Zaph. Hah! look Palmira, see what object's that
 Which bears upon my tortur'd sight? Is't he?
 Or is't his bloody manes come to haunt us?

Pal. 'Tis he himself, poor wretch! struggling with death,
 And feebly crawling towards us. Let me fly
 And yield what help I can: let me support thee,
 Thou much-lamented, injur'd, good old man!

Zaph. Why don't I move? my feet are rooted here,
 And all my frame is struck and wither'd up
 As with a lightning's blast.

Alc. My gentle maid,

Wilt thou support me?

Weep not, my Palmira.

Pal. I could weep tears of blood if that would serve thee.

Alc. sitting down.] Zaphna, come hither; thou hast ta'en my life,

For what offence or what one thought towards thee
That anger or malevolence gave birth,
Heav'n knows I am unconsciou. Do not look so:
I see thou dost relent.

Enter PHARON hastily.

Pal. starting back.] Hah! 'tis too late then.

Alc. Would I could see Hercules?—Pharon, lo
Thy martyr'd friend by his distemper'd hand
Is now expiring.

Pha. Dire unnatural crime!

Oh, wretched parricide!—behold thy father.

[*Pointing to Alc.*

Zaph. My father!

Pal. Father! hah!

Zaph. Mysterious Heav'n!

How Hercules dying by the hand of Mirvan,
When he saw him lest he should betray the secret,
As he approach, and in the pangs of death
Fly and save Alcanor; wretch the sword
From Zaphna's hands if 't is not yet too late,
That's destin'd for his death: then let him know
That Zaphna and Palmira are his children.

Pal. That Zaphna and Palmira are his children!
Dost hear that Zaphna!

Zaph. 'Tis enough my Fate!

Enough more!

Enough more! oh, my children!

Whose afflictions wert thou driv'n,

Palmira! to this bloody action!

Alc. kneeling at his father's feet.] Oh I cannot speak;

Oh, restore that damned weapon,

Which may make it, as I ought,

An instrument of justice.

Pha.] Oh, my father,

The crime was mine; 't was I alone

Who gave my will to this unnat'ral deed:

Upon these terms alone he cou'd be mine,
And incest was the price of parricide.

Zaph. Strike your assassin——

Alc. I embrace my children,
And joy to see them, tho' my life's the forfeit.—
Rise, children, rise and live alive to revenge
Your father's death—But in the name of Nature,
By the remains of this paternal blood
'That's oozing from my wound, raise not your hands
'Gainst your own being. Zaphna, wouldst thou do me
A second deadlier mischief,
Selfslaughter cann't atone for parricide.

Zaph. Then I will live,
Live to some purpose: this is glorious suffering.

Alc. Thy undetermin'd aim ha'n't quite fulfill'd
Its bigot purpose; I hope to live to animate
Our friends 'gainst this impostor; lead 'em, Zaphna,
To root out a rapacious baneful crew,
Whose zeal is phrenzy, whose religion murder.

Zaph. Swift, swift, ye hours! and light me to revenge
Come, thou infernal weapon, [*Snatches the bloody sword.*]
I'll wash off thy foul stain with the heart's blood
Of that malignant sanctify'd assassin.

[*As Zaphna is going off Mirvan and his followers enter
to stop him.*]

Mir. Seize Zaphna,
And load the trait'rous murderer with chains—
Help you the good Alcanor—Hasten, man!
Our prophet in a vision learnt to-night
The mournful tale of thy untimely end,
And sent me straight to seize the vile assassin,
That he might wrake severest justice on him:
Mahomet comes to vindicate the laws,
Not suffer with impunity their breach.

Alc. Heav'n's! what accumulated crimes art thou

Zaph. Where is the monster? bear me instant
That I may blast him with my eye, may curse
With my last hesitating voice.

Pal. Thou traitor,
Did not thy own death-doing tongue enjoin
This horrid deed?

Mir. Not mine by Heav'n!

Zaph. Not thine!

Mir. No, by our prophet and his holy faith,
Of all the thoughts ere harbour'd in this breast
It ne'er had such a monster for its tenant.

Zaph. Most accomplish'd villain!

Mir. An, look at me—dar'st thou—

Mir. Off with him,

[To the Soldiers.

And see him well secur'd, till Mahomet
Demands him of you.

Pal. Villain, hold!

[Laying hold of Zaphna.

Mir. Away.

Zaph. Just, just reward of my credulity!

Pal. Let me go with him: I will share thy fate.
Unhappy Zaphna, for I share thy guilt.

But then— [Looking back at Alcanor.

Mir. No more—you must to Mahomet:

Go, without reluctance: our great prophet,
For thy tender frame and years,
Will take you under his divine protection.

[Alcanor apart.] Oh death! deliver me from such protection!

Mir. If you would ought to save the destin'd Zaphna
I'll swear me to the prophet; you may move him
To mitigate his doom—Away.

[To the Soldiers who hold Zaphna.

Go this way.

[To Palmira.

Zaph. Pardon!

Pal. Oh, pardon!

[They are led off by degrees, looking alternately at their father
and each other.

Alc. Oh, insupportable!

How torn then when I wanted most
My father's affection,

[A shout.

Alc. Help!

How have you all been rous'd, and all in arms

For my defence.

Stand in, support me

As long as I can—Help, conduct me towards 'em;

And stand to 'em; let that speak the cause,

My cause, for words begin to fail me;

With I can but serve my country,

Save my children from this tiger's gripe,

And my own life to that lov'd pair

By whose misguided zeal I lose my own;
 What patriot or parent but would wish
 In so divine a cause to fall a martyr!

ACT V.

Enter MAHOMET and MIRVAN.

MAHOMET.

WRONG will be ever nurs'd and fed
 So this boybigot held his pious purpose

Mir. Devoutly.

Mab. What a reasonless machine
 Can superstition make the eas'ner man!
 Alcanor lies there on his bed of earth?

Mir. This moment he expir'd, and Mecca's youth
 In vain lament their chief. To the mad crowd
 That gather'd round good Ali and myself
 (Full of thy dauntless heav'nly-seeming spirit)
 Disclaim'd the deed, and pointed out the arm
 Of righteous Heav'n that strikes for Mahomet—
 Think ye, we cry'd (with eyes and hands uprear'd)
 Think ye our holy prophet would consent
 To such a crime, whose foulness casts a blot
 On right of nations, nature, and our faith?
 Oh, rather think he will revenge his death,
 And root his murd'rer from the burden'd earth!
 Then struck our breasts, and wept the good old man,
 And only wish he'd dy'd among the faithful,
 And slept with Ibrahim.

Mab. Excellent Mirvan!

Mir. We then both at large
 Descanted on thy clemency and bounty:
 On that the silent and desponding crowd
 Broke out in murmurs, plaints, and last in shouts,
 And each mechanick grew a Mussulman.

Mab. Oh, worthy to deceive and awe the world,
 Second to Mahomet! let me embrace thee—
 But say, is not our army at their gates
 To back our clemency?

Mir. Omar commands

Their nightly march thro' unsuspected paths,
And with the moon appears.

Mab. At sight of them
The rank remaining billows of this storm
Will sub themselves to peace—But where is Zaphna?
Safe in a dungeon, where he dies apace,
Unconscious of his fate; for well thou know'st
Ere at the altar's foot he slew his fire
In his own veins he bore his guilt's reward,
A deadly draught of poison.

Mab. I would be kind, and let him die deceiv'd,
Nor know that parent blood defiles his soul.

Mir. He cannot know it, if the grave be silent
I'm sure Hercules is—

Mab. Unhappy Zaphna!
Something like pity checks me for thy death.
But way—I must not think that way—shall Mahomet
Renew Paradise to all mankind,
And let remorse of conscience be the hell
Of his own breast! My safety claim'd his life,
And in the heav'n of fair Palmira's charms
I find my great reward.

Mir. My noble Lord,
The hour is at hand, and waits your pleasure.

Mab. Athand! How, Mirvan, couldst thou let me talk
On themes of guilt when that pale angel's near?

Mir. The weeping fair, who on by flatt'ring hope
Of Zaphna's life, attends your sacred will:
A silent pale dejection shadows her cheeks,
And like the lily on a sad girl's brow
Her heart and senses, all her sweets.

Mahomet awaits, and then
Your chiefs, and on this platform
I stand me straight. [Exit Mirvan.
Enter PALMIRA with Attendants.

Where have they led me?
I see I take the mangled corpse
Of her (by poor Zaphna mangled)
And all I see is blood— [Starting.
The father's self!—But, heart, in silence,
Lay aside this dread. Palmira's fate
By my will is fix'd.

This great event, that fills thy soul with
Is myllery to all but Heav'n and Mahomet.

Pal. Oh, ever righteous Heav'n! canst thou
This sacrilegious hypocrite, this spoiler
To steal thy terrors, and blaspheme thy
Nor doom him instant death?

Mab. Child of my car,
At length from galling chains I've set thee
And made thee triumph in a just revenge;
Think then thou'rt dear to me, and Mahomet
Regards thee with a more than father's eye:
Then know (if thou'lt deprecate the mighty boon)
An higher name, a nobler fate, awaits thee.

Pal. What would the tyrant say?

Mab. Raise thy thoughts to glory,
And sweep this Zaphna from thy memory,
With all that's past—Let that mean flame expire
Before the blaze of empire's radiant sun.
Thy grateful heart must answer to my bounties,
Follow my laws, and share in all my conquests.

Pal. What laws, what bounties, and what conquests,
Fraud is thy law, the tomb thy only bounty,
Thy conquests fatal as infected air,
Dispeopling half the globe—See here, good Heav'n,
The venerable prophet I rever'd,
The king I serv'd, the god that I ador'd.

Mab. approaching her.] Whence this unwonted lan-
guage, this wild frenzy?

Pal. Where is the spirit of my martyr'd father?
Where Zaphna's? where Palmira's innocence?
Blasted by thee, by thee, infernal monster,
Thou found'st us angels and hast made us
Give, give us back our lives, our fame, our
Thou canst not tyrant—yet thou seek'st
Seek'st with Alcanor's blood his daughter

Mab. apart.] Horror and death! thou
known.

Enter MIRVAN.

Mir. Oh, Mahomet, all's lost, thy glory
And th' insatiate tomb ripe to devour us!
Hercides' parting breath divulg'd the secret
The prison's forc'd, the city all in arms:

See where they bear aloft their murder'd chief,
 Fell Zaphna in their front, death in his looks,
 Rage all his strength. Spite of the deadly draught
 He holds in life but to make sure of vengeance.

Mab. What dost thou here then? instant with our guards
 Attempt to stem their progress till th' arrival
 Of Omar with the troops.

Mir. Hasten my Lord.

[*Exit Mirvan.*]

Pal. Now, now, my hour's at hand.

Hear'st thou those shouts that send the ambient air?
 Seest thou those glancing fires that add new horrors
 To the night's gloom? fresh from thy murd'ring poignard,
 (For thine it was, tho' Zaphna gave the blow)
 My father's spirit leads these vengeful shades
 Of all the wretches whom thy sword has butcher'd:
 I see them raise their unsubstantial arms
 To snatch me from thy rage, or worse, thy love.
 My arms shall conquer in Palmira's cause.

Mab. apart.] What terour's this that hangs upon her
 I feel her virtue tho' I know her weakness. [accents?

Pal. Thou ask'st my love, go seek it in the grave
 Of great Alcanor—Talk'st of grateful minds,
 Bid Zaphna plead for thee, and I may hear thee;
 Will thou thou art my scorn—May'st thou, like me,
 Behold thy dearest blood spilt at thy feet,
 Seta, Medina, all our Asian world,
 Join, join to drive th' Impostor from the earth,
 Blush at his chains, and make them off in vengeance!

Mab. apart.] Be still, my soul, nor let a woman's rage
 Ruin thy wonted calm—Spite of thy hate
 Be still, and charming ev'n in madness.

[*A shout and noise of fighting.*]

Be still, nor let thy gentle soul
 Be snatch'd by these alarms; thou'rt my peculiar care:
 Beware of this trait'rous insurrection,
 And attend thee straight.

Be still, no more; no;

Be still, my brother, help to head our friends,

And I'll attend them.

[*A shout.*]

Be still, nor let thy gentle soul
 Be snatch'd by these alarms; thou'rt my peculiar care:
 Beware of this trait'rous insurrection,
 And attend thee straight. [Exit Palmira.]

Enter ALL.

Mab. Whence, Ali, that surprize?

Ali. My royal chief,

The foe prevails—Thy troops, led on by
Are all cut off, and valiant Marvan's self,
By Zaphna slain, lies weltring in his blood.
The guard that to our arms should open
Struck with the common phrenzy, now
And death and vengeance is the general

Mab. Can Ali fear? then, Mahomet,

Ali. See, thy few friends, whom wild
(But arm'd in vain) are come to die before

Mab. Ye heartless traitor! Mahomet alone
Shall be his own defender, and your guard
Against the crowds of Mecca—Follow me.

*Enter ZAPHNA, PALMIRA, and PHARON, with citizens, and
the body of Alcanor on a bier.*

Ha!

Zaph. See, my friends, where the Impostor stands
With head erect, as if he knew not guilt,
As if no tongue spake from Alcanor's wound,
Nor call'd for vengeance on him.

Mab. Impious man!

Is't not enough to have spilt thy parent-blood,
But with atrocious and blaspheming lips
Dar'st thou arraign the substitute of Heav'n?

Zaph. The substitute of Heav'n! so is the sword,
The pestilence, the famine; such art thou:
Such are the blessings Heav'n has sent to man
By thee its delegate; nay more, to me—
Oh, he took pains, Palmira, upon us,
Deluded us into such monstrous crimes
As Nature sicken'd at conception of!—
How couldst thou damp us thus?

Mab. Babbler, avaunt!

Zaph. Well thou upbraidst me, for to parley with thee
Half brands me coward. Oh, revenge me, friends!
Revenge Alcanor's massacre; revenge
Palmira's wrongs, and crush the rancorous monster.

Mab. Hear me, ye slaves, born to obey my will.

Pal. Ah, hear him not! fraud dwells upon his tongue.

Zaph. Have at thee fiend—Ha! Heav'n!

[*Zaphna advancing reels, and reclines on his bier.*]

on my fight? my head grows dizzy,
 e: sure 'tis the stroke of Fate.
 he poison works!—then triumph, Maho-
 bafe lethargy. [met!
 difmay'd!

but in a guilty cause,
 h to be a parricide?
 at reproach—Come on—It will not be.
 down his sword, and reclines on Pharon.
 unnerves my willing arm,
 , and weighs me down to earth.
 the fate of all who brave our law.
 and Death have heard my voice, and now
 Let Heav'n be judge 'twixt Zaphna and myself,
 And instant blast the guilty of the two.

Pal. Brother! oh, Zaphna!

Zaph. Zaphna now no more.

[*Sinking down by Alcanor's body, and leaning on the bier,*

Pharon kneeling down with him and supporting him.

Down, down, good Pharon—Thou poor injur'd corse,
 May I embrace thee? Wont thy pallid wound
 Purple anew at the unnatural touch,
 And ooze fresh calls for vengeance?

Pal. Oh, my brother!

Zaph. In vain's the guiltless meaning of my heart:
 High Heav'n detests th' instantary crime,
 And dooms for parricide—Then tremble tyrant;
 If the Supreme can punish error thus,
 What new-invented tortures must await
 Thy soul, grown leprous with such foul offences?
 But soft—now fate and nature are at strife—
 Sister, farewell! with transport should I quit
 This toilsome, perilous, delusive stage,
 But that I leave thee on't; leave thee, Palmira,
 Expos'd to what is worse than fear can image,
 That tyrant's mercy: but I know thee brave;
 Know that thou'lt act a part—Look on her Heav'n,
 Grieve her, and—oh! [Dies.

Pal. Think not, ye men of Mecca,
 This death inflicted by the hand of Heav'n:
 'Tis he—that viper—

Mab. Know, ye faithless wretches!
 'Tis mine to deal the bolts of angry Heav'n;
 Behold them there, and let the wretch
 Tremble at Zaphna's fate, and know that
 Can read his thoughts, and doom him woe.
 Go, then, and thank your rentiff and ye
 For each day's sun he grants you to behold
 Hence to your temples and appeale my rage.

Pal. Ah, stay! my brother's murder'd
 By poison not by piety he kills.

Mab. 'Tis done—— Thus ever be our lot

Now fair Palmira——

Pal. Monster! is it thus
 Thou mak'st thyself a god, by added crimes,
 And murders justify'd by sacrilege?

Mab. Think, exquisite Palmira! for thy sake——

Pal. Thou 'st been the murderer of all my race.
 See where Alcanor, see where Zaphna, lies;
 Do they not call for me too at thy hands?
 Oh that they did!—— But I can read thy thoughts;
 Palmira's sav'd for something worse than death;
 This to prevent—— Zaphna, I follow thee.

[*Stabs herself with Zaphna's sword.*]

Mab. What hast thou done!

Pal. A deed of glory 'twas!
 Thou'st left no object worth Palmira's eye,
 And when I shut out light I shut out thee—— [Dies.]

Mab. Farewell dear victim of my boundless passion;
 The price of treachery, the reward of murder—
 Sink with thee to the earth—— Oh, justice,
 In vain are glory, worship, and dominion.
 All conq'ror as I am I am a slave,
 And by the world ador'd dwell with the damn'd.
 My crimes have planted scorpions in my breast——
 Here, here, I feel them. 'Tis in vain to brave
 The host of terrors that invade my soul—
 I might deceive the world, myself I can't.

Ali. Be calm a while my Lord; think

Mab. Ha! what am I? [Turns]
 Ye breathless family,

And crying wounds say what I am.
 Save me from that fight; quick, quick transport me
 To some celestial mansion, where the sun
 Ne'er sets, where the sound of human tread
 Is never heard.— But wherefore? still I there,
 And all and myself— Ay, that's the hell—

[Drawing his sword.
 Help, hold him! *Ali, &c. disarm him.*
 Dastards!

Who can disarm your master.
 My death, whose pow'r I've long proclaim'd,
 Now is all that thou canst; now if thou canst
 Save the soul captain of eternal night
 And shroud me from the horrors that beset me.

[*Exeunt Mahomet, &c.*

Pba. Oh! what a curse is life when selfconviction
 Flings our offences hourly in our face,
 And turns existence torturer to itself!
 Here let the mad enthusiast turn his eyes,
 And see from bigotry what horrors rise,
 Here in the blackest colours let him read
 That deal, by craft misled, may act a deed
 By which both innocence and virtue bleed. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

ORIGINALLY SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

*LONG has the shameful licence of the age
With senseless ribaldry disgrac'd the stage;
So much indecencies have been in vogue
They pleaded custom in an Epilogue,
As if the force of reason was a yoke.
So heavy—they must ease it with a joke;
Disarm the moral of its virtuous sway,
Or else the audience go displeas'd away.
How have I blush'd to see a tragick queen
With illtim'd mirth disgrace the wēūwrote scene,
From all the sad solemnity of wo
Trip nimbly forth—to ridicule a beau,
Then, as the loosest airs she had been-gleaning,
Coquette the fan, and leer a double meaning!
Shame on those arts that prostitute the bays!
Shame on the bard who this way hopes for praise!
The bold but honest Author of to-night
Disdains to please you if he please not right;
If in his wellmeant scene you chance to find
Aught to enoble or enlarge the mind,
If he has found the means with honest art
To fix the noblest wishes in the heart,
In softer accents to inform the fair
How bright they look when virtue drops the tear,
Enjoy with friendly welcome the repast,
And keep the heartfels relish to the last.*

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
April 20. 1782.

THE END.



J. Robins del.

Published for Wells Broggs Theatre March 1778.

*M^{rs} BARRY in the Character of ATHENAI^s
So my Veranes till my death comes on,
Shall sad Eudosia thy dear loss bemoan.*

THEODOSIUS;
OR, THE FORCE OF LOVE.

A TRAGEDY. BY NATHANIEL LEE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

What the wretched course of all my harmless youth—Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind—One wicked act which I have done to shame me. These with me retire—Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore—I swear to leave the empire—To thee my sister I bequeath the world.

THEODOSIUS.

I hate to walk a lazy life away—Let us run the race which Fate has set before us—And push to the dark goal—'Tis said that from my youth I have been rash—Cholerick, and hot—What my thought has doom'd my hand shall seal—I will fall—As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd—As any Greek or Roman of them all. Dauntless I come. VARANES.

I am not of their principle that take—A wrong; so far from bearing with a foe—I would first see first, like old Rome: I would forth—Elbow thro' the neighbouring nations round about—Invade, enlarge my empire to the bounds—Of the too narrow universe—I despise your hot innovations—I'm for the Roman gods, for funeral piles—For mounting Eagles, and the sacred greatness—Of our forefathers—Methinks my heated spirit—Could utter things worth lustre of my head—It matters not; for he who lies, like me—On the hard ground is sure to fall no further—If I think I shall go mad—I feel this big-swoln throbbing Roman spirit—Will burst unless I utter what I ought—What is life without my honour—Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind—Load me with malice, envy, detestation—Let me be horrid to all apprehension—And the world shun me, so I scape but scorn—Oh, temper, temper me, ye gracious Gods—Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart—Its constant loyalty. MAR.

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say but the word, I'll fill the Hippodrome—With squadrons that shall make the Emperor's jubilee—We'll fire the court about his ears—Few words and I am friends; but, noble Marcian—If thou art not more than general—Ere dead of night thy Lucius is a coward—Nay, I vow if your spirit dare—You shall be great as Caesar. LUCIUS.

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LUCIUS.

What you command is terrible but sacred—And to atone for this too cruel duty—I'll follow you. ARANTHES.

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LEONTINE.

If e'er I marry—Marcian is my husband—Inspire me, woman!—That what my soul desires above the world—May seem impos'd and forc'd on my affections. PULCHERIA.

ARANTHES.

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EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Prints, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.

TO HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

MADAM,

THE reputation that this Play received on the stage, some few
opinions excepted, was more than I could well hope from so
good a Judge, from whom I ask but so much necessary praise as
will serve once or twice a-year at most to gain their good company,
and just keep me alive.

There is not now that mankind that was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive
Up at tenants of the world) who should survive;
When if a slow-poe'd star had stol'n away
From the observer's marking he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see 't again,
And then make up his observation plain.

Dr. Donne.

For it is impossible, in our limited time, (and I bring his opinion to
back my own who is without comparison the best writer of the age)
to present our judges a poem half so perfect as we could make it. I
must acknowledge, Madam, with all humility, I ought to have taken
more time and more pains in this Tragedy, because it is dedicated
to your Grace, who being the best judge, (and therefore can when
you please make us tremble) yet with exceeding mercy have par-
doned the defects of Theodosius, and given it your entire approba-
tion. My genius, Madam, was your favourite when the poet was
unknown, and openly received your smiles before I had the honour
to pay your Grace the most submissive gratitude for so illustrious and
advantageous a protection. To let the world too know that you do
not think it beneath you to be officiously good, even from the ex-
traordinary lights to discern the lowest creatures, and give them all the
ablest influence you can, you brought her Royal Highness just at
this exigent time, whose single presence on the Poet's day is a sub-
sistence for him all the year after. Ah Madam! if all the short-lived
honours that miserable poets can enjoy consists in commendation
only, nay, if the most part are content with popular breath, and
even for that are thankful, how shall I express myself to your Grace,
who by a particular goodness and innate sweetness, merely for the
sake of doing well, have thus raised me above myself? To have your
Grace's favour is, in a word, to have the applause of the whole court,
which is its noblest ornament; magnificent and eternal praise. Some-
times there is in your mien so much above that we vulgarly call
beauty, that to me it seems adorable, and your presence almost
dazzling and majestick form is a proper mansion for
the most elevated soul. And let me tell the world, nay, sighing speak
it in a tender age, (I cannot help calling it so when I think of
it) your extraordinary love for heroick poetry is not
without argument to shew the greatness of your mind and fulness
of your soul. To hear you speak with that infinite sweetness and
sublimity of spirit that is natural to your Grace is, methinks, to
hear our celestial angels; it is to behold the present malicious times,

and remember the Golden Age; but to behold you too is to make prophets quite forget their heaven, and bind the poets with eternal rapture.

— Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.
You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took fools' stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as need small change at the last day.

Dr. Donne

Ziphares and Semandra were first your Grace's favourites, and though I ought not, Madam, to praise your wit by your judgment of my painting, yet I must say such characters every dauber cannot draw. It has been observed against me that I abound in ungovern'd fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the follies of youth: *dependence, and dulness, come too fast of themselves.* I commend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of the quarry. My comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a creature to any man as I am to myself; for who should know the house so well as the good man at home, who when his neighbours come to see him still sets the best rooms to view, and if he be not a wild ass keeps the rubbish and lumber in some dark hole whither nobody comes but himself to mortify at melancholy hours? But how then, Madam, in this unsuitable condition, how shall I answer the infinite honours and obligations your Grace has laid upon me, your Grace, who is the most beautiful idea of love and glory, who to that divine composition have the noblest and best natured wit in the world? All I can promise, Madam, and am able to perform is, that your Grace shall never see a play of mine that shall give offence to modesty and virtue; and what I humbly offer to the world shall be of use at least, and I hope deserve imitation; which is or ought to be, I am sure, the design of all tragedies and comedies both ancient and modern, I should presume to promise myself too some success in things of this nature if your Grace (in whom the charms of beauty, wit, and goodness, seem reconciled) at a leisure hour would condescend to correct with your excellent judgment the errors of,

Madam,

your Grace's most humble,
most obedient,
and devoted servant,

NAT. LEE

PROLOGUE.

*W*IT long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with rage,
 Thus in a fullen mood rebukes the age:
 What loads of fame do modern heroes bear
 For an inglorious, long, and lazy war,
 Who for some skirmish or a safe retreat
 (Not to be dragg'd to battle) are call'd great!
 But oh! what do ambitious statesmen gain
 Who into private chests all nations drain?
 What sums of gold they hoard is daily known
 To all mens' cost, and sometimes to their own.
 Your lawyer too, that like an O Yes bawls,
 That drowns the market bigglers in the stalls,
 That from beggars, ~~and~~ ^{and} borrow'd, and born, in brawls,
~~and~~ ^{and} his crowd get what they please;
 Swarming all term-time thro' the Strand like bees,
 They buzz at Westminster and lie for fees.
 The godly too their ways of getting have,
 But none so much as your fanatick knave;
 Wisely the wealthiest livings they refuse
 Who by the fattest bishopricks would lose,
 Who with short hair, large ears, and small blue band,
 True rogues! their own not God's elect command.
 Let pigs then be profane, but broths allow'd;
 Poffets and Christian caudles may be good
 Mead helps to reinforce a brother's brood;
 Therefore each female saint he doth advise
 With groans, and hums, and has, and goggling eyes,
 To rub him down and make the spirit rise,
 While with his zeal transported from the ground
 He mounts, and sanctifies the sisters round.
 Our poets only no kind star e'er smil'd;
 Curs'd Fate has damn'd 'em ev'ry mother's child;
 Therefore he warns his brothers of the stage
 To write no more for an ungrateful age.
 Think what penurious masters you have serv'd;
 I have ran mad, and noble Spenser starv'd:

Turn then, whoe'er thou art, thou canst write
 Thy ink to gall, and in lampoons excel;
 For swear all honestly, traduce the great,
 Grow impudent, and rail against the state;
 Burling with spleen abroad thy pasquils send
 And chuse some libel spreader for thy friend:
 The wit and want of Timon point thy mind,
 And for thy satire subject chuse mankind.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

THEODOSIUS,	_____	_____	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
VARANES,	_____	_____	Mr. Barry.
MARCIAN,	_____	_____	Mr. Aickin.
LUCIUS,	_____	_____	Mr. Keen.
ATTICUS, chief priest,	_____	_____	Mr. J. Aickin.
LEONTINE,	_____	_____	Mr. Hurst.
ARANTHES,	_____	_____	Mr. Davies.

