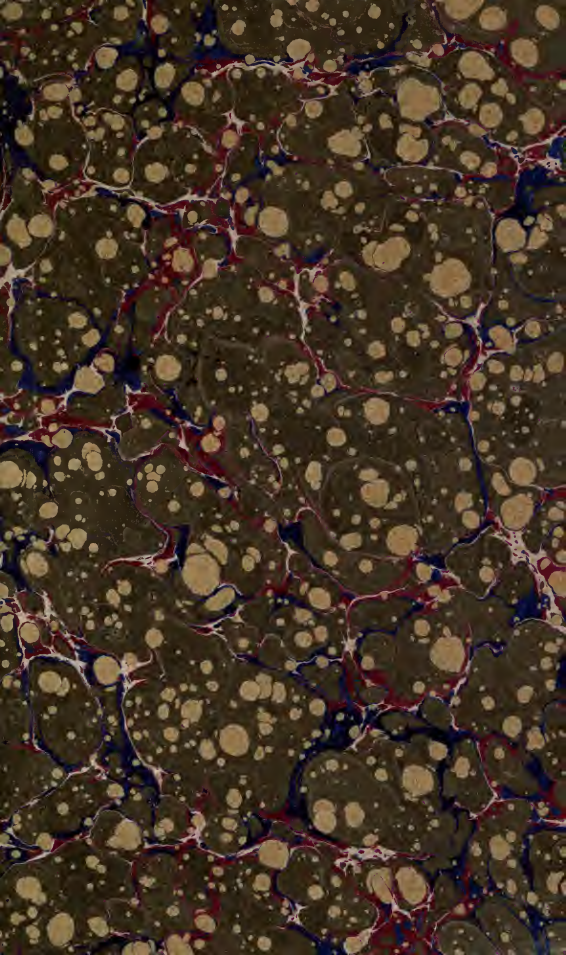


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Prophecy.

Fowler

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Dear Sir

I have the pleasure to inform you that your order for 1000 copies of the book "The History of the County of York" has been received and is now being printed. The book is expected to be ready for delivery in the next few weeks. I will be glad to send you a copy of the proof sheets for your perusal and to make any alterations you may desire. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Wm. G. Smith

THE
PROPHECY;

OR,

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

By *MANLY B. FOWLER,*

AUTHOR OF "ORLANDO, FEMALE REVENGE," &c.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MURDEN AND THOMSON,

At the Museum Circulating Library, No. 4 Chamber-Street.

JULY, 1821.

[The leading features of this Drama are taken
from a Greek story, entitled the "ORACLE."]

Printed by Van Pelt & Spear, No. 95 Pearl-st.

TO
MR. JOHN KENNADAY.

DEAR SIR,

Permit me to dedicate to your name the following little Drama. If it causes a smile of approbation, THAT alone will amply compensate me, as it enables me, in part, to repay a compliment with which you once honoured me. I remain, with sentiments of esteem,

Your Friend,

Manly B. Fowler.

NEW-YORK, June 25, 1821.

· DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOSORUS, *King of Syria.*

CASTANELLO, *prime minister.*

EUGENIO, *the reputed prince.*

AGNEOR, *his friend.*

MOROC, *bondsman to Castanello.*

OFFICER.

OLD MAN.

JAILER.


PAGE.

ADELINA, *daughter to Castanello.*

Lords, Courtiers, Guards, attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Syria.*

THE
PROPHECY.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A splendid apartment in the house of
CASTANELLO, decorated in the Eastern style.*

Enter AGNEOR and ADELINA.

Ade. Peace, peace, my dear Agneor—distract me not thus. Can your friend be an obstacle to your happiness? (*Agneor hesitates.*) What! he who has so often swore—

Ag. 'Tis he, indeed, who is the cause of all my uneasiness. Although you are mine by every tie that can bind us together, still, still, I am unhappy. I cannot step between him and his felicity. 'Tis my fate *alone* to know he loves you.

Ade. Loves me?

Ag. Too true Adelina—and intends demanding you of your father in marriage.

Ade. Heavens!

Ag. But say, my love, by the sacred vow that binds you, and by the secret marriage that con-

nects us, can you—can you forget your Agneor—your *husband*?

Ade. Forget thee? oh, no! Let him bear rule in Syria; my ambition soars no higher than thee; and my only wish is happiness with my dear Agneor. Let him command the world, but let me reign over the affections of my Agneor.

Ag. (*Embracing her.*) My dearest—my only hope. Listen to me, while I unfold to thee the strange events which have lately agitated the court of Syria. When the late queen died, she caused the young prince to be privately conveyed to the cottage of my mother, who resided on the border of the river Euphrates. He was then but an infant—I too was young. As we grew up, our friendship increased with our years—our pastimes were the same—in short, we were inseparable; and when he was unexpectedly demanded by his father, and recalled to court, I obtained leave to accompany him; and not until then did I know of my friend's noble birth, which was purposely withheld from us. We have now been at court two years, and I have found in the possession of my Adelina the full sum of earthly happiness. The prince has arrived at the age of manhood, and to-morrow will he claim you as his bride.

