



TIBERIUS GRACCHUS

Hunter MacCulloch



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TIBERIUS GRACCHUS

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

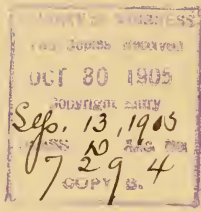
BY

HUNTER MACCULLOCH

*Author of "From Dawn to Dusk" and "Robert Burns: A
Centenary Ode."*

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To
My Dear Daughter,
MARGARET HALL.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented.

TIBERIUS SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS.

CAIUS LUCILIUS, the Satirist.

SCIPIO PUBLIUS NASICA, Pontifex Maximus.

JUNIUS MARCELLUS.

PORCIATUS, a Freedman.

METROPHANES, Lucilius's Slave.

BLOSSIUS, Stoic of Cumæ.

FLAVIUS FLACCUS.

CAIUS MUMMIUS, a Tribune.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS, a Senator.

LICINIUS CRASSUS, a Senator.

MUCIUS SCÆVOLA, Consul.

MARCUS OCTAVIUS, a Tribune.

PUBLIUS SATUREIUS, a Tribune.

LUCIUS RUFUS, a Tribune.

PUBLIUS RUBRIUS, a Tribune.

TITUS ANNIUS.

MINIUS POMPEIUS, a Senator.

PONTIUS MACEDONICUS, a Senator.

LIVIUS LUSCUS, a Senator.

QUINTUS METELLUS, a Senator.

ÆLIUS STILO, a Tribune.

PAPIRIUS CARBO, a Tribune.

EUEMUS OF PERGAMUM.

LUCRETIA, Nasica's daughter.

CORNELIA, Mother of the Gracchi.

VIRGINIA, Nasica's wife.

CLAUDIA, Gracchus's wife.

LICINIA, Gracchus's sister-in-law.

FULVIA, Flaccus's daughter.

LAVINIA, Lucretia's maid.

Senators, Tribunes, Magistrates, Stet., Lictors; Stet.,
Slaves, Egyptians, Syrians, Sardinians, and Jews.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

ACT I. (April, B. C. 133—A. U. C., 620.)

SCENE I. *Full; at Temple of Cybele, on the Palatine Hill. At the rise of the curtain, the rites characteristic of the worship of Cybele, the mother of the gods, are going on; shouting and fantastic dancing to flute, cymbal, and tambourine, around the statue of the goddess, seated on a throne, with a lion at each side, a mural crown on her head, and in her hands a key and a cymbal. The worshippers sing:*

HYMN TO CYBELE.

Hail! all hail! Idæan Mother!

Mother of all gods that be:

Great as thou there is none other:

Hear our cry, O Cybele!

Of all good thou art the giver,

Thou who rulest land and sea:

From all evil us deliver:

Hear our cry, O Cybele!

Chained all winter was thy treasure;

Loose it with thy golden key:

Fill anew thy bounteous measure:

Hear our cry, O Cybele!

Mother of the gods, oh, hear us!

All we have we owe to thee:

Feed us, clothe us, help us, cheer us!

Thine we are, O Cybele!

(At the conclusion of the hymn the worshippers go off, various entrances; excepting PORCIATUS, a freedman,

about fifty years old, once a slave of Cato, the censor (now dead sixteen years); and METROPHANES, a slave of LUCILIUS, the satirist, about thirty-five years old. METROPHANES stands a little way off, R. of C., looking at the statue of Cybele, not noticing PORCIATUS, L. of C., who is regarding him intently.)

METROPHANES.

(*Solus.*) O Mother God, great Cybele!
 Thy worshippers have gone from thee;
 Their business bid them quit thy shrine,
 And leave thee to attend to thine.

PORCIATUS (*approaching METROPHANES.*)

And praise to Cybele they sing
 For all the good the day may bring,
 Though not a finger did she raise
 To earn their heartfelt prayer and praise!

METROPHANES.

Were you not one among the rest?
 I think so.

PORCIATUS.

You have rightly guessed,
 Since by your side I paid my share—
 Now are we not a prudent pair?
 It does no harm if she's asleep;
 And if she wake, from harm she'll keep,
 Since prudently we take no chance,
 But pay for service in advance.

METROPHANES (*glancing first over his shoulder at Cybele*).

Your prudence is a curious kind,
 It lets you freely speak your mind

Before her here. Such thoughts have I,
But breathe them not aloud. Good-by!

(*Exit R. 2 E.*)

PORCIATUS (*looking after him; solus*).

Another soul assailed by doubt,
And dursn't for his life speak out!
How like myself in days gone by;
A timid, fearful thinker I.
Perhaps 'tis that which drew me to him,
And made me think somehow I knew him.
He brought to mind that five-year-old
I parted with when I was sold
To skinflint Cato years ago—
My brother!—Ah! what's this?—
(*Stoops and picks up a MS. roll; examines it.*) Hello!
A satire on the times—that's queer,
I'm sure Lucilius was not here.

(METROPHANES *re-enters R. 2 E.*)

Lucilius! How his satire bites!
I would not miss a line he writes.

METROPHANES. (*Solus.*)

Oh! what a careless thing to do!

(*Runs eagerly to PORCIATUS.*)

You found it! Good!

PORCIATUS.

What's that to you?

It is not yours!

METROPHANES.

You're wrong and right;

Those lines Lucilius did indite;

But he's my master, if you please!

PORCIATUS.

Ah! then you are——

METROPHANES.

Metrophanes.

PORCIATUS.

(*Aside.*) My brother I have still to seek—
And yet he looks not like a Greek!

(*Aloud.*) Why were you worried at your loss?
For fear Lucilius would be cross?

METROPHANES.

Be cross?—ah, no! I had in mind
A master gentle, good and kind;
Whose mild reproof I dread to hear,
And more than knotted cudgel fear.

PORCIATUS.

I'm glad 'tis so; for such to me
The great Lucilius ought to be.
But had you had my master grim
That once was mine and ruffled him!
Reproof and cudgel, sharp and thick,
Had both been yours, in double quick!

METROPHANES.

You had a master?

PORCIATUS.

That I had!

Yes; Porciatus, neatly clad
And well-to-do, was once a slave,
And deaf, blind fate unto him gave
Cato the censor—such a master!
Oh! may you meet not like disaster!

Cato, as censor known to fame,
 Though there is many a better name
 His gifts and graces well would suit:
 As buzzard, skinflint, miser, brute!

(As they go off R. 2 E.)

Curmudgeon Cato, let me call!
 The meanest Roman of them all!

(Exeunt Omnes.)

(Enter BLOSSIUS, L. E. Stops in C.)

BLOSSIUS. *(Solus.)*

She has not at the rendezvous arrived:
 Yet, since 'tis so that one of us must wait,
 Be it mine to wait upon Cornelia's coming.
 A noble woman she, as all do know,
 But none so well as I, her son's instructor;
 Meeting her daily, noting at close range
 This high-souled woman, this broad-minded mother;
 The while Tiberius and his brother Caius
 To manhood grew beneath her guiding hand.
 Ah! well it were had this degenerate Rome
 A host of mothers rearing sons like those,
 To check its headlong rush to ruin, else
 Inevitable as night.

(Enter R. E. SATUREIUS and RUFUS.)

SATUREIUS.

Ah! Blossius!

Like us, you're late at your devotions.

BLOSSIUS.

Yes;

For which much thanks to whomsoever due.
 Far off I heard the rabble devotees,
 And hoped their noisy rites had ended quite,
 Ere I had reached this trysting-place for me.

SATUREIUS.

Aha!

RUFUS.

Oh! ho!

SATUREIUS.

'Twas not your bounded duty
To Cybele the general mother god,
That brought you hither?

BLOSSIUS.

No, Satureius;
On the contrary, 'tis a special mother, one
Well known unto you both, whom I await:
The mother of Rome's young, rising, soldier-statesman,
Tiberius Gracchus.

SATUREIUS.

There's an able man!

RUFUS.

There's none his equal.

SATUREIUS.

Have you news of him?

BLOSSIUS.