WOMEN.

PULCHERIA,	_____	_____	Miss Sherry.
ATHENAIS,	_____	_____	Mrs. Barry.

Attendants, Chorus.

SCENE CONSTANTINOPLE.

THEODOSIUS †.

ACT. I

SCENE, a stately temple, which represents the Christian religion as in its first magnificence, being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople; the side-scenes shew the horrid tortures with which the Roman tyrants persecuted the church, and the flat scene, which is the limit of the prospect, discovers an altar richly adorned; before it CONSTANTINE, supposed, meets, with commanders about him, gazing at a bloody cross in the air, which being encompassed with many angels offers itself to view with these words distinctly written, *In hoc signo vinces.* Instruments are heard, and many attendants; the ministers at divine service walk busily up and down till ATTICUS, the chief of all the priests, and successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich robes comes forward with the philosopher LEONTINE, the waiters in ranks bowing all the way before him.

A Chorus heard at a distance.

PREPARE, prepare! the rites begin,
Let none unhallow'd enter in;
The temple with new glories shines,
Adorn the altars, wash the shrines,
And purge the place from sin.

Attic. Oh Leontine! was ever morn like this
Since the celestial incarnation dawn'd?
I think no day since that such glory gave
To Christian altars as this morning brings.

Leont. Great successor of holy Chrysostom,

† The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

" Who now triumphs above a faint of heav'n,
 " Next in degree to those bright sons of heav'n
 " Who never fell nor stain'd their orient beams,
 What shall I answer, how shall I approach you
 Since my conversion, which your breath has pur'd?

Attic. To see this day the Emp'rour of the East
 Leaves all the pleasures that the earth can yield,
 " That Nature can bestow or art invent.

" In his life's spring and bloom of gawdy years,
 " Confin'd to narrow rooms and gloomy walks,
 " Fasting and exercises of devotion,
 " Which from his bed at midnight must awake him"
 To undergo the penance of a cloister,
 Methinks, oh Leontine! 't is something more
 Than yet philosophy could ever reach.

Leon. True Atticus; you have amaz'd my reason.

Attic. Yet more: to our religion's lasting honour
 Mariana and Flavilla, two young Virgins
 Imperial born, cast in the fairest mould
 That e'er the hands of Beauty form'd for woman,
 " The mirrors of our court, where Chastity
 " And Innocence might copy spotless lustre,
 To-day with Theodosius leave the world.

Leon. Methinks at such a glorious resignation
 Th' angelick orders should at once descend
 " In all the paint and drapery of heav'n,
 " With charming voices and with lulling strings"
 To give full grace to such triumphant zeal.

Attic. No, Leontine; I fear there is a fault,
 For when I last confess'd the Emperour
 " Whether disgust and melancholy blood
 " From restless passions urg'd not this divorce?"
 He only answer'd me with sighs and blushes.
 'Tis sure his soul is of the tend'rest make,
 Therefore I'll tax him strictly: but, my friend,
 Why should I give his character to you,
 Who when his father sent him into Persia
 Were by that mighty monarch then appointed
 To breed him with his son, the Prince Varanes?

Leon. And what will raise your admiration is,
 That two such diff'rent tempers should agree.
 You know that Theodosius is compos'd

Of all the mischiefs that should make a woman :
 Judgement all alike fear foreruns his actions,
 And he will pardon an injury so long
 As if he had more pardon than revenge it ;
 But the young Persian Prince, quite opposite,
 So fiery fierce that those who view him nearly
 May see his haughty soul still mounting in his face ;
 Yet did I study these so different tempers
 Till I at last had form'd a perfect union,
 " As if two souls did but inform one body ;"
 A friendship that may challenge all the world,
 And at the proof be matchless.

Attic. I long to read

This gallant prince, who as you have inform'd me
 Came from his father's court to see our Emperour.

Leon. So he intended till he came to Athens,
 And at my homely board beheld my daughter,

Where as Fate order'd it, she, who never saw
 The Persian court, " bred up to books

" in closets like a Sybil ; she, I say,

" (Long since from Persia brought by me to Athens)"

Unskill'd in charms but those which Nature gave her,

Wounded this scornful prince : in short, he forc'd me

To wait him thither, with deep protestations

That moment that bereft him of the sight

Of Athenais gave him certain death.

But see, my daughter honour'd with his presence.

[*They retire.*]

Enter VARANES and ATHENAIS.

Var. 'Tis strange, oh Athenais ! wondrous all,

Wondrous the shrines, and wonderful the altars.

The martyrs, 'tho' but drawn in painted flames,

Adorn me with the image of their sufferings ;

Saints canoniz'd that dar'd with Roman tyrants,

Hermits that liv'd in caves and fed with angels.

By Orsiniades it is wondrous all !

That bloody cross in yonder azure sky,

Above the head of kneeling Constantine,

Infer'd about with golden characters

Thou shalt overcome in this ; if it be true,

I die again by Heav'n 't is wondrous strange.

Athenais. Oh Prince ! if thus imagination stirs you,

A Dream rais'd from figures in dead walls,

How would the sacred breath of Atticus
Inspire your breast, purge all your dross away,
And drive this Athenais from your soul

“To make a virgin room whom yet the world
“Of your rude fancy cannot comprehend!”

Var. What says my fair! drive Athenais from me!

“Start me not into frenzy, lest I rail

“At all religion and fall out with Heav’n.”

And what is she, alas! that would supplant thee?

Were she the mistress of the world, as fair

As winter stars or summer setting suns,

And thou set by in nature’s plainest dress,

With that chaste modest look when first I saw thee

The heirs of a poor philosopher, [*Recorders ready to*

I swear by all I wish, by all I love, *flourish*

Glory and thee, I would not lose a thought

Nor cast an eye that way, but rush to thee,

To these lov’d arms, and lose myself for ever.

Athen. Forbear my Lord.

Var. Oh, cruel Athenais!

Why dost thou put me off who pine to death,

And thrust me from thee when I would approach thee?

Can there be aught in this? Curse then thy birthright,

Thy glorious titles and ill-suited greatness,

Since Athenais scorns thee: take again

Your ill-tim’d honours; take ’em, take ’em, gods,

And change me to some humble villager,

If so at last for toils at scorching noon

In mowing meadows or in reaping fields

At night she will but crown me with a smile,

Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

Athen. When princes speak their subjects should be silent;

Yet with humility I would demand

Wherein appears my scorn or my aversion?

Have I not for your sake abandon’d home,

Where I had vow’d to spend my calmer days?

But you perhaps imagine it but little

For a poor maid to follow you abroad,

Especially the daughter of old Leontine;

Yet I must tell you Prince——

Var. I cannot bear

Those frowns: I have offended; but forgive me;

For who, oh Athenais! that is tofs’d

With such impetuous tides of love as I
Can steer a heady course? Retire my fair.

[*Recorders flourish.*

Hark! the solemnities are now beginning,
And Theodosius comes. Hide, hide thy charms;
If to his clouded eyes such day should break
The royal youth, who dotes to death for love,
I fear would forfeit all his vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon the world, thy world of beauty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THEODOSIUS leading MARIANA and FLAVILLA, (all three dressed in white) followed by PULCHERIA.

Theo. Farewell Pulcheria, and I pray no more,
For all thy kind complaints are lost upon me.

Have I not sworn the world and I must part?
I hate his proclaim'd it; therefore weep no more:

Wound not the tend'rest part of Theodosius,
Yielding soul, that would expire in calms:"

Wound me not with thy tears and I will tell thee,
Yet now I take my last farewell for ever,

The cause of all my suff'rings. Oh my sister!

A bleeding heart, the stings of pointed love,

What constitution soft as mine can bear?

Pulch. My Lord, my Emperour, my dearest brother!

Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was asham'd to own my weakness;

"I knew thy sharper wit and stricter wisdom

"Would dart reproofs which I could not endure."

Draw near, oh Atticus! and mark me well,

For never yet did my complaining spirit

Unlade this weighty secret on him,

Nor groan a syllable of her oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a fault; but speak at large,

Make bare the wound, and I will pour in balm.

Theo. 'Tis folly all and fondness—Oh remembrance!

Why dost thou open thus my wound again,

And from my heart call down those warmer drops

That make me die with shame? Hear then, Pulcheria.

Some few preceding days before I left

The Persian court, hunting one morning early

I lost myself and all the company.

Still wand'ring on as Fortune would direct me

I pass'd a rivulet, and lighted in

The sweetest solitude I ever saw,
 When straight, as if enchantment had been there,
 Two charming voices drew me till I came
 Where divers arbours overlook'd the river,
 Upon the other bank two women sat,
 Who when their song was ended talk'd to me
 Who bathing stood far in the crystal stream:
 But oh! what thought can paint that perfect form,
 Or give a glimpse of such a naked glory,
 Not feign'd Venus in the courts beneath,
 When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips,
 All polish'd fair and wash'd with orient beauty,
 Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightness.

Attic. Think where you are.

Theo. Oh Sir! you must forgive me:
 The chaste enthusiastick form appears
 As when I saw her; yet I swear Pulcheria,
 Had cold Diana been a looker on
 She must have prais'd the virtues of the virgin.
 "The Satyrs could not grin," for she was well;
 From her naked bosom
 Down to her knees the nymph was wrapp'd in lawn:
 But oh! for me, for me, that was too much!
 "Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,
 "So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre;"
 Such allperfection, that I took whole draughts
 Of killing love, and ever since have languish'd
 With ling'ring surfeits of her fatal beauty:
 "Alas! too fatal sure!"—Oh Atticus!
 Forgive me, for my story now is done.
 The nymph was dress'd, and with her two companions,
 Having descry'd me, shriek'd and fled away,
 Leaving me motionless, till Leontine,
 Th' instructor of my youth, by chance came in,
 And wak'd me from the wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my Lord, the man whom you have
 The harbinger of Prince Varanes here.

Enter LEONTINE.

Theo. Oh Leontine, ten thousand welcome
 Thou fosterfather of my tender youth,
 "Who rear'd the plant and prun'd it with my hand,
 "How shall I look upon thee, who am f

" From all the principles of manlier reason,
 " By thee intus'd to more than woman's weakness!"
 Now by the majesty divine that awes
 This sacred place I swear you must not kneel!
 And tell me, for I have a thousand things
 To ask thee, where, where is my godlike friend?
 Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his face
 Before I'm cloister'd from the world for ever?

Leon. He come, my Lord, with all th' expecting joys
 Of a young promis'd lover: from his eyes
 Big hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms
 Nothing but Theodosius still before him:
 His thought, his ev'ry word, is Theodosius.

Theo. Yet Leontine, yet answer me once more;
 With remblings I demand thee.
 — hast thou seen, oh! has that heav'nly form
 appear'd to thee again?— Behold he's dumb:
 Proceed then to the solemn last farewell;
 I am to willing and prepar'd.

Enter VARANES, ARANTHES, and Attendants.

Var. Where is my friend? oh, where is my belov'd,
 My Theodosius! point him out ye gods!
 That I may press him dead betwixt my arms,
 Devour him thus with over-hasty joys
 That languish at his breast quite out of breath,
 And cannot utter more.

Theo. Thou mightiest pleasure,
 And greatest blessing that kind Heav'n could send
 To glad my parting soul, a thousand welcomes!
 Oh! when I look on thee new starts of glory
 Burst from my breast, and with a backward bound
 I fly to meet thy flustering youth again.
 Heav'n it joys me too when I remember
 Our pastimes, when we borrow'd names,
 Thou my dearest Theseus,
 In the woods we chas'd the foaming boar
 That open'd like Thessalian bulls,
 And fanded as the shore,
 The shafts that dash'd the morning dew;
 As if our court, as ships are tost in storms,
 Our winds, and matchless was our course!
 O'er the limit of a hill,

Now with a full career come thund'ring down
The precipice and sweat along the vale.

Theo. Oh glorious time! and when the thund'ring clouds
Have call'd us home, say, did we rest my brother?
When on the stage to the admiring court
We strove to represent Alcides' fury
In all that raging heat and pomp of madness
With which the stately Seneca adorn'd him,
So lively drawn, and painted with such horrow
That we were forc'd to give it o'er, so loud,
The virgins shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away.

Var. My Theodosius still; 'tis my lov'd brother!
And by the gods we'll see those times again!
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that report'd
Christian enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us;
That drawn by priests, and work'd by melancholy,
Thou hadst laid the golden reins of empire down
And sworn thyself a votary for ever?

Theo. 'Tis almost true; and had not you
The solemn bus'ness had by this been ended.
This I have made the Empress of the East
My elder sister: these with me retire,
Devoted to the pow'r whom we adore.

Var. What pow'r is that that merits such oblations?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious
Than any that e'er mingled with the gods,
Yet ev'n to him my father never offer'd
More than a hecatomb of bulls and horses.
Now by those golden beams that glad the world
I swear it is too much; for one of these
But half so bright our god would drive no more;
He'd leave the darken'd globe, and in some cave
Enjoy such charms for ever.

Attic. My Lord, forbear;
Such language does not suit with our duty.
Nothing profane must dare to murmur
Nor stain the hallow'd beauties of the place.
Yet thus far we must yield; the Emperor
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the world.

Var. Thus low, most Rev'rend of this
I bow for pardon, and am half converted.
By your permission that my Theodosius

Return to my embraces. Oh my brother!
 Why dost thou droop? there will be time enough
 For pray'r and fasting and religious vows;
 Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,
 All the magnificence of eastern courts.
 I hate to walk a lazy life away;
 Let's run the race which Fate has set before us,
 And post to the dark gaol.

Theo. "Cruel destiny!

"Why am not I thus too? Oh my Varanes!
 "Why are these costly dishes set before me?
 "Why do these sounds of pleasure strike my ears?
 "Why are these joys brought to my sick remembrance,
 "Who have no appetite, but am to sense
 From head to foot all a dead palsy o'er?

Pr. "Fear not my friend; all shall be well
 again; for I have thousand ways and thousand stories
 To raise thee up to pleasure. We'll unlock
 The sacred secrets, shed upon each other
 Our tend'rest cares, and quite unbar those doors
 Which shall be shut to all mankind beside."

Attic. Silence and rev'rence are the temple's dues,
 Therefore while we pursue the sacred rites
 Be these observ'd, or quit the awful place.
 "Imperial sisters, now twin-stars of heav'n,
 "Answer the successor of Chrysoptom,
 "Without least reservation answer me,
 "By those harmonious rules I charg'd ye learn."

ATTICUS sings.

Attic. Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,
 The world that is devotion's bane,
 Where crowns are tost and sceptres hur'd,
 Where Lust and proud Ambition reign?

Priest. "Can you your costly robes forbear
 To live with us in poor attire?
 Can you from courts to cells repair
 To sing at midnight in our choir?"

3. *Priest.* " Can you forget your golden bed,
 " Where you might sleep beyond the morn,
 " On mats to lay your royal heads
 " And have your beauteous tresses thorn

Attic. " Can you resolve to fast all day,
 " And weep and groan to be forgiv'n?
 " Can you in broken slumbers pray,
 " And by affliction merit heav'n?"

Chor. Say, Votaries, can this be done?
 While we the grace divine implore
 The world is lost, the battle's won,
 And sin shall never charm ye more.

MARINA sings.

The gate to bliss does open stand,
 And all my penance is in view;
 The world upon the other hand
 Cries out, Oh do not bid adieu!

" Yet, sacred Sir, in these extremes,
 " Where Pomp and Pride their glories tell,
 " Where Youth and Beauty are the themes,
 " And plead their moving cause so well,"

If aught that's vain my thoughts possess,
 Or any passions govern here
 But what divinity may bless,
 Oh, may I never enter there!

FLAVILLA sings.

" What can pomp or glory do,
 " Or what can human charms persuade?
 " That mind that has a heav'n in view
 " How can it be by earth betray'd?"

" No monarch full of youth and fame,
 " The joy of eyes and nature's pride,
 " Should once my thoughts from heav'n re-
 " Tho' now he woo'd me for his bride."

Haste then, oh haste! and take us in,
 For ever lock religion's door;
 Secure us from the charms of sin,
 And let us see the world no more.

ATTICUS *sings.*

Hark, hark! behold the heav'nly choir,
 They cleave the air in bright attire,
 And see how late each angel brings,
 And hark! divinely thus he sings:
 To the Pow'rs divine all glory be giv'n
 By men upon earth and angels in heav'n.

[*Scene shuts, and all the Priests, with Marina and Flavilla, disappear.*]

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!

Oh Theodosius! till this cruel moment
 I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
 But on this everlasting separation
 Methinks my soul has left me, and my time
 Of dissolution points me to the grave.

Theo. Oh my Varanes! does not now thy temper
 Something of its fire? dost thou not melt
 In this compassion of my sister's fate,
 And cool thyself with one relenting thought?

Var. Yes, my dar'd soul rolls inward; melancholy,
 Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me,
 And I begin to loathe all human greatness:
 Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard fate deplore,
 For 'tis resolv'd we will be kings no more:
 We'll fly all courts, and Love shall be our guide,
 Love, that's more worth than all the world beside.
 Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam;
 The fetter'd mind still languishes at home;
 In golden bands she treads the thoughtful round,
 Ensnar'd and cares eternally abound;
 And when for air the goddesses would unbind
 They are clos'd with sceptres and to crowns confin'd. [*Exc.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, *the palace.**Enter PULCHERIA, JULIA, and Attendants.*

PULCHERIA.

THESE packets for the Emperour Honorius:
Be swift, let th' agent haste to Rome——
I hear, my Julia, that our general
Is from the Goths return'd with conquest home.

Jul. He is; to-day I saw him in the presence
Sharp to the courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the wars:
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest Julia! Oft' I've told th'
The secret of my soul. If e'er I marry
Marcian's my husband: he's a man, my Julia,
Whom I've study'd long, and found him perfect;
Old Rome at ev'ry glance looks thro' his eyes
And kindles the beholders. Some sharp atoms
Run thro' his frame which I could wish were out:
He sickens at the softness of the Emp'our,
And speaks too freely of our female court,
Then sighs, comparing it with what Rome was.

Enter MARCIAN and LUCIUS.

Pulch. Ha! who are these that dare profane this place
With more than barb'rous insolence?

Mar. At your feet
Behold I cast the scourge of these offenders,
And kneel to kiss your hand.

Pulch. Put up your sword;
And ere I bid you welcome from the wars
Be sure you clear your honour of this rudeness.
Or, Marcian, leave the court.

Mar. Thus then, Madam:
The Emperour receiv'd me with affection,
Embrac'd me for my conquests, and retir'd;
When on a sudden all the gilded flies
That buzz about the court came flutt'ring round me:
This with affected cringes and minc'd words
Begs me to tell my tale of victories;

Which done he thanks me, slips behind his fellow,
 Whispers him in the ear, then smiles and listens
 While I relate my story once again :
 A third comes in and asks me the same favour,
 Whereon they laugh, while I, still ignorant,
 Go on; but one behind, more impudent,
 Strikes on my shoulder, then they laugh'd outright;
 But then I, guessing the abuse too late,
 Return'd my knight behind a box o' the ear,
 Then drew, and briefly told them they were rascals :
 They, laughing still, cry'd out the gen'ral's musty ;
 Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you saw.
 This is, in short, the truth ; I leave the judgment
 To your own justice : if I have done ill
 Penance me, and I'll leave the court for ever.

Pulch. First, you are welcome, Marcian, from the wars,
 And still whene'er occasion calls for arms
 Heav'n send the Emperour a general
 As known'd as Marcian ! As to what is past,
 I think the world will rather praise than censure
 Your valour when she pardons you the action.

Mar. Gods, gods ! and thou great founder of old Rome !
 What is become of all that mighty spirit
 That rais'd our empire to a pitch so high ?
 Where is it pent ? What but almighty pow'r
 Could thus confine it, that but some few atoms
 Now run thro' all the East and Occident ?

Pulch. Speak calmly Marcian—

Mar. Who can be temperate
 That thinks as I do Madam ! Why ? here's a fellow,
 I've seen him fight against a troop of Vandals
 In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed.
 Come to my arms my dear ! thou canst not talk,
 But hast a soul above the proudest of 'em.
 Oh Madam ! when he has been all over blood,
 And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to moutch his praises,
 I've seen him smile still as he push'd Death from him,
 And with his actions rally distant Fate.

Pulch. " He has a noble form."

Mar. Yet ev'n this man,
 That fought so bravely in his country's cause,

This excellent man, this morning, in the presence,
 Did I see wrong'd before the Emperour,
 Scorn'd and despis'd, because he could not cringe,
 Nor plant his feet as some of them could do.

"One said his clothes were not well made, and damn'd

"His tailor——another said he look'd

"As if he had not lost his maidenhead."

If things are suffer'd to be thus down all

Authority, preeminence, degree and virtue;

Let Rome be never mention'd; no, i' th' name

Of all the gods be she forgotten ever!

Effeminate Persians and the Lydian softness

Make all your fights: Marcian shall out no more,

For by my arms it makes a woman of me,

And my swol'n eyes run o'er, to think this worth,

This fuller honour than the whole court holds,

Should be ridiculous to knaves and fools,

"Should starve for want of what is necessary

"To life's convenience, when luxurious bawds

"Are so o'ergrown with fat and cramm'd with riot

"That they can hardly walk without an engine."

Pulch. Why did not you inform the Emperour?

Mar. Because he will not hear me. Alas! good man,

He flies from this bad world; and still when wars

And dangers come he runs to his devotions,

To your new thing, I know not what you call it,

Which Constantine began.

Pulch. How, Marcian! are not you

Of that religion which the Emp'rour owns?

Mar. No Madam. If you'll see my honest thought

I am not of their principle that take

A wrong; so far from bearing with a foe

I would strike first, like old Rome; "I would fort

"Elbow the neighb'ring nations round about,

"Invade, enlarge my empire to the bounds

"Of the too narrow universe. Yes, I own

"That I despise your holy innovations;

"I'm for the Roman gods, for funeral piles,

"For mounting Eagles, and the fancy'd greatness

"Of our forefathers." Methinks my heated spirit

Could utter things worth losing of my head.

Pulch. Speak freely Marcian, for I know thee honest.

Mar. Oh, Madam! long, long, may the Emp'rour live!
But I must say his gentle disposition
Suits not, alas! the oriental sway:

“ Bid him but look on Pharamond; oh Gods!

“ Awake him with the image of that spirit,

“ Which like a pyramid revers'd is grown

“ Ev'n from a point to the most dreadful greatness:

“ His very name already shakes the world,

“ And still in person heading his fierce squadrons,

“ Like the first Cæsar o'er the hardy Gauls,

“ He seems another thunderbolt of war.”

Pulch. I oft' have blam'd my brother most for this,
That to my hand he leaves the state affairs;
And how that sounds you know——

Mar. Forgive me, Madam!

“ Think that all the greatness of your sex,

“ Mine's Clelia, and the fam'd Semiramis,

“ With all the Amazonian valour too,”

“ Meet in Pulcheria: yet I say forgive me

“ With reluctance I behold a woman

“ Sit at the empire's helm and steer the world.

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd——

Mar. “ Mark but the growing French:

“ The most auspicious omen of their greatness

“ That I can guess is their late Salique Law,

“ Bless'd by their priests the Sali, and pronounc'd

“ To stand for ever, which excludes all women

“ From the imperial crown.” But oh! I speak

“ The least of all those infinite grievances

“ Which strike the subjects murmur. In the army

“ Not proceeded still like Hannibal,

“ I kill'd ev'ry mutineer with death,

“ I kill'd me thro' and thro' the soul

“ Of the wretches' doom, because I knew

“ Justice they complain'd; for hard they fought,

“ With their blood earn'd that forbidden bread

“ To some at court, and great ones, tho' unnam'd,

“ To their hounds, while the poor soldiers starv'd——

“ Your pity too, in mournful fellowship,

“ And might sooth their murmurs.

“ I did;

“ I might put them once again in heart

I said 't was true the Emp'rour was to blame,
 Who dealt too coldly with his faithful servants,
 And paid their great arrears by second-hands:
 I promis'd too when we return'd to court
 Things should be mended—
 But how, oh Gods! forgive my blood the transport;
 To the eternal shame of female counsellors,
 And to the blast of Theodosius' name,
 Whom never warlike chronicle shall mention,
 "Oh, let me speak it with a Roman spirit!"
 We were receiv'd like undone prodigals,
 By curs'd ungrateful stewards, with cold looks,
 Who yet got all by those poor wretches' ruin,
 "Like malefactors at the hands of justice.
 "I blush, I almost weep, with burlesque rage;
 "If thus receiv'd how paid our long arrears?
 "Why, as intrusted misers pay the rights
 "Of helpless widows or the orphans' tears.
 "Oh soldier! for to thee, to thee I speak it,
 "Bawds for the drudgery of citizens' wives
 "Would better pay debilitated stallions."
 Madam, I've said perhaps too much; if so
 It matters not; for he who lies, like me,
 On the hard ground is sure to fall no further.

Pulch. I've giv'n you patient hearing, honest Marcian,
 And as far as I can see into your temper,
 "I speak my serious judgment in cold blood,
 "With strictest consultation on the matter,"
 I think this seeming plain and honest Marcian
 An exquisite and most notorious traitor.

Mar. Ha! traitor!

Pulch. Yes, a most notorious traitor.

Mar. "Your grandfather, whose frown could not
 "Would not have call'd me so—or if he had—"

Pulch. "You would have taken it"—

bus'ness.

Was't not enough, oh Heav'n thou know'st
 At first to own' yourself an infidel,
 A bold contemner, ev'n to blasphemy,
 Of that religion which we all profess,
 For which your heart's best blood can ne'er
 But you must dare with a feditious army

Thus to conspire against the Emperour?
 I mention not your impudence to me,
 Taxing the folly of my government
 Ev'n to my face, such an irreverence
 As sure no barb'rous Vandal would have urg'd;
 Besides your libelling all the court, as if
 You had engross'd the whole world's honesty,
 And flatt'ers, fools, and sycophants, and knaves,
 Such was your language, did inhabit there.

Mar. You wrest my honest meaning, by the gods
 You do; "and if you thus go on I feel
 "My struggling spirit will no longer bear it."

Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational men
 Should still be gather'd out of their discourse;
 Nor are you so imprudent without thinking
 To vent such words, tho' now you fain would hide it.
 Y'are hind the guilt and balk the accusation.

But think not you shall scape so easily:
 On'te more I do confront you as a traitor;
 And as I am intrusted with full pow'r,
 Divest you in the name of Theodosius
 Of all your offices, commissions, honours,
 Command you leave the court within three days,
 Loyal plain-dealing honest Marcian.

Mar. Gods! gods!