Ade. His bride?—never!—can my Agneor doubt—

Ag. Doubt thee? oh no, my love. But what agony must my friend endure, when he discovers our secret attachment, and the cruel manner in which I have deceived him? But see, your fa-

ther approaches—I will retire; and oh! Adelina, as you value my affection—and by our marriage, and the *child* that has been its fruit, I conjure you, when my friend kneels to you, treat him with that tenderness inherent to your nature—sink him not at once into despair, but treat him with kindness; for need I tell you, if my friend's peace of mind must be destroyed, it will go near to break my own—one kiss—now then adieu:—

(As he is going, *Adelina* rushes towards him—kneels and weeps.)

Ade. Oh! Agneor do not leave me—and yet you must. Go, then, for now I can part with you.

(She clings fondly to him, he raises her.)

Ag. Ah! my Adelina, why those tears? why moisten those angel eyes thus? Have I urged thee to the altar unprepared? Consult thy heart. I must not lose thee—speak—

Ade. I have loved thee—*do* love thee!

Ag. Enough—enough! I will not—I cannot doubt thee! Now meet your father with firmness:—farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ade. Oh! stay—one moment stay! He is gone, and with him I fear my happiness. My father comes: lie still my heart, and let me hear his tidings with dissimulation.

Enter CASTANELLO.

Cas. My dear child, how fares it with thee? Has my daughter seen the prince?

Ade. Not to-day, my father.

Cas. I am glad of it, my girl, for I have happy tidings to communicate. I know thy heart will beat. I have news, Adelina.

Ade. I tremble to hear those tidings. (*Aside.*)
Of the prince, my father ?

Cas. Yes, of the prince. Ah ! I knew you would be anxious. Give ear, my girl, to what a happy father has to speak of in his behalf. You must know, then, that on the morrow Eugenio will be proclaimed prince of Syria ; and what is more pleasing to the heart of thy father, is, that having looked on thee favourably, he has offered to make thee the partner of his royal bed ; therefore, prepare thyself, for to-morrow's sun will shine on thee as the princess of Syria !

Ade. Princess of Syria ! alas ! and do you indeed wish, sir, that I should wed him ?

Cas. Wed him ?—certainly. Do I wish you should become a *queen* ? My past affection will best answer such a question. And should you be unwilling, I will consider it an act of justice to use force in making you a happy bride.

Ade. Happy bride ! (*weeps.*)

Cas. Why, how is this ? tears ! Come, come, Adelina, throw aside this maiden bashfulness, and clothe your countenance with smiles.—Receive the prince as becomes the daughter of Castanello, and the future queen of Syria.

Ade. (*Musing.*) “Happy bride,” said my father ? Oh ! my dear father, in mercy pity me. I am indeed to blame.—I cannot—indeed I cannot wed him. No—no—you will not force this marriage on me :—will you, dear father.

Cas. Girl, girl, you will set me mad. Is this the way you would repay my love ? Do I not wish to render you happy, by raising you to the highest pinnacle of greatness ?—the throne !

Ade. Oh! my father, the throne has no charms for me. Let the prince seek some more worthy object, and—

Cas. Girl—girl—

Ade. Hear me, my father. You have taught me to love you: why then wish that I should share that love with another? I hardly know the prince—and you have often told me, that love alone can make two beings happy. I have been happy in the love you bear me—

Cas. If you wish that *my* love shall continue, obey. But beware how you trifle with your honor. Why this repugnance to wed with the prince?—my mind misgives—perhaps thy affection for another has made thee blind to the merits of Eugenio. It must be so—and if 'tis so, my aged locks will bow to the grave with sorrow.

Ade. Dear, dear father, wound not thus my heart. I could, indeed, say something, if 'twas not for the tempest in your eye.

Cas. (*Aside.*) I must dissemble. You surely mistake, Adelina.

Ade. If I could trust you.

(ADELINA timidly approaches her father—he notices her—takes her hand; she falls on his breast, and bursts into tears.)

Cas. Am I not your father? I love thee still, Adelina, as when thy mother first gave thee to my fond arms. Do but confess, and I will pardon thee; nay, *promise*, you shall marry him your heart has made choice of.

Ade. Oh! my father, such paternal goodness subdues me. But when I have named the idol

of my thoughts—perhaps you will object to the lowness of it—

Cas. I will not.

Ade. Think then, of my only lord—my beloved Agneor.

Cas. (*Starts from her.*) Agneor? what! the prince's friend?—a peasant's son?

Ade. Father, you are displeased.

Cas. Displeased! oh, no—no—not displeased.

Ade. Alas! your looks too plainly tell me so.