His wife and daughter learned by fortunate chance,
Tiberius had a glad surprise in store:
He lands to-day—a fortnight sooner home.
And now to deftly turn the tables on him,
They have conspired to meet him as he lands.

(Enter L. 4 E. six lecticarii, bearing a lectica, or palanquin, in which recline CORNELIA and CLAUDIA. It is set down L. of C., opposite 2 E.)

And I am in the plot—and here they are!

(CLAUDIA and CORNELIA are assisted out.)

CORNELIA.

Your pardon, Blossius ; we have kept you waiting.

BLOSSIUS.

Barely the needed time to tell his friends
Tiberius lands to-day.

CLAUDIA (*to* CORNELIA).

May we not miss him ?

SATUREIUS.

Good news, indeed, so soon again to greet
That worthy son of a worthy mother, madame.

CORNELIA.

Accept from me his thanks along with mine.

RUFUS.

Tiberius adds a luster to his name ;
I do predict for him a glorious future.

CORNELIA.

How fortunate to have such friends as you,
Outspoken in their praise : your cordial words
Will stir his pulse and spur him to achieve
The people's good. When both my sons were boys,
It ever gave me unalloyed delight
To show them proudly to my friends and say :
"Behold my jewels !"

BLOSSIUS.

Rarest of Roman mothers !

CORNELIA.

The offspring of Rome's greatest soldier, he
Who conquered Carthage—that, indeed, am I ;
Scipio's daughter ; should I not be proud ?
And yet I can conceive a nobler name,

A name recalling purer, loftier deeds ;
 The grander, bloodless victories of peace :
 Oh, such a name in coming days be mine—
 The Mother of the Gracchi ! Let us go.

They are being assisted into the lectica as the scene closes to

ACT I, SCENE 2; in 2. *Street in Rome. In the centre is the lodging house belonging to PORCIATUS. On the right of it is a barber-shop; on the left, is a bookseller's. Enter from bookseller's METROPHANES, followed by the bookseller, who stop near the doorway, which is surrounded by placards about books, new and old.*

METROPHANES.

No copy to be had to-day
 Of Rudens or Caprivi, eh?
 Now that is news I greatly fear
 Lucilius will be loath to hear ;
 For, when he wants a book, 'tis not
 To-morrow, but upon the spot.

BOOKSELLER.

I'm sorry, sir ; I only knew
 That Plautus pleased a certain few ;
 And so, surprised by great demand,
 I've not a Plautus left on hand.
 Lucilius makes him all the rage,
 And that's why people seek his page.

METROPHANES.

He's fond of Plautus ; reads him through,
 Then through again, as something new.
 And yet will loan and break his set,
 And who the borrower is, forget !

BOOKSELLER.

With forty scribes of speed and skill
 A hundred orders I can fill:
 So let Lucilius patience borrow,
 I'll send him Plautus, sure, to-morrow.

METROPHANES.

For his own satires, what's the day?

BOOKSELLER.

The tenth before the Kalends of May;
 My clerk has so announced it—look!

METROPHANES.

You won't forget that special book
 That takes a journey far from home
 To great Polybius, friend of Rome:
 'Tis to be written large, take heed,
 For a man of eighty has to read.

BOOKSELLER.

The book will please, I'll take my oath,
 Lucilius and Polybius, both.

*(Exit bookseller into his shop.)**(Enter PORCIATUS from lodging-house.)*

PORCIATUS.

Your new acquaintance not to know!

METROPHANES.

Ah! Porciatus!

PORCIATUS.

Even so,

Metrophanes.

METROPHANES.

What do you here?

PORCIATUS.

I'll call it work, and make it clear :
 Each morning 'tis my pleasant trade
 To gather eggs that have been laid
 The while I slept. You see that sign?
 This lodging-house is a nest of mine.

METROPHANES.

Indeed!

PORCIATUS.

In deed. There's one I knew
 Who would be more surprised than you ;
 But never will he turn his head.

METROPHANES.

And why is that?

PORCIATUS.

Because he's dead!
 And salty tears in no one's eyes,
 Since Cato 'tis I can't surprise.

METROPHANES.

And yet of Roman virtues he
 Is taken as epitome.

PORCIATUS.

Oh, that's what makes me laugh outright :
 The virtuous Cato, whose delight
 Was not in virtue for itself
 But only when it paid in pelf.
 Those virtues only did he nurse
 That helped to fill his greedy purse.
 To gather gold to glut his lust
 He'd live on water and a crust.

METROPHANES.

Admit his love of money, yet
His love of morals don't forget.

PORCIATUS.

His morals! Who so base as he?
He took from slaves a mating fee—
As though one charged his dogs and cattle—
Then sold their offspring!—virtuous prattle!
To friends this mean advice he gave:
Sell off your soon-decrepit slave,
And save his lodging, clothes, and food,
When he's no longer any good!

METROPHANES.

Well, Cato's name means shrewd, you know.

PORCIATUS.

His style of virtue makes me glow!
He fostered quarrels and disputes
Among his slaves, his vocal brutes.

METROPHANES.

Of course old Cato was no saint,
But what a hateful face you paint!

PORCIATUS.

A boor, with money-sharpened wit,
A hoary-headed hypocrite!
Too prudent he to be a knave—
For sixteen years I was his slave;
I may some day my story tell you.

METROPHANES.

I'll listen well to what befell you.

(During the foregoing scene people have been com-

ing and going, entering and leaving the three houses. Enter a gang of slaves, L. E., in charge of a procurator; cross to R. E., and halt. The procurator is checking them off a list.)

PORCIATUS.

Scipio Nasica, whom we call
The richest senator of all,
Has sent his man a-marketing,
And see the slaves upon his string!
With hundreds in his house to-day,
Where will this lot be stored away?

METROPHANES.

How wealthy Nasica must be!

PORCIATUS.

A Roman senator is he:

'Tis easy to get rich! Hello!

(The procurator has found a slave missing. He comes a few steps to the right and looks off.)

The shepherd dog some sheep has missed—

Let's go, or we may swell his list.

(Enter slave, L. E.; hurries past them toward the procurator.)

We're saved! *(Calling after slave.)* And as for you,
my lad,

'Tis you should be exceeding glad

It is not Cato waits for you,

Or he would paint you black and blue!

(Exeunt PORCIATUS and METROPHANES L.)

Draw off to

ACT. I, SCENE 3; in 3. *A room in NASICA'S house, looking out on the inner court, where a fountain is playing. The room contains statues, pictures,*

and costly furniture, antiquities, and bric-a-brac; cedar-wood tables supported by pillars of ivory; a sideboard displaying gold and silver plate and other valuables, beakers of antique form, a relic of the keel of the Argo; Murrhina vases. Slaves are seen dusting and sponging the furnishings of the room, placing fresh garlands on the busts and shields.)

(Enter L. E. NASICA and VIRGINIA.)

VIRGINIA.

I'm glad you've bought the vases. Did you say
There is a pair their counterpart remaining?

NASICA.

Yes; and the price will keep it so, I fancy!

VIRGINIA.

Buy it to-morrow: none must ever say:
"Nasica has the fellows of these vases."

NASICA.

True!

To leave them for another was unwise.
The paintings had bewitched me; oh, they're fine!
The costliest ever sold, I was assured:
And one, the painter says, an arm's length longer
Than any in Rome!

VIRGINIA.

Oh! yes, a tradesman's lie
To sell his wares, most likely. Well, what else?

NASICA.

The best of all: the famed colossal group,
The marvelous stone is ours! Amphion, Zethus,
And their ill-treated mother, Antiope;

With Dirce, being bound to the horns of the bull—
The work of—oh, what are the fellows' names?
Those Rhodian sculptors—

VIRGINIA.

Yes, I've heard of them.

NASICA.

I mean this house of ours shall far surpass
All Roman houses in magnificence.

VIRGINIA.

Lucretia should be ready long ere this.

NASICA.

If she but knew my double piece of news,
She would be doubly vain.

VIRGINIA.

Then tell her not,
She is too vain already. What's the news?

NASICA.

Two marriage offers are awaiting her.