Pulch. "What now? Ha! does the traitor murmur?
 "If in three days—mark me—'t is I that doom thee—
 "Rash inconsiderate man, a wretch beneath
 "The torments I could execute upon thee,"
 If after three days' space thou'rt found in court
 Thou dy'st; thy head, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
 "Now rage, now rail, and curse the court,
 "Scarcely dare t' abuse the best of princes,
 "And let thy lawless tongue lash all it can;
 Do, like a madman rave, deplore thy fortune
 "While pages laugh at thee." Then haste to th' army,
 Grow popular, and lead the multitude;
 Preach up thy wrongs, and drive the giddy beast
 To kick at Casar. Nay, if thou weep'st I'm gone.
 Oh Julia! if I stay I shall weep too.
 Yet t'is but just that I the heart should see
 Of him who once must lord it over me.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.*

Luc. Why do you droop Sir?—Come, no more o' this;
You are and shall be still our general.
Say but the word I'll fill the Hippodrome
With squadrons that shall make the Emp'rour tremble;
We'll fire the court about his ears.
Methinks, like Junius Brutus, I have watch'd
An opportunity, and now it comes.
Few words and I are friends; but, noble Marcian!
If yet thou art not more than general
Ere dead of night say Lucius is a coward.

Mar. I charge thee in the name of all the gods
Come back; I charge thee by the name of Friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no general.
But hush! within three days we must begone,
And then, my friend, farewell to ceremony;
We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,
And when night comes,
With bodies coarsely fill'd and vacant souls
Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think,
For if I think again I shall go mad:

Enter LEONTINE and ATHENAS.

Therefore no thought. But see, we're interrupted,
Oh court! oh Emperour!—yet let death threaten
I'll find a time; till then be still my soul—
“No gen'ral now; a member of thy country,
“But most corrupt, therefore to be cut off;
“Loyal plain-dealing honest Marcian.
“A slave, a traitor! Oh ye eternal Gods!”— [Exit.]

Leon. So Athenais, now our compliment
To the young Persian prince is at an end.
What then remains but that we take our leave
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

Athen. My Lord!

Leon. I say that decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with us.

Athen. Most true my Lord!

Leon. The court is now at peace,
The Emp'rour's sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd; what hinders you
But that we bid adieu to Prince Varanes?

Athen. Ah Sir! why will you break my heart?

Leon. I would not;

Thou art the only comfort of my age:
Like an old tree I stand amongst the storms;
Thou art the only limb that I have left me, [*She kneels.*
O my dear green branch! and how I prize thee, child,
Heav'n only knows. Why dost thou kneel and weep?

Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my fault, who first occasion'd it. •

Leon. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the prince.

Athen. You did; and oh! my Lord, I heard too much,
Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.

Leon. Rise Athenais; credit him who bears
More years than thou: Varanes has deceiv'd thee.

Athen. How do we differ then? You judge the prince
Impious and base, while I take Heav'n to witness
I think him the most virtuous of men;
Therefore take heed, my Lord, how you accuse him
Before you make the trial. Alas Varanes!
If thou art false there's no such thing on earth
As solid goodness or substantial honour.
A thousand times, my Lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire
That day I make him master of my heart.

Leon. That day he'll make thee mistress of his pow'r,
Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.

No, Athenais, let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth,
So I may say she's chaste and dy'd a virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded eyes
Scatter'd upon the throne of Isdigerdes,

The scorn of common tongues, the nobles' scorn,
The father's curse, that is, the prince's whore.

O, horrid supposition! how I detest it
That Heav'n, that sees my secret thoughts!

How long, my Lord, been taught by you
To prize the most just and severest virtue,

To see you die, to know no end of life,
To search and search discern the highest good?

How long, when the day beholds thee

With all the rais'd pride cast thee down,
To see thee, my Lord, the people's prey!"

How long, my Lord, to see you die, not to redeem

That aged head from the descending axe,
 Not tho' I saw thy trembling body rack'd,
 Thy wrinkles all about thee fill'd with blood,
 Would I for empire to the man I love
 Be made the object of unlawful picture.

Leon. Oh, greatly said, and by the blood which warm me
 Which runs as rich as any Athens holds,
 It would improve the virtue of the world
 If ev'ry day a thousand votaries
 And thousand virgins came from far to hear thee!

Athen. Look down ye Pow'rs, take notice we observe
 The rigid principles ye have infus'd;
 Yet oh, my noble father! to convince you,
 Since you will have it so, propose a marriage,
 Tho' with the thought I'm cover'd o'er with blushes:
 Not that I doubt the prince; that were to doubt
 The Heav'ns themselves. I know he is all truth:
 But modesty——

The virgin's troublesome and constant guest,
 That, that alone forbids——

Leon. I wish to Heaven
 There prove no greater bar to my relief.
 Behold the prince; I will retire awhile,
 And when occasion calls come to thy aid. [*Exit Leon.*]

Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.

Var. To fix her on the throne to me seems little;
 Were I a god yet would I raise her higher;
 This is the nature of thy prince: but oh!
 As to the world thy judgment soars above me,
 And I am dar'd with this gigantick honour;
 Glory forbids her prospect to a crown,
 Nor must she gaze that way: my haughty
 That day when she ascends the throne
 Will leave my body pale, and to the floor
 Retire in blushes, and quite lost for ever.

Aran. What do you purpose then?

Var. I know not what.

But see, she comes, the glory of my arms
 The only bus'ness of my instant thoughts
 My soul's best joy, and all my true repose
 I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,
 These strong impulses, which will shortly leave me
 Dead at thy feet——

Athen. What have you found, my Lord,
In me so harsh or cruel that you fear
To speak your griefs?

Var. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy hand seal my religious vow;
Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
Swept from the book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, oh Athenais!
To all the Persian greatness.

Athen. I believe you,
For I have heard you swear as much before.

Var. Hast thou? oh, why then did I swear again,
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion?

Athen. Oh, rise my Lord!——

Var. I will do ev'ry thing
Which Athenais bids: if there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love
Whisper it oh, some god, into my ear,
And on her breast thus to her list'ning soul
I'll breathe the inspiration. Will thou not speak?
What, but one sigh, no more! can that suffice
For all my vast expense of prodigal love?

“ Oh Athenais! what shall I say or do

“ To gain the thing I wish?

Athen. “ What's that my Lord?

Var. “ Thus to approach thee still, thus to behold

“ Yet there is more”—— [thee——

Athen. My Lord, I dare not hear you.

Var. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not know?

'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;

Yet as 't is ravishing 'tis full of honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you Sir; but oh! I tremble

To think if Iddigerdes should behold you,

Should hear you thus protesting to a maid

Of no degree but virtue in the world——

Var. No more of this, no more; for I disdain

All pomp when thou art by. Far be the noise

Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls

Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.

Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,

Without rememb'ring who our fathers were,

Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
 And in soft murmurs interchange our souls,
 Together drink the crystal of the stream,
 Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,
 And when the golden ev'ning calls us home
 Wing to our downy nest and sleep till morn.

Athen. Ah Prince! no more: forbear, forbear to charm
 Since I am doom'd to leave you Sir for ever. [me,

Var. Hold, Athenais—

Athen. I know your royal temper
 And that high honour reigns within your breast,
 Which would disdain to waste so many hours
 With one of humble blood compar'd to you
 Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love her;
 Therefore receive, oh Prince! and take it kindly,
 For none on earth but you could win it from me,
 Receive the gift of my eternal love;
 'Tis all I can bestow; for 'tis, it little,

For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine
 No charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd.

Var. Well have you made amends by this last comfort
 For the cold dart you shot at me before:

For this last goodness, oh my Athenais!
 (For now methinks I ought to call you mine)

I empty all my soul in thanks before you:
 Yet oh! one fear remains, like death it chills me,
 Why my relenting love did talk of parting!

Athen. Look there, and cease your wonder. I have
 T' obey my father, and he calls me hence— [sworn]

Enter LEONTINE.

Var. Ha, Leontine! by which of all my actions
 Have I so deeply injur'd thee to merit
 The smartest wound revenge could form to end me?

Leon. Answer me now, oh Prince! for virtue prompts
 And honesty will dally now no longer: [me,
 What can the end of all this passion be?
 Glory requires the strict account, and asks
 What you intend at last to Athenais?

Var. How, Leontine!

Leon. You saw her, Sir, at Athens, said you lov'd her:
 I charg'd her humbly to receive the honour,
 And hear your passion. Has she not, Sir, obey'd me?

Var. She has, I thank the gods; but whither wouldst

Leon. Having resolv'd to visit Theodosius [thou?
You swore you would not go without my daughter,
Whereon I gave command that she should follow.

Var. Yes, Leontine, my old remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all philosophers, you did.

Leon. 'Tis long she has attended: you have seen her,
Sounded her virtues and her imperfections;
Therefore, dread Sir! forgive this bolder charge
Which honour founds, and now let me demand you—

Var. Now help, Aranches, or I'm dash'd for ever.

Arach. Whatever happens, Sir, disdain the marriage.

Leon. Can your high thoughts so far forget themselves
T' admit this humble virgin for your bride?

Var. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, gods! and stammers at the question!

Leon. Why do you walk and chafe yourself my Lord?
The bus'ness is not much.

Var. How, Leontine!

Not much! I know that she deserves a crown;
Yet 'tis to reason much, tho' not to love:
And sure the world would blush to see the daughter
Of a philosopher upon the throne of Cyrus.

Athen. Undone for ever.

Leon. Is this your answer Sir?

Var. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very brink of glory? where, alas!
I look and tremble at the vast descent;
Yet ev'n there to the vast bottom down
My rash advent'rer Love would have me leap,
And grasp my Athenais with my ruin.

Leon. 'Tis well my Lord——

Var. Why dost thou then provoke me?

I thought that Persia's court had store of honour:
To satisfy the height of thy ambition.
Besides, old man, my Love is too well grown
To want a tutor for his good behaviour:
What he will do he of himself will do,
And not be taught by you——

Leon. I know he will not;

Fond tears away! I know, I know he will not;

But he would buy with his old man's preferment
My daughter's shame.

Var. Away, I say! my soul disdains the motion.

Leon. The motion of a marriage; yes, I see it:
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it;
I found it at the first. I thank you, Sir,
You have at last rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, for his fees:
Yet let me tell you Sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.

Var. I think that age and deep philosophy
Have crack'd thy brain. Farewell, old Leontine;
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd asleep I'll meet my Athenais,
And clear th' account of love which thou hast blotted.

Leon. Old Leontine! Perhaps I'm mad indeed.
But hold, my heart; and let that solid virtue
Which I so long ador'd still keep the reins.
Oh Athenais! but I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our actions; and methinks,
At least a father judges so, it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy easiness:
There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief which flames all clam'rous sorrow.

Athen. "Alas! my breast is full of death; methinks
"I fear ev'n you——"

Leon. "Why shouldst thou fear thy father?"

Athen. "Because you have the figure of a man!"
Is there, oh speak! a possibility
To be forgiv'n?"

Leon. Thy father does forgive thee,
And honour will; but on this hard condition,
Never to see him more——

Athen. See him! oh Heav'n's!

Leon. Unless it be, my daughter, to upbraid him;
Not tho' he should repent and straight return,
Nay, proffer thee his crown——No more of that.
Honour too cries revenge, revenge thy wrongs,
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd father;

For 'tis revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the world shall praise——

Athen. Oh, give me leave,

For yet I am all tenderness: the woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward, woman,
Daree not look forth, but runs about my breast,
And visses ~~at~~ the warmer manions there,
Where she so oft' has harbour'd false Varanes!
Cruel Varanes! false for worn Varanes!

Leon. Is this forgetting him? is this the course
Which honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah Sir, allow

A little time for Love to make his way:
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand oaths, it cost him:
And oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole floods of grief at his farewell,
Which thus I sacrifice: and oh! I swear
Had he pray'd true I would as easily
Have empty'd all my blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these drops or vent these sighs
To shew how well how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leon. No woman sure but thou, so low in fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have griev'd because a prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in aftertimes
That there was ever such a maid in being:
Yet do I still advise preserve thy virtue;
And since he does disdain thee for his bride
Scorn thou to be——

Athen. Hold, Sir; oh, hold, forbear,
For my nice soul abhors the very sound;
Yet with the shame of that and the desire
Of an immortal name I am inspir'd:
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me;
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.

Leon. Oh Athenais! on; 'tis bright before thee;
Pursue the track, and thou shalt be a star.

Athen. Oh Leontine! I swear, my noble father,

That I will starve ere once forego my virtue:
 And thus let's join to contradict the world,
 That empire could not tempt a poor old man
 To sell his prince the honour of his daughter,
 And she too match'd the spirit of her father;
 Tho' humbly born and yet more humbly bred
 She for her fame refus'd a royal bed:
 Who tho' she lov'd yet did put off the hour,
 Nor could her virtue be betray'd by pow'r.
 Patterns like these will guilty courts improve,
 And teach the fair to blush at conscious love:
 "Then let all maids for honour come in view,
 "If any maid can more for glory do."

ACT III.

Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.

VARANES.

COME to my arms, my faithful dear Arantes,
 Soft counsellor, companion of my youth!
 If I had longer been alone most true
 With the distraction that surrounds my heart
 My hand would have rebell'd against his master
 And done a murder here.

Aran. "The gods forbid!"

Var. "I swear I press thee with as hearty joy
 "As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man
 "When from a dream of death she wak'd, and found
 "Her lover safe and sleeping by her side."

Aran. The cause my Lord?

Var. Early thou know'st last night I went to rest;
 But long, my friend, ere slumber clos'd my eyes,
 Long was the combat fought 'twixt love and glory;
 The fever of my passion burnt me up;
 My pangs grew stronger, and my rack was doubled;
 "My bed was all afloat with the cold drops
 "That mortal pain wrang from my lab'ring limbs
 "My groans more deep than others' dying gasps;"
 Therefore I charge thee haste to her apartment;

" I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all
 " My fears can urge or fondness can invent ;
 " Tell her how I repent ; say any thing,
 " For any thing I'll do to quench my fires :"
 Say I will marry her now on the instant ;
 Say all that I would say, yet in the end
 My love shall make me more than gods can utter.

Aran. My Lord, both Leontine and she are gone
 From their apartment—

Var. Ha! gone, say'st thou! whither?

Aran. That was my sole employment all this day ;
 But Sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
 No track behind for care to find 'em out ;
 Nor is it possible—

Var. It is, it shall.

I'll struggle with impossibilities
 To find my Athenais not the wall
 Of Athens nor of Thebes that hide her from me :
 I'll bring the force of all my father's arms
 And lay 'em waste but I'll redeem my love.
 Oh Leontine! morose old Leontine!
 Thou mere philosopher! oh, cruel sage!
 Who for one hasty word, one char'rick doubt,
 'Hast turn'd the scale, tho' in the sacred balance
 My life, my glory, and my empire, hung!

Aran. Most sure, my Lord, they are retir'd to Athens.

I will send post to-night—

Var. No, no, Arantes ;

Prepare my chariots, for I'll go in person.
 I swear till now, till I began to fear
 Some other might enjoy my Athenais,
 I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.
 Be silent's away ; I'll to the Emperour,
 Thou to the hasty management of my bus'ness.
 " Prepare ; to-day I'll go, to-day I'll find her :
 " No more ; I'll take my leave of Theodosius,
 " And meet thee on the Hippodrome. Away ;"
 Let the wild hurry of the master's love
 Make quick thy apprehension : haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, PULCHERIA, ATTICUS, LEONTINE; *Votaries leading* ATHENAIIS *in procession, after her baptism, to be confirmed.*

ATTICUS *sings.*

“ Oh Chrysofom! look down and see
 “ An off’ring worthy Heav’n and thee;
 “ So rich the victim, bright and fair,
 “ That she on earth appears a star:
Chor. “ Eudofia is the virgin’s name,
 “ And oftentimes shall sing her fame.

ATTICUS *sings.*

“ Lead her, *Votaries*, lead her in,
 “ Her holy birth does now begin.
1st Votary. “ In humble weeds but clean array
 “ Your hours shall sweetly pass away,
 “ And when the rites divine are past
 “ To pleasant gardens you shall haste.
2^d Votary. “ Where many a flow’ry bed we have,
 “ That emblem still to each a grave;
 “ And when within the stream we look
 “ With tears we use to swell the brook;
 “ But oh! when in the liquid glass
 “ Our heav’n appears, we sigh to pass.
Chor. “ For heav’n alone we are design’d,
 “ And all things bring our heav’n to mind.”

Athen. Oh Princess! oh! most worthy of the world,
 That is submitted by its Emperour [*Kneels.*
 To your most wise and providential sway!
 What Greek or Roman eloquence can paint
 The rapture and devotion of my soul!
 I am adopted your’s; you are my goddess,
 That have new-form’d, new-moulded, my conceptions,
 “ And by the platform of a work divine
 “ New-fram’d, new-built, me to your own desires,
 “ Thrown all the lumber of my passions out,
 “ And made my heart a mansion of perfection!
 “ Clean as an anchorite’s grot or votarist’s cell,
 “ And spotless as the glories of his steps
 “ Whom we far oft’ adore.

Pulch. Rise Eudofia,
 And let me fold my Christian in my arms:
 With this dear pledge of an eternal love

I seal thee, oh Eudofia! mine for ever:
 Accept, best charge, the vows of my affection,
 For by the sacred friendship that I give thee
 I think that Heav'n by miracle did send thee
 To ease my cares, to help me in my counsels,
 To be my sister, partner in my bed,
 And equally thro' my whole course of life
 To be the better part of thy Pulcheria,
 And share my griefs and joys.

Athen. No, Madam,

Excuse the cares that business must bring you:
 "Oh! rather let me leave the world for ever;"
 Or if I must partake your royal secrets,
 "If you resolve to lead me with such honour,"
 Let it be far from cities, far from courts,
 Where I may fly all human conversation,
 Where I may never see, nor hear, a name,
 Nor think, nor dream, oh Heav'n, if possible,
 Of mankind more.

Pulch. "What now! in tears Eudofia!

Athen. "Far from the guilt of palaces, oh, send me!
 "Drive me, oh, drive me from the traitor man!
 "So I might scape that monster, me dwell
 "In lions' haunts or in some ogre's den;
 "Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,
 "That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean;
 "Bury me in the hollow of my womb,
 "Where starving on my cold and flinty bed
 "I may from far, with giddy apprehension,
 "See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;
 "Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,
 "Can there be found so terrible a ruin
 "As man, false man, smiling, destructive man!"

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd Eudofia. Oh, my sister
 Still nearer to my heart, so much the dearer,
 Because our fates are like, and hand in hand
 Our Fortunes lead us thro' the maze of life:
 I'm glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with danger,
 Since thou hast scap'd the ruin—"Methinks it lightens
 The weight of my calamities that thou
 (All things else so perfect and divine)
 Art yet akin to my infirmity,

“ And bear’st thy part in love’s melodious ill,
 “ Love, that like bane perfum’d infects the mind,
 “ That sad delight that charms all womankind.”

Athen. Yes, Madam, I confess that Love has charm’d me,
 But never shall again: “ no, I renounce him.
 “ Inspire me all the wrongs of abus’d woman;
 “ All you that have been cozen’d by false men
 “ See what a strict example I will make;
 “ But for the perjuries of one I will revenge ye
 “ For all that’s past, that’s present, and to come.

Pulch. “ Oh, thou far more than the most masculine virtue.
 “ Where, our Astrea, where, oh drowning brightness!
 “ Where hast thou been so long? Let me again
 “ Protest my admiration and my love;
 “ Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
 “ While such clear virtue shines within our circle,
 “ Vice shall no more appear within the palace,
 “ But hide her dazzl’d eyes, and this be call’d
 “ The holy court. But” lo! the Emp’rour comes:
 Beauty like thine may drive that far away
 That has so long entranc’d his soul——My Lord——

Enter THEODOSIUS and Attendants.

Theo. If yet, alas! I might but hope to see her;
 But oh! forgive me Heav’n, his wilder start
 That thus would reach impossibility:
 No, no, I never must behold her more;
 As well my Atticus might raise the dead
 As Leontine should charm that form in view.

Pulch. My Lord, I come to give your grief a cure,
 With purer flames to draw that cruel fire
 That tortur’d you so long——Behold this virgin——
 The daughter of your tutor Leontine.

Theo. Ah!

Pulch. “ She is your sister’s charge, and made a Christian,
 “ And Athenais is Eudofia now:
 “ Be sure a fairer never grac’d religion,
 “ And for her virtue she transcends example.”

Theo. Oh, all you blest above! how can this be?
 Am I awake? or is this possible? [*Athen. kneels.*]

Pulch. She kneels my Lord; will not you go and raise her?

Theo. Nay, do thou raise her, for I'm rooted here;
 Yet if laborious love and melancholy
 Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
 It must be she, that naked dazzling sweetness!
 The very figure of that morning-star
 That, dropping pearls and shedding dewy beams,
 Fled from the greedy waves when I approach'd.
 Answer me *Leontine*; am I distracted,
 Or is this true?—"By thee in all encounters
 "I will be rul'd, in temperance and wildness;
 "When reason clashes with extravagance.
 "But speak"—

Leon. 'Tis true, my Lord; this is my daughter,
 Whom I conceal'd in Persia from all eyes
 But your's, when chance directed you that way.

Theo. He says 't is true: why then, this heartless carriage,
 This lazy spirit?

"Oh, were I proof against the darts of love,
 "And cold to beauty as the marble lover
 "That lies without a thought upon his tomb,
 "Would not this glorious dawn of life run thro' me
 "And waken death itself!" Why am I slow then?
 What hinders now but that in spite of rules
 I burst thro' all the bands of death that hold me,

[*He kneels.*

And fly with such a haste to that appearance
 As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons?

Athen. The Emp'rour at my feet! Oh Sir! forgive me,
 Drown me not thus with everlasting shame:
 Both heav'n and earth must blush at such a view,
 Nor can I bear it longer—

Leon. My Lord, she is unworthy—

Theo. Ha! what say'st thou *Leontine*?
 "Unworthy! oh, thou atheist to perfection!
 "All that the blooming earth cou'd send forth fair,
 "All that the gaudy heav'ns cou'd drop down glorious!"
 Unworthy, say'st thou! Wert thou not her father
 I swear I would revenge—But haste and tell me,
 For love like mine will bear no second thought.
 All the honours of the orient,
 Thus sacrific'd with the most pure affection,
 With spotless thoughts and languishing desires,

Obtain, oh Leontine! the crown at last?
To thee I speak, thy daughter to my bride?

Leon. My Lord, the honour bears such estimation
It calls the blood into my aged cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my daughter with confusion,
Who with her body prostrate on the earth
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd glory.

Theo. Let me embrace and thank thee, oh kind Heav'n!
Oh Atticus! Pulcheria! oh my father!

Was ever change like mine? Run thro' the streets;
"Who waits there?" Run, and loud as Fame can speak
With trumpet sounds proclaim your Emp'ror's joy:

"And as of old, on the great festival
"Of her they call the Mother of the Gods,
"Let all work cease, at least an oaken garland
"Crown each plebeian head; let sprightly bowls
"Be dol'd about, and the toss'd cymbals found;
"Tell 'em their much lamented Theodosius
"By miracle is brought from death to life;
"His melancholy's gone, and now once more
"He shall appear at the state's helm again;
"Nor fear a wreck while this bright star directs us,
"For while she shines no sands no cowering rocks
"Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my way
"Secure as Neptune thro' the highest stream,
"And to the port in safety steer the world."

Athen. Alas! my Lord, consider my extraction,
With all my other wants—

Theo. Peace, Empress, peace!
No more the daughter of old Leontine,
A Christian now, and partner of the east.

Athen. My father has dispos'd me, you command me;
What can I answer then but my obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear Pulcheria! and oh, tell her
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy.
Oh, why so long should I my joys delay?

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Athen.*]

Time, imp thy wings, let not thy minutes stay
But to a moment change the tedious day:
"The day! 'twill be an age before to-morrow
"An age, a death, a vast eternity,
"Where we shall cold and past enjoyment lie."

Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.

Var. Oh Theodosius!

Theo. Ha! my brother here!

Why dost thou come to make my bliss run o'er?

"What is there more to wish? Fortune can find

"No flaw in such a glut of happiness

"To let one misery in"—Oh, my Varanes!

Thou that of late didst seem to walk on clouds,

Now give a loose, let go the slacken'd reins,

Let us drive down the precipice of joy,

As if that all the winds of heav'n were for us.

Var. My Lord, I'm glad to find the gale is turn'd,

And give you joy of this auspicious fortune.

Plough on your way with all your streamers out;

With all your gl'rious flags and garlands ride

Triumphant on—and leave me to the waves,

The sands, the winds, the rocks, the sure destruction

And ready gulfs that gape to swallow me.

Theo. It was thy hand that drew me from the grave,

Who had been dead by this time to ambition,

To crowns, to titles, and my slighted greatness:

But still, as if each work of thine deserv'd

The smile of Heav'n—thy Theodosius met

With something dearer than his diadem,

With all that's worth a wish, that's worth a life;

I met with that which made me leave the world.

Var. And I, oh turn of chance! oh cursed fortune!

Have lost at once all that could make me happy.

"Oh ye too partial Pow'rs! but now no more:

"The gods, my dear my most lov'd Theodosius,

"Double all those joys that thou hast met upon thee!

"For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more

"Than Jove in all his prodigality

"Can e'er bestow his blessings on mankind."

And oh! methinks my soul is strangely mov'd,

Takes it the more unkindly of her stars

That thou and I cannot be blest together;

For I must leave thee friend! this night must leave thee,

To go in doubtful search of what perhaps

I e'er shall find, if so my cruel Fate

Has order'd it. Why then farewell for ever,

For I shall never never see thee more.

Theo. How sensible my tender soul is grown
 Of what you utter! Oh my gallant friend!
 Oh brother! oh Varanes! do not judge
 By what I speak, for sighs will interrupt me:
 Judge by my tears, judge by these strict embraces,
 And by my last resolve: tho' I have met
 With what in silence I so long ador'd;
 Tho' in the rapture of protesting joys
 I had set down to-morrow for my nuptials,
 "And Atticus to-night prepares the temple,"
 Yet my Varanes! I will rob my soul
 Of all her health, of my imperial bride,
 And wander with thee in the search of that
 On which thy life depends——

Var. If this I suffer
 Conclude me then begotten of a hind,
 And bred in wilds: no Theodosius, no;
 I charge thee by our friendship, and conjure thee
 By all the gods, to mention this no more.
 Perhaps, dear friend! I shall be sooner here
 Than you expect or I myself imagine:
 What most I grieve is that I cannot wait
 To see your nuptials; yet my soul is with you,
 And all my adorations to your bride.

Theo. What, my Varanes! will you be so cruel
 As not to see my bride before you go?
 Or are you angry at your rival's charms,
 Who has already ravish'd half my heart,
 That once was all your own?

Var. You know I am disorder'd;
 My melancholy will not suit her blest condition.

[*Exit Theo.*]
 And the gods know since thou, my Athenais,
 Art fled from these sick eyes all other women
 To my pall'd soul seem like the ghost of Beauty,
 And haunt my mem'ry with the loss of thee.

Enter ATHENAIUS, THEODOSIUS *leading her.*

Theo. Behold, my Lord, th' occasion of my joy.