Cas. My looks deceive you: 'tis *surprise*, and not *displeasure* you see there. (*Aside.*) And must I abjure all?—honor!—glory!—fame! no, no, she shall not triumph. Let me consider, (*he walks about disturbed.*)

Ade. My father!—

Cas. (*Abruptly.*) Leave me for the present—I wish to be alone.

Ade. Do you then pardon me?

Cas. That were the same as to suppose you had done ill. Retire to your apartment.—Yet stay: one word before we part. On the peril of my future anger, conceal from Eugenio your attachment to his friend. Go, and rest assured I will be the guardian of your honor. But above all, remember I am YOUR FATHER.

Ade. (*Hesitating.*) Dear father!—

Cas. Go, I command you.

Ade. Oh! heavens, for what am I reserved? father!—

Cas. Once more I charge thee—

Ade. I obey. Oh, Agneor!

[*Exit.*

Cas. She has blasted my fondest hopes:—but

hold—a thought shoots across my troubled brain—
—Agneur once removed—ah! the prince.

Enter EUGENIO.

Eug. Good morrow, my good Castanello: how is it with thy beauteous daughter? What think ye? how will the tender maid receive my suit? She surely will not scorn it.

Cas. Certainly not, my lord; when a king commands, the subject ought to pay obedience.

Eug. Hold, Castanello! never will I owe my happiness to so cruel an arbitration: for methinks, should the dear girl have already parted with her affections, I could put off the lover and become the priest, and wed her at the altar to the man she loves.

Cas. (*Aside.*) Indeed! so very condescending! If your highness will but step within, I pledge my word, that Adelina will, as far as modesty permits, be disposed to entertain your suit. This way, my lord.

Eug. Still a sad presage lingers on my mind; however, be it as it may, her submission of duty shall never be exacted on my behalf: this would render me odious in her eyes, and despicable in my own. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Success attend you, my prince. He is gone; and now for what may make his success more sure. (*Calls.*) Moroc!—That nothing shall prevent my daughter's accession to the throne, what shall I decline? (*sëats himself.*) I remember, it was formerly foretold, by Ibraham the priest, that a kindred hand would attempt the life of the prince. Now, if I could fix an impu-

tation of the guilt on this Agneor—curses on his head!—the king, who considers him in the light of a son, would believe the prophecy as fulfilled. Let me reflect. (*Rises.*) I have it—I have it:—Why Moroc, I say! (*calls again.*)

Enter MOROC.

Moroc. I attend my lord's pleasure.

Cas. Come near me, Moroc. As in all things you have hitherto performed the part of a faithful servant, I wish to requite thy fidelity:—and on thy executing a trivial service—

Moroc. Name it, my lord; my life is at your disposal.

Cas. (*Aside.*) So I mean it *shall* be. Faithful Moroc! You well know, that the king has for a long time been troubled with the fear of an attack being made on the life of his son Eugenio: and the cause of his fear originated in consequence of a prophecy at Eugenio's birth. At the age of five days, he was carried in pomp and procession to the temple of the Oracle Delphi; and there being placed on the sacred altar, the Oracle pronounced these words:—"Thou art approved, oh, king, by the gods, and they have given thee this child as a token of their love: but there is something dreadful in futurity concerning him: the hand of some kindred is raised against him, and who shall save him from the blow?"—The queen, his mother, died soon after this; since which time, the king has never known a happy moment. Now, Moroc, could not you devise some *innocent* stratagem, whereby the king may recover his wonted peace of mind?

Moroc. My lord, I will be directed by you in all things.

Cas. 'Tis well said, *Moroc*. You remember by what ransom I delivered you from slavery?

Moroc. I do, my lord—I do indeed remember—my wife, and—(*moved.*)

Cas. Well, well—obey me but in this one instance, and liberty is yours.

Moroc. Liberty! Oh! my country!—say on my lord: I *will* deserve so great a blessing.

Cas. Where is *Agneor*?

Moroc. He has gone to the adjoining forest, where he and the prince usually hunt.

Cas. Ah! just as I would have it. My good *Moroc*, do you repair to their appointed place of meeting:—take this sword—disguise thyself—and when they are alone, make a feigned attack upon the prince. Nay, start not. Mark me well, *Moroc*. *Agneor* will no doubt interfere—then throw aside your weapon, and charge *Agneor* as your abettor. The guard that is always near the prince, will seize upon *Agneor*, and conduct him to prison. You must willingly accompany him. In the mean while, by my intercession with the king, you will be pardoned. When *Agneor* is thus thought guilty, the king, who looks on him as a relative, will believe his son out of danger, and the words of the Oracle realized: and will once again resume the smile of cheerfulness. Come, you appear satisfied.

Moroc. (*Aside.*) Satisfied! would that I were. But then *Agneor*, my lord?

Cas. (*Embarrassed.*) Why—why—him too will I save. Time presses. Follow me, and within I will inform you farther. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The forest.*

Enter AGNEOR (in a hunting dress.)