VIRGINIA.

From whom?

NASICA.

From Junius Marcellus first, then later
Caius Octavius spoke.

VIRGINIA.

Both worthy men.

NASICA.

Ay! that's the trouble! How to choose between them?
Well, they must wait until we weigh their merits
And sound our daughter's feeling for the two.

VIRGINIA.

She'll leave to you the choosing.

NASICA.

Grant you that ;

Nevertheless, since either suitor suits me,
Gladly I'll let Lucretia shake the balance.*(Enter R. 3 E. LUCRETIA, moving quickly and humming an air.)*NASICA *(to LUCRETIA.)*

Not dressed for dinner yet?

VIRGINIA.

You will be late.

LUCRETIA.

Then blame the dinner for it, mother mine ;
Since Cappadox and Geta kept me busy
Choosing a strikingly bizarre dessert.

VIRGINIA.

More urgent choosing waits : Marcellus comes.

LUCRETIA.

He has been here before.

VIRGINIA.

Octavius, too.

LUCRETIA.

What then?

Are there not seats and food enough for both?

NASICA.

Suppose there were not? Which of the two should stay?

LUCRETIA.

Oh ! that's for you to choose !

VIRGINIA (*to NASICA.*)

My very words!

NASICA.

A dutiful daughter; luckily, my dear,
There's room enough and food for both to-day.
And yet I'm curious to know your choice;
So watch them well, and weigh one with the other,
Choosing the most deserving of the two.

LUCRETIA.

Octavius and Marcellus I'm to watch;
Noting how much they eat, how fast they eat,
How well—

NASICA.

Stop! Stop!

LUCRETIA.

Then what am I to watch?

(LUCRETIA and VIRGINIA *going L.*)

NASICA.

Your mother, she will tell you what and why.

(*Exeunt LUCRETIA and VIRGINIA L. 2 E.*)

(*Calling after LUCRETIA.*) And look your prettiest and
sharpest, too.

(*Solus.*) Trust her to see as wide a difference
In husbands as the hunter does in hounds
That are each other's image.

(*Servant announces METELLUS, MACEDONICUS, POM-
PEIUS and LUSCUS, who enter R. E.*)

Welcome, my friends.

How fortunate to arrive before the rest!

METELLUS.

What news is our reward?

NASICA.

Good news indeed:

Affairs are prospering finely for us now.
Could you have seen me not an hour ago,
Deep in a school-boy's irksome task with figures,
'Twould have amused you; but the figures—ah!
Their pretty sum would have delighted you.

POMPEIUS.

Give cause for such amusement often, say I!

LUSCUS.

With such delight you ne'er shall weary me.

METELLUS.

You have whet my appetite—go on! go on!

NASICA.

Of public works there are so many kinds
That breed us money; bridges, harbors, drains—

POMPEIUS.

Canals and markets—

LUSCUS.

Roads—

MACEDONICUS.

And halls and temples.

NASICA.

As long as the law forbids us Senators
To be in business, nothing is left to us
But gather gold by trusty agent's aid.
First, for a bonus give the contract to him;
Loaning the money needed for the work;
Then sharing profits.

POMPEIUS.

So it pays, what matters?

NASICA.

True; for the business pays surpassing well.
Admit there's been a deal of money spent—
Judicious outlay to induce some fools
To take a reasonable view of things.

METELLUS.

What boundless greed consumes some magistrates!

NASICA.

Our present war is nearing to an end;
Numantia's fall is certain and soon to be.
The Senate's task then forthwith follows: to find
Profitable work for the legions' idle hands;
Perhaps 'twill be in northern Italy;
Perhaps in Egypt—Asia—Syria;
Since Macedonia's kingdom is no more!
And the Achæan power and Carthage are destroyed.
Let malcontents object because, forsooth!
These wars we plan increase our private fortunes:
Do they not keep the rabble out of Rome?
Who else would choke our overcrowded streets?
Do not these wars of ours give work to others,
To feed and clothe their fellows in the field?

MACEDONICUS.

Most cogent facts.

LUSCUS.

And most convincing, too!

METELLUS.

You dropped a hint of project vast and deep:
Has it taken form sufficient to define?

NASICA.

Stupendous scheme! And when it shall succeed
 'Twill make us five the richest in the world!

POMPEIUS.

That will be worth the telling!

LUSCUS.

And the hearing, too!

NASICA.

King Attalus of Pergamum is ill;
 His only cure will be the cure-all death;
 Nor will it keep him waiting overlong.
 The King has never loved his natural son,
 Young Aristonicus, presumptive heir.
 He hates him with a fierce unreasoning hate
 His illness has engendered. Here's the task:
 To turn his present mood to our advantage,
 Artfully urge the fitting punishment
 Is disinheritance; bequeath to Rome
 His kingdom and his treasure!

METTELLUS.

Ay! but how?

NASICA.

Through Eumenes, my trusty friend at court,
 Adviser to the King, who knows his part
 And plays it most adroitly. Trust to him
 When Attalus shall die then such a will
 Shall be forthcoming. Now for the pith of it:
 We Senators, as is our bounden duty,
 Thereon shall be the will's executors;
 And so shall have the handling of the treasure,
 Money and lands—a King's and kingdom's wealth!
 Does that not whet your jaded appetites?

MACEDONICUS.

'Tis truly great!

LUSCUS.

A daring, dazzling plan!

POMPEIUS.

Ay! Nasica deserves a triumph for it!

MACEDONICUS.

Good! Good! A triumph let it be!

(*Enter a servant announcing EUMENES.*)

NASICA.

A word of warning: Eumenes arrives
 Straight from the dying King of Pergamum;
 Say nothing of the will: a workman's whim
 To answer only with the finished work.
 (*To EUMENES.*) All welcome, Eumenes. My friends:
 Pompeius—Luscus—Metellus—Macedonicus.
 How opportune your reaching Rome to-day,
 In time to dine with certain friends of mine.

EUMENES.

Believe me, sir, the honor I esteem.

(*Enter servant announcing MARCELLUS and OCTAVIUS.*)

NASICA.

(*Aside.*) I durst not smile to see these blindfold rivals,
 Neither the other knowing so to be.
 (*Aloud.*) Where is Tiberius Gracchus, gentlemen?

MARCELLUS.

Calling upon Lucilius, I believe.

NASICA.

He had been saved the trouble had he known

Lucilius will be dining here to-day.

(*To EUMENES*) Marcellus and Octavius. (*To MARCELLUS and OCTAVIUS*) Eumenes,

Still travel-stained from Pergamum direct.

OCTAVIUS.

Your royal master Attalus is ill?

EUMENES.

Alas! exceedingly, I grieve to say.

MARCELLUS.

His many friends in Rome will with you grieve.

OCTAVIUS.

It is our privilege and honor, sirs,
To meet in you the arbiters of Rome.

NASICA.

As great the honor ours; for are not you
To shape Rome's destiny when we are gone?

MARCELLUS.

But why not let us rule a little now?
To lull the pangs of hunger while we wait
The satisfying feast when you are gone?

(Enter a servant followed by LUCILIUS.)

LUCILIUS.

You little know our worthy host
When he gives up power gives up the ghost.

NASICA.

Our gay-winged wasp flies in and lights and stings.
But come, what have you done with Gracchus, say?

LUCILIUS.

Left him in not so very sorry plight,

Scaevola, Claudius, Crassus, left and right,
 And that he would escape I had no fear,
 And therefore did not wait to guard the rear.

NASICA. (*Introducing*)

Lucilius: Eumenes of Pergamum.

You others know the satirist, I know,
 His eagle eye, sharp wit, and ready pen.

(*To EUMENES.*) Our self-elected censor for life—be-
 ware!

EUMENES.

Lucilius is well known in Pergamum.

LUCILIUS.

Thanks for the warning, Eumenes, although
 So far from Rome I never mean to go,
 Save for a province; Nasica, take heed:
 Have you a province that you do not need?

NASICA.

Calpurnius has been working while you slept,
 And so your application comes too late.
 Come all this way, there's something worth the seeing,
 Ere we sit down to dine. (*Going up.*)

MARCELLUS. (*To LUCILIUS.*)

Calpurnius wins!