Var. Oh ye immortal gods! Arantes! oh!
 Look there, and wonder. Ha! is't possible?

Athen. My Lord, the Emp'rour says you are his friend.
 He charges me to use my interest,

And beg of you to stay at least so long
As our espousals will be solemnizing:
I told him I was honour'd once to know you,
But that so slightly as I could not warrant
The grant of any thing that I should ask you—

Var. Oh heav'n and earth! oh Athenais! why,
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the world
Thou know'st it should be thine—

Athen. I know not that—

But yet, to make sure work, one half of it
Is mine already Sir without your giving.
My Lord; the prince is obitinate; his glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak breath of woman;
He is all hero, bent for higher views,
Therefore 't is noble Sir to let him go:
If not for him my Lord, yet for myself

I must entreat the favour to retire. [*Exit Athen. &c.*]

Var. Death and despair! confusion! hell, and Furies!

Theo. "Heav'n guard thy health, and still preserve
thy virtue,"

What should this mean? I fear the consequence,
For 't is too plain they know each other well.

Var. Undone Arantes! lost, undone for ever!
I see my doom, I read it with broad eyes,
As plain as if I saw the book of Fate:
Yet I will muster all my spirits up,
Digest my grief, swallow the rising passions;
Yes, I will stand the shock of all the gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my life.

Theo. You muse my Lord; and if you'll give me leave
To judge your thoughts they seem employ'd at present
About my bride—"I guess you know her too."

Var. His bride! oh gods! give me a moment's patience.
I must confess the sight of Athenais,
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd, and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder:
But what exceeds all admiration is,
That you should talk of making her your bride;
'T is such a blind effect of monstrous fortune,
That tho' I well remember you affirm'd it
I cannot yet believe—

Theo. Then now believe me:

By all the Pow'rs divine I will espouse her.

Var. Ha! I shall leap the bounds. Come, come, my Lord,

By all these pow'rs you nam'd I say you must not.

Theo. I say I will; and who shall bar my pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the judgment of my soul,
Weigh but with fortune merit in the balance,
And Athena loses by the marriage.

Var. Relentless Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!
Oh, for what crime do you thus rack your creature?
Sir, I must tell you this unkingly meanness
Suits the profession of an anchorite well,
But in an oriental emperor
It gives offence; nor can you without scandal,
Without the notion of a growling spirit,
Espouse the daughter of old Leontine,
Whose utmost glory is to've been my tutor.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant height
Of full perfection and imperial greatness,
That ev'n for this respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Var. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little freedom;
For I must boldly urge in such a cause
Whoever flatters you, tho' ne'er so near
Related to your blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If friendship would admit a cold suspicion,
After what I have heard and seen to-day,
Of all mankind I should suspect Varanes.

Var. He has stung me to the heart; my groans will
choke me

Unless my struggling passion gets a vent.
Out with it then—I can no more dissemble—
Yes, yes, my Lord! since you reduce me to
The last necessity I must confess it;
I must avow my flame for Athenais:
I am all fire, my passion eats me up,
It grows incorporate with my flesh and blood:
My pangs redouble; now they cleave my heart!
Oh Athenais! oh Eudofia!—Oh!—

"Tho' plain as day I see my own destruction

"Yet to my death, and oh, let all the gods

"Bear witness! still I swear I will adore thee!"

Theo. Alas, Varanes! which of us two the heav'ns
 Have mark'd for death is yet above the stars;
 But while we live let us preserve our friendship
 Sacred and just, as we have ever done.
 This only mean in two such hard extremes
 Remains for both: to-morrow you shall see her
 With all advantage in her own apartment;
 Take your own time; say all you can to gain her;
 If you can win her lead her into Persia;
 If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Var. Still worse and worse! Oh Theodosius! oh,
 I cannot speak for sighs; my death is seal'd
 By his last sweetness: had you been less good
 I might have hop'd; but now my doom's at hand.
 Go then and take her, take her to the temple;
 The gods too give you joy! Oh Athenais!
 Why does thy image mock my foolish sorrow?
 Oh Theodosius! do not see my tears:
 Away and leave me; leave me to the grave.

Theo. Farewell; let's leave the issue to the heav'ns;
 I will prepare your way with all that honour
 Can urge in your behalf, tho' to my ruin. [*Ex. Theo.*]

Var. Oh, I could tear my limbs and eat my flesh!
 Fool that I was, fond, proud, vainglorious, fool!
 Damn'd be all courts, and trebly damn'd ambition!
 Blasted be thy remembrance! curses on thee!
 And plagues on plagues fall on those fools that seek thee!

Aran. Have comfort Sir——

Var. Away and leave me villain!
 Traitor, who wrought me first to my destruction!——
 Yet stay and help, help me to curse my pride,
 Help me to wish that I had ne'er been royal,
 That I had never heard the name of Cyrus,
 "That my first brawl in court had been my last."
 Oh that I had been born some happy swain,
 And never known a life so great so vain!
 Where I extremes might not be forc'd to chuse,
 And blest with some mean wife no crown could lose,
 Where the dear partner of my little state,
 With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
 Blessing my labours might my coming wait;

Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
And not in curfed courfe for glory die—

[*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

I.

“ Hail to the myrtle shade,
“ All hail to the nymphs of the fields;
“ Kings would not here invade
“ Thofe pleasures that virtue yields.

Chor. “ Beauty here opens her arms
“ To foften the languifhing mind,
“ And Phillis unlocks her charms :
“ Ah Phillis! ah! why fo kind?

II.

“ Phillis, thou foul of love,
“ Thou joy of the neigh'ring fwains;
“ Phillis that crowns the grove,
“ And Phillis that gilds the plains;

Chor. “ Phillis, that ne'er had the skill
“ To paint and to patch and be fine;
“ Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,
“ Whom Nature had made divine;

III.

“ Phillis, whose charming fong
“ Makes labour and pain a delight;
“ Phillis, that makes the day young,
“ And fhortens the livelong night;

Chor. “ Phillis, whose lips like May
“ Still laughs at the sweets that they bring,
“ Where love never knows decay,
“ But fets with eternal fpring.”

ACT IV.

Enter MARCIAN and LUCIUS at a distance.

MARCIAN.

THE gen'ral of the Oriental armies
 Was a commission large as Fate could give:
 'Tis gone. "Why, what care I? Oh Fortune! Fortune!
 "Thou laughing empress of this busy world,
 "Marcian defies thee now"——
 Why what a thing is a discarded favourite!
 "He who but now, tho' long ag to retire,
 "Cou'd not for busy waiters be alone,
 "Throng'd in his chamber, haunted to his closet
 "With a full crowd and an eternal court!"
 When once the favour of his prince is turn'd
 Shunn'd as a ghost the clouded man appears,
 And all the gaudy worshippers forsake him,
 "So fares it now with me; where'er I come,
 "As if I were another Catiline,
 "The courtiers fly, and no man will sit near me:
 "As if the plague were on me all men fly me."
 Oh Lucius! Lucius! if thou leav'st me too
 I think, I think, I could not bear it,
 But like a slave my spirit, broke with suff'ring,
 Should on these coward knees fall down, and beg
 Once to be great again——

Luc. Forbid it Heav'n!

That e'er the noble Marcian condescend
 To ask of any but th' immortal gods!
 Nay, I vow if yet your spirit dare
 Spite of the court you shall be great as Cæsar.

Mar. "No, Lucius, no; the gods repel that humour.
 "Yet since we are alone, and must ere long
 Leave this bad court, let us like veterans
 Speak out—Thou say'st, alas! as great as Cæsar;
 But where's his greatness? where is his ambition?
 "If any sparks of virtue yet remain
 In this poor figure of the Roman glory,
 I say if any be, how dim they shine
 Compar'd with what his great forefathers were!

" How should he lighten then or awe the world
 " Whose soul in courts is but a lambent fire?
 " And scarce, oh Rome! a glowworm in the field,
 " Soft, young, religious, godlike qualities,
 " For one that should recover the lost empire,
 " And wade thro' seas of blood and walk o'er mountains
 " Of slaughter'd bodies to immortal honour."

Luc. Poor heart! he pin'd a while ago for love—

Mar. And for his mistress vow'd to leave the world;
 But some new chance it seems has chang'd his mind.
 A marriage! but to whom, or whence she came,
 None knows; but yet a marriage is proclaim'd,
 Pageants prepar'd, the arches are adorn'd,
 " The statues crown'd, the Hippodrome does groan
 " Beneath the burden of the mounted warriors:"
 The theatre is open'd too, where he
 And the hot Persian mean to act their follies.
 Gods! gods! is this the image of our Cæsars?
 Is this the model of our Romulus?

Oh why so poorly have you stamp'd Rome's glory!
 " Not Rome's but your's—Is this man fit to bear it,
 " This waxen portraiture of Majesty,
 " Which ev'ry warmer passion does melt down,
 " And makes him fonder than a woman's longing?"

Luc. Thus much I know to the eternal shame
 Of the imperial blood; this upstart empress,
 This fine new queen, is sprung from abject parents,
 Nay, basely born: but that's all one to him;
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Mar. Shall I not speak, shall I not tell him of it?
 I feel this big-swol'n throbbing Roman spirit
 Will burst unless I utter what I ought.

Enter PULCHERIA with a paper in her hand, and JULIA.

Mar. Pulcheria here! why she's the scourge of Marcian;
 I tremble too whenever she approaches,
 " And my heart dances an unusual measure:
 " Spite of myself I blush, and cannot stir
 " While she is here"—What, Lucius, can this mean?
 " 'Tis said Calphurnia had the heart of Cæsar,
 " Augustus doted on the subtle Livia,
 " Why then should not I worship that fair angel?
 " Oh! didst thou mark her when her fury lighten'd?

"She seem'd all goddess, nay, her frowns became her:

"There was a beauty in her very wildness.

"Were I a man born great as our first founder,

"Sprung from the blood divine—but I am cast

"Beyond all possibility of hope."

Pulch. Come hither Marcian, read this paper o'er,

And mark the strange neglect of Theodosius:

He signs whate'er I bring; perhaps you've heard

To-morrow he intends to wed a maid of Athens,

New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd Eudisia,

Whom he more dearly prizes than his empire,

Yet in this paper he hath set his hand,

And seal'd it too with the imperial signet,

That she shall lose her head to-morrow morning.

Mar. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a murder

On his own person than permit a vein

Of her to bleed; yet, Marcian, what might follow

If I were envious of this virgin's honour

By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer—

Without a view—Ha! but I had forgot:

Julia, let's haste from this infectious person—

I had forgot that Marcian was a traitor:

"Yet by the Pow'rs divine I swear 't is pity

"That one so form'd by nature for all honour,

"All titles, greatness, dignities imperial,

"The noblest person, and the bravest courage,

"Should not be honest. Julia, is 't not pity!"

Oh Marcian! Marcian! I could weep to think

Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.

Repent, rash man! if yet 't is not too late,

And mend thy errours; so farewell for ever.

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.*]

Mar. Farewell for ever! no Madam, ere I go

I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me;

When if you please take off this traitor's head:

And my commission and my life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll doubt of what I'm going to say;

But by your life my Lord I think 't is true;

Therisia loves this traitor! "Did you mark her?"

"At first she had forgot your banishment;

"Makes you her counsellor, and tells her secrets

" As to a friend; nay, leaves them in your hand,
 " And says 't is pity that you are not honest,
 " With such description of your gallantry .
 " As none but Love could make; then taking leave,
 " Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes
 " Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,
 " Still looking back, as if she had a mind
 " That you should know she left her heart behind her."

Mar. Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I,
 Nor can the wit of all mankind conceive her.
 But let's away. This paper is of use.

Luc. I guess your purpose:
 He is a boy, and as a boy you'll use him:
 There is no other way.

Mar. Yes, if he be not
 Quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to honour,
 Marcian with this shall rouse him. Oh my Lucius!
 Methinks the ghosts of the great Theodosius
 And thund'ring Constantine appear before me;
 They charge me as a soldier to chastise him,
 To lash him with keen words from lazy love,
 And shew him how they trod the paths of honour. [*Exit.*

SCENE, THEODOSIUS lying on a couch, with two boys dressed
 like Cupids singing to him as he sleeps.

SONG.

" Happy day! ah, happy day!
 " That Cæsar's beams did first display;
 " So peaceful was the happy day
 " The gods themselves did all look down
 " The royal infant's birth to crown,
 " So pleas'd they scarce did on the guilty frown.
 " Happy day! ah, happy day!
 " And oh, thrice happy hour!
 " That made such goodness master of such pow'r;
 " For thus the gods declare to men
 " No day like this shall ever come again."

Enter MARCIAN with an order.

Theo. "Ha! what rash thing art thou who sett'st so small

" A value on thy life thus to presume
 " Against the fatal orders I have giv'n,
 " Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
 " And urge me to thy ruin?"

Mar. "Mighty Cæsar!

" I have transgress'd, and for my pardon bow
 " To thee as to the gods when I offend;
 " Nor can I doubt your mercy when you know
 " The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
 " From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
 " Thou darling of mankind! whose conq'ring arms
 " Already drown the glory of great Julius,
 " Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
 " Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heav'n.
 " What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
 " When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face
 " With conquest thus to overturn the world,
 " And make barbarians tremble? Oh ye gods!
 " Should Destiny now end thee in thy bloom
 " Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
 " Of lov'd Germanicus, thy funerals,
 " Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.

Theo. "How, Marcian!

Mar. "Yes, the raging multitude,

" Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief,
 " Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
 " With wild despair they bring their infants out
 " To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:
 " Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopp'd;
 " With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
 " Pull down their altars, break their household gods,
 " And still the universal groan is this,
 " Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
 " Since he is gone that father of his country,
 " Since he is dead, oh life! where is thy pleasure?
 " Oh Rome! oh conquer'd world! where is thy glory?"

Theo. "I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners;

" Thou dost upbraid me; but no more of this,
 " Not for thy life——"

Mar. "What's life without my honour?"

" Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
 " Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
 " I would be heard in spite of all your thunder.
 " Oh pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
 " Which virtue brings; like foes your vices shake
 " Before this Roman healer: but by the gods
 " Before I go I'll rip the malady,
 " And let the venom flow before your eyes:
 " This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
 " The grandfather of your illustrious blood,
 " And then farewell for ever.

Theo. " Presuming Marcian!

" What canst thou urge agzinst my innocence?
 " Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
 " Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
 " One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

Mar. " This may be true; yet if you give the sway
 " To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
 " Your negligence to them is as the cause.
 " Oh Theodosius! credit me who know
 " The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings.
 " In aftertimes, if thus you should go on,
 " Your memory by warrours will be scorn'd,
 " As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
 " They will despise your sloth and backward ease
 " More than they hate the others' cruelty.
 " And what a thing, ye gods! is scorn or pity?
 " Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind,
 " Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
 " Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
 " And the world shun me, so I scape but scorn.

Theo. " Prithee no more.

Mar. " Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
 " And say thus cruel Nero once resolv'd
 " On Galba's insurrection for revenge,
 " To give all France as plunder to the arms,
 " To poison the whole senate at a feast,
 " To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
 " Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude,
 " That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire
 " He might at once destroy rebellious Rome.

Theo. " Oh cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?

" Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?

Mar. Yet some will say this shew'd he had a spirit,

" However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,

" That favour'd of a Roman: but for you,

" What can your partial sycophants invent

" To make you room among the Emperours,

" Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero,

" A petty player, one that can act a hero,

" And never be one? Oh ye immortal gods!

" Is this the old Cæsarian majesty?

" Now in the name of our great Romulus

" Why sing you not and fiddle too as he did,

" Why have you not like Nero a Phenacus,

" One to take care of your celestial voice?

" Lie on your back my Lord, and on your stomach

" Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits,

" And when the bus'ness of the stage is done

" Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets

" While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. " Leave me I say, lest I chastise thee:

" Hence, begone, I say——

Mar. " Not till you have heard me out——

" Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,

" As long and large as that to the Esquiline:

" Enclose a pool too in it like the sea,

" And at the empire's cost let navies meet;

" Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;

" Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,

" With pipes to cast ambrosial oils upon you;

" Consume with this prodigious vanity

" In mere perfumes and odorous distillations

" Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;

" Let naked virgins wait you at your table,

" And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings;

" No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers;

" So they perform the drudgery they are fit for

" Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,

" Drop as they go, and lie, like dogs, in ditches.

Theo. " Come, you are a traitor——

Mar. " Go to, you are a boy——

" Or by the gods——

- Theo.* " If arrogance like this,
 " And to the Emp'rour's face, should scape unpunish'd
 " I'll write myself a coward—Die then villain,
 " A death too glorious for so bad a man,
 " By Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*]

Mar. Now Sir, where are you?

- " What in the name of all our Roman spirits
 " Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
 " Has he not cut me off from all my honours,
 " Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
 " Banish'd the court, a vagabon'd for ever?
 " Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me,
 " Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
 " What hinders now but that I mount the throne
 " And make to that this purple youth my footstool?
 " The armies court me and my country's cause;
 " The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.
 " Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn
 " They'll make me Emp'rour whether I will or no.
 " Did not for less than this the latter Brutus,
 " Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
 " Against his friend a black conspiracy,
 " And stab the majesty of all the world?

Theo. " Act as you please, I am within your pow'r.

- Mar.* " Did not the former Brutus for the crime
 " Of Sextus drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
 " And shall this prince too, by permitting others
 " To act their wicked wills and lawless pleasures
 " Ravish from the empire its dear health,
 " Wellbeing, happiness, and ancient glory,
 " Go on in this dishonourable rest?
 " Shall he, I say, dream on while the starv'd troops
 " Lie cold and waking in the winter camp,
 " And like pin'd birds for want of sustenance
 " Feed on the haws and berries of the field?
 " Oh, temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
 " Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
 " Its constant loyalty—I would but shake him,
 " Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
 " And shew him what he should be.

Theo. " You accuse me

[*Aside*]

" As if I were some monster most unheard of,
 " First as the ruin of the army, then
 " Of taking your commission; but by Heav'n
 " I swear, oh Marcian! this I never did,
 " Nor e'er intended it: nor say I this
 " To alter thy stern usage; for with what
 " Thou'st said and done, and brought to my remembrance,
 " I grow already weary of my life.

Mar. " My Lord, I take your word—You do not know
 " The wounds which rage within your country's bowels,
 " The horrid usage of the suff'ring soldier:
 " But why will not our Theodosius know?
 " If you intrust the government to others
 " That act these crimes who but yourself's to blame?
 " Be witnesses ye gods! of my plain dealing,
 " Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
 " I thank you for my banishment; but alas!
 " My loss is little to what soon will follow:
 " Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
 " Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
 " 'Twas rumour'd thro' the city that you lov'd,
 " That your espousals should be solemniz'd,
 " When on a sudden here you send your orders
 " That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudofia,
 " Should lose her head.

Theo. " Oh heav'n and earth! what say'st thou?
 " That I have seal'd the death of my Eudofia?

Mar. " 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear
 " Tho' you have giv'n to female hands your sway,
 " And therefore I as well as the whole army
 " For ever ought to curse all womankind,
 " Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
 " And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd,
 " Without the walls appear'd before the army—

Theo. " What! on a scaffold? Ha! before the army?

Mar. " How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
 " To soft compassion and relenting tears! but when the axe
 " Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
 " From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
 " Which like a peal of distant thunder ran
 " Thro' all the armed host, you would have thought,
 " By the immediate darkness that fell round us,

“ Whole Nature was concern'd at such a fuff'ring,
 “ And all the gods were angry.

Theo. “ Oh Pulcheria!

“ Cruel ambitious fister, this muſt be
 “ Thy doing! Oh, ſupport me noble Marcian!
 “ Now, now's the time, if thou dar'ſt ſtrike: behold
 “ I offer thee my breaſt; with my laſt breath
 “ I'll thank thee too if now thou draw'ſt my blood.
 “ Were I to live thy counſel ſhould direct me;
 “ But 't is too late——

[*He ſwoons.*]

Mar. He faints! What, hoa there, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

“ My Lord the Emperour, Eudofia lives!
 “ She's here, or will be in a minute, moment;
 “ Quick as a thought ſhe calls you to the temple.
 “ Oh Lucius! help—— I've gone too far—But ſee,
 “ He breathes again—Eudofia has awak'd him.

Theo. “ Did you not name Eudofia?

Mar. “ Yes, ſhe lives; “

“ I did but feign the ſtory of her death
 “ To find how near you plac'd her to your heart;
 “ And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me
 “ If ever I rebuke you thus again.
 “ Yet 't is moſt certain that you ſign'd her death,
 “ Not knowing what the wiſe Pulcheria offer'd,
 “ Who left it in my hand to ſtartle you:
 “ But by my life and fame I did not think
 “ It would have touch'd your life. Oh pardon me
 “ Dear Prince! my Lord, my Emp'rour, royal Maſter!
 “ Droop not becauſe I utter'd ſome raſh words,
 “ And was a madman—By th' immortal gods
 “ I love you as my ſoul: whate'er I ſaid
 “ My thoughts were otherwiſe; believe theſe tears,
 “ Which do not uſe to flow, all ſhall be well:
 “ I ſwear that there are ſeeds in that ſwear temper
 “ T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. “ I thank thee—firſt for my Eudofia's life:

“ What but my love could have call'd back that life
 “ Which thou haſt made me hate? And oh! methought
 “ 'T was hard, dear Marcian! very hard from thee,
 “ From him I ever rev'renc'd as my father,
 “ To hear ſo harſh a meſſage—But no more;

" We're friends—thy hand—Nay, if thou wilt not rise
 " And let me fold my arms about thy neck
 " I'll not believe thy love—In this forgive me:
 " First let me wed Eudofia and we'll out;
 " We will my general, and make amends
 " For all that's past—Glory and Arms ye call,
 " And Marcian leads me on—

Mar. " Let her not rest then—

" Espouse her straight; I'll strike you at a heat:
 " May this great humour get large growth within you,
 " And be encourag'd by th' embold'ning gods.
 " Oh what a fight will this be to the soldier,
 " To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour
 " To head the shouting squadrons!—Oh ye gods!
 " Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
 " The sound of trumpets and the beat of drums—
 " I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
 " As if some god by miracle had rais'd him,
 " And with beholding you grow fat again.
 " Nothing but gazing eyes and op'ning mouths,
 " Cheeks red with joy and lifted hands about you;
 " Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
 " With broken Ios, and with sobbing raptures
 " Crying To arms! he's come, our Emp'rour's come
 " To win the world!—Why, is not this far better
 " Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
 " Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry;
 " And for Eudofia she is your's already:
 " Marcian has said it Sir; she shall be your's.

Theo. " Oh Marcian! oh my brother, father, all!

" Thou best of friends, most faithful counsellor,
 " I'll find a match for thee too ere I rest,
 " To make thee love me; for when thou art with me
 " I'm strong and well, but when thou'rt gone I'm no-
 " thing."

Enter ATHENAIUS *meeting* THEODOSIUS.

Theo. Alas, Eudofia! tell me what to say;
 My full heart can scarce bring forth a word
 That which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I'm perfectly obedient to your pleasure.

Theo. Well then, I come to tell thee that Varianes
 Of all mankind is nearest to my heart:
 Love him, dear Eudofia! and to prove

That love on trial all my blood's too little:
 Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this moment,
 (As Heav'n alone can tell how far my fate
 Is off) oh! thou my soul's most tender joy,
 With my last breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athen. Then you are pleas'd my Lord to yield me to him.

Theo. No, my Eudofia, no; I will not yield thee
 While I have life; for worlds I will not yield thee:
 Yet thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know
 He loves thee, Athenais, more than ever;
 He languishes, despairs, and dies, like me,
 And I have pass'd my word that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, Sir! what have you done against yourself
 And me?—

“Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
 “To trust myself?—why do you leave me naked
 “To an assault, who had made proof my virtue
 “With this sure guard never to see him more?”
 For oh! with trembling agonies I speak it,
 I cannot see a prince whom once I lov'd
 Bath'd in his grief, and gasping at my feet
 “In all the violent trances of despair,”
 Without a sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. Oh, ye severer Pow'rs! too cruel Fate!
 Did ever love tread such a maze before?
 Yet, Athenais, still I trust thy virtue;
 But if thy bleeding heart cannot refrain,
 Give, give thyself away; yet still remember
 That moment Theodosius is no more——

[*Exit Theodosius.*]

Athen. Now glory, now, if ever thou didst work
 In woman's mind, assist me—“Oh, my heart!
 “Why dost thou throb as if thou wert a-breaking?
 “Down, down, I say; think on thy injuries,
 “Thy wrongs, thy wrongs—'Tis well my eyes are dry,
 “And all within my bosom now is still.”

Enter VARANES leaning on ARANTHES.

Ha! is this he? or is't Varanes' ghost?
 He looks as if he had bespoke his grave,
 Trembling and pale. I must not dare to view him;
 For oh! I feel his melancholy here,
 And fear I shall too soon partake his sickness.

Var. Thus to the angry gods offending mortals,
 Made sensible by some severe affliction
 How all their crimes are register'd in heav'n,
 " In that nice court where no rash word escapes,
 " But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down;"
 Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
 The rev'rend shrines, and thus for mercy bow; [*Kneels.*
 Thus melting too they wash the hallow'd earth,
 And groan to be forgiv'n—
 Oh Empress! oh Eudofia! such you're now:
 These are your titles, and I must not dare
 Ever to call you Athenais more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my Lord, let me entreat you rise;
 I will not hear you in that humble posture;
 Rise, or I must withdraw—The world will blush
 For you and me should it behold a prince
 Sprung from immortal Cyrus on his knees
 Before the daughter of a poor philosopher.

Var. 'Tis just, ye righteous gods! my doom is just;
 Nor will I strive to deprecate her anger.
 If possible I'll aggravate my crimes,
 That she may rage till she has broke my heart;
 For all I now desire—" and let the gods,
 Those cruel gods that join to my undoing,
 Be witnesses to this unnatural wish,"
 Is to fall dead without a wound before her.

Athen. Oh, ye known sounds! but I must steel my soul.
 [*Aside.*
 Methinks these robes, my Delia, are too heavy."

Var. Not worth a word, a look, or one regard!
 " Is then the nature of my fault so heinous,
 " That when I come to take my eternal leave
 " You'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is scorn
 " Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais
 " Would ne'er have harbour'd—
 " Oh! for the sake of him whom you ere long
 " Shall hold as fast as now your wishes form him,"
 " Give me a patient hearing; for however
 " Near of death, and seem to loathe my life,
 " I would deliberate with my fate a while,
 " With snatching glances eye thee to the last,

Pause o'er a loss like that of Athenais,
And parley with my ruin.

Athen. Speak my Lord;
To hear you is the Emperour's command!
And for that cause I readily obey.

Var. The Emperour, the Emperour's command!
And for that cause she readily obeys!
I thank you Madam, that on any terms
You condescend to hear me——

Know then, Eudofia, ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd name of Athenais still!

"That name that I so often have invoc'd,
"And which was once auspicious to my vows,
"So oft' at midnight sigh'd among the groves
"The river's murmur and the echo's burden,
"Which ev'ry bird could sing and wind did bear;
"By that dear name I make this protestation,
"By all that's good on earth or blest'd in heav'n,
I swear I love thee more, far more, than ever.
With conscious blushes too, here help me gods!
Help me to tell her, tho' to my confusion
And everlasting shame, yet I must tell her,
I lay the Persian crown before her feet.