Ag. While our panting huntsmen, in yonder grove, are sheltered from the sun, and resting after their fatiguing exercise, let me reflect before I again meet my friend. Before yesterday, when was it that I ever concealed any thing from him. He is more generous :—he loves Adelina, and has revealed to me his passion, and requested that I would become his intercessor. I consented, but am perjured to my promise. He comes. Oh ! Adelina, “dissimulation is now the wretched part I have to act.”

Enter EUGENIO (dressed similar to Agneor.)

My prince, how speeds your love with Adelina ?

Eug. Oh ! Agneor, do not name her, for I am disappointed.

Ag. Disappointed ! what, received with coldness ? Nay, nay, my friend, droop not thus.—Possibly a sense of duty may have surmounted

her inclinations. Be not alarmed, for being conscious of the difference between a subject and a sovereign, she may conceal her passion, lest she should afterwards be ashamed to have confessed it. Obtain your father's consent to your union, and she will then readily favour a passion, which doubtless she feels already.

Eug. Oh! my friend, your friendship and counsel mitigates my pain; and in your future aid—if I may ask it.

Ag. If!—my prince! command my life, the sacrifice of which will be too small to repay thy love and friendship.

Eug. Thus—thus, let me thank thee! (*emb.*)

Enter MOROC (disguised.)

Moroc. Defend thyself!

Eug. Defend myself! What means the man?

Moroc. Your life while I am speaking is in danger.

Eug. Away! I know you not.

Moroc. You will shortly then—for one of us must die.

(During this scene AGNEOR remains uneasy.)

Eug. I never injured you. Go, and elsewhere seek redress. Pass on Agneor.

Moroc. You pass not this way. Or, if you do, it shall be through my body.

Ag. Villian give way.

Moroc. This is too much. I know you well: you are Agneor:—let that single word teach you to be wise.

Ag. Wretch!

Eug. Let me bear with him, Agneor ; you are unarmed, and may lose your life. I can protect us both.

Moroc. (*Aside to Agneor.*) We are safe.

Ag. Safe ! what means this ?—advance another step, and 'twill be fatal to *thy* safety.

Moroc. (*Advancing.*) Am I braved then ?

Ag. Give me your sword, my friend. Would you encounter, upon equal terms, a villian who seeks your destruction ?

Eug. I am no child, and surely can protect myself.

Ag. Once more I entreat you. I consult your safety, at the risk of my own life. Nay, then, if there are no other means—(*disarms him.*)

Moroc. (*Aside.*) It works well.

Eug. Agneor, give me my sword, or you conspire against me.

Moroc. (*Aside.*) 'Tis well thought of ; I could not have hoped as much ; (*to Agneor.*) Give back the prince his sword, for I repent. Hence, instrument of murder from me. (*Throws away his sword.*)

Eug. Amazement !

Moroc. Agneor, give up the sword, or let his highness take up mine, and punish me as I deserve. (*Kneels.*)

Eug. A murderer ! and thus sue for mercy ? Say, who are you ?

Moroc. Spare me the shame of revealing who I am, and read it here. (*Unmasks.*)

Eug. Moroc !

Ag. The slave of Castanello !

Moroc. My lord !—

Eug. Speak ! who led thee to commit this ?

Moroc. There he stands, my lord ; Agneor is my abettor. Through *me* he sought *your* life.

Ag. Heavens !

Eug. Peace, liar ! He never could ! what ho ! guards !

Moroc. I too will call them ; guards ! guards !

Enter OFFICER and Guards.

Offi. My lord, what means this clamour ?

Eug. Officer, secure that assassin.

Offi. Assassin !—my lord !

Moroc. I am no assassin. Agneor disarmed the prince, that *my* sword might execute *his* hellish purpose.

Eug. Secure him, I command you.

Offi. My lord, pardon me : your friend is accused. Has not your royal father decreed, that none attending on your person, (except your guard) should be armed ? Do I not see in the hands of Agneor, the sword which was wont to grace your royal person ? Your highness must excuse me—I must do my duty. Agneor, go with me, and answer before the king, the crime for which you stand accused.

Eug. He is innocent—on my life he is innocent. Speak, my friend.

Ag. What I should say, I know not. I am accused of plotting to destroy you. I call heaven to witness, your life is dearer to me than my own. There, sir, take the sword :—(*Officer takes the sword.*) Now, I demand justice before the throne of my beloved liege.

Eug. Justice! let justice be your accuser's portion.

Ag. Lead on: I am ready.

Offi. (To one of the Guard.) Conduct the Moor to prison. Agneor follow me.

Eug. Hold! one moment.—Where is my father?

Offi. The king, your father, my prince, has proceeded to the council chamber.

Eug. Officer, grant me this favour. Bear my friend instantly into the presence of my father. I will attend you, and guard the honor of my friend.

Offi. Well, I am content it shall be so—away!