LUCILIUS.

He wishes a province! most modest of men!
 Suppose that he gets it? what will he do then?
 The first year in office 'twill be his intent
 To get from the province the money he spent;
 The second year's savings he's putting aside
 For bribing the judge, later on when he's tried;

The third year the province so handsomely pays,
He gathers a fortune to last all his days!

Close in to

ACT I, SCENE 4: *in 2. The entrance to NASICA'S house.*

Enter R. E. half a dozen clients, who go into house. Enter PORCIATUS, L. E., in time to see the others.

PORCIATUS. (*Solus.*)

Those clients show their great good sense,
To feed at Nasica's expense.

How miser Cato used to scold
When Roman nobles squandered gold;
Dear gold, for which he grubbed all day,
And with the lives of slaves would pay;
Sweet gold, the villain loved so much
And held with such a deathlike clutch,
These nobles used as lavishly
As though 'twere water flowing free.

(Enter METROPHANES, from NASICA'S house.)

METROPHANES.

Come, Porciatus, you are late,
You must not make the diners wait!

PORCIATUS.

'Tis better late, to say the least,
Than once within to leave the feast.

METROPHANES.

My leaving was no fault of mine,
It would have pleased me well to dine:
That I'm as empty as I came,
Lucilius is alone to blame. (*Points over shoulder.*)

PORCIATUS.

Ah! Nasica's a man of wit:

He feeds the dog to be not bit.

*(Enter R. E. MUMMIUS and FLACCUS; cross and
exeunt into NASICA'S house.)*

Flaccus and Mummius, both good friends
Unto the people for good ends.
They will each other better know
A half-year hence, no doubt.

METROPHANES.

How so?

PORCIATUS.

Because to-morrow night 'tis said
That Mummius will fair Fulvia wed.

*(Enter R. E. SATUREIUS and RUFUS; cross and ex-
eunt into NASICA'S house.)*

Satureius and Rufus—well,
They will at least the chorus swell
In praise of Nasica the Great.

*(Enter RUBRIUS; crosses and exits into NASICA'S
house.)*

And Rubrius, the candidate,
Soon from the urn will learn his fate.

METROPHANES.

Your gift of knowing face and name
Would give a nomenclator fame.

(Enter R. E. CLAUDIUS and CRASSUS.)

PORCIATUS.

Hush! here are men of sterling worth
That's better far than wealth and birth;
There's Claudius, consul years ago,
And High Priest Crassus.

METROPHANES.

Him I know.

CLAUDIUS. (*To CRASSUS.*)

Crassus, I fear that we are surely late.

CRASSUS.

We're in the best of company, Claudius,
Since yonder comes our consul Scævola.

(*Enter L. E. SCÆVOLA, supported by six lictors, carrying axes and bundles of fasces or birchen rods.*)

SCÆVOLA. (*To CLAUDIUS and CRASSUS.*)

Are we not late?

CRASSUS.

Well, some one must be last.

CLAUDIUS.

And rather ten times last than ever first.

(*Exeunt CLAUDIUS, CRASSUS, SCÆVOLA, and lictors into NASICA'S house.*)

PORCIATUS.

Our pontifex maximus, in his way,
Is as shrewd as Cato, I must say.
His dinner list as here we scan
Displays the method of the man:
Whoe'er can pass his business test,
Can enter as an honored guest.
For though he's rich as few there be,
Has vast estates in Tuscany
And Africa, his wealth is still
A snowball half-way down the hill,
And he expects them one and all
To somehow help to roll the ball.

METROPHANES.

Fate is unfair to say the least,

A thousand starve and one to feast ;
 Are not life's good things as they go,
 Quite misapportioned ?

PORCIATUS.

Truly so !
 And everybody's daily care
 Is how to get a bigger share !

Close to ;

ACT I, SCENE 5 ; full. Draw off to NASICA'S dining-room. View into the peristylum, with its colonnaded garden. In the room are three square triclinia or dining tables, of cedar-wood, each surrounded on three sides by nine lecti, or one-armed couches, inlaid with tortoise-shells, the lower part trimmed with white hangings embroidered with gold, supplied with purple pillows and cushions of silken stuffs ; each table seating nine guests. There are side-tables on which are valuable drinking vessels. Pictures adorn the walls ; hunting scenes, fruit and game. At the middle table are seated LUCRETIA, VIRGINIA, NASICA, SCÆVOLA, a place for GRACCHUS, not yet come ; CLAUDIUS, EUMENES, CRASSUS, SATUREIUS. At the left hand table are seated MACEDONICUS, POMPEIUS, RUFUS, LUSCUS, OCTAVIUS, MARCELLUS, PRÆCO, ARCHELAUS, ALBINUS. At the right hand table are seated LÆNAS, STILO, CARBO, LUCILIUS, FLACCUS, and MUMMIUS, METELLUS, RUBRIUS, ANNIUS. The scene opens with a confusion of voices.

VOICES.

Let us hear it! Listen! Hush! The Sword! The
Sword!

Lucilius, read it!

NASICA.

Order, gentlemen!

Take breath! Lucilius will no doubt delight us:

Come! for the company waits your tribute to the sword.

LUCILIUS (*rising and unrolling a manuscript*).

'Tis kind of you unto my lines to lend an eager ear;

Since some there are for reasons good my verses will not
hear.

THE SWORD.

Hail to the sword! ever ready to aid us;

See how it flashes and leaps in delight!

Hail to the sword! and to all it has made us!

Worthy of worship that weapon of might!

Give unto others the pleasure of making,

Buying and selling—ambition of slaves!

Leave to the sword of the Roman the taking

Where he can find them the things that he craves!

Others may trust in their riches or learning:

Useless their knowledge and vain is their hoard;

Valiant Romans such puny arts spurning,

Conquer and capture at point of the sword!

War is a word unto us of good omen:

Tradesmen and shopkeepers at the word quake;

War is the only trade worthy a Roman—

Hail to the sword! Let the echoes awake!

Out with the sword! There are slaves, land and plunder
 Waiting for Romans to take as their due.
 "Ever at war!" is the watchword we thunder:
 Work for the many and wealth for the few!

Hail to the sword! the untiring, the trusty:
 Holding the ship, plow, and pen, in disdain!
 When the day dawns on a sword dull and rusty,
 Naught of the glories of Rome will remain!
 (*Applause follows the reading.*)

FLACCUS.

Trenchant and true throughout, Lucilius;
 What sword is so keen as your piercing pen?

METELLUS. (*To MUMMIUS.*)

And so we're merely brigands! do you hear?
 And ignorant ones as well!

MUMMIUS.

To suffering Spain
 Most truly have we proved ourselves the one,
 And unto cultured Athens are the other.

CRASSUS. (*To CLAUDIUS.*)

"Ever at war!"—a just arraignment that!

CLAUDIUS.

How inconsistent we, despising trade,
 Yet make a trade of war!

OCTAVIUS. (*To MARCELLUS.*)

His lines how true!
 They show our sole reliance is the sword.

MARCELLUS.

That ever-ready sword he glorifies
 In matchless irony is dull indeed
 Beside the keenness of his polished verse.

LUCRETIA. (*To VIRGINIA.*)

Oh! how I envy him that gift of his!

SCÆVOLA. (*To NASICA.*)

After the Roman sword has vanquished quite
Commercial rivals, rightly it disdains
The ship, the plow, the pen—those tools of trade.

NASICA. (*To LUCILIUS.*)

I take the moral of your verse to be:
Keep the sword bright by usage—is it not?
We miss Tiberius Gracchus.

CLAUDIUS.

That we do;

Nothing but illness could have come between;
For, as I've said already, on the way
A messenger from home o'ertook him
With evil tidings of his eldest born,
A sick child, suddenly at point of death.

NASICA.

The spectre of death was doubtless conjured up
By the fears of a loving mother.

CLAUDIUS.

Let us hope

It proves a false alarm; and so anon
Tiberius our kinsman will arrive.

NASICA.