Athen. My Lord I thank you, and t'express those thanks
As nobly as you offer 'em I return
The gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the example of the Emperour;
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on
Thus to descend beneath your majesty
And swell the daughter of a poor philosopher
With hopes of being great.

Var. Ah Madam! ah! you wrong me: by the gods
I had repented ere I knew the Emperour——

Athen. You find perhaps too late that Athenais,
However slighted for her birth and fortune,
Has something in her person and her virtue
Worth the regard of emperours themselves;
And to return the compliment you gave
My father, Leontine, that poor philosopher,
Whose utmost glory is to 'ave been your tutor,
I here protest by virtue and by glory,
I swear by Heav'n and all the Pow'rs divine,

Th' abandon'd daughter of that poor old man
Shall ne'er be seated on the throne of Cyrus.

Var. Oh, death to all my hopes! what, hast thou sworn
To turn me wild? Ah, cursed throne of Cyrus!
Would thou hadst been o'erturn'd and laid in dust,
His crown too thunderstruck, my father, all
The Persian race, like poor Darius ruin'd,
Blotted, and swept for ever from the world,
When first ambition blasted thy remembrance——

Athen. Oh Heav'n! I had forgot the base affront
Offer'd by this proud man; a wrong so great
It is remov'd beyond all hope of mercy:
He had design'd to bribe my father's virtue,
And by unlawful means——

Fly from my sight, lest I become a Fury,
And break those rules of temp'rance I propos'd:

Fly, fly, Varanes! fly this sacred place,
Where virtue and religion are profess'd;

"This city will not harbour infidels,
Traitors to chastity, licentious princes:
Begone I say; thou canst not here be safe:"

Fly to imperial libertines abroad;
In foreign courts thou'lt find a thousand beauties
That wilt comply for gold; for gold they'll weep,
For gold be fond as Athenais was,
And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.

Thou'lt find enough companions too for riot,
Luxuriant all, and royal as thyself,
Tho' thy loud vices should rebound to heav'n.

"Art thou not gone yet?"

Var. "No, I am charm'd to hear you.

"Oh! from my soul I do confess myself
The very blot of honour—I am more black
Than thou in all thy heat of just revenge

"With all thy glorious eloquence can make me."

Athen. Away Varanes!

Var. Yes, Madam, I am going——
Nay, by the gods I do not ask thee pardon,
Nor while I live will I implore thy mercy;
But when I'm dead, if as thou dost return
With happy Theodosius from the temple,
As thou go'st in triumph thro' the streets,

Thou chance to meet the cold Varanes there,
 Borne by his friends to his eternal home,
 Stop then, oh Athenais! and behold me;
 Say as thou hang'st about the Emp'rour's neck
 Alas! my Lord! this fight is worth our pity.
 If to those pitying words thou add a tear,
 Or give one parting groan——if possible,
 If the good gods will grant my soul the freedom,
 I'll leave my shroud, and wake from death to thank thee.

Athen. He shakes my resolution from the bottom;
 My bleeding heart too speaks in his behalf,
 And says my virtue has been too severe.

Var. Farewell, oh Empress! no Athenais now:
 I will not call thee by that tender name,
 Since cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,
 And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.
 " 'Tis said that from my youth I have been rash,
 " Cholerick and hot; but let the gods now judge
 " By my last wish if ever patient man
 " Did calmly bear so great a loss as mine?"
 Since 't is so doom'd by Fate you must be wedded,
 For your own peace, when I am laid in earth,
 Forget that e'er Varanes had a being;
 Turn all your soul to Theodosius' bosom:
 Continue, gods! their days, and make them long;
 Lucina wait upon their fruitful Hymen,
 And many children beauteous as the mother,
 And pious as the father, make 'em smile.

Athen. Oh Heav'ns!

Var. Farewell—— I'll trouble you no more;
 The malady that's lodg'd within grows stronger;
 I feel the shock of my approaching fate;
 My heart too trembles at his distant march;
 Nor can I utter more if you should ask me.
 Thy arm Arantes——Oh, farewell for ever!——

Athen. Varanes, stay; and ere you go for ever
 Let me unfold my heart.

Var. O Athenais!

What further cruelty hast thou in store
 To-add to what I suffer?

Athen. Since 't is doom'd

That we must part, let's part as lovers should,
As those that have lov'd long and loved well.

Var. Art thou so good, oh! Athenais, oh!

Athen. First, from my soul I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that hasty little error,
Which yet has been the cause of both our ruins:
And let this sorrow witness for my heart
How eagerly I wish it had not been;
And since I cannot keep it take it all;
Take all the love, oh Prince! I ever bore you;
"Or if 't is possible I'll give you more:
"Your noble carriage forces this confession,
"I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die, for love!
"I am distracted with this world of passion.

Var. "Gods! cruel gods! take notice I forgive you.

Athen. "Alas! my Lord, my weaker tender sex
"Has not your manly patience, cannot curb
"This fury in; therefore I let it loose;
"Spite of my rigid duty I will speak
"With all the dearness of a dying lover."
Farewell, most lovely and most lov'd of men—
Why comes this dying paleness o'er thy face?
Why wander thus thy eyes? why dost thou bend,
As if the fatal weight of death were on thee?

Var. Speak yet a little more; for by the gods,
And as I prize those blessed happy moments,
I swear, oh Athenais! all is well:
Oh, never better!

Athen. I doubt thee, dear Varanes!
Yet if thou dy'st I shall not long be from thee.
Once more farewell, and take these last embraces.
Oh, I could crush him to my heart! Farewell;
And as a dying pledge of my last love
Take this, which all thy pray'rs could never charm.
What have I done? Oh! lead me, lead me, Delia!
Oh prince, farewell! angels protect and guard thee!

Var. Turn back, oh Athenais! and behold me;
Hear my last words, and then farewell for ever.
Thou hast undone me more by this confession:
You say, you swear, you love me more than ever;
Yet I must see you marry'd to another:
Can there be any plague or hell like this!

Oh Athenais! whither shall I turn me?
 You've brought me back to life; but oh! what life?
 To a life more terrible than thousand deaths.
 Like one that had been bury'd in a trance
 With racking starts he wakes, and gazes round,
 Fore'd by despair his whirling limbs to wound,
 "And bellow like a spirit under ground,"
 Still urg'd by Fate to turn, to toils and rave,
 Tormented, dash'd, and broken, in the grave. [Exit.

ACT V.

ATHENAIUS *dress'd in imperial robes, and crown'd; a table
 with a bowl of poison, DELIA attending.*

ATHENAIUS.

A Midnight marriage! Must I to the temple
 Thus at the murd'rer's hour? 'Tis wondrous strange!
 But so, thou say'st, my father has commanded,
 And that's a mighty reason.

Delia. The Emp'rour, in compassion to the prince,
 Who would perhaps fly to extravagance
 If he in publick should resolve to espouse you,
 Contriv'd by this close marriage to deceive him.

Athen. 'Tis well; retire.

"Go fetch thy lute, and sing those lines I gave thee."

[Exit *Delia*.

So, now I am alone; yet my soul shakes;
 For where this dreadful draught may carry me
 The Heav'ns can only tell; yet I'm resolv'd
 To drink it off in spite of consequence.
 Whisper him, oh some angel! what I'm doing:
 By sympathy of soul let him too tremble
 To hear my wondrous faith, my wondrous love,
 "Whose spirit not content with an ovation
 "Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus resolv'd,
 "Thus in the rapid chariot of the soul,
 "To mount and dare as never woman dar'd. [Drink
 "'Tis done—haste, *Delia*, haste—come, bring thy lute
 "And sing my waftage to immortal joys.
 "Methinks I can't but smile at my own bravery;

" Thus from my lowest fortune rais'd to empire,
 " Crown'd and adorn'd, worshipp'd by half the earth,
 " While a young monarch dies for my embraces,
 " Yet now to wave the glories of the world"—
 Oh my Varanes! tho' my birth's unequal,
 My virtue sure has richly recompens'd,
 And quite outgone example!

SONG.

" Ah, cruel bloody fair!
 " What canst thou now do more?
 " Alas! 't is all too late
 " Philander to restore!
 " Why should the heav'nly pow'rs persuade
 " Poor mortals to believe
 " That they guard us here
 " And reward us there,
 " Yet all our joys deceive?

" Her poignard then she took
 " And held it in her hand,
 " And with a dying look
 " Cry'd, Thus I Fate command:
 " Philander, ah, my love! I come
 " To meet thy shade below;
 " Ah, I come! she cry'd,
 " With a wound so wide
 " There needs no second blow.

" In purple waves her blood
 " Ran streaming down the floor,
 " Unmov'd she saw the floor,
 " And bless'd her dying hour:
 " Philander! ah Philander! still
 " The bleeding Phillis cry'd;
 " She wept a while
 " And she forc'd a smile,
 " Then clos'd her eyes and dy'd."

Enter PULCHERIA.

Pulch. How fares my dear Eudofia? Ha! thou look'st,
 Or else the tapers cheat my sight, like one
 That's fitter for thy tomb than Cæsar's bed:
 A fatal sorrow dims thy shaded eyes,
 And in despite of all thy ornaments
 Thou seem'st to me the ghost of Athenais.

Athen. And what's the punishment, my dear Pulcheria!

What torments are allotted those sad spirits
 Who groaning with the burden of despair
 No longer will endure the cares of life,
 But boldly set themselves at liberty,
 " Thro' the dark caves of death to wander on,
 " Like wilder'd travellers without a guide,
 " Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
 " Where scarce the twilight of an infant moon,
 " By a faint glimmer check'ring thro' the trees,
 " Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
 " And never hope to reach the blessed fields?"

Pulch. No more o' that; Atticus shall resolve thee:
 But see, he waits thee from the Emperour;
 Thy father too attends.

Enter LEONTINE, ATTICUS, &c.

Leon. Come Athenais—Ha! what now, in tears?
 Oh, fall of honour! but no more. I charge thee,
 I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my blessing
 Or fear'st my curse, to banish from thy soul
 All thoughts, if possible the memory,
 Of that ungrateful prince that has undone thee.
 Attend me to the temple on this instant
 To make the Emp'rour thine, this night to wed him,
 " And lie within his arms."

Athen. Yes, Sir, I'll go——

Let me but dry my eyes and I will go;
 Eudofia, this unhappy bride, shall go:
 Thus like a victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,
 I'll wait you to the altar, wed the Emp'rour,
 " And if he pleases lie within his arms."

Leon. Thou art my child again.

Athen. But do not, Sir, imagine any charms
 Or threat'nings shall compel me
 Never to think of poor Varanes more:
 No, my Varanes! no——
 While I have breath I will remember thee;
 To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,
 And all my meditations shall be thine:
 " The image of thy woes my soul shall fill,
 " Fate and my end, and thy remembrance still.
 As in some poplar shade the nightingale
 " With piercing moans does her lost young bewail,

" Which the rough hind observing as they lay
 " Warm in their downy nest had stol'n away ;
 " But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
 " Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
 " And still renews her miserable strain." }

Yes, my Varanes ! till my death comes on
 Shall sad Eudofia thy dear loss bemoan.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VARANES.

Var. 'Tis night, dead night, and weary Nature lies—
 So fast as if she never were to rise ;
 No breath of wind now whispers thro' the trees,
 No noise at land nor murmur in the seas ;
 " Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon,
 " No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,
 " Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by
 " To view the caverns where their bodies lie ;
 " The ravens perch and no prefaces give,
 " Nor to the windows of the dying cleave ;
 " The owls forget to scream ; no midnight sound
 " Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground ;
 " In vaults the walking fires extinguish'd lie,
 " The stars, heav'n's sentry, wink, and seem to die :"
 Such universal silence spreads below
 Thro' the vast shades where I am doom'd to go,
 Nor shall I need a violence to wound,
 The storm is here that drives me on the ground ;
 Sure means to make the soul and body part,
 A burning fever and a broken heart.
 What, ho, Arantes !

Enter ARANTES.

I sent thee to th' apartment of Athenais—
 " I sent thee," did I not, " to be admitted?"

Aran. You did my Lord ; but oh !

I fear to give you an account.

Var. Alas,

Arantes ! I am got on t' other side
 Of this bad world, and now am past all fear.
 Oh ye avenging gods ! is there a plague
 Among your hoarded bolts and heaps of vengeance
 Beyond the mighty loss of Athenais ?
 'Tis contradiction—Speak then, speak Arantes,
 For all misfortune if compar'd with that
 Will make Varanes smile—

Aran. My Lord, the Empress

Crown'd and adorn'd with the imperial robes,
At this dead time of night, with silent pomp,
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
But chiefly sure from you; I say the Empress
Is now conducted by the general,
Atticus, and her father, to the temple,
There to espouse the Emp'rour Theodosius.

Var. Say'st thou? Is't certain? Ha!

Aran. Most certain Sir! I saw them in procession.

Var. Give me thy sword. Malicious Fate! Oh Fortune!
Oh giddy Chance! Oh turn of love and greatness!
Marry'd—she has kept her promise now indeed;
And oh! her pointed fame and nice revenge
Have reach'd their end. No, my Arantes, no;
I will not stay the lazy execution
Of a slow fever. Give me thy hand, and swear
By all the love and duty that thou ow'st me
T' observe the last commands that I shall give thee:
Stir not against my purpose, as thou fear'st
My anger and disdain; nor dare t' oppose me
With troublesome unnecessary formal reasons,
For what my thought has doom'd my hand shall feast.
I charge thee hold it stedfast to my heart,
Fix'd as the fate that throws me on the point.
Tho' I have liv'd a Persian, I will fall
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,
As any Greek or Roman of them all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but sacred;
And to atone for this too cruel duty,
My Lord, I'll follow you—

Var. I charge thee not;

But when I am dead take the attending slaves,
And bear me with my blood distilling down
Straight to the temple: lay me, oh Arantes!
Lay my cold corse at Athenais' feet,
And say, oh why! why do my eyes run o'er?
Say with my latest gasp I groan'd for pardon.
Just here, my friend; hold fast, and fix the sword;
I feel the art'ry where the lifeblood lies;
It heaves against the point—Now, oh ye gods!
If for the greatly wretched you have room
Prepare my place; for dauntless lo I come:

The force of love thus makes the mortal wound,
And Athenais sends me to the ground. [Kills himself.]

SCENE, the outward part of the temple.

Enter PULCHERIA and JULIA at one door, MARCIAN and LUCIUS at another.

Pulch. "Look, Julia, see the pensive Marcian comes;
" 'Tis to my wish; I must no longer lose him,
" Lest he should leave the court indeed. He looks
" As if some mighty secret work'd within him
" And labour'd for a vent—Inspire me woman!
" That what my soul desires above the world
" May seem impos'd and forc'd on my affections.

Luc. "I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
" From your own mouth—Now in the name
" Of all the gods at once my Lord, why are you silent?
" Take heed Sir, mark your opportunity,
" For if the woman lays it in your way
" And you o'ersee it she is lost for ever.

Mar. "Madam, I come to take my eternal leave;
" Your doom has banish'd me, and I obey.
" The court and I shake hands, and now we part,
" Never to see each other more; the court
" Where I was born and bred a gentleman,
" No more, till your illustrious bounty rais'd me,
" And drew the earthborn vapour to the clouds:
" But as the gods ordain'd it I have lost,
" I know not how, thro' ignorance, your grace,
" And now the exhalation of my glory
" Is quite consum'd and vanish'd into air.

Pulch. "Proceed Sir.

Mar. "Yet let those gods that doom'd me to displeas'
" Be witnesses how much I honour you—— [you
" Thus worshipping, I swear by your bright self
" I leave this infamous court with more content
" Than fools and flatt'ers seek it; but oh Heav'n!
" I cannot go if still your hate pursues me;
" Yes, I declare it is impossible
" To go to banishment without your pardon.

Pulch. "You have it Marcian: is there ought beside
" That you would speak, for I am free to hear.

Mar. "Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
" But my last words should here protest the truth?"

“ Know then, imperial princess, matchless woman !
 “ Since first you cast your eyes upon my meanness,
 “ Ev’n till you rais’d me to my envy’d height,
 “ I have in secret lov’d you——

Pulch. “ Is this Marcian ?

Mar. “ You frown, but I am still prepar’d for all ;
 “ I say I lov’d you, and I love you still,
 “ More than my life, and equal to my glory.
 “ Methinks the warring spirit that inspires
 “ This frame, the very Genius of old Rome,
 “ That makes me talk without the fear of death,
 “ And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
 “ Flames in your eyes ; our thoughts too ’re akin,
 “ Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.
 “ Now by the gods I lov’d you in your fury,
 “ In all the thunder that quite riv’d my hopes ;
 “ I lov’d you most ev’n when you did destroy me.
 “ Madam, I’ve spoke my heart, and could say more,
 “ But that I see it grieves you ; your high blood
 “ Frets at the arrogance and faucy pride
 “ Of this bold vagabond—May the gods forgive me—
 “ Farewell—a worthier gen’ral may succeed me,
 “ But none more faithful to the Emp’rour’s interest
 “ Than him you’re pleas’d to call the traitor Marcian.

Pulch. “ Come back ; you’ve subtly play’d your part
 “ For first the Emp’rour, whom you lately school’d, [indeed,
 “ Restores you your commission ; next commands you,
 “ As you’re a subject, not to leave the court :
 “ Next, but oh Heav’n ! which way shall I express
 “ His cruel pleasure ! he that is so mild
 “ In all things else, yet obstinate in this,
 “ Spite of my tears, my birth, and my disdain,
 “ Commands me, as I dread his high displeasure,
 “ Oh Marcian ! to receive you as my husband.

Mar. “ Ha Lucius ! what does my Fate intend ?

Luc. “ Pursue her Sir ; ’t is as I said : she yields,
 “ And rages that you follow her no faster.

Pulch. “ Is then, at last, my great authority
 “ And my intrusted pow’r declin’d to this ?
 “ Yet, oh my Fate ! what way can I avoid it ?
 “ He charg’d me straight to wait him to the temple,
 “ And there resolve, oh Marcian ! on this marriage.
 “ Now, gen’rous soldier, as you’re truly noble,

10 Oh help me forth, lost in this labyrinth;
 11 Help me to loose this more than Gordian knot,
 12 And make me and yourself for ever happy.
Mar. " Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
 13 And as a soldier ought: the only way
 14 To help this knot is yet to tie it faster.
 15 Since then the Emp'rour has resolv'd you mine,
 16 For which I will for ever thank the gods,
 17 And make this holyday thro'out my life,
 18 I take him at his word, and claim his promise;
 19 The empire of the world shall not redeem you.
 20 Nay, weep not Madam; tho' my outside's rough,
 21 Yet by those eyes your soldier has a heart
 22 Compassionate and tender as a virgin's;
 23 Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling sorrows;
 24 Perhaps this grief may move the Emperour
 25 To a repentance: come then to the trial,
 26 For by my arms, my life, and dearer honour,
 27 If you go back when giv'n me by his hand
 28 In distant wars my fate I will deplore,
 29 And Marcian's name shall ne'er be heard of more.

SCENE, *the temple.*

THEodosius, Athenais, Atticus *joining their hands*—
 Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, &c.
 LEONTINE.

Attie. The more than Gordian knot is ty'd
 Which Death's strong arm shall ne'er divide,
 For when to bliss ye waded are
 Your spirits shall be wedded there,
 Waters are lost and fires will die,
 But love alone can Fate defy.

Enter ARANTHES with the body of VARANES.

Aran. Where is the Empress? where shall I find Eudofia?
 By Fate I'm sent to tell that cruel beauty
 She has robb'd the world of Fame: her eyes have giv'n
 A blast to the big blossom of the war;
 Behold him there nipp'd in his flow'ry morn,
 Compell'd to break his promise of a day,
 A day that conquest would have made her boast:
 Behold her laurel wither'd to the root,
 Canker'd and kill'd by Athenais' scorn.

Athen. Dead, dead, Varanes!

Theo. "Oh ye eternal Pow'rs

"That guide the world! why do you shock our reason

"With acts like these, that lay our thoughts in dust?

"Forgive me, Heav'n, this start, or elevate

"Imagination more, and make it nothing."

Alas, alas! Varanes! But speak, Arantes,

The manner of his fate. "Groans choke my words—

"But speak, and we will answer thee with tears."

Aran. His fever would, no doubt, by this have done

What some few minutes past his sword perform'd.

He heard from me your progress to the temple,

How you design'd at midnight to deceive him

By a clandestine marriage: but my Lord,

Had you beheld his racks at my relation,

Or had your empress seen him in those torments,

When from his dying eyes swol'n to the brim

The big round drops roll'd down his manly face,

When from his hollow'd breast a murmur'ing crowd

Of groans rush'd forth, and echo'd All is well;

Then had you seen him, oh ye cruel gods!

Rush on the sword I held against his breast,

And dye it to the hilts with these last words—

Bear me to Athenais—

Athen. Give me way my Lord;

I have most strictly kept my promise with you:

I am your bride, and you can ask no more:

Or if you did I'm past the pow'r to give—

But here, oh here! on his cold bloody breast

Thus let me breathe my last.

Theo. Oh Empress! what, what can this transport mean?

Are these our nuptials, these my promis'd joys?

Athen. Forgive me, Sir, this last respect I pay

These sad remains—And oh, thou mighty spirit!

If yet thou art not mingled with the stars,

Look down and hear the wretched Athenais,

When thou shalt know before I gave consent

To this indecent marriage I had taken

Into my veins a cold and deadly draught,

"Which soon would render me, alas! unfit

"For the warm joys of an imperial lover,

"And make me ever thine, yet keep my word

"With Theodosius," wilt thou not forgive me?

Theo. Paffion'd, to free thee from the Emperour!
 Oh Athenais! thou haft done a deed
 That tears my heart! "What have I done againft thee
 That thou shouldft brand me thus with infamy
 A full everlasting fame? thou might'ft have made
 Thy choice without this cruel act of death:
 I left thee to thy will, and in requital
 "Thou haft murder'd all my fame."

Athen. Oh, pardon me!
 I lay my dying body at your feet,
 And beg, my Lord, with my laft sighs intreat you,
 To impute the fault, if 't is a fault, to love,
 And the ingratitude of Athenais,
 To her too cruel ftars. Remember, too,
 I begg'd you would not let me fee the prince,
 Prefaging what has happen'd; yet my word
 As to our nuptials was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! ſhe is going!—"ſee her languifhing eyes
 Draw in their beams!" the ſleep of death is on her.

Athen. "Farewell, my Lord." Alas, alas! Varanes!
 To embrace thee now is not immodesty,
 Or if it were I think my bleeding heart
 Would make me criminal in death to clasp thee,
 "Break all the tender niceties of honour
 To fold thee thus, and warm thee into life,
 For oh, what man like him could woman move!"
 Oh prince below'd! oh ſpirit moſt divine!
 Through my death I give thee all my love,
 And ſeal my ſoul and body ever thine—

[Dies.

Athen. Oh Marcian! oh Pulcheria! did not the Pow'r
 Whom we adore plant all his thunderbolts
 Againſt ſelfmurderers I would periſh too;
 But as I am I ſwear to leave the empire.
 To thee, my ſiſter, I bequeath the world,
 And yet a gift more great, the gallant Marcian:
 On thee, my friend, now ſhew thy Roman ſpirit!
 As to her ſex fair Athenais was
 To thee to thine a pattern of true honour:
 Thus we'll atone for all the preſent crimes,
 That yet it may be ſaid in aftertimes
 No age with ſuch examples could compare,
 So great, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and ſo fair.

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

THRICE happy they that never wrote before;
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer shore!
 Like some new captain of the city bands
 That with big looks in Finsbury commands,
 Swell'd with huge ale he cries, Beat, beat, the drum;
 Pox o' the French king! Uds-bud! let him come;
 Give me ten thousand redcoats and alloo!
 We'll firke his Crequi and his Conde too.
 Thus the young scribblers mankind's sense disdain,
 For ignorance is sure to make 'em vain;
 But far from vanity or dang'rous pride
 Our cautious Poet courts you to his side;
 For why should you be scorn'd to whom are due
 All the good days that ever authors knew?
 If ever gay 't is you that make 'em fine;
 The pit and boxes make the poet dine,
 And he scarce drinks but of the critick's wine.
 Old writers should not for vainglory strive,
 But like old mistresses think how to thrive,
 Be fond of ev'ry thing their keepers say,
 At least till they can live without a play;
 Like one who knows the trade and has been bit,
 She dotes and favours upon her wealthy cit,
 And swears she loves him merely for his wit.
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
 Antick and ugly, like an old baboon,
 She swears is an accomplish'd beau-garcon;
 Turns with all winds, and sails with all desires;
 All hearts in city, town, and court, she fires,
 Young callow lords, lean knights, and driv'ling squires.
 She in resfless flattery finds her ends,
 Gives thanks for fools, and makes ye all her friends.
 So should wise poets sooth an awkward age,
 For they are prostitutes upon the stage.
 To stand on points were foolish and illbred
 As for a lady to be nice in bed;
 Your wills alone must their performance measure,
 And you may turn 'em ev'ry way for pleasure.

From the APOLLO PRESS,
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 April 10. 1782.

LADY JANE GREY.

A TRAGEDY. BY NICHOLAS ROWE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage—Bow down before these ~~holy~~ purple tyrants—
 And bid 'em tread upon our slavish necks—No; let this faithful freeborn English hand—
 First dig my grave in liberty and honour—Tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd—That
 honest man and I would die together—Ha! Pembroke! that is a bar which thwarts my way
 His fiery temper must be met with soft and supple arts—With crouching courtsey and hon-
 our'd words—Noble Pembroke!—By the honour of my name I swear—I know not one of
 all our English peers—Whom I would chuse for best friend like Pembroke! NORTHUMB.
 I know not what my secret foul presages—But something seems to whisper me within—
 That we have been too hasty. For myself—I with this matter had been yet delay'd. SUFFOLK.
 If the sword be drawn one must fall—Oh Pembroke! I have borne thee true unfeign'd af-
 fection—As sure as thou hast wrong'd me I am come—in tenderness of friendship to pre-
 serve thee—And fence thee from destruction with my life—To save the man whom my soul
 loves from death—Give me arms! I will preserve my country—Ev'n in her own despite—
 Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen—Nor shall the hand of Violence profane thee—
 Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds—Till this torn mangled body sink at once—
 A heap of purple ruin at thy feet. GUILFORD.

Oh! generous youth!—What can a heart stubborn and fierce like mine—Return to all thy
 sweetness—Yet I wou'd—I wou'd be grateful—My temper, disdainful Reason and her law
 Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious—Now drives me headlong on, now whirls
 me back—And huris my unstable sitting soul—To ev'ry mad extreme—Give me ven-
 geance—Give me to tell that soft deceiver Guilford—Thus, traitor, hast thou done—Thy
 fo-'t is truth—I see his honest heart—His virtues flash—They break at once on my Ala-
 mity's soul—My sad repenting heart!—Oh! let me fly; bear me thou swift impatience
 And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms—That I may snatch thee from the greedy
 grave—That I may warm his gentle heart with joy—And talk to him of life, of life and
 pardon—This wondrous pair—Let these be happy—While I resign to them my share of
 happiness—Contented still to want what they enjoy—And singly to be wretched—Blasted
 be the hand that struck my Guilford. PEMBROKE.