(Part of the Guard exeunt with MOROC:—the rest form and guard AGNEOR. He approaches the prince, and unable to restrain his feelings—grasps his hand, and bursts into tears. The OFFICER being impatient, beckons to AGNEOR to follow.—They exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Justice. The throne in the center.—Music.*

Enter LORDS, COURTIERS, PAGES and ATTENDANTS, who arrange themselves on each side of the Throne. The KING enters and seats himself. (Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

King. Theodore, where is my son, and the good Castanello?

Page. My liege, I see a crowd approaching, accompanied by the prince and his friend.

Enter CASTANELLO, (hastily.)

Cas. Long life and dominion to my sovereign, when treason and ingratitude gasps around your throne.

King. What means the good old man?

Cas. My honoured liege, e'en now I met a guard bearing to prison my slave Moroc; and from confused murmurs I learn't, that the peasant Agneor had instigated him to the murder of the prince.

King. Murder of the prince! Ah! can it be—

Cas. 'Tis true my liege. See where the wretch comes.

Enter EUGENIO and AGNEOR, with OFFICER and GUARD.

Eug. (Kneels.) Justice, my dear father.

King. Rise my son;—Let thy adoration be paid to the gods who have preserved thee; the traitor who would have had thee assassinated, is taken in his own snare. The Oracle declared at thy birth, that a kindred hand would be raised against Syria's prince—and my affection was equally divided between thee and Agneor for the love I thought he bore thee.

Eug. Alas! my father, you are deceived. No life was sought but that of Agneor's. The attack upon me was a feint to destroy him. He exposed himself to real danger in my defence, and the wiles of cunning wish to destroy him.

King. Rash youth be dumb. Say officer, how is this? Reveal to me what you yourself was witness of.

Offi. My liege, the prince's sword was in the hands of Agneor, which, as I approached, he grasped firmly. This paper will inform you of the rest. (*Gives a paper.*)

Eug. Droop not thus, my friend. I will not desert thee, for sooner will I tear out the accursed tongue of him who accuses thee.

King. Oh ! I see it all. Wretch ! is this the reward of my fatherly affection ? Have I not rescued thee from obscurity and abject poverty, to be the companion of Syria's prince ? Oh ! my son, this ungrateful friend, was the brother of thy choice—the partner of thy heart—the companion of thy childhood—cherished in thy bosom, and bound to thee by ties, which could not be broken, but by the violation of honor.

Ag. Dread sire, press not lower still an innocent man ; (*agitated.*) I am fearful of my doom, but the thought of parting with my friend, is still more dreadful.

Eug. Part ! we never will part. He is innocent my father. I know the merits of my friend—'tis his virtues which have gained him enemies. If he falls, I die with him ! Good Castanello, kneel you with me.

Cas. (*Kneels.*) I obey my prince, and am a suppliant at the throne of mercy.—If Agneor is innocent—

Eug. He is innocent. Away ! you love him not. Age, that youth should look on with respect, is infamous in thee. Away ! or I will scatter to the winds—

King. Peace ! or a father's malediction shall follow thee. Castanello, to thee I give in charge this frantic boy. As for this wretch, on whom I once doated with the fondness equal to that of a parent, him I doom—

Eug. Father! king! hold—or let me share his fate. The sun that sets on the life of Agneor, is the last that will beam on that of his friend. Father! dear father, 'tis the voice of thy son which pleads for mercy.

King. (*Softened.*) What would you have, Eugenio?

Eug. Life for my Agneor, and happiness for his friend.

King. Never!

Cas. Dear prince, this madness—

Eug. Away! approach me not. I will not give way.

(AGNEOR is overcome.)

Eug. Ah! Look up my Agneor, 'tis Eugenio calls thee.

Ag. My prince! I feel thy pressure once more, and I die contented. Oh! Eugenio, farewell!

Eug. Nay, nay, we part not thus. Let this embrace unite us.

King. Tear them asunder! At the hour of five, Agneor dies!

Ag. Dies!

Eug. No—no—not die.

King. Guards, conduct Agneor to prison. When the bell tolls five, let the last sound be the signal for his death. Obey!

(GUARDS force the prince from the embrace of his friend—the prince breaks from the GUARD, and rushes toward AGNEOR.—They are at last parted, and AGNEOR is borne off. The prince falls insensible into the arms of CASTANELLO:—he gradually recovers, and gazes vacantly around him)

Eug. Ah! where am I? Agneor speak, and

bless me once more with thy friendly voice :—
(*sees CASTANELLO.*) Thee here ? away with that
fiend-like countenance. 'Twas thee that forced
him from me. Old man, know you not he is my
brother—you, you have murdered him! (*relapses.*)

King. (*Descends.*) Look to the prince. Eu-
genio ! my son !

Cas. My liege he recovers. Rouse thyself
my prince. See, 'tis thy father who supports
thee.