I'm anxious for his coming, I admit;
For rumors reach me quite disquieting,
And only he can fix their truth or falsehood.

CLAUDIUS.

Whene'er you question him be very sure
You'll learn the truth, how sweet or bitter it be.

NASICA.

I know it. Lately he has greatly changed,
Seems brooding over something; what it is,
I mean to learn to-day, by simply asking.
Another matter sets me wondering:
His simple presence as he passes stirs
To strange enthusiasm; I would learn
Whereon is based his hold on the common people.

(Enter by door in centre, TIBERIUS GRACCHUS)

NASICA.

I had almost said the laggard has arrived;
I'll say instead, how is the ailing child?

GRACCHUS.

Better, since I am here.

NASICA.

I'm glad of that.
What news about besieged Numantia?
From Scipio and Caius?

GRACCHUS.

Little and much:
From cautious Scipio comes little; yet,
Remembering Carthage, need we protestations
That he will never loose his legions' fangs
Until Numantia's ours? As for my brother,
Caius has warmer blood and looser tongue,
And full of knowledge needs must testify:
He is assured beyond a peradventure
Long ere his safe prediction reaches Rome
Numantia will have fallen!

VOICES.

Good! Good!

NASICA.

A triumph is in sight for Scipio!

SATURIUS.

On that we are agreed!

MUMMIUS.

And be it one

To equal that to great Æmilius, given.

SCÆVOLA.

Ah! that indeed was fine! I mind it well:

'Twas fully five and thirty years ago.

Three days with wonders filled from dawn to dusk.

The spoils of the vanquished Macedonians.

On the first day images, pictures, statues shown

In pomp upon a thousand chariots.

In glorious array on the second morn

Their beautiful and costly armor and arms ,

On wagons borne; then thrice a thousand men

Came carrying nigh to a thousand vessels, each

Three talents weight and with coined silver filled.

Then followed victors bearing silver cups

And bowls and goblets, great in size and costly.

Ah! but that final day! that was a day!

That was a day to be forgotten never!

At trumpets' sound the grand procession moved:

More than a hundred youths staled oxen led,

Whose horns were gilded, heads adorned with flowers.

Then boys passed bearing gold and silver salvers;

Gold coin in seven-and-seventy vessels stored;

The consecrated bowl Æmilius made,

Ten talents weight and set with precious gems—

A treasure in itself; then sturdy fellows

Cups of Antigonus and Seleneus bore

And the fine gold plate on Perseus' table used;
And next rolled past the chariot of Perseus,
On which were borne his diadem and armor.
Then came the captive children of the King,
With all their nurses, governors, and masters:
All this magnificence preparatory
For the central figure, climax of the pageant,
Great Perseus, King of Macedon, himself,
In sombre black attended by his friends,
As 'twere indeed his corpse for burial.
And when this mournful train in silence passed,
The glories of the victory succeeded:
Fully four hundred golden crowns were shown,
Four hundred cities gave Æmilius
The conqueror; who fittingly now followed
Within a gorgeous chariot reclining,
Clad in a robe of richest purple and gold,
And in his right hand bearing a branch of laurel.
Last of it all marched past the pride of Rome,
Her matchless army, waving laurel branches
And chanting in triumphant ceaseless song,
The praises of Æmilius, conqueror!

LUCILIUS.

The life of the soldier is roughest of prose,
But when will the pen bring such honors as those?

LUCRETIA.

The honors of the sword are great, and brief,
Their memory fading with the laurel leaf:
The honors of the pen are slow and sure,
And through the coming ages will endure.

LUCILIUS.

Your words my rising melancholy cure.

(The diners are now entertained by jugglers, dancers and singers.)

MARCELLUS.

Have you heard the story of Damophilus?

OCTAVIUS.

Not I!

LUCRETIA.

Nor I, Marcellus.

CRASSUS.

Let us hear it!

MARCELLUS.

Well, then, Damophilus, a Greek of Henna,
 Rich as—a Roman senator, we'll say,
 And yet withal, an ill bred, ignorant fellow,
 Spending his worthless time in whipping slaves
 Assisted by his worthy wife, Megallis—
 This well-matched, low-lived couple met a fate
 In perfect keeping with their cruel conduct:
 Murdered by slaves they daily had tormented,
 Slaying their master with his costly sword,
 And with an axe beheading. Worse the fate
 Befel his tiger-hearted wife, Megallis;
 The women slaves repaid unto the tiger
 Torture for torture, then cast her down the rocks.
 But now the best of all remains to tell:
 By some strange freak of wonder-working Nature,
 The offspring of this base, ferocious couple,
 Proved gentle, tender, kind, compassionate—
 The very traits her precious parents lacked!
 She had comforted and soothed the wretched slaves,
 Who loved her dearly, touched no hair of her head,

But sent her orphaned, safely under escort
Unto relations in Catania!

LUCRETIA.

Poor girl! How pitiful a fate was hers!

MUMMIUS.

The mistress is more cruel as a rule,
Unto her slaves than the master unto his.

FLACCUS.

The story warns us never to forget
One has as many enemies as slaves.

GRACCHUS.

The story tells us to remember well
The slaves' condition: nakedness, cold, and hunger,
Torture and infamy; a foreign country,
Wherein they live like horses, dogs and cats,
Having no rights whatever, dying soon
Of overwork, ill treatment, change of climate.

NASICA.

A gruesome list! It is a libel, surely!

MUMMIUS.

Now why should Nasica wince, I wonder,

FLACCUS.

Hush!

He has large estates in Sicily!

MUMMIUS.

Oho!

GRACCHUS.

From end to end of Sicily what saw I?
Slave-yards and palaces and nothing else.

Now mark me : when the slaves in Sicily
 All join the spreading wild-fire insurrection,
 Then will they rule that island.

NASICA.

Let them rule.

Until our legions lash them back to work.
 Ah! that's the sovereign cure for slaves' distemper!

GRACCHUS.

The army cannot cure that dread disease,
 Coming from Spain I passed through Tuscany
 And through Etruria ; whom saw I there?
 None but barbarians and foreign slaves
 Shepherding flocks and cultivating land,
 I saw where boundaries had been broken up
 And land invaded : while the valiant owner
 Far off was fighting for the Roman state ;
 His tender children with his feeble parents,
 Carrying the little household images
 Their father's father's father venerated,
 Were driven forth from home, the little farm,
 By rich and powerful neighbors.

MARCELLUS.

Shameful! Shameful!

GRACCHUS.

Albeit beasts of Italy have dens
 And holes and hiding-places, yet the men
 Who nobly fought in Italy's defense
 Have light and air and nought whatever else ;
 Are landless, houseless, wanderers : the while
 Our bold commanders are exhorting soldiers
 To guard their tombs and temples—how grotesque !,
 These soldiers fight not for ancestral tomb

Or family altar, being blessed with neither ;
 They fight for wealth and luxury for others,
 And die as lords of the earth—a mocking title,
 Since not one clod of it all they call their own !

LUCILIUS.

The scheming politician knows so well the warrior child :
 By fireside, temple, tomb, and such like gilded words be-
 guiled.

NASICA.

Admit one-half you say, Tiberius,
 What's to be done? The poor is always with us,
 And will be always—idle, shiftless people
 That good men waste their sympathies upon.

GRACCHUS.

These warlike cousins of ours are the strength of Rome,
 Supply her conquering legions with her children—
 But not for long ; their numbers dwindle daily,
 Borne down by taxes, poverty, and battles.
 Why are they idle? Rich men own the land
 And set their slaves in swarms to sow and reap.
 For such disease the remedy is plain :
 Let only freemen cultivate the land ;
 Restore the sturdy, thrifty, farmer class,
 From which the noble Cincinnatus came.

NASICA.

Nonsense! Turn back the forward march? Absurd!
 Raise wheat and barley? Who would be that fool,
 When 'tis more profitable breeding stock,
 Supplying wool and clothing for the army.

GRACCHUS.

Truly more profitable with many slaves,
 Got cheaply and worked to death while freemen starve.

NASICA.