I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours—I hear and see thro' reasonable organs—
 Where passion has no part—I advis'd—To break thro' all engagements made with ~~heretics~~
 And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew—While I hold the seal no pardon passes—
 For heretics and traitors. Death or the mass. GARDINER.
 I will give up all my share of greatness—And live in low obscurity for ever—To see
 thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart—And fix'd upon a throne—Curs'd be my fatal coun-
 sels, curs'd my tongue—That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded—Thy guiltless feet to
 tread the paths of greatness—My child!—I have undone thee! DUCH. SUFFOLK.

A cheerless gleam I bring—My heart is cold within me, ev'ry sense—Is dead to joy—
 Oh... my whole heart for wretched England bleeds—Oh! save me from this sorrow, this
 misfortune—Which in the shape of gorgeous Greatness comes—To crown and make a wretch
 of me for ever—Heaven!—In mercy spare my country—At ev'ry danger which invades our
 England—My cold heart kindles at the great occasion—And cou'd be more than man in her
 defence—I will die—For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on—And that dear native land
 which gave me birth—England!—What must we lose for that—All I ask is—To
 save this land from tyranny and from Rome—For myself—If I could form a wish for Heav-
 en to grant—It should have been to rid me of this crown—Thou, aliknowing Pow'r!
 Oh judge me—If e'er ambitious guilty fires have warmed me—If e'er my heart inclin'd
 to pride, to pow'r—Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre—To save this land, thy
 people, and thy altars—Yes, England, yes, my country, I wou'd save thee. LADY JANE GREY.



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

A Princess of the same royal blood to which you are so closely and so happily allied presumes to throw herself at the feet of your Royal Highness for protection. The character of that excellent lady, as it is delivered down to us in history, is very near the same with the picture I have endeavoured to draw of her; and if in the poetical colouring I have aim'd at heightening and improving some of the features, it was only to make her more worthy of those illustrious hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the British nation in general is infinitely indebted to your Royal Highness, so every particular person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several capacities and abilities, towards the discharging that publick obligation.

We are your debtors, Madam, for the preference you gave us in chusing to wear the British rather than the imperial crown; for giving the best daughter to our king and the best wife to our prince. It is to your Royal Highness we owe the security that shall be delivered down to our children's children by a most hopeful and beautiful as well as a numerous royal issue. These are the bonds of our civil duty; but your Royal Highness has laid us under others yet more sacred and engaging, I mean those of religion: you are not only the brightest ornament but the patroness and defender of our holy faith.

Nor is it Britain alone but the world, but the present and all succeeding ages, who shall bless your royal name for the greatest example that can be given of a disinterested piety and unshaken constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the benefits your Royal Highness has conferred upon us; tho' at the same time how partial forever we may be to ourselves we ought not to believe you declined the first crown of Europe in regard to Britain only: no, Madam, it is in justice to your Royal Highness that we must confess you had more excellent motives for so great an action as that was, since you did it in obedience to the dictates of reason and conscience, for the sake of true religion, and for the honour of God. All things that are great have been offered to you, and all things that are good and happy, as well in this world as a better, shall become the reward of such exalted virtue and piety. The blessings of our nation, the prayers of our church, with the faithful service of all good men, shall wait upon your Royal Highness as long as you live; and whenever, for the punishment of this land, you shall be taken from us, your sacred name shall be dear to remembrance, and almighty God, who alone is able, shall bestow on you the fulness of recompense.

Amongst the several offerings of duty which are made to you here be graciously pleas'd to accept of this unworthy trifle, which is with the greatest respect and lowest submission presented to your Royal Highness by,

Madam,

your Royal Highness's

most obedient, most devoted, and

most faithful humble servant,

N. ROWE.

PREFACE.

THOUGH I have very little inclination to write Prefaces before works of this nature, yet upon this particular occasion I cannot but think myself obliged to give some account of this Play, as well in justice to myself as to a very learned and ingenious gentleman, my friend, who is dead. The person I mean was Mr. Smith of Christ-church Oxon; one whose character I could with great pleasure enter into if it was not already very well known to the world. As I had the happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me that he designed writing a tragedy upon the story of Lady Jane Grey; and if he had lived I should never have thought of meddling with it myself; but as he died without doing it in the beginning of last summer, I resolved to undertake it: and indeed the hopes I had of receiving some considerable assistances from the papers he left behind him were one of the principal motives that induced me to go about it. These papers were in the hands of Mr. Duckett, to whom my friend Mr. Thomas Burnet was so kind as to write and procure them for me. The least return I can make to those gentlemen is this publick acknowledgment of their great civility on this occasion. I must confess before those papers came to my hand I had entirely formed the design or fable of my own play, and when I came to look them over I found it was different from that which Mr. Smith intended, the plan of his being drawn after that which is in print of Mr. Banks; at least I thought so by what I could pick out of his papers. To say the truth I was a good deal surpris'd and disappointed at the sight of them. I hoped to have met with great part of the play written to my hand, or at least the whole of the design regularly drawn out: instead of that I found the quantity of about two quires of paper written over in odd pieces, blotted, interlined, and confused. What was contained in them in general was loose hints of sentiments and short obscure sketches of scenes; but how they were to be applied, or in what order they were to be ranged, I could not by any diligence of mine (and I looked them very carefully over more than once) come to understand. One scene there was, and one only, that seem'd pretty near perfect, in which Lord Guilford singly persuades Lady Jane to take the crown; from that I borrow'd all that I could, and inserted it in my own third act. But indeed the manner and turn of his fable was so different from mine that I could not take above five-and-twenty or thirty lines at the most, and even in those I was oblig'd to make some alteration. I should have been very glad to have come into a partnership of reputation with so fine a writer as Mr. Smith was, but in truth his hints were so short and dark (many of them mark'd even in short-hand) that they were of little use or service to me. They might have serv'd as indexes to his own memory, and he might have form'd a play out of them, but I dare say nobody else could. In one part of his design he seems to differ from Mr. Banks, whose tale he generally designed to follow, since he observ'd in many of those short sketches of scenes he had introduc'd Queen Mary. He seem'd to intend her character pitiful, and inclining to mercy, but urg'd on to cruelty by the rage and bloody dispositions of Bonner and Gardiner. This hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's History of the Reformation, who says, and I believe very justly, the horrible cruelties that were acted at that time rather to the charge of that persecuting spirit by which the clergy were then animated than to the queen's own natural disposition.

Many people believed, or at least said, that Mr. Smith left a play very near entire behind him. All that I am sorry for is that it was not so in fact: I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the honesty to let the world know they were his, and not take another man's reputation to myself.

This is what I thought necessary to say as well on my own account as in regard to the memory of my friend.

For the Play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper as it can: I have resolv'd never to trouble the world with any publick apologies for my writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I shall turn this my youngest child out into the world with no other provision than a saying which I remember to have said before one of Mrs. Behn's,

Vu l mon enfant, prend la fortune.

PROLOGUE

SENT BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

WHEN waking terrors rouse the guilty breast,
 And fatal visions break the murd'rer's rest,
 When Vengeance does Ambition's fate decree,
 And tyrants bleed to set whole nations free,
 Tho' the Muse saddens each distressed scene,
 Unmov'd is ev'ry breast and ev'ry face serene,
 The mournful lines no tender heart subdue,
 Compassion is to suff'ring goodness due.
 The poet your attention begs once more
 T' atone for characters here drawn before:
 No royal mistress sighs thro' ev'ry page,
 And breathes her dying sorrows on the stage;
 No lovely fair, by soft persuasion won,
 Lays down the load of life when honour's gone:
 Nobly to bear the changes of our state,
 To stand unmov'd against the storms of Fate,
 A brave contempt of life and grandeur loss,
 Such glorious toils a female name can boast.
 Our Author draws not Beauty's heav'nly smile
 T' invite our wishes and our hearts beguile;
 No soft enchantments languish in her eye,
 No blossoms fade nor sick'ning roses die;
 A nobler passion ev'ry breast must move
 Than youthful raptures or the joys of love;
 A mind unchang'd, superiour to a crown,
 Bravely defies the angry tyrant's frown,
 The same if fortune sinks or mounts on high,
 Or if the world's extended ruins lie;
 With gen'rous scorn she lays the sceptre down;
 Great souls shine brightest by misfortune's shewn:
 With patient courage she sustains the blow,
 And triumphs o'er variety of woe.
 Tho' ev'ry scene the sad distress is new;
 How well feign'd life does represent the true!
 Unhappy age! who views the bloody stain
 But must with tears record Maria's reign,
 When zeal by doctrine flatter'd lawless will,
 Instructed by Religion's voice to kill?
 Ye British fair, lament in silent woe,
 Let ev'ry eye with tender pity flow;
 The lovely form thro' falling drops will seem
 Like flow'ry shadows of the silver stream:
 Thus beauty, heav'n's sweet ornament, shall prove
 Rich'd by virtue as ador'd by love.
 Forget your charms, fond woman's dear delight,
 The fops will languish here another night:
 No conquest from dissembling smiles we fear,
 She only kills who wounds us with a tear.

PROLOGUE.

*T*O-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
 A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
 And tho' the poet dares not boast his art,
 The very theme shall something great impart
 To warm the generous soul and touch the tender heart.
 To you, fair judges, we the cause submit,
 Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ:
 If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
 If silent tears for suffering virtue flow,
 Your grief the Muse's labour shall confess,
 The lively passions and the just distress.
 Oh! could our Author's pencil justly paint
 Such as she was in life the beautiful saint,
 Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
 And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
 No wandering glance one wanton thought confess,
 No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast;
 The only love that warm'd her blooming youth
 Was husband, England, liberty, and truth:
 For these she fell while with too weak a hand
 She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
 But thus the secret laws of Fate ordain;
 William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
 And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannick reign.
 For ever as the circling years return
 The grateful Britons crown the hero's urn,
 To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
 Which on his own or following reigns bestow:
 Tho' his hard fate a father's name deny'd,
 To you a father he that loss supply'd.
 Then while you view the royal lines increase,
 And count the pledges of your future peace,
 From this great stock while still new glories come,
 Conquest abroad and liberty at home,
 While you behold the beautiful and brave,
 Bright princesses to grace you kings to save,
 Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

Dramatis Personae.

MFN.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND,	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Hull.
Duke of SUFFOLK,	Mr. Branby.	Mr. Fearon.
LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY,	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Lewis.
Earl of PEMBROKE,	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Bensley.
Earl of SUSSEX,	Mr. Mozecn.	Mr. L'Estrange.
GARDINER Bishop of Win-	} Mr. Havard.	} Mr. Clarke.
chester,		
Sir JOHN GATES,	Mr. Ackman.	Mr. Booth.
Lieut. of the Tower,	Mr. Fox.	Mr. Chaplin.

WOMEN.

Duchess of SUFFOLK,	Mrs. Bennet.	Mrs. Hull.
Lady JANE GREY,	Mrs. Yates.	Mrs. Hartley.
<i>Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.</i>		

LADY JANE GREY †.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the court.*

*Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Duke of SUFFOLK,
and Sir JOHN GATES.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

'TIS all in vain; Heav'n has requir'd its pledge,
And he must die.

Suf. Is there an honest heart

That loves our England does not mourn for Edward?

The Genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,

"He bows his venerable head with pain,

"And labours with the sickness of his lord:"

Religion melts in ev'ry holy eye;

"All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,

"She sits on earth and weeps upon her cross,

"Weary of man and his detested ways;

"Ev'n now she seems to meditate her flight,

"And waft her angels to the thrones above."

North. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest loss;

With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer;

With him our church shall veil her sacred front

"That late from heaps of Gothick ruins rose

"In her first native simple majesty:

The toil of saints and price of martyrs' blood

"Shall fail with Edward, and again old Rome

"Shall spread her banners, and her monkish host,"

Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine, shall return;

Blind Bloody Zeal and cruel Priestly Pow'r

Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

Sir J. G. Is there no help in all the healing art,

No potent juice or drug, to save a life

So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?

North. What has been left untry'd that art could do?

The hoary wrinkled leech has watch'd and toil'd,

† The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

"Try'd ev'ry health-restoring herb and gum,
 "And weary'd out his painful skill in vain.
 "Close, like a dragon folded in his den,
 "Some secret venom preys upon his heart,
 "A stubborn and unconquerable flame
 "Creeps in his veins and drinks the streams of life;"
 His youthful sinews are unstrung, cold sweats
 And deadly paleness sit upon his visage,
 And ev'ry gasp we look shall be his last.

Sir J. G. Doubt not your Graces but the Popish faction
 Will at this juncture urge their utmost force:
 All on the Princess Mary turn their eyes,
 Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
 And bring their idol worship back in triumph.

North. "Good Heav'n, ordain some better fate for Eng-
Suf. "What better can we hope if she should reign? [land
 "I know her well, a blinded zealot is she,
 "A gloomy nature, sullen and severe,
 "Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish priests,
 "Taught to believe they only cannot err
 "Because they cannot err; bred up in scorn
 "Of reason and the whole lay world; instructed
 "To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
 "To purge the world from heresy by blood,
 "To massacre a nation, and believe it
 "An act wellpleasing to the Lord of mercy.
 "These are thy gods oh Rome! and this thy faith."

North. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage,
 Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
 And bid 'em tread upon our slavish necks?
 No; let this faithful freeborn English hand
 First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
 And tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd
 That honest man and I would die together.

Suf. Doubt not there are ten thousand and ten thousand
 To own a cause so just.

Sir J. G. The list I gave
 Into your Grace's hand last night declares
 My pow'r and friends at full. [To Northumb]

North. Be it your care,
 Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed

And ready for th' occasion: haste this instant;
Lose not a moment's time.

Sir J. G. I go my Lord. [Exit *Sir J. Gates.*

North. Your Grace's princely daughter, Lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?

Suf. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here:
I know her duty to the dying King,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.

North. Beseech your Grace
To speed another messenger to press her,
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend and take their fate.

Suf. Upon the instant
Your Grace shall be obey'd: I go to summon her. [Ex. *Suf.*

North. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise mens' counsels and the fate of empire!
"The greatest schemes that human wit can forge
"Or bold ambition dares to put in practice
"Depend upon our husbanding a moment
"And the light lasting of a woman's will,
"As if the Lord of nature should delight
"To hang this pond'rous globe upon a hair
"And bid it dance before a breath of wind."
She must be here and lodg'd in Guilford's arms
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
"With crouching courtesy and honey'd words,"
Such as assuage the fierce and bend the strong.

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke! we have staid
The meeting of the Council for your presence.

Pemb. For mine my Lord! you mock your servant sure
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet 'em;
The ablest head and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task,
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

North. No; as I honour virtue I have try'd
 And know my strength too well! nor can the voice
 Of friendly flattery, like your's, deceive me.
 I know my temper liable to passions,
 And all the frailties common to our nature,
 "Blind to events, too easy of persuasion,
 "And often, too, too often, have I err'd:"
 Much therefore have I need of some good man,
 Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
 Might guide my treading thro' our present dangers;
 And by the honour of my name I swear
 I know not one of all our English peers
 Whom I wou'd chuse for that best friend like *Pembroke!*

Pemb. "What shall I answer to a trust so bold,
 "This prodigality of praise and honour?"
 Were not your Grace too generous of soul
 To speak a language diff'ring from your heart,
 How might I think you could not mean this goodness
 'To one whom his illfortune has ordain'd
 The rival of your son?

North. No more; I scorn a thought
 So much below the dignity of virtue.
 'Tis true I look on Guilford like a father,
 Lean to his side, and see but half his failings;
 But on a point like this, when equal merit
 Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
 And calls to have the balance held in justice,
 Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
 I judge of *Pembroke* and my son alike.

Pemb. I ask no more to bind me to your service.

North. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
 Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
 These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
 Of courtship, and of love. Grant, Heav'n! the state
 To fix in peace and safety once again,
 'Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
 And fair success attend you. For myself,
 My voice shall go as far for you, my Lord,
 As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
 But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
 The King with life just lab'ring, and I fear
 The Council grow impatient at our stay.

Pemb. One moment's pause and I attend your Grace.
 [Exit North.

Old Wincheſter cries to me oft' Beware
 Of proud Northumberland. The teſty prelate,
 Worn with age, with diſappointed hopes,
 And jealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
 Suſpecting him to favour the new teachers;
 Yet ev'n in that if I judge right, he errs:
 But were it ſo, what are the monkish quarrels,
 Theſe wordy wars of proud illmanner'd ſchoolmen,
 To us and our lay intereſt? Let 'em rail,
 And worry one another at their pleaſure.
 This duke of late by many worthy offices
 Has bought my friendſhip; and, yet more, his ſon,
 The nobleſt youth our England has to boaſt of,
 For gentleſt nature and the braveſt ſpirit,
 Has made me long the partner of his breaſt:
 Nay, when he found, in ſpite of the reſiſtance
 My ſtruggling heart had made to do him juſtice,
 That I was grown his rival, he ſtrove hard,
 And would not turn me forth from out his boſom,
 But call'd me ſtill his friend." And ſee! he comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD.

Oh Guilford! juſt as thou wert ent'ring here
 My thought was running all thy virtues over,
 And wond'ring how thy ſoul cou'd chuſe a partner
 So much unlike itſelf.

Guil. How cou'd my tongue
 Take pleaſure and be lavish in thy praiſe!
 How could I ſpeak thy nobleneſs of nature,
 Thy open manly heart, thy courage, conſtancy,
 And inborn truth, unknowing to diſſemble!
 Thou art the man in whom my ſoul delights,
 In whom next Heav'n I truſt.

Pemb. Oh gen'rous youth!
 What can a heart ſtubborn and fierce like mine
 Return to all thy ſweetneſs?—Yet I wou'd,
 Wou'd be grateful—Oh my cruel fortune!
 Wou'd I had never ſeen her, never caſt
 Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

Guil. So wou'd I!
 ſince 't was my fate to ſee and love her firſt.

Pemb. Oh! why shou'd she, that universal goodness,
Like light a common blessing to the world,
Rise like a comet fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?

Guil. Heav'n forbid!

But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
"Does holy Friendship dwell so near to Envy,
"She could not bear to see another happy"
If blind mistaken Chance and partial Beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?

Pemb. Name it not;
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I shou'd not murmur were thy lot to prosper
And mine to be refus'd; tho' sure the loss
Wou'd wound me to the heart.

Pemb. Ha! couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'st: thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd in due proportion,
Where no one overbears nor plays the tyrant,
"But join in nature's bus'ness and thy happiness;"
While mine, disdaining Reason and her laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drives me headlong on, now whirls me back,
And hurls my unstable flitting soul
To ev'ry sad extreme. Then pity me
And let my weakness stand——

Enter Sir JOHN GATES.

Sir J. G. The Lords of Council
Wait with impatience——

Pemb. I attend their pleasure;
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour: and since love
Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other,
That he who wins the fair one to his arms
May take her as the crown of great desert,

And if the wretched lofer does repine
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.

[*Ex. Pemb.*

Guil. How crofs the ways of life lie! While we think
To travel on direct in one high road,
Our journey's end oppos'd in view,
And shunting paths break in upon us
To perplex our wand'ring steps:
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns mislead us,
And ev'ry passion has its separate int'rest.
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell us how to live for me and Pembroke?

There is but one end certain, that is—death:
But ev'n that certainty is still uncertain,
For of these several tracks which lie before us
We know that one leads certainly to death,
'But know not which that one is.' 'Tis in vain
His blind divining; let me think no more on't.
And see, the mistress of our fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GREY. Attendants.

Hail, princely maid! who with auspicious beauty
Cheer'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place,
Who like the silver regent of the night
Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.

L. J. G. Yes, Guilford, well dost thou compare my
To the faint comfort of the waning moon; [*presence*
Like her cold orb a cheerless gleam I bring;
'Silence and heaviness of heart, with dew
'To dress the face of nature all in tears.'
But say, how fares the King?

Guil. He lives as yet,
Put ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant faint
Great prospect of his op'ning heav'n.

L. J. G. "Descend ye choirs of angels to receive him,
'Tune your melodious harps to some high strain,
And waft him upwards with a song of triumph:
'Purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
'Ne'er enter'd at the golden gates of bliss."

Oh Guilford! what remains for wretched England
 When he our guardian angel shall forsake us,
 "For whose dear sake Heav'n spar'd a guilty land,
 "And scatter'd not its plagues while Edward reign'd?"

Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought
 "And rising horrors crowd the op'ning scene."
 And yet forgive me, thou my native country,
 Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
 Forgive me, if in spite of all thy danger,
 New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
 When thus 't is giv'n me to behold those eyes,
 Thus gaze, and wonder "how exceeding Nature
 "Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
 "And yet at once surpass 'em."

L. J. G. Oh, vain flattery!

"Harsh and illfounding ever to my ear,
 "But on a day like this the raven's note
 "Strikes on my sense more sweetly." But no more,
 "I charge thee touch th' ungrateful theme no more."
 Lead me to pay my duty to the King,
 'To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
 And share the blessings of his parting breath.

Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
 Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
 But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown;
 And oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
 And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
 Allow me but to look on you and sigh;
 'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

L. J. G. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain
 "When the wan King of Terrours stalks before us,"
 When universal ruin gathers round,
 And no escape is left us? Are we not
 Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
 The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
 "Around us see the pale despairing crew
 "Wring their sad hands and give their labour o'er
 The hope of life has ev'ry heart forfook,
 And horror sits on each distracted look;
 "One solemn thought of death does all employ,
 "And cancels like a dream delight and joy;

“ One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
 “ And one consenting voice for mercy cries;”
 Trembling they dread just Heav'n's avenging pow'r,
 Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE continues.

*Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and the Duke of
 SUFFOLK.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

LET then be cheer'd my heart amidst thy mourning:

“ Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale fear
 “ And wild distraction sit on ev'ry face,”
 Tho' never day of grief was known like this,
 Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd light
 Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
 And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.

Suf. I know not what my secret soul presages,
 But something seems to whisper me within
 That we have been too hasty. “ For myself,
 “ I wish this matter had been yet delay'd,
 “ That we had waited some more blessed time,
 “ Some better day with happier omens hallow'd,
 “ For Love to kindle up his holy flame;
 “ But you, my noble brother, wou'd prevail,
 “ And I have yielded to you.”

North. Doubt not any thing,
 Nor hold the hour unlucky that good Heav'n,
 “ Who softens the corrections of his hand,
 “ And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,”
 Has giv'n to-day a blessing in our children
 To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.

Suf. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
 And make my fears prove vain! But see! my wife!
 With her your son, the gen'rous Guilford, comes:
 She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK and Lord GUILFORD.

L. Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?

B ij

What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
 Oh gracious princess! but my life is your's,
 And all the bus'ness of my years to come
 Is to attend with humblest duty on you,
 And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.

Duch. Suf. Yes, noble youth! I share in all thy
 "In all the joys which this sad day can give.
 "The dear delight I have to call thee son.
 "Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits,
 "It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
 "And melts that frost of death which hung about me.
 But haste! inform my daughter of our pleasure;
 "Let thy tongue put on all its pleasing eloquence;
 "Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
 "To sooth her griefs and cheer the mourning maid."

North. All desolate and drown'd in flowing-tears
 By Edward's bed the pious princess sits,
 "Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
 "Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour
 "And fervent zeal pour forth her lab'ring soul,"
 And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent
 As strive with Heav'n to save her dying Lord.

Duch. Suf. From the first early days of infant life
 A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt 'em,
 And while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
 As brother and as sister bred together,
 Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.

North. A wondrous sympathy of souls conspir'd
 To form the sacred union. "Lady Jane
 "Of all his royal blood was still the dearest;
 "In ev'ry innocent delight they shar'd;
 "They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd, together
 "Nay, in the graver bus'ness of his youth,
 "When books and learning call'd him from his play,
 "Ev'n there the princely maid was his companion;
 "She left the shining court to share his toil,
 "To turn with him the grave historian's page,
 "And taste the rapture of the poet's song,
 "To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
 "And wonder at the mighty minds of old."

Enter LADY JANE GREY weeping.

L. J. G. Wot thou not break my heart!

Suf. Alas! what mean'st thou?

Guil. Oh speak!

Arch. Suf. How fares the King?

North. Say, is he dead?

J. G. The faints and angels have him.

Arch. Suf. When I left him

He seem'd a little cheer'd, "just as you enter'd"---

J. G. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my duty

He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,

"Are you then come? he cry'd; I only liv'd

To bid farewell to thee my gentle cousin,

"To speak a few short words to thee and die."

With that he prest my hand, and oh!--he said

"I am gone do thou be good to England,

Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,

And so the end be constant. More I wou'd,

But cannot---There his falt'ring spirits fail'd,

"And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once

"To that best place where all his hopes were fix'd,

Earnest he pray'd---Merciful, great Defender!

Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd,

"Protect this land from bloody men and idols,

"Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,

"And take thy painful servant to thy mercy;"

Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh

He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul

Into his hands who gave it.

Guil. "Crowns of glory,

"Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him,

"Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise,

"With all its endless blifs, be open to him."

Arch. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty

is to see his last commands obey'd.

And that his death be not made known

to any but our friends. To-morrow early

the Council shall assemble at the Tower:

and while I beg your Grace wou'd straight inform

[To the Duchess of Suffolk.

our princely daughter of our resolution:

our common int'rest in that happy tie

demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.

Duch. Suff. My Lord, you have determin'd well. Lord
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose. [*Guilford,*
Daughter, receive this Lord as one whom I,
Your father and his own, ordain your husband:
What more concerns our will and your obedience
We leave you to receive from him at leisure:
[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and Duke* / N
thumberland.

Guil. Wot thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
"And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?"
"Wot thou not give one interval to joy?"
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?

L. J. G. My heart is cold within me; ev'ry tent
Is dead to joy: but I will hear thee *Guilford,*
"Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command
"Whom early duty taught me still to obey."
Yet oh! forgive me if to all the story,
Tho' eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
"Tho' ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace do crown thee,"
Forgive me if I cannot better answer
Than weeping---thus, and thus---

Guil. If I offend thee
Let me be dumb for ever; "let not life
"Inform these breathing organs of my voice
"If any sound from me disturb thy quiet.
"What is my peace or happiness to thine?"
No; tho' our noble parents had decreed,
And urg'd high-reasons which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss---

L. J. G. How? *Guilford!* on this night?

Guil. This happy night;
Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate,
If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corse before thee;
"Let me be swept away with things forgotten,
"Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
"Ere thou shouldst say my love has made thee wretched,
"Or drop one single tear for *Guilford's* sake."

L. J. G. Alas! I have too much of death already,

And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
 " Oh! dreadful thought! if thou wert dead indeed
 " What hope were left me then! Yes, I will own,
 " 'Tis of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
 " My heart has fondly lean'd towards thee long:
 " Sweetness, virtue, and unblemish'd youth,
 " Had won a place for thee within my bosom;
 " But now thy eyes look coldly on thee now,
 " And if I love on this disastrous day,
 " I should not deal so hardly
 " And shun thy eyes for all thy faithful vows,
 " 'Tis because I earn'd them with nought but tears;
 " Give thee thy eyes,
 " I pay thee
 " I ask no more."