Eug. Father !

King. I am near thee my son. Why this ex-
cess of sensibility ? 'Tis not me, but the gods
who seek the destruction of thy friend. Oh !
fatal friendship, that deprives me at once of a
son, and Syria of a prince.

Eug. Leave me to my sorrow. You cannot
heal my wounded heart : here I will not long be
a sojourner. I will away to meet my friend. I
will meet him beyond the desarts, where no
bloody foe shall invade us, and where no cruel
father may seek our separation. Ah ! see where
my friend becomes :—his mangled form upbraids
me ;—ah ! he calls again—Agneor I come !

King. Where would you go my son ?

Eug. Where ? First to meet and rescue my
friend : whither afterwards—God only knows.

[*Rushes out.*]

King. Follow him, Castanello ; and as you
value the peace of his father, soothe his troubled
spirit, and lead him back to reason.

[*Exit CASTANELLO.*]

Oh ! my son, what do I not sacrifice to thy wel-

fare and thy safety. I offer up as a victim, the friend of thy bosom, the better part of thyself—the adopted son of thy sire. Most unhappy king, when shall thy anxiety cease? My lords and gentlemen break up the council. Affairs of a momentous nature now occupy my mind. Prepare yourselves, for to-morrow gives you a new sovereign in the person of my son. Are you all satisfied?

Lords. We are, most noble liege. [*Exeunt all the characters.*]

King. Little happiness can man anticipate, when sorrow pervades the heart. I love and hate. But who? perhaps an innocent victim—no matter—come what will, I'll brave the danger. Do I right in depriving another of his life? No.—Am I not master of my own dominions? True. But of the lives of my subjects? No. Conscience give way, I'll ne more of thee! how my mind wavers.—Well, well—I'll do it.—My own hand strikes the blow. Stay:—but how? Murder!—No, no, not *murder!* what then? oh! fate direct me.

END OF THE SECOMD ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE THE LAST.—*A prison. AGNEOR and ADELINA discovered seated.—Table, &c.*

Ag. Oh! my love—my wife! for this moment of bliss, I would undergo all my miseries afresh.

I revert to it as the Arab, in the midst of the rising sands, turns to his visions as his only hope of future happiness.—Amidst dangers, that is his refuge : in anguish, that is his hope. This moment seems to bestow upon me the felicity which my fancy has pictured of the future : and every moment now weaves thee closer to me.

Ade. Speak not thus, my dear Agneor.

Ag. I am bewildered. I dreamt of thee last night, my love. You were, I thought, imprisoned in a place like this. Upon a little straw, covering a few loose stones, your form convulsed lay :—your hands were clenched upon your face—your whole posture was strained, as if by the convulsive stiffening of your limbs, you would harden yourself against the inflictions of the mind. I could not speak : thrice I strove to utter the name of Adelina, and thrice it stuck in my throat.

Ade. Nay, nay, I conjure you compose yourself. 'Tis to me you owe all this. I alone am the cause of your unhappy destiny.

Ag. You, my love ?

Ade. Oh, yes ! I unguardedly revealed to my father, in a moment of paternal fondness, my love for thee. He now seeks your destruction, and renders me most miserable.—Dear Agneor, pardon me.

Ag. Pardon thee, my Adelina ! 'Tis I that need a pardon. Had you never beheld me, you might now have been most happy. How oft have I gazed enraptured on those charms, which fate now tears from me.

Ade. They will not sever us, will they? Surely their hearts are not yet callous to feeling. I'll cling to thee ever thus.

Ag. Oh! my friend, where are now our visionary hopes of happiness?—alas! they are fled, and left behind a dreadful reality. And thee too, my love, what will become of thee—thee, and thy lovely babe.

Ade. I will not leave thee. One grave shall bury us both. I do not fear to die, when I am near thee, my Agneor. But do not let us despair;—I, myself, will to the king:—our babe too, shall lift up its innocent hands, and supplicate for his father's life. He will not refuse my prayers—my tears shall bathe his feet; and the wailings of a mother will plead for mercy—plead for the life of her husband.

Ag. Oh, God! avert the fatal blow. To leave thee is death. I am but man, and cannot brave the thought. (*Embraces her.*)

Ade. My husband!

Enter EUGENIO.

Eug. My dearest friend!—ah! what do I see? Adelina in the embrace of Agneor?

Ag. Oh, God! when will my misery cease?

Eug. Did I see aright? or do I dream?

Ag. Eugenio!

Eug. Off, off! I know you not. I once had a friend who was all virtue—all goodness—he was my bosom friend. I loved—he knew it. He was condemned—I flew to rescue him from a shameful death: would you believe it?—I found in his place a villain!

Ag. Villain!

Eug. Ay, *Villain!* Does it amaze ye? Approach me not—he bore thy features, and I may mistake thee for him. Oh! lost—lost Agneor!

Ag. Let me explain.

Eug. Explain! Are you not false?