That's an old, old story many have told,
And only grew excited in the telling.
Suggest what shall be done; be practical.

GRACCHUS.

'Tis good advice well taken: hear me then:
Note well: the founding of colossal fortunes;
Slave agriculture; the growth of large estates;
The disappearance of the little farms;
The cultivated land reduced to pasture;
Decrease in population—all these ills
The dire effects of one prolific cause;
The public land abuse, unlawful holding.
Since lawless occupation is the source,
Begin reform the plain and only way:
Restore the public land to its rightful owner,
The Roman people!

VOICES.

Oh!

NASICA.

Preposterous!

It is the raving of a lunatic!

METELLUS.

Remember Lælius, well named the Wise,
Who, knowing not the proper thing to do,
Yet knew enough to let the task alone!

POMPEIUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MACEDONICUS.

A wise one he! Ha! ha!

GRACCHUS.

Be not too hasty in your merriment.
 How far apart is ignorance and knowledge?
 So great the space 'twixt Lælius and me.
 I know both what to do and how to do it;
 And have the will to undertake the task.

(Laughter and jeers.)

NASICA.

Hush! We will humor him. Tiberius,
 Come tell us now this clever plan of yours.

GRACCHUS.

A plan direct and simple and just to all:
 I shall become a tribune (if they will),
 And thereupon revive the Licinian law
 That makes five hundred jugera the limit:
 All public lands beyond that legal holding
 Forthwith reverts unto the Roman state,
 And then its just division will be made
 Among the poor to whom the land belongs.

NASICA.

Without a doubt the man is crazy quite!

METELLUS.

He would destroy the fabric of our state.

MARCELLUS.

He ably voices views I gladly share!

LUCRETIA. *(Aside.)*

How pleased am I Marcellus speaks for me.

POMPEIUS.

This is a robbers' plan he offers.

FLACCUS.

No;

He would restore their stolen property
Unto the people; may he soon succeed!

SCÆVOLA.

At least we must admit his daring task
Is difficult and dangerous, indeed.

MUMMIUS.

It needs must be a task impossible
To keep our coming tribune from the doing.

METELLUS.

He is not tribune yet.

NASICA.

Nor will be ever.

CRASSUS.

He keenly feels the poor man's wretched lot.

LUSCUS.

Bah! It is commonplace revenge inspires him:
Simply a grudge he has against the Senate—
That three-year old Numantian affair.

CLAUDIUS.

'Tis true the Senate grossly wronged him there.

ANNIUS.

Is it not pure self-glorification moves him?

MARCELLUS.

He never needed crooked path to honor:
Why should he scheme for what's already his?

NASICA. (*To GRACCHUS.*)

Then 'tis your fixed resolve to sow dissension,

And knowingly and with deliberation
 Start baleful fires of horrid civil war ;
 Set Romans killing Romans ?

GRACCHUS.

The gods forbid !

We want not war but justice unto all.
 The public land belongs unto the people ;
 Among the people be the land apportioned.
 I ask you is a Roman citizen
 Not better than a slave ? Is not a soldier
 Far usefuller a man than he who fights not
 Or fights against us ? Come ; be reasonable :
 Almost the whole of the land by war acquired
 Is held by the nobles ; theirs the happy hope
 To conquer all the habitable globe ;
 But 'twill take soldiers to do it, mark you, soldiers ;
 And where will Rome recruit ? Among the slaves
 Supplanting freemen slowly dying out ?
 Instead of conquering shall we not become
 Too weak to hold that which we now possess ?
 Short-sighted nobles should remember this :
 Leave little things alone and seize the great ;
 Surrender public land, even as a gift,
 And be rewarded thrice a hundredfold,
 When conquering legions subjugate the earth.
 As for myself, I formally forego
 The honors waiting me without exertion.
 I shall not take my place among the few
 A thoughtless, heartless ruler, like the rest ;
 Rather help others on and up, I'll try :
 The common people's champion am I !

*(Applause and hootings and exclamations for and
 against, during which the curtain falls.)*

END OF ACT I, TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

ACT TWO. (July, 133 B. C.—A. U. C., 620.)

SCENE I; in 2. Entrance to MUMMIUS'S house. *On the right of the entrance there is a fuller's shop; on the left hand, a goldsmith's* Enter R. E., LAVINIA, a maid of LUCRETIA. *She Stops in the centre and counts money.*

LAVINIA. (*Counting.*)

That's two—and four—and six—and eight:
The smith will get a sum so great
Her broken necklace but to fix—
A new one I could buy for six;
A beauty, too, that I adore!
How do I wish, as oft before,
My father was a senator!
But wishes are as weak as dreams,
On me Good Fortune sheds no beams.

(*Exit into the goldsmith's shop. Enter L. E. METROPHANES, carrying a package; looks after her a moment, then comes to C.*)

METROPHANES. (*Solus.*)

Into the goldsmith's shop she went,
Where twice a week, at least, she's sent.
My master's toga brings me here;
I'm glad the fuller's shop is near.
I'll get my errand quickly through,
And bid Lavinia how d'ye do.

(*Exit into fuller's shop. Re-enter LAVINIA from the goldsmith's with a small package; stops in the centre.*)

LAVINIA. (*Half opening the package.*)

Now, that's what I call handsome, fine!
I wish that half of it were mine!
If I could ever save its cost,
Or find a purse that no one lost,
I'd have a necklace twin to this:
But I'm afraid the prize I'll miss.

(*Re-enter METROPHANES from the fuller's.*)

METROPHANES. (*Coming forward quickly.*)

Ah! now's the moment I must seize:
Lavinia!

LAVINIA.

Metrophanes!

METROPHANES.

You look so happy, I'll be bound,
That's something pretty you have found!

LAVINIA.

It should be pretty at the cost;
And I found it where it wasn't lost.
Is it not a beauty?

METROPHANES.

Rather so.

LAVINIA.

Yet round my neck 'twill never go!

METROPHANES.

I'm glad my daily occupation
Will never lead me in temptation.

LAVINIA.

Be good enough to tell me why?

METROPHANES.

My master lives not for the eye ;
 He is a man of sense, no fop,
 No creature of a tradesman's shop.

LAVINIA.

My mistress is no giddy girl,
 Whose senses all are in a whirl ;
 On dress and jewelry intent—
 So you may save your compliment.

METROPHANES.

Well, have it any way you choose.

(Sounds of music heard off L.)

What's that?

LAVINIA.

The bridal troupe.

METROPHANES.

But whose?

LAVINIA.

Why, Fulvia and Mummius.

METROPHANES.

Oh, then 'twill be a famous fuss.

LAVINIA.

As great as any seen in Rome,
 I'm off to see him bring her home.

METROPHANES.

And I will keep you company.

(Aside.) Lucilius needs me not.

(The procession is entering L.)

LAVINIA.

Oh, see!

(*The wedding procession exits into the house of MUMMIUS.*) *Draw off to*

ACT II, SCENE 2; *full.* *Room or peristylum in MUMMIUS'S house.* *Enter, L. U. E., MUMMIUS and FULVIA arm in arm. They come to centre.*

MUMMIUS.

Now having duly signed the marriage contract;
And having lifted you across my threshold;
And fire and water having touched together;
Now are we bound by strongest human tie.

FULVIA.

Yet lightest tie of all and easiest borne.
Most wisely did my father choose for me:
None other would have suited me so well—
Not even Gracchus, paragon though he be,
Were he unwed and handsome as yourself.

MUMMIUS.

What! what! already jealous, Fulvia?
Of Gracchus, too, a sober married man!
Leave that for me!

FULVIA.

I've heard so much of Gracchus:
My father never wearies praising him;
And now you sound the pæan.

MUMMIUS.

Only wait!

Yourself shall join the chorus, by and by:
All wives should praise him for his father's sake.

FULVIA.

His father's sake! Then one inherits praise.
Like land and slaves and money! Tell me why?

MUMMIUS.