But let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope
 To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul,
 For all the rest do thou allot it for me,
 And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.
 " My eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
 " Nor will I think of joy while thou art sad.
 " Nay, couldst thou be so cruel to command it,
 " I will forego a bridegroom's sacred right,
 " And sleep far from thee on th' unwholesome earth,
 " Where damps arise and whistling winds blow loud,
 " Then when the day returns come drooping to thee,
 " My locks still drizzling with the dews of night,
 " And cheer my heart with thee as with the morning.
 " J. G. " Say, wot thou consecrate the night to sorrow,
 " And give up ev'ry sense to solemn sadness?
 " Wot thou in watching waste the tedious hours,
 " Sit silently and careful by my side,
 " List to the toiling clocks the cricket's cry,
 " And ev'ry melancholy midnight noise?
 " Say, wot thou banish pleasure and delight?
 " Wot thou forget that ever we have lov'd,
 " And only now and then let fall a tear
 " To mourn for Edward's loss and England's fate?
 " Unweary'd still I will attend thy woes,
 " And be a very faithful partner to thee.
 " Near thee I will complain in sighs as numberless
 " As murmurs breathing in the leafy grove;
 " My eyes shall mix their falling drops with thine,

" Constant as never-ceasing waters roll
 " That purr and gurgle o'er their sands for ever:
 " The sun shall see my grief thro' all his course,
 " And when night comes sad Philomel, who plains
 " From starry vesper to the rosy dawn,
 " Shall cease to tune her lamentable song
 " Ere I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. G. " Here then I take thee to my heart for ever,
 [giving her hand.]

" The dear companion of my future day;
 " Whatever Providence allots for each
 " Be that the common portion of us both:
 " Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane,
 " But if good Heav'n has any joys in store
 " Let them be all thy own."

Guil. Thou wondrous goodness!

" Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee;
 " And by the common course of things below,
 " Where each delight is temper'd with affliction,
 " Some evil terrible and unforeseen
 " Must sure ensue to poise the scale against
 " This vast profusion of exceeding pleasure;
 " But be it so, let it be death and ruin,
 " On any terms I take thee.

L. J. G. Trust our fate

" To him whose gracious wisdom guides our ways,
 " And makes what we think evil turn to good."
 Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
 I'll summon all my reason and my duty
 To sooth this storm within, and frame my heart
 To yield obedience to my noble parents.

Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to thee!
 And oh! " if, as my fond belief wou'd hope,
 " If any word of mine be gracious to thee,"
 I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
 Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet,
 Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
 Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
 And cheer my heaviness with one dear smile.

L. J. G. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
 All that the royal Edward has been to me,
 " How we have lov'd ev'n from our very cradles."

My private loss no longer will I mourn,
 But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn;
 With patience I'll submit to Heav'n's decree,
 And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
 Ough! when I revolve what ruins wait
 On our sinking altars and the falling state,
 Then I consider what my native land
 Expected from her pious sov'reign's hand,
 How form'd it was to save her from distress,
 "A king to govern and a faint to bless,"
 New sorrow to my quivering breast succeeds,
 And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.

[Exit Lady Jane Grey.

Lan. My heart sinks in me at her soft complaining,
 And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
 Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
 And melts me down to infancy and tears:
 "My fancy palls, and takes distaste at pleasure;
 My soul grows out of tune, it loathes the world,
 Sickens at all the noise and folly of it,
 "And I cou'd set me down in some dull shade
 "Where lonely Contemplation keeps her cave
 "And dwells with hoary hermits, there forget myself,
 "There fix my stupid eyes upon the earth,
 "And muse away an age in deepest melancholy."

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. Edward is dead; so said the great Northumber-
 As slow he shot along by me in haste: [land
 He press'd my hand, and in a whisper begg'd me
 To guard the secret carefully as life
 Till some few hours should pass, for much hung on it.
 Much may indeed hang on it. See, my Guilford!
 My friend! [Speaking to him.

Guil. Ha! Pembroke!

[Starting.

Pemb. Wherefore dost thou start?
 Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
 Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
 The paleness of surprise and ghastly fear?
 Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
 I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
 So chang'd upon a sudden.

Guil. How! so chang'd!

Pemb. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The King is dead.

Pemb. I learn'd it from thy father

Just as I enter'd here. But say, cou'd that,
A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
Distract thy thought or shock thy temper thus?

Guil. Oh Pembroke! 't is in vain to hide from thee,
For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.

'Tis true thy coming struck me with surprise.
I have a thought—but wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,
“ Like pop'lous towns disturb'd at dead of night,
“ That mix'd in darkness bustle to and fro,
“ As if their bus'ness were to make confusion.”

Pemb. Then sure our better angels call'd me hither,
For this is friendship's hour and friendship's office,
To come when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of ev'ry gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand and save thee from adversity.

Guil. And wot thou be a friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my bosom bare before thee
“ Wot thou deal tenderly, and let thy hand
“ Pass gently over ev'ry painful part?”
Wot thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
And if perchance thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage and grate thy soul,
Wot thou be master of thyself and bear it?

Pemb. Away with all this needless preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself,
“ And call thy fault a virtue.”

Guil. But suppose
The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love

Pemb. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day
And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject
Of which, if possible, I wou'd not think;
I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?

Pemb. No,
Thou know'st I cannot; therefore prithee spare it.
GC. Oh! cou'd the secret I wou'd tell thee sleep,
And the world never know it, my fond tongue
Wou'd cease from speaking ere I wou'd unfold it,
To buy thy peace with an officious tale;
But since, how'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be said; thee once, hear it from me.

Pemb. Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul.

Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love—

Pemb. Say not suppose; 't is done:
Seek not for vain excuse or soft'ning words:
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By underhand contrivances undone me,
And while my open nature trusted in thee
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear:
Thou hast betray'd me—

Guil. How! betray'd thee, Pembroke?

Pemb. Yes; falsely, like a traitor.

Guil. Have a care.

Pemb. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee;
There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And tho' I love thee—fondly—

Guil. Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself;
Hear while I tell how Fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms—

Pemb. What, hear it! stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold I charge thee,
Lest I forget, that ever we were friends,
Went in the rage of disappointed love
To slay at once and tear thee for thy falsehood.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash as thou art
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell. [Going.

Pemb. Ha! art thou going? think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the rack of this uncertainty.

Guil. What wouldst thou further?

Pemb. Tell it to me all;
 Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
 And rioted in vast excess of blifs,
 That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
 Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend;
 How didst thou look with that betraying face,
 And smiling plot my ruin?

Guil. Give me way:
 When thou art better temper'd I may tell thee,
 And vindicate at full my love and friendship.

Pemb. And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou traitor?
 No, I will have it now, this moment, from thee,
 "Or drag the secret out from thy false heart."

Guil. "Away, thou madman! I wou'd talk to winds,
 "And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
 "Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine."

Pemb. "Tell it, or by my injur'd love I swear"
 [*Laying his hand upon his sword*]
 I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.

Guil. Ha! stay thee there, nor let thy frantick hand
 [*Stopping him.*]

Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
 If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
 To ev'ry thought of friendship; one must fall.

Pemb. Curse on thy friendship! I would break the band.

Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
 And wo' not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.
 You know I dare be found on any summons.

Pemb. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long:
 Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
 Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.
 Here I give up the empty name of Friend,
 Renounce all gentleness, all commerce with thee,
 To death defy thee as my mortal foe,
 And when we meet again may swift destruction
 Rid me of thee or rid me of myself. [*Exit Pembroke.*]

Guil. The fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me,
 And long ago my boding heart divin'd
 A breach like this from his ungovern'd rage.
 Oh Pembroke! thou hast done me much in
 For I have borne thee true unfeign'd affection
 'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.

" Love is or ought to be our greatest bliss ;
 " Since ev'ry other joy, how dear soever,
 " Gives way to that, and we leave all for Love :
 " At the imperious tyrant's lordly call
 " In spite of reason and restraint we come,
 " Leave kindred parents and our native home :
 " The trembling maid with all her fears he charms,
 " And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms ;
 " He laughs at all her leagues, and in proud scorn
 " Commands the bands of friendship to be torn,
 " Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
 " But reigns unbouded, lawless, and alone. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Tower.**Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

GARDINER.

NAY, by the rood, my Lord, you were to blame
 To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
 And hurry you into such mad extremes.
 Marry, you might have made much worthy profit
 By patient bearing ; the unthinking Lord
 Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul ;
 Then when you were the master of his bosom
 That was the time to use him with contempt,
 And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

Pemb. Thou talk'st as if a madman could be wife.

Oh Winchester ! thy hoary frozen age
 Can never guess my pain, can never know
 The burning transports of untam'd desire.

I tell thee, rev'rend Lord, to that one bliss,
 To the enjoyment of that lovely maid,
 As to their centre, I had drawn each hope
 And ev'ry wish my furious soul cou'd form ;
 Still with regard to that my brain foreshought,
 And fashion'd ev'ry action of my life :
 Then to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting
 Be dash'd in all the height of expectation,
 " It was not to be borne."

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pemb. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then; but ere I speak
I warn you to be master of yourself.

Tho' as you know they have confin'd me long,

Gra'mercy to their goodness! pris'ner here,

Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large

Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,

I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours

“ Without good heed to these our righteous rulers:”

To prove this true this morn a trusty spy

Has brought me word that yester evening late,

In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,

Your friends were marry'd.

Pemb. Marry'd! who?—Damnation!

Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley and the Lady Jane.

Pemb. Curse on my stars!

Gar. Nay, in the name of grace

Restrain this sinful passion: all's not lost

In this one single woman.

Pemb. I have lost

More than the female world can give me back;

I had beheld ev'n her whole sex unmov'd,

Look'd o'er 'em like a bed of gaudy flow'rs

'That lift their painted heads and live a day,

Then shed their trifling glories unregard'd;

My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came

With ev'ry grace that Nature's hand could give,

And with a mind so great it spoke its essence

Immortal and divine.

Gar. She was a wonder;

Detraction must allow that.

Pemb. “ The virtuous came,

“ Sorted in gentle fellowship, to crown her,

“ As if they meant to mend each other's work.

“ Candour with goodness, fortitude with sweetness,

“ Strict piety, and love of truth, with learning

“ More than the schools of Athens ever knew

“ Or her own Plato taught. A wonder, Winchester!”

Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,

More than to say she was that only blessing

My soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

Gar. Your state is not so bad as you wou'd make it,
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.

Pemb. Ha! Wot thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again?

Gar. She may be your's.
Suppose her husband die.

Pemb. O vain, vain hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These Gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will, with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransack'd our shrines, and driv'n her saints to exile;
But if my divination fail me not
Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.

Pemb. And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold'unresolving heads and creeping time?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council on some deep design,
Some traiterous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin:
But there are punishments—halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for hereticks:
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short
Ev'n in his highest hope—But go not you,
Howe'er the fawning fire old Dudley court you;
No, by the holy rood I charge you mix not
With their pernicious counsels—Mischief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.

Pemb. Ha; join with them! the cursed Dudley's race,
Who while they held me in their arms betray'd me,
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mock'ry of my easy friendship!

No, when I do dishonour be my portion,
“And swift perdition catch me—Join with them!”
Gar. I wou'd not have you—Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith.

Gather your friends about you, and be ready
 T' assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
 And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
 To see your soul's desire upon your enemies:
 The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
 And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.

Pemb. No; keep your blessings back, and give me ven-
 Give me to tell that soft deceiver Guilford, [geance:
 Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
 And thus thy treason finds a just reward.

Gar. But soft! no more! the Lords o' the Council come,
 Ha! by the mass the bride and bridegroom too!
 Retire with me my Lord: we must not meet 'em.

Pemb. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy pair!
 Hast, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
 And drive her from my very thoughts if possible.
 "Oh! love, what have I lost! Oh! rev'rend Lord,
 "Pity this fond this foolish weakness in me!
 "Methinks I go like our first wretched father,
 "When from his blissful garden he was driv'n;
 "Like me he went despairing, and like me
 "Thus at the gate stopt short for one last view;
 "Then with the cheerless partner of his wo
 "He turn'd him to the world that lay below,
 "There for his Eden's happy plains beheld
 "A barren wild uncomfortable field;
 "He saw 't was vain the ruin to deplore,
 "He try'd to give the sad remembrance o'er,
 "The sad remembrance still return'd again,
 "And his lost Paradise renew'd his pain."

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Gardiner.*

Enter Lord GUILFORD and Lady JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee! what pow'r divine
 Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel,
 To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
 And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
 "For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
 "Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow,
 "And desolate as orphans." Oh my fair one!
 Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
 And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

L. J. G. Alas, my dearest Lord! a thousand griefs

Beset my anxious heart; and yet, as if
 The burthen were too little, I have added
 The weight of all thy cares, and, like the miser,
 Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
 "The morning light seems not to rise as usual,
 "It draws not to me like my virgin days,
 "But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me:"
 I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd
 Lest aught but good shou'd happen to my Guilford.

Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford
 While thou art by his side, his better angel,
 His blessing and his guard.

L. J. G. Why came we hither?

"Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,
 "This Tow'r, so often stain'd with royal blood?
 "Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were murder'd,
 "And pious Henry fell by ruthless Glo'ster.
 "Is this the place allotted for rejoicing,
 "The bow'r adorn'd to keep our nuptial feast in?
 "Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
 "Staring with meagre forms thro' grated windows,
 "Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment,
 "Without grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Pow'r
 "Sit on the rude old tow'rs and Gothick battlements,
 "While Horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
 "And frowns on all around.

Guil. "In safety here

"The Lords o' th' Council have this morn decreed:
 "To meet, and with united care support
 "The feeble tott'ring state." To thee, my Princess,
 Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
 With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd;
 From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
 And from thy healing hand expect a cure
 For England's loss in Edward.

L. J. G. How! from me!

Alas! my Lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me?!

Guil. No, by the love my faithful heart is full of!
 But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
 To intercept my story: she shall tell thee,
 For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
 What vast event thy Fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

Duch. Suf. No more complain, indulge thy tears no
Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due; [more,
"Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes,
"Expand thy bosom, let thy soul enlarg'd"
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For Majesty and purple Greatness court thee,
Homage and low Subjection wait: a crown,
"That makes the princes of the earth like gods,"
A crown, my daughter, England's crown, attends
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

L. J. G. Amazement chills my veins! What says my mother?

Duch. Suf. 'Tis Heav'n's decree; for our expiring Ed-
When now just struggling to his native skies, [ward,
Ev'n on the verge of heav'n, in sight of angels
That hover'd round to waft him to the stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my Jane for his successor.

L. J. G. Cou'd Edward do this? cou'd the dying faint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh fatal bounty!
To me! but 'tis impossible! "We dream;
"A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
"Rise in my way and intercept my passage:
"Ev'n you, my gracious mother, what must you be
"Ere I can be a queen?"

Duch. Suf. "That, and that only,
"Thy mother; sonder of that tender name
"Than all the proud additions Pow'r can give.
"Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
"And live in low obscurity for ever,
"To see thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart,
"And fix'd upon a throne." But see, thy father-
Northumberland, with all the Council, come
To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel and call thee Queen.

L. J. G. Support me Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repels this growing danger.

*Enter SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Lords and others of
the Privy Council.*

North. Hail, sacred Princess! sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring

Of York and Lancaster's united line,
 " By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
 " Guarded and fenc'd around, our pure religion,
 " That lamp of truth which shines upon our altars,
 " Shall lift its golden head and flourish long,
 " Beneath whose awful rule and righteous sceptre
 " The plenteous years shall roll in long succession,
 " Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place,
 " Fair Liberty shall lift her cheerful head
 " Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression,
 " No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
 " But justice shall be exercis'd in mercy."
 Hail, royal Jane! behold we bend our knees,

[*They kneel.*]

The pledge of homage and thy land's obedience;
 With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
 Our Liege our sov'reign Lady and our Queen.

L. J. G. Oh rise!

My father, rise!

[*To Suz.*]

And you my father too!

[*To North.*]

Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion.

[*They rise.*]

What means this mock, this masking shew of greatness?

Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,

And dress me up in honours not my own?

North. The daughters of our late great master Henry
 Stand both by law excluded from succession.

To make all firm,

And fix a pow'r unquestion'd in your hand,

Edward by will bequeath'd his crown to you,

And the concurring Lords in council met

Have ratify'd the gift.

L. J. G. Are crowns and empire,

" The government and safety of mankind,"

Trifles of such light moment to be left

Like some rich toy, " a ring or fancy'd gem,"

The pledge of parting friends? Can kings do thus,

And give away a people for a legacy?

North. Forgive me, princely Lady, if my wonder

Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,

To see the utmost wish the great can form,

A crown, thus coldly met; a crown which, slighted

And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,

And find a joyful wearer, one perhaps
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

L. J. G. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares?
[Turning to Guilford.]

“Come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen:
“Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
“Which in the shape of gorgeous Greatness comes
“To crown and make a wretch of me for ever:

Guil. “Thou weep’st my queen, and hang’st thy drooping head

“Like nodding poppies heavy with the rain,
“That bow their weary necks and bend to earth.”
See, by thy side thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar’d to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh! “stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
“And cheer your people with one gracious smile,
“Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form
“To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
“On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.”
Methinks I see you seated on the throne,
“Beneath your feet the kingdom’s great degrees
“In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
“The various ermine and the glowing purple,”
Assembled senates wait with awful dread
To firm your high commands and make ’em fate.

L. J. G. You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it to be a queen to sit aloft
In solemn dull uncomfortable stait,
The flatter’d idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant for the wond’ring crowd to gaze at?
“Is it in wantonness of pow’r to reign,
“And make the world subservient to my pleasure?
“Is it not rather to be greatly wretched,
“To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
“To bend each day before high Heav’n, and own
“This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
“And at my hand I know thou shalt require ’em?”

Alas, Northumberland!—my father!—is it not
 To live a life of care, and when I die
 Have more to answer for before my Judge
 Than any of my subjects?

Duch. Suff. “Ev’ry state
 Allotted to the race of man below
 “Is in proportion doom’d to taste some sorrow,
 “Nor is the golden wreath on a king’s brow
 “Exempt from care; and yet who would not bear it?
 “Think on the monarchs of our royal race,
 “They liv’d not for themselves: how many blessings,
 “How many lifted hands, shall pay thy toil,
 “If for thy people’s good thou haply borrow
 “Some portion from the hours of rest, and wake
 “To give the world repose!”

Suf. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
 ; And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
 The fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
 See where she comes in Mary’s priestly train!
 Still wot thou doubt, till thou behold her stalk
 Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
 O’er England’s bosom? “All the mourning year
 “Our towns shall glow with unextinguish’d fires,
 “Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling bones,
 “Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears,
 “Matrons and husbands, with their newborn infants,
 “Shall burn promiscuous; a continu’d peal
 “Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks, shall sound
 “Thro’ all our purple ways.”

Guil. Amidst that ruin
 Think thou behold’st thy Guilford’s head laid low,
 Bloody and pale——

L. J. G. Oh! spare the dreadful image!

Guil. Oh! wou’d the misery be bounded there
 My life were little; but the rage of Rome
 Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
 “With superstition comes that other fiend,
 “That bane of peace, of arts and virtue, Tyranny,
 “That foe of justice, scorner of all law,
 “That beast which thinks mankind were born for one,
 “And made by Heav’n to be a monster’s prey,
 “That heaviest curse of groaning nations, tyranny.”

Mary shall by her kindred Spain be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.

L. J. G. Avert that judgment Heav'n!
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me
In mercy spare my country.

Guil. Oh my queen!

Does not thy great thy generous heart relent
To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her tow'ry front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its glory? "Oh my country!
"Oh! fairest Albion! empress of the deep,
"How have thy noblest sons with stubborn valour
"Stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood,
"In dear defence of birthright and their laws!
"And shall those hands which fought the cause of freedom
"Be manacled in base unworthy bonds,
"Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves,
"Of hairbrain'd Zeal and cruel coward priests?"

L. J. G. Yes, my lov'd Lord, my soul is mov'd like thine
At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And cou'd be more than man in her defence:
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
Can you, my Lords, give me the pow'r to canvass
A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters?
Where are the rev'rend sages of the law
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths which right and justice bid me tread?

North. The Judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve you ev'ry scruple.

L. J. G. They expound;
But where are those, my Lord, that make the law?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles with the mitred fathers join'd?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly Queen?

North. "Nor shall that long

" Be wanting to your wish. The Lords and Commons
 " Shall at your royal bidding soon assemble,
 " And with united homage own your title:
 " Delay not then to meet the general wish,
 " But be our queen, be England's better angel;
 " Nor let mistaken piety betray you
 " To join with cruel Mary in our ruin:
 " Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
 " And your's enjoins to save.

Guil. Our foes, already
 High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
 " The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
 " Rouse and prepare once more to take possession,
 " To nestle in their ancient hives again;
 " Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
 " Relicks and wooden wonder-working saints,
 " Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
 " In high procession mean to bring them back,
 " And place the puppets in their shrines again;
 " While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
 " And deep-designing Gard'ner, dream of vengeance,
 " Devour the blood of innocents in hope,
 " Like vultures snuff the slaughter in the wind,
 " And speed their flight to havock and the prey."
 Hasten then and save us, while 't is giv'n to save
 Your country, your religion.

North. Save your friends!

Suf. Your father!

Duch. Suf. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. J. G. Take me, crown me,

Invest me with this royal wretchedness;
 Let me not know one happy minute more;
 Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
 My days be vex'd with tumults and alarms;
 If only I can save you, if my fate
 Has mark'd me out to be the publick victim,
 I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
 For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,
 And that dear native land which gave me birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
 And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim

My Jane is England's queen! "Let the loud cannon
 "In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta;
 "Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
 "And roll it to the subject ocean down:
 "Tell the old deep and all thy brother floods
 "My Jane is empress of the wat'ry world!
 "Now with glad fires our bloodless streets shall shine,
 "With cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring,"
 Thy name shall echo thro' the rescu'd isle,
 And reach applauding heav'n!

L. J. G. Oh Guilford! what do we give up for glory!
 For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase,
 An idle empty bubble: but for England!
 What must we lose for that! Since then my Fate
 Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will
 Let gracious Heav'n allow me one request:
 For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
 "For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
 "For all those joys my happier days did prove,
 "For Plato and his Academick grove,"
 All that I ask is, tho' my Fortune frown,
 And bury me beneath this fatal crown,
 Let that one good be added to my doom,
 To save this land from tyranny and Rome. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.

GARDINER.

IN an unlucky and accursed hour
 Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumberland,
 "To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
 "And war against our Mary's royal right:
 "Ill Fortune fly before, and pave his way
 "With disappointments, mischief, and defeat:"
 Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,
 The champion, and the martyr of our church,
 Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome;

Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.

Pemb. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him issuing thro' the City-gate
In harness all appointed as he pass'd,
And (for he wore his beaver up) cou'd read
Upon his visage horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him,
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bad God speed him,
But thro' a staring ghastly-looking crowd,
Unhail'd, unblest'd, with heavy heart he went,
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had ush'èr'd him to ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham in Suffolk lies the Queen,
Mary, our pious mistress, where each day
The nobles of the land and swarming populace
Gather, and lift beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet, combin'd by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause;
The valiant Sussex and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

Pemb. " The citizens,
" Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
" Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
" And wou'd upon the instant join t' oppose him,
" Could we but draw some of the Lords o' th' Council
" T' appear among 'em, own the same design,
" And bring the reverend sanction of authority
" To lead 'em into action. For that purpose
" To thee, as to an oracle, I come,
" To learn what fit expedient may be found
" To win the wily Council to our side:
" Say thou, whose head is grown thus silver-white
" In arts of government and turns of state,
" How may we blast our enemies with ruin,
" And sink the curs'd Northumberland to hell?

Gar. " In happy time be your whole wish accomplish'd.
" Since the proud duke set out I have had conference,

" As fit occasion serv'd, with divers of 'em,
 " The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
 " And find 'em all dispos'd as we cou'd ask.
 " By holy Mary, if I count aright,
 " To-day the better part shall leave this place,
 " And meet at Baynard's Castle in the City,
 " There own our sov'reign's title, and defy
 " Jane and her Gospel crew. But hie you hence!
 " This place is still within our foes' command;
 " Their puppet-queen reigns here."

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both. [*Guards seize Pemb. and Gar.*
 My Lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

Pemb. Ha! by whose order?

Off. By the Queen's command,
 Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pemb. Curse on his traitor's heart!

Gar. Rest you contented;

You have loiter'd here too long; but use your patience;
 These bonds shall not be lasting.

Off. As for you Sir,

[*To Gardiner.*

'Tis the Queen's pleasure you be close confin'd;
 You 'ave us'd that fair permission was allow'd you
 To walk at large with in the Tower unworthily:
 You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
 A secret practiser against the state,
 For which henceforth your limits shall be straiter.
 Hence, to your chamber.

Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke,
 I trust that we shall meet on blither terms;
 Till then amongst my beads I will remember you,
 And give you to the keeping of the faints.

[*Exeunt part of the Guards with Gardiner.*

Pemb. Now, whither must I go?

Off. This way my Lord.

[*Going off.*

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. Hold Captain! ere you go; I have a word or two
 For this your noble pris'ner.

Off. At your pleasure:

I know my duty, and attend your Lordship,
 [*The Officer and Guards retire to the farthest part of the stage.*

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us

So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?

Pemb. Ha! not look!

What terrours are there in the Dudley's race
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?

And yet 'tis true I wou'd not look upon thee;
Our eyes are set to look on what we hate
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me then!

Pemb. I do, and with perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.

Guil. And yet as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come

In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee,
To plant ev'n all the pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.

Pemb. Friendship from thee! but my just soul disdains
Hence! take the prostituted bawble back, [thee.

"Hang to grace some flaving idiot's neck,
For none but fools will prize the tinsel toy."

But thou art come perhaps to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me,

To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word and give me freedom.

Oh shortliv'd pageant! hadst thou all the pow'r
Which thy vain soul wou'd grasp at I would die,

Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,

The least the meanest courtesy, from thee.

Guil. Oh Pembroke! but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses; danger unforeseen,

And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word! [To the Officer.

I take your prisoner to my proper charge;

Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.

[The Officer delivers the sword to Lord Guilford, and goes
out with his Guard.

Lord Guilford offering the sword to Pembroke.

Receive this gift ev'n from a rival's hand;

And if thy rage will suffer thee to hear

The counsel of a man once call'd thy friend,

Fly from this fatal place and seek thy safety.

Pemb. How now! what shew what mockery is this?
 "Is it in sport you use me thus? What means
 "This swift fantastick changing of the scene?"

Guil. Oh, take thy sword, and let thy valiant hand
 Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life;
 The time, the danger, and the wild imperious
 Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
 Or I cou'd tell thee——

Pemb. No, it needs not, traitor!
 For all thy poor thy little arts are known.
 Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
 To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom,
 Which in despite of thee a day shall give me.
 Nor can my fate depend on thee false Guilford,
 For know to thy confusion, ere the sun
 Twice gild the east our royal Mary comes
 To end thy pageant reign and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! hast thou accus'd me
 So little to accuse my heart of fear?
 Hast thou forgotten Mufelborough's day?
 Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought?
 And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood?
 But this is madness all.

Pemb. Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*]
 Perhaps indeed I wrong thee; thou hast thought,
 And conscious of the injury thou hast done me
 Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
 And meet my arm in single opposition:
 Lead then, and let me follow to the field.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
 And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom:
 But let Death wait to-day. By our partnership,
 In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
 I beg thee ask no more, but halt for ever.