Ag. No—by heavens I am not!

Eug. Have you not deeply injured me? look there, and then answer—if you can. And thee, fair hypocrite—

Ag. Hold, *Eugenio!*—one moment. The secret must at length be revealed :—she is—

Eug. What!—Speak—

Enter OFFICER.

Off. My lord, at your intercession, the king, your father, has granted a respite to your friend Agneor.

Eug. Bear it instantly back.—I revoke my pity.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Ag. Hear me, *Eugenio.*

Eug. Never!

Ade. (*Kneels.*) Hear me then. He never wronged thee—on my soul he never did. He is incapable of such baseness. He is still pure and unspotted in his friendship for thee. Oh! *Eugenio*, save your friend :—save—oh save my husband!

Eug. Ah!

Ag. Gaze on her ;—gaze on that angel countenance, and pity will move thee.

Eug. Husband! said she?

Ag. She is my wife.

Ade. Oh! save him—save him.

Eug. Wife!—Husband! What grating sounds are those that burst upon my troubled senses? *Adelina Agneor's wife?*

Ade. He is—he is my husband!

Eug. Breathe not the word again; (*much agitated.*) Lie still—ah! a sudden thought gleams—'tis done—'tis past. Now, now I triumph!

[*Rushes out.*]

Ade. What can he mean? Oh God! direct his noble heart.

Enter JAILOR.

Jai. A holy friar, of the order of St. Benedict craves an interview with the prisoner.

Ag. Admit him.

[*Exit JAILOR.*]

My love, retire awhile. He comes to prepare my mind to meet my doom with firmness:—nay, you must.

Ade. Cruel Agneor.

Ag. 'Tis my *last* request.

Ade. And must I leave thee?—oh! let me remain; I will not utter a sound.

Ag. Thy presence, my love, will unman me. Retire, my love: when he is gone, these arms shall again receive thee.

[*AGNEOR leads her out.*]

Enter the KING as a friar, and JAILOR.

King. Give me instant notice if any one approach. My guard is placed near. Be vigilant, or your head shall answer for your fault.

[*Exit JAILOR.*]

He comes: would to heaven it was over. What

am I about to do ? deprive another of his life to save that of my son ? My heart sickens at the thought, and I fear my trembling hand will refuse its deadly office.

Re-enter AGNEOR.

Well, my son, are you prepared to meet “another and a better world.”—Why shade your countenance with gloom like this ?

Ag. Holy father, dread not my reproach : in thee 'tis virtue to urge my fate.

King. (*Aside.*) His accents pierce my very soul : his plaintive looks destroy my best resolves.

Ag. Why dost thou gaze so anxiously upon me ?

King. Oh ! I can gaze no longer, lest my rebellious lips bid thee shun the fate that awaits thee. Why didst thou attempt a deed—

Ag. Hold, my father ! sink not lower still an innocent man. What mortal is master of his fate ? From life's first dawn, I've been the sport of fortune. Would that the hand—the generous hand, which snatched me from obscurity, had borne me far from hence—an outcast—unconnected with the world, ere I had seen this day.

King. (*Moved.*) Peace, I charge thee ! Turn thy thoughts young man to a future world : think of thy future rewards.

Ag. The rewards the gods bestow on those who dare to meet a doom like mine, is yet wrapped up in darkness ; nor will I trust my thoughts to meditate on scenes a world unknown may

bring to view. Sorrow has been my portion here, and sorrow turns death's terrific semblance into smiles. Oh God! hear me:—make me a guardian angel to hover around my friend,—and if temptations rise to stain his honor, I'll whisper to him bright virtue's charms:—and when he struggles in the very arms of death, I'll hover round his pure spirit, and guide it to extactic joys above.

King. Thy wish is impious, and sullies with its poisonous breath, the fate that lingers o'er thy bead.

Ag. Speak, reverend father, I can listen to my fate. “Death silences all. If it can silence the misery which echoes through the chambers of my heart, scaring oblivion and repose, I shall be content, waiting, when all my limbs are crushed, for that repose the iron bar may give.”

King. (*Aside.*) What a coward heart is mine!

Ag. Eugenio, wherefore comest thou not? Must I die without one last—one fond embrace? Alas! what cruel, what incessant conflicts between love and friendship have I not endured? Father, you weep. For myseif I ne'er could weep—but for my dearer self. Father, you shall know my sorrows:—one moment of my most unhappy life, brought me near the fair Adeline. She was adorned with every virtue to charm and captivate. Oft we conversed, and soon were joined in bonds of purest love. Her ruthless sire compelled us to conceal from him our union. Father, one last request I make:—when I am no more, give her this ring—it was

her virgin gift ; and when she placed it on my finger, I vowed that death alone should force it from me—take it.

King. Amazement ! Adelina your wife ?

Ag. Adelina is indeed my wife—mother of my child.