A story brief and simple running thus:
One summer eve the father of Gracchus found
Two serpents, male and female, in his room.
The soothsayer then foretold this death dilemma:
Either he kill the male and with it die,
Or kill the female, dooming his wife to death.
So being older than Cornelia—
Whom he held truly dearer than his life—
He killed the snake on which his life depended:
And so he perished, leaving her to mourn,
To mourn a loss profound, irreparable;
Not even King Ptolemy's proffered crown could ease.

FULVIA.

The profitable moral seems to be:
Beware of serpents breeding in the house.

(*Enter LUCRETIA, L. 3 E.*)

LUCRETIA.

For this intrusion on your tete-a-tete
I offer no apology to either.
Why should I feel for you the least compunction?
There's such a wealth of time awaiting you,
These paltry moments never will be missed.

MUMMIUS.

What, rob us thus! and we shall never miss
What's stolen before our very looking eyes!
What! never let me have the chance to show
My generosity and self-denial,
By leaving you awhile alone together!

I'll on the instant go and make complaint—
Though unto whom, I'm really at a loss!

(*Exit MUMMIUS, L. 3 E.*)

FULVIA.

Is he not charming! O Lucretia!
I wish you wedded unto such another.

LUCRETIA.

What! Is there such another left for me?
Ah! fortunate Fulvia! no choice to have,
Yet fare right royally, while I, alas!—

FULVIA.

Well, if you mean confession, what of you?

LUCRETIA.

A choice of suitors unto me was given;
After I made deliberate choice of one,
The sudden whim that gave me chance to choose,
As quickly was recalled. My father chose,
And chose for me him whom I had not chosen,
Caius Octavius.

FULVIA.

Unfortunate!

Why did your father so unkind an act?

LUCRETIA.

Tiberius Gracchus means to become a tribune,
Revive the Licinian law respecting land,
And this enrages father.

FULVIA.

Ay, but then,
Tiberius has a wife and children!

LUCRETIA.

But Junius Marcellus, whom I chose,
 He thinks the world and all of Gracchus,
 He loves him next to me—or is it next?—
 Is heart and soul devoted to his cause:
 And so my angry father metes his rage
 'Twixt Gracchus and Marcellus equally.

FULVIA.

Why, Mummius has this Gracchus fever too!
 (*Enter L. U. E. FLACCUS, MARCELLUS and MUMMIUS.*)

Come, gentlemen, what subtle fascination,
 What mystic power, is it draws and holds you
 Mothlike around Tiberius Gracchus, say?

MARCELLUS.

His deep sincerity.

MUMMIUS.

His love of justice.

FLACCUS.

His passion for the people.

LUCRETIA.

Threefold reason:

His is a personality unique,
 So vividly to stamp itself upon you.

MARCELLUS.

His lofty mein, his noble countenance,
 His very presence an uplifting force.
 His fearless speech whose tones ring clear and true,
 And how inspiring!

LUCRETIA.

What enthusiasm!

How few there be can boast a friend like you!

MARCELLUS. (*Apart to LUCRETIA.*)

I lately asked you of your father.

LUCRETIA. (*Apart to MARCELLUS.*)

Yes.

FULVIA.

He means to be a tribune, so I hear.

MUMMIUS.

And so he shall be when election comes.

MARCELLUS. (*Apart to LUCRETIA.*)

Your father will not have me for a son.

LUCRETIA. (*Apart to MARCELLUS.*)

I know it!

MUMMIUS.

With Tiberius tribune

Possessors of the public land, beware!

FLACCUS.

He is not tribune yet, nor ever will be,

If bribery can prevent it. I have heard—

*(Continues speaking in dumb show.)*MARCELLUS. (*Apart to LUCRETIA.*)

Octavius in perfect innocence

For his good fortune my good wishes asked.

Though not by nature churlish, as you know,

I did decline and gave the reason why:

I had spoken first, but him your father chose—

I had rather you had chosen!

LUCRETIA. (*Apart to MARCELLUS.*)

That did I.

MARCELLUS.

Ah! doubly fortunate Octavius then.

LUCRETIA.

You hasty fellow, did I say I chose him?

MARCELLUS.

Now you have quite disturbed my stoic mind,
And sown new seeds of sorrow in my heart.
For since we chose each other 'tis a shame
A father's choosing brings no joy to either.
Can aught be done to change his resolution?

LUCRETIA.

Nothing; the friend of Gracchus will be ever
My father's enemy.

MARCELLUS.

Is it possible!

Mine own act cuts us off from happiness!

LUCRETIA.

'Tis now too late Friend Gracchus to forswear.
Though as for me, at any time 'twere base.

MUMMIUS.

What foolishness this voting business is!

(*Enter CLAUDIUS, CRASSUS, SCÆVOLA and BLOSSIUS.*)

What signifies it whether open or secret,
If there's no merit in the candidate,
No virtue in the voter?

FLACCUS.

Truly so:

At the beginning let our task begin:
Uplift and educate the common people.

MARCELLUS.

Truly 'twill be a task herculean ;
 But be our rulers educated first :
 Their cruel perfidy and vile extortion
 Drove Spain to bloody, desperate revolt,
 By the Lusitanian mountain shepherd led,
 That truly able general, Viriathus :
 So dextrous, nimble, strong ; so brave and gifted ;
 Prompt in rewarding worth and sharing spoils ;
 One who has often whipped our Roman legions.

BLOSSIUS.

His an heroic people, scorning chains ;
 A dangerous, desperate cargo—ask the dealers !
 Willing to kill their captors or themselves,
 To sink the ship and with the Romans drown ;
 Preferring any death to slavery.

FLACCUS.

A happy choice for victims of our greed.

CRASSUS.

Man as a human being we respect not ;
 Viewing as virtue our transcendent vice :
 Hardheartedness to others weaker than we,
 To enemies and subjects.

CLAUDIUS.

True, alas !

Our army equals fire plus pestilence,
 Brings unto thousands famine, ruin, slaughter.
 Subverting even nationality.

BLOSSIUS.

That follows from the Roman point of view,
 That all things done in war are just and proper :

Perjury, stratagem, and cruelty;
Deception, falsehood, cunning, trickery;
A butcherlike barbarity is theirs—
The Spanish war was full of shameful deeds.

(*Enter LÆLIUS and LUCILIUS L. U. E.*)

FLACCUS.

What are we fighting for? That feverish dream
Worldwide dominion? No, 'tis not for that:
Nor menacing barbarians to beat back.
The mercantile class still hound our legions on,
Commercial rivals to exterminate.
Public and private treasuries conquest fills,
Increases luxury, and makes the means
Of ostentation the more keenly sought.

MARCELLUS.

Colossal fortunes which the nobles gain,
Fire their ambition, till equality,
Republican equality, is hateful.
The while the middle class, as Gracchus says,
In hopeless poverty are sinking deeper.

SCÆVOLA.

'Tis wrong and should be righted. What's the State?
A partnership with property for stock,
The acquisitions thereunto by arms
The profits of the trade, in which should share
Each citizen partner. Territory gained in war
The people wish at once to be divided;
Whereas the government, the managing partner,
Having in view the joint stock interest,
Would sell to the highest bidder, take the price
And throw it into the general treasury.

MARCELLUS.

From whence they may supply themselves at leisure!

LÆLIUS.

From your discourse I gather, gentlemen,
That Rome's condition is a stirring theme;
Lucilius, here, has made in rhythm and rhyme
His diagnosis of the state of Rome.
He'll read it to you.

VOICES.

Read, Lucilius, read!

LUCRETIA.

Now shall we have a treat.

FULVIA. (*To LUCRETIA.*)

I've read his verse,
But have not heard the poet give them voice.

LUCILIUS.

I would these words of mine, set down in love sincere,
In every home in Rome would rouse a wholesome fear.

(Reads.)

Rome! unapproachable Rome!—but her citizens, how
shall I name them?

Nobles ignoble, unscrupulous rich, and a mob poor and
mean!

Hating each other all three, and all worthless alike, I
proclaim them!

What would our forefathers say unto such a degenerate
scene?

Where are the virtues once bred in thy vigorous off-
spring, O Roman!

Temperance, fortitude, frugal simplicity, hardihood—
these,

These gave us Rome! Look around for our city's most dangerous foeman:

See the effeminate living a life of luxurious ease!