Pemb. What mystick meaning lurks in all thy words?
 What fear is this which thou wou'dst awe my soul with?
 Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?

Guil. Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror!
 Trust me this once; believe me when I tell thee
 Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.

Away.

Pemb. "By Heav'n I wo'nt stir a step."

Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous, phrase.
If thou wou'dst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.

Guil. I forgive me, filial piety and nature,
If thus some fall'd I break your sacred laws,
Reveal no deceiver's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man whom my soul loves from death.

[Giving a paper.

Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe,
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and horror!
Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,
But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character?

Pemb. I know it well; the hand of proud Northumber-
Directed to his minions Gates and Palmer. [land,
What's this? [Reads.

Remember with your closest care to observe those
"whom I nam'd to you at parting, especially keep your
"eye upon the Earl of Pembroke; as his power and in-
"terest respect considerable. His opposition will be most
"fatal to us. Remember the resolution was taken if you
"should find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of
"justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. If he fal-
"ters, lose not the sight of him till your daggers have
"reached his heart."

My heart! oh murd'rous villain!

Guil. Since he parted
Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been mark'd,
Thy secret treaties with the malcontents
That harbour in the City, thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tow'r, all is known,
And in pursuance of that bloody mandate
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it, and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person—But begone!

Pemb. 'Tis so—'t is truth—I see his honest heart—

Guil. I have a friend of well try'd faith and courage,
Who with a fit disguise and arms conceal'd
Attends without to guide thee hence with safety.

Pemb. What is Northumberland? and what art thou?

D ij

Guil. Waste not the time; away!

Pemb. Here let me fix,

And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.

What is there good or excellent in man

That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flake

They break at once on my astonish'd soul,

“As if the curtains of the dark were drawn

“To let in day at midnight.

Guil. “Think me true;

“And tho’ ill fortune cross’d upon our friendship—

Pemb. “Curse on our fortune!—Think I know thee

Guil. For ever I could hear thee—but say life. [Honest.]

Oh Pembroke! linger not—

Pemb. And can I leave thee

Ere I have clasp’d thee in my eager arms,

And giv’n thee back my sad repenting heart?

Believe me, Guilford, like the Patriarch’s dove, [Embracing]

It wander’d forth, but found no resting place,

Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire

Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?

The danger comes—If you stay longer here

You die, my Pembroke.

Pemb. Let me stay and die,

For if I go I go to work thy ruin.

Thou know’st not what a foe thou send’st me forth,

That I have sworn destruction to the Queen,

And pledg’d my faith to Mary and her cause:

My honour is at stake.

Guil. I know ’tis given:

But go—the stronger thy engagements there

The more’s thy danger here. “There is a Power

“Who sits above the stars, in him I see it:

“All that I have his bounteous hand bestow’d;

“And he that gave it can preserve it to me.

“If his o’erruling will ordains my ruin

“What is there more but to fall down before him;

“And humbly yield obedience?”—Fly! begone!

Pemb. Yes, I will go—for see! behold who comes!

Oh Guilford! hide me, shield me from her sight;

Ev’ry mad passion kindles up again,

Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—

I will remember thee—Oh my torn heart!
 I have a thousand thousand things to say,
 But cannot—I dare not stay to look on her.
 "These ghostly phoebes, where'er the breaking morn
 Gives notice of the cheerful sun's return,
 "Faded with age, with horror stand oppress'd,
 "And flit before the purple dawning east,
 "Swift with their fleeting shades they wing their way,
 "And dread the brightness of the rising day."

[*Exeunt Guilford and Pembroke.*]

Enter Lady JANE reading.

L. J. G. "Tis false! the thinking soul is something more
 "Than symmetry of atoms well dispos'd,
 "The harmony of matter; farewell else
 "The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
 "That separate intellect, which must survive
 "When this fine frame is moulder'd into dust."

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. What read'st thou there my Queen?

L. J. G. 'Tis Plato's Phædon,
 "Where dying Socrates takes leave of life
 "With such an easy, careless, calm, indifference,
 "As if the trifle were of no account,
 "Mean in itself, and only to be worn
 "In honour of the giver."

Guil. Shall thy soul

"Forcorn the world, still fly the joys that court
 "Thy blooming beauty and thy tender youth?"
 "Will shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
 "And mix with nothing meaner than the stars,
 "As Heav'n and immortality alone
 "Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?"

L. J. G. "Bate that thy truth what is there here below
 "Deserves the least regard? Is it not time
 "To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
 "And seek some better sure abiding place,
 "When all around our gath'ring foes come on,
 "To drive us sweep us from this world at once?"

Guil. "Does any danger new"—

L. J. G. The faithless Counsellors
 "Are fled from hence to join the Princess Mary,
 "The servile herd of courtiers, who so late

In low obedience bent the knee before me ;
 They who with zealous tongues and hands uplifted
 Besought me to defend their laws and fail
 Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
 Proclaim me trait'ers now, and to the scaffold
 Doom my devoted head.

Guil. The changeling villains!
 That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
 And shun the blessing Liberty like ruin
 " What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus ?
 " Does fear or folly make thee, like the Indian,
 " Fall down before this dreadful devil Tyranny,
 " And worship the destroyer ?

But wherefore do I loiter tamely here ?
 Give me my arms : I will preserve my country
 Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have
 Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
 Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.
L. J. G. Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard ?
 And wot thou take from me the only joy,
 The last defence, is left me here below ?
 Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
 Or save a people who with blinded rage
 Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
 Northumberland, thy father, is in arms,
 And if it be in valour to defend us
 His sword, that long has known the way to conquer,
 Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf. Oh, my children !

L. J. G. Alas ! what means my father ?

Suf. Oh, my son !

Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
 Our dearest hopes were built——

Guil. Ha ! what of him ?

Suf. Is lost, betray'd !

His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
 Moulder'd away, and melted by his side ;

" Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,

" Which ere we can essay to count is vanish'd."

With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge,

But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself

Was forc'd, with heavy heart and wat'ry eye,

I cast his cap up with dissembled cheer,
 And cry Goodnight, Queen Mary. But alas!
 Little avail'd thee the semblance of that loyalty;
 For thou wert charged by the Earl of Arundel
 With treason, and charg'd, and there arrested,
 And now art in my power, and I am pris'ner up to London.
 O of empire and of power an end of greatness, the vain dream
 "With all these substantial empty forms,
 "Waiting in till mockery around us;
 "The gaudy man, tedious and nothing meaning,"
 Is vanish'd all at once—Why fare it well!
Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate
 With such unshaken temper?

L. J. G. For myself,
 If I could form a wish for Heav'n to grant
 It should have been to rid me of this crown.
 Thou, thou, o'erruling, great, allknowing, Pow'r!
 Thou that dost rule our thoughts, who see'st 'em rising
 And forming into our hearts, oh! judge me thou
 For ambition's guilty breath, which has arm'd me,
 If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to pow'r,
 Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
 To save this land, thy people, thy altars:
 And now behold I bend my grateful neck
 In humble adoration of that mercy
 Which quits me of the vast unequal task. [Kneeling.]

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

Duch. Suff. Now keep that posture still, and let us join,
 Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
 And seek for help and pity from above,
 For earth and the vilest man will give us none.

L. J. G. What is the work our cruel Fate ordains us?

Duch. Suff. O, were my fatal counsels, curs'd my tongue,
 That pleas'd thee to thy ruin, and persuaded
 Thy guiltless heart to tread the paths of greatness!
 My child—I have undone thee!

L. J. G. Oh, my mother!
 Shou'd I not bear a portion in your sorrows?

Duch. Suff. Alas! thou hast thy own, a double portion.
 Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
 Who beat the heav'ns with thy applauded name

Now crowd to meet and hail her as their queen.
 Suffex is enter'd here, commands the Tow'rs
 Has plac'd his guards around, and this place,
 So late thy palace, is become our prison.
 I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gard'ner,
 Who freed from his confinement ran to him,
 Embrac'd and blest'd him with a thousand
 Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here
 To seize and pass the doom of death upon us.

Guil. Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd? and shall I stand
 And tamely see thee borne away to death?
 'Then blasted be my coward name for ever.
 No I will set myself to guard this spot,
 To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
 Here I will grow the bulwark of my Queen,
 Nor shall the hand of Violence profane thee
 Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,
 Till this torn mangled body sink at once
 A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.

L. J. G. And could thy rash distracted rage do thus?
 Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
 "Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
 "To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me?"
 Oh, call thy better nobler courage to thee,
 And let us meet this adverse fate with patience!
 "Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
 "With ev'n brows, and souls secure of death;
 "Here stand unmov'd, as once the Roman senate
 "Receiv'd fierce Brennus and the conqu'ring Gauls,
 "Till ev'n the rude Barbarians stood amaz'd
 "At such superiour virtue." Be thyself,
 For see, the trial comes!

Enter SUSSEX, GARDINER, Officers and Soldiers.

Suf. Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors:
 Here my commission ends. To you, my Lord, [*To Gard.*]
 So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
 I leave the full disposal of these prisoners:
 To your wife care the pious Queen commends
 Her sacred self, her crown, and, what's yet more,
 The holy Roman Church, for whose dear safety
 She wills your utmost diligence be shewn
 To bring rebellion to the bar of Justice.

Yet farther to proclaim how much she trusts
 In Winchester's deep thought and well try'd faith,
 The seal attends thy grace those rev'rend hands,
 And when I next salute you I must call you
 Chief Minister and Chancellor of England.

Gar. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head,
 My evergracious Lady, to remember
 With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
 For these her foes leave me to deal with them.

Suf. The Queen is on her entrance and expects me.
 My Lord, farewell.

Gar. Farewell, right noble Suffex;
 Commend me to the Queen's grace; say her bidding
 Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature. [*Exit Suf.*
 Lieutenant of the Tow'r, take hence your pris'ners:
 Be it your care to see 'em kept apart,
 That they may hold no commerce with each other.

L. J. G. That stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wilt thou part us!

Gar. I hold no speech with hereticks and traitors.
 Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd. [*Exit Gar.*

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled, cruelty!
 Oh tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
 Thy savage temper joys to do Death's office,
 To tear the sacred bands of Love asunder,
 And part those hands which Heav'n itself hath join'd.

Quar. Suf. To let us waste the little rest of life
 Together had been merciful.

Suf. Then it had not
 Been done like Winchester.

Guil. Thou stand'st unprov'd,
 Calm temper fits upon thy beauteous brow,
 Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
 Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee,
 As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
 And triumph in the midst of desolation.

"Ha! see, it wells, the liquid crystal rises,

"It starts, in spite of thee—but I will catch it,

"Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich."

L. J. G. And dost thou think, my Guilford! I can see
 My father, mother, and ev'n thee my husband,
 Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow?

How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
 Words cannot tell thee what I feel: there is
 An agonizing softness busy here
 That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
 And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.
Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
 Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge
 Till the flood rise upon the guilty world
 And make the ruin common.

L. J. G. Guilford! no;
 The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
 Is fled away and gone; joy has forsaken us;
 Our hearts have now another part to play;
 They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude
 That fearless we may tread the paths of horror,
 And in despite of fortune and our foes
 Ev'n in the hour of death be more than conquerors.

Guil. Oh teach me! say, what energy divine
 Inspires thy softer sex and tender years
 With such unshaken courage?

L. J. G. Truth and innocence;
 A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
 That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
 Yes, England, yes, my country! I would save thee,
 But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my weakness,
 And to some dear selected hero's hand
 Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My Lords, my orders——

Guil. See! we must—must part!

L. J. G. Yet surely we shall meet again.

Guil. "Oh! where?"

L. J. G. If not on earth among yon' golden stars,
 "Where other souls arise on other worlds,
 "And happier beings rest on happier seats,
 "Where with a reach enlarg'd our soul shall view
 "The great Creator's never-ceasing hand
 "Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
 "And people the infinity of space."

Guil. Fain wou'd I cheer my heart with hopes like these,
 But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave,
 To that last dwelling whither now we haste,
 Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
 And veil thee from their longing eyes for ever.

L. J. G. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
 And thro' the vale of death we pass to life:
 But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
 Behold the universal works of nature
 Where life still springs from death. "To us the sun
 Dies ev'ry night and ev'ry morn revives;
 The flow'rs, which Winter's icy hand destroy'd,
 Lift their fair heads and live again in spring."
 Mark with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain
 The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;
 There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
 Till the revolving season bids it rise,
 Till nature's genial pow'rs command a birth,
 And, potent, call it from the teeming earth,"
 Then large increase the bury'd treasures yield,
 And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

[*Exeunt severally with Guards.*]

ACT V.

SCENE continues

Enter GARDINER, as Lord Chancellor, and the LIEUTENANT of the Tower. Servants with lights before 'em.

LIEUTENANT.

GOOD morning to your Lordship: you rise early.

Gar. Nay, by the rood there are too many sleepers;
 Some must stir early or the state shall suffer.

Did you, as yesterday our mandate bad,
 Inform your pris'ners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
 They were to die this day?

Lieut. My Lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your message like 'em.

Lieut. My Lord, they met the summons with a temper
 That shew'd a solemn serious sense of death,
 Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors:
 In short, they heard me with the selfsame patience
 With which they still have borne them in their prison.
 In one request they both concurr'd; each begg'd
 To die before the other.

Gar. That dispose
 As you think fitting.

Licut. The Lord Guilford only
 Implor'd another boon, and urg'd it warmly;
 That ere he suffer'd he might see his wife,
 And take a last farewell.

Ger. That's not much;
 That grace may be allow'd him: see you to it.
 How goes the morning?

Licut. Not yet four my Lord.

Ger. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more.
 You know 't was order'd that the Lady Jane
 Shou'd suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
 No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers,
 To wet their handkerchiefs and make report
 How like a faint she ended. Some fit number,
 And those too of our friends, were most convenient:
 But above all see that good guard be kept:
 You know the Queen is lodg'd at present here;
 Take care that no disturbance reach her Highness.
 And so good-morning good Master Lieutenant.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

How now! what light comes here?

Ser. So please your Lordship,
 If I mistake not 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.

Ger. Pembroke!—'tis he; what calls him forth thus
 Somewhat he seems to bring of high import; [early?
 "Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
 "And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes."

Enter PEMBROKE, a Page with a light before him.
 Good-morrow, noble Pembroke! what importunate
 And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
 And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
 At this unwholesome hour, "while yet the night
 "Lasts in her latter course, and with her raw
 "And rheumy damps infest the dusky air?"

Pemb. Oh, rev'rend Winchester! my beating heart
 Exults and labours with the joy it bears;
 The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn:
 "This coming day the sun shall rise more glorious
 "Than when his maiden beams first gilded o'er
 "The rich immortal greens, the flow'ry plains
 "And fragrant bow'rs of Paradise newborn."

Ger. What happiness is this!

Pemb. 'Tis mercy! mercy,
 "The mark of Heav'n impress'd on humankind;
 "Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;
 "Mercy, that smooths the dreadful brow of Pow'r,
 And makes dominion light; mercy, that saves,
 "Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair."
 Mary, our royal ever-gracious mistress,
 Has to my services and humblest pray'rs
 Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
 Full and free pardon!

Gar. Ha! what said you? Pardon!
 But sure you cannot mean it; cou'd not urge
 The Queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace?
 What! save the lives of those who wore her crown!
 My Lord! 't is most unweigh'd pernicious counsel,
 And must not be comply'd with.

Pemb. Not comply'd with!
 And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure
 And stop the stream of mercy?

Gar. That will I,
 Who would not see her gracious disposition
 Draw to destroy herself.

Pemb. Thy narrow soul
 Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving,
 Nor can thy cold thy ruthless heart receive
 How large the pow'r, how great the empire is,
 Which benefits confer on generous minds:
 "Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,
 "And conquers more than ev'n Caesar's sword did."

Gar. These are romantick, light, vainglorious, dreams.
 Have you consider'd well upon the danger?
 How dear to the fond many, and how popular,
 These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot
 When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
 This Lady Jane, this beauteous trait'refs, stood,
 With what command she charm'd the whole assembly?
 With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
 Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading:
 Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
 Their old hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
 And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
 Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and for a moment

Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
 And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
 But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
 Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
 At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling Lords
 Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life;
 A peal of groans ran thro' the crowded court
 As ev'ry heart was broken, and the doom,
 Like that which waits the world, were universal.

Pemb. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
 Which mov'd the hearts of a rude ruthless crowd,
 Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for pity?

Gar. Alas! you look on her with lovers' eyes:
 I hear and see thro' reasonable organs,
 Where passion has no part. Come, come, my Lord,
 You have too little of the statesman in you.

Pemb. And you, my Lord, too little of the churchman.
 Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
 Peace and good-will to man? The hallow'd hand
 Ordain'd to bless should know no stain of blood.
 'Tis true I am not practis'd in your politicks;
 'Twas your pernicious counsel led the Queen
 To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
 To violate, what in a prince should be
 Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advis'd her
 To break thro' all engagements made with hereticks,
 And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.

Pemb. Where shall we seek for truth when ev'n religion,
 The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it?

"But thus bad men dishonour the best cause."
 I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
 Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
 Than all your eloquence can wipe away:
 Hence 'tis that those who differ from our faith
 Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
 With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
 Our scarlet prelates men that thirst for blood,
 And Christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The Queen must be
 Better advis'd than thus to cherish vipers
 Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life:

But while I hold the seal no pardon passes
For hereticks and traitors. [Exit Gardiner.

Pemb. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. [Exit.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers the Lady JANE kneeling at
her devotion, a light and a book placed on a table before her.*

*Enter LIEUTENANT of the Tower, Lord GUILFORD, and
one of Lady JANE's Women.*

Lieut. Let me not press upon your Lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. [Exit Lieutenant.

Wom. Softly, my Lord,
For yet behold she kneels. "Before the night
"Had reach'd her middle space she left her bed,
"And with a pleasing sober cheerfulness,
"As for her funeral array'd herself
"In those sad solemn weeds: since then her knee
"Has known that posture only, and her eye
"Or fix'd upon the sacred page before her
"Or lifted with her rising hopes to Heav'n."

Guil. See, with what zeal those holy hands are rear'd!
"Mark her vermilion lip with fervour trembling;
"Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardour,
"And burns with ecstasy and strong devotion;
"Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows,
"Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heav'n,
"Like incense from the golden censer rise,
"Or blessed angels minister unseen,
"Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office
"Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,
"And waft them upwards to the throne of grace."
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[Lady JANE rises and comes toward the front of the stage.

L. J. G. Ha!

Art thou my Guilford? wherefore dost thou come
To break the fettle quiet of my soul?
I mean to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.

Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans towards thee,

"Tho' the imperious dreadful voice of Fate
 "Summon her hence and warn her from the world."
 But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
 Would I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee,
 "Tho' my lamenting discontented ghost
 "Had wander'd forth unblest'd by those dear eyes,
 "And wail'd thy loss in Death's eternal shades."

L. J. G. My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
 Had offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
 "And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailing;"
 While all the little bus'ness that remain'd
 Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
 And leave a life become indiff'rent to me:
 But thou has waken'd other thoughts within me;
 Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord!
 Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature;
 My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me
 'Tis more, far more, than death to part from thee.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. Oh, let me fly, bear me thou swift innkeeper,
 And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms!

[Embracing.]

That I may snatch thee from the greedy grave,
 That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
 And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke!

Pemb. Oh, my speech

Is chok'd with words that crowd to tell the tidings!
 But I have sav'd thee—and—oh, joy unutterable!
 The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving, mistress,
 Has giv'n not only thee to my request,
 But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
 The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!--Has she--tell me,
 Oh! has she spar'd my wife?

Pemb. Both, both are pardon'd.

But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
 That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
 And beg her to accept this poor amends
 For all I've done against her—Thou fair excellence.

[Kneeling.]

Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
 Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?

L. J. G. Oh, rise my Lord, and let me take your posture;
 Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
 But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
 Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
 This free this noble unexpected mercy
 Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the Queen, and you.

Pemb. To me! forbid it goodness! if I live
 Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
 "All discord and remembrance of offence
 Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom
 Myself have undertaken to be your caution."
 Hear me, you faints, and aid my pious purpose:
 These that deserve so much, this wondrous pair,
 Let these be happy; ev'ry joy attend 'em;
 A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
 "A good old age, to see their children's children,"
 A holy death, and everlasting memory;
 "While I resign to them my share of happiness,
 Contented still to want what they enjoy,
 And singly to be wretched."

Enter LIEUTENANT *of the Tower.*

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
 Is come with orders from the Queen.

Enter GARDINER *and Attendants.*

Pemb. Ha! Winchester!

Gar. The Queen, whose days be many,
 By me confirms her first accorded grace;
 But as the pious princess means her mercy
 Should reach ev'n to the soul as well as body,
 By me she signifies her royal pleasure
 That thou, Lord Guildford, and the Lady Jane,
 Do instantly renounce, assure your heresy,
 And yield obedience to the See of Rome.

L. J. G. What! turn apostate?

Guil. Ha! forego my faith!

Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon;
 But if thro' pride of heart and stubborn obstinacy
 With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
 "Look not your eyes against such manifest light,"
 Know ye your former sentence stands confirm'd,
 And you must die to-day.

Pemb. 'Tis false as hell;

The mercy of the Queen was free and full.
 Think'st thou that princes merchandise their grace
 As Roman priests their pardons? "Do they barter,
 "Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
 "And doubly sell what was design'd a gift?"

Gar. My Lord, this language ill befits your nobleness,
 Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
 Behold the royal signet of the Queen,
 Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
 Have heard at large its purport, and must instantly
 Resolve upon the choice of life or death.

Pemb. Curse on—But wherefore do I loiter here?
 I'll to the Queen this moment, and there know
 What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends. [*Exit.*]

Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course.
 A word with you Lieutenant.

[*Talks with the Lieutenant aside.*]

Guil. Must we part then?

What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now,
 Those joys that like the spring with all its flow'rs
 Pour'd out their pleasures ev'ry where around us?
 In one poor minute gone; "at once they wither'd,
 "And left their place all desolate behind them."

L. J. G. Such is this foolish world, and such the certainty
 Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
 Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
 Think only how to leave it as we ought,
 "But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more."

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
 "And tread the paths are pointed out by thee:"
 By thee instructed, to the fatal block
 I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
 To give my life a ransom for my faith.

"From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
 "That greatest hardest task to part with thee."

L. J. G. Oh, gloriously resolv'd! "Heav'n is my witness
 "My heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
 "Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,
 "Than when the holy priest first join'd our hands,
 "And knit the sacred knot of bridal love."

Gar. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you
 Will you lay hold on life? [*thought?*]

Guil. What are the terms?

Gar. Death or the mass attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd:

Lead to the scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his fate.

Guil. Oh! let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kifs upon thy lip!

Shall we not live again ev'n in those forms?

Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?

L. J. G. Oh! wherefore dost thou sooth me with thy
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart, [softness?
And make this separation painful to us?

"Here break we off at once; and let us now,

"Forgetting ceremony, like two friends

"That have a little bus'ness to be done,

"Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.

Guil. "Rest on that hope my soul—my wife——

L. J. G. "No more."

Guil. My sight hangs on thee—Oh! support me, Heav'n,
In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss!

[*Guilford is led off by the Guards.*

L. J. G. "Can nature bear this stroke?"

Wom. Alas, she faints! [Supporting.

L. J. G. Wot thou sail now—The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.

Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of Vengeance stay.

Have pity on your youth and blooming beauty;

"Cast not away the good which Heav'n bestows;"

Time may have many years in store for you,

All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband

Has perish'd in peevishness.

L. J. G. Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate with thy profaner malice

My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown,

But lingers on the wing and waits for me.

[*The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with black,
Executioner and Guards.*

And see, my journey's end.

1 *Wom.* My dearest lady!

[Weeping.

2 *Wom.* "Oh, misery!"

L. J. G. Forbear, my gentle maids!

Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.

I Wom. Oh, never, never!—

L. J. G. Help to disarray

And sit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. "Thou, Maria, [*To I Wom.*
"Hast been my old my very faithful servant:
"In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
"This book, the law of everlasting truth;
"Make it thy treasure still; 't was my support
"When all help else forsook me."

Gar. Will you yet

Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?

L. J. G. Oh Winchester! has learning taught thee
To barter truth for life?

Gar. Mistaken folly!

You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.

L. J. G. Who judge rightly,
And who persists in error, will be known
Then when we meet again. Once more farewell;

[*To her Wom.*

Goodness be ever with you. "When I'm dead
"Entreat they do no rude dishonest wrong
"To my cold headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
"And decent laid in earth."

Gar. Wot thou then die?

Thy blood be on thy head.

L. J. G. My blood be where it falls; let the earth hide it;
And may it never rise or call for vengeance.

Oh that it were the last shall fall a victim
To Zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious Heav'n!
Hear and defend at length thy suff'ring people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise, and good;
"In thy due season let the hero come

“ To save thy altars from the rage of Rome ;
 “ Long let him reign to bless the rescu'd Land,
 And deal out justice with a righteous hand,
 And when he fails, oh ! may he leave a son
 With equal virtues to adorn his throne,
 To latest times the blessing to convey,
 And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

Lady JANE goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. Horror on horror ! blasted be the hand
 That struck my Guilford ! oh, his bleeding trunk
 Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever !
 Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels ! [*To Gar.*
 The Queen is deaf and pitiless as thou art.

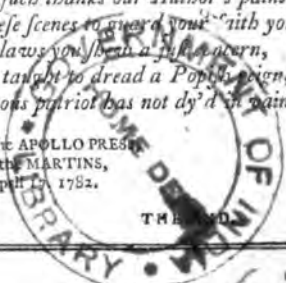
Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
 Is fall'n upon 'em both for their vain obstinacy ;
 Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
 And everlasting punishment hereafter.

Pemb. And canst thou tell ? who gave thee to explore
 The secret purposes of Heav'n, or taught thee
 To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd ?
 But know, thou proud, perversely judging, Winchester,
 Howe'er your hard imperious censures doom,
 And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
 Those who with honest hearts pursue the right,
 And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
 Tho' suff'ring here shall from their sorrows cease,
 Rest with the saints and dwell in endless peace. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

*T*HE palms of virtue heroes oft have won,
 Those crowns to-night a female brow adorn.
 The destin'd saint, unfortunately brave,
 Join'd with those altars which she strove to save.
 Greatly dar'd to prop the juster side,
 As great with her adverse fate comply'd,
 Did all that Heaven could ask, resign'd and dy'd;
 Dy'd for the land for which she wish'd to live,
 And gain'd that liberty she could not give.
 Oh happy people of this fav'rite isle,
 On whom so many better angels smile!
 For you kind Heav'n new blessings still supplies,
 Bids other saints and other guardians rise;
 For you the fairest of her sex is come,
 Adopts our Britain and forgets her home;
 For truth and you the heroine declines
 Austria's proud Eagles and the Indian mines.
 What sense of such a bounty can be shewn!
 But Heav'n must make the great reward its own,
 And stars shall join to make her future crown.
 Your gratitude with ease may be express'd;
 Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
 Let not vile faction vex the vulgar ear
 With fond surmise and false affected fear;
 Confirm but to yourselves the giv'n good;
 Is all she asks for all she has bestow'd.
 Such was our great example shown to-day,
 And with such thanks our Author's pains repay.
 If from these scenes to guard your faith you learn,
 If for our laws you shew a just concern,
 If you are taught to dread a Popish reign,
 Our beautiful patriot has not dy'd in vain.

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