King. Distraction ! Wretch that I am ! what was I about to perpetrate ?—my brain is on fire—oh ! thou hast brought a picture to my view, which nature shrinks at. By heaven ! I cannot kill thee. (*Drops a dagger.*)

(Clashing of swords is heard.)

Enter JAILOR.

Jai. Save yourself, my liege. A formidable band, led on by the prince, has overpowered your guard, and already forced the gates. See where he comes, pale and bloody.

EUGENIO rushes in with GUARDS.

Eug. My friend ! and safe ?

Ag. Eugenio, you bleed.

Eug. 'Tis for thee, my friend. Come, leave this hated spot—we fly together.

King. Stay ! I command you.

Eug. Command, say you ? Who dare command me.

King. (*Discovers himself.*) I dare !

Eug. Ah ! my father !

Ag. Heavens ! the king !

King. Rash boy, what have you done ?

Eug. Rescued my friend—(*exhausted.*) oh ! the pain shoots through every nerve.—Father,

forgive me.—My life is ebbing fast.—Your arm my friend.—Pardon, pardon for Agneor. When I am gone, receive him as your son—friend—near—your hand—one embrace. Now I am indeed happy. Be to Adelina a true—a fond husband. Do not speak—I know all. Lay my head on your friendly bosom—now let me die.—Oh! I could tell thee.—Castanello is—oh!—farewell!

[Dies.]

King. Unhappy youth! Fatal friendship! in saving the life of thy friend, thou hast lost thy own.

Enter OLD MAN.

Old Man. Restrain thy grief, oh king! thy son is still living—behold him there! I have journeyed far to bear thee those tidings. He who lies bleeding, is a stranger, whom the gods have accepted in his stead. Whose characters are these? (*produces a paper.*)

King. They are the queen's. (*Reads.*) "*The last passion that lingers in my breast is fear for my son: I have therefore directed his nurse to substitute for him a foundling, deserted by his parents, and to bring up my child as their own, by the name of Agneor. I commit this paper to her father, who I have charged to conceal it, till it becomes necessary to be known.*" Merciful heaven!

Old Man. In consequence of this trust, I have concealed it till now. I knew thy son was innocent: I saw thy hand, the kindred hand, that was foretold, raised against him; and I would have saved him from the blow—but the gods an-

anticipated my purpose, and thy son is now restored to thee, and the Oracle is fulfilled.

Ag. My dear father, if I have a right to call thee by that tender name, let me assure thee I am not unworthy to be thy son. Hear me, in behalf of your people, of myself, and of the manes of my friend. I would cheerfully have died innocent. If I had fallen, I should have fallen a sacrifice to cruelty and ambition. Let the confusion of Castanello be his punishment. I loved his daughter while my birth was thought to be obscure, and the partiality of Adelina preferred the then low-born Agneor to royalty and a throne. For this Castanello sought to destroy me : he has made even his prince the instrument of his guilt, and lifted thy hand, oh father ! to shed innocent blood. But oh ! for my sake, forgive him, dear father—his daughter is now yours.

King. Noble minded boy, how I revere thy sentiments. It is the hand of heaven which I have endeavoured in vain to elude. How dreadful is the divine displeasure ! I was not only near losing my son, but myself had been his executioner.

Enter CASTANELLO.

Cas. My honoured liege, Moroc has confessed—ah ! the prince ! and dead ?—had my counsel—

King. Thy counsel ! (*Stabs him.*) Hence ! and in the realms beneath impart your odious counsel.

Cas. (*Falls.*) Ah ! 'twas a friendly blow.—*King,* I thank thee.—Know then, 'twas I who in-

stigated Moroc to the pretended murder of the prince—'twas I who poisoned him in prison—he sleeps with the dead, where I will soon follow. Just king, Agneor is innocent—and you have revenged him—oh!—oh!

[Dies.

Ag. Thus ends the life of a miserable being. I pity and forgive him.

King. Generous boy!

ADELINA without.

Ade. Dear, dear Agneor, I hear my father's voice. Oh, let me fly to him!

Ag. My father, what a sight is her's!

Enter ADELINA.

Ade. My husband! am I again near thee?—Heard I not my father's voice? Why do you weep?

(She perceives her father—utters a cry, and falls on his body.)

Father—he is dead. Who, who has done this? Cold as the grave!—one word, dear father—bless me with thy voice. Alas! will no one speak? Agneor—

Ag. Thy father's dead.

Ade. Dead!—Oh God!

(She falls insensible.)

King. Raise her gently, my son. See, she revives. Adelina.

Ag. My love!

Ade. Where am I?—Father!—Husband!—
(*Gazes on the body.*) Father, farewell! Agneor,
I have only thee left now.—Oh! pity—pity me.

(AGNEOR supports her, kneeling.—The KING bends fondly
over them.—The OLD MAN kneels at the body of EUGENIO,
when the curtain falls.)



END OF THE PROPHECY.