Gross superstitions grow rankly and govern the life of all classes:

Even the wisest inquiring from ignorant knaves of their fate!

Who in the city is greatest of any, in fame all surpasses?
Need I to name him?—that sharper in business, he truly is great!

Wisely they chatter of art, knowing naught of the meaning of beauty;

Satisfied fully if pictures and statues are costly and rare:
Glibly they gabble of law, that imposes so sacred a duty—
Duty of saving the thief, if his ill-gotten gains he will share!

Greed most audacious, and fraud and impurity ever increasing;

Fed upon luxury, vice, ostentation, indulgence combined:
Ravenous horde that now swarms o'er our country, to gorge without ceasing:

Patrician and noble their names, but their deeds of the commonest kind.

Army degenerate; wars only waged as a safe speculation;
Since 'tis the weak that the Senate selects for our legions to fight;

Italy forced to compete with the product of slaves' cultivation;

Sadder fate still is that organized pillage, the provinces' plight.

Feud of the poor and the rich even now the republic endangers:

Deep discontent from aggression, oppression, from arrogance, hate;

Miserable slaves brooding vengeance, an army of menacing strangers—

Romans, return to the ways of the Romans, before 'tis too late!

Close in to

ACT II, SCENE 3; *in 2. Street in Rome. Entrance to a basilica. Jews, Syrians, haruspices, augurs, tradesmen, doctors, are going in and coming out. Court is held within and mercantile affairs transacted. Beggars are standing near the entrance. Enter METROPHANES L. E.; comes to center.*

METROPHANES. (*Solus, taking a coin out of his purse.*)

Whene'er upon this coin I chance

The past o'erwhelms me at a glance.

(Enter LAVINIA, R. E.)

LAVINIA.

Metrophanes, that man is wise

Who counts his coin before he buys. (*Points to basilica.*)

METROPHANES.

With coin like this he surely should.

LAVINIA.

Is it not a good one?

METROPHANES.

Yes, too good!

Were all my money at an end,

Even then this coin I would not spend!

LAVINIA.

Not spend it? Tell me what you mean,

For such a coin I've never seen.

Mine fly, however I contrive,

Have you had it long?

METROPHANES.

Since I was five.

LAVINIA.

And now you're several times that old:
Ah! there's a story to be told!

METROPHANES.

The name of my first dwelling-place
In memory has not left a trace,
My father is a figure dim:
Sword, shield, and helmet stand for him.
I neither sister knew or mother;
My memories all are of my brother.
He was much older in my eyes,
He seemed to be a man in size.
And how he loved me! It was he
Who gave this precious coin to me,
The day we parted years ago.

LAVINIA.

And you have never spent it?

METROPHANES.

No!

'Twas given with a parting vow
To meet again somewhere, somehow.

LAVINIA.

What did he then?

METROPHANES.

He went away,
And I've not seen him since that day.

LAVINIA.

Perhaps you'll meet.

METROPHANES.

I never doubt it;
 I've woven a magic tale about it:
 (*Shows coin.*) This woman, Roma, pictured here
 And capped with godlike warrior gear,
 Her power and knowledge both are great,
 She knows my brother's present fate;
 But ere she wills to help me, asks
 Performance of some wondrous tasks.
 (*Turns coin over.*) These done (the gods assistance
 lend),
 Her Dioscuri will she send
 On horseback charging, as you see,
 To bring my brother back to me.

LAVINIA.

How pretty! Pity 'tis for you
 The magic story is not true!

METROPHANES.

I'm on Lucilius's errand yet,
 Lavinia, but I'm glad we met.
 With you time swiftly flies away;
 I wish that I could longer stay. (*Going towards basilica.*)

LAVINIA.

Alone it then would have to be,
 Because Lucretia waits for me.
 (*Going off L., when PORCIATUS enters R. E.*)

PORCIATUS. (*Calling after her.*)

I say!

LAVINIA. (*Aside.*)
 I'll let the old fool bawl!

PORCIATUS.

Is this not—

LAVINIA.

Oh, no! not at all!

PORCIATUS.

Have I not seen you—

LAVINIA.

Yes, good-by!

PORCIATUS.

I want to ask—

LAVINIA.

Don't know; not I!

PORCIATUS.

If there's anything you've lost?

LAVINIA.

My time; I'll charge it up at cost!

PORCIATUS.

Oh! well, in that case never mind!

That's something that I didn't find.

Excuse me. *(Turns away.)*

LAVINIA.

Bothersome old thing!

PORCIATUS.

So then she did not lose this ring.

LAVINIA.

Oh, say! I say!

PORCIATUS.

Well, say! Say what?

LAVINIA.

You found my ring!

PORCIATUS.

Well, I guess not!

This handsome ring cost me good money:

I'll look for yours. (*Going off R. E.*)LAVINIA. (*Going off L. E.*)

He thinks he's funny.

PORCIATUS. (*Returning to centre: solus.*)

She's a little vixen, sure!

But cross-cut speeches I'll endure,

Till by-and-by more sweet she grows,

And kisses gives instead of blows—

'Tis long a-coming, goodness knows!

(*Enter METROPHANES from basilica.*)

METROPHANES.

Ah! Porciatus, where away?

What's the good word with you to-day?

PORCIATUS.

Metrophanes, 'tis in my debt;

For that's the word I didn't get!

METROPHANES.

Not get it! that is truly sad!

PORCIATUS.

I still have hope, I ought to add.

METROPHANES.

To offer help would be absurd,

Not knowing either woman or word.

PORCIATUS.

Thanks, all the same; you're very kind;

But then you know a maiden's mind
A dozen legions could not force;
So patience is my only course.

METROPHANES.

Has not this fever for a wife
Attacked you rather late in life?

PORCIATUS.

Well, yes, a trifle late, 'tis true;
Though I never shared old Cato's view:
That mean and cynical old devil,
Thought marriage was a needful evil,
And heartily despised the sex—
And yet his grown-up son would vex
By playing lover to his slave,
Like any common lustful knave.

*(Enter, L., ARCHILAUS, a school teacher, who salutes
PORCIATUS and then enters basilica.)*

METROPHANES.

He looks a man of wit.

PORCIATUS.

A teacher he—and think of it!
There isn't a jockey in this place
But makes more money in one race
Than Archilaus in a year!

METROPHANES.

I must say that sounds rather queer!

PORCIATUS.

The reason for it soon is told:
The strange idea Romans hold,
To teach is quite disgraceful—though
What's taught is honorable to know!

(Enter CARBO, R., as enter STILO, L., in white togas;
they greet each other, then enter the basilica.)

PORCIATUS.

Their togas' color well denotes
Stilo and Carbo seek for votes.

METROPHANES.

Election day is drawing near;
'Twill be a lively one, I hear.
When Nasicans and Gracchans meet,
Nobles or plebs will taste defeat.

PORCIATUS.

No wonder that they fear and hate
Tiberius Gracchus, truly great,
Who fights with cunning weapons, laws,
In helping on the people's cause.
The people who are left to starve,
Being only fit for swords to carve.

METROPHANES.

Think you a tribune he'll be made?

PORCIATUS.

I hope so, though I'm sore afraid:
'Gainst power and money who can cope?

METROPHANES.

Tiberius Gracchus, let us hope!
(Noises heard off L. and R.)

PORCIATUS.

Ha! hear the politicians shout:
Both parties have their bullies out.
When one is caught between two fires,
He saves his courage and retires.

Let's slip inside and there keep mum,
Until the storm is over—come!

(*Exeunt* PORCIATUS and METROPHANES *into basilica.*
Enter bullies *L. and R. fighting; continuing*
across and exeunt omnes, with cries and in up-
roar.) *Draw off to*

ACT II, SCENE 4; *full. Campus Martius. Enter, L.,*
NASICA, METELLUS, MACEDONICUS, POMPEIUS,
and LUSCUS. They stop in C.

NASICA.

And is not Roman history simply this:
The working up in one continuous story
Of chronicles containing only doings
Of these our families?

METELLUS.

'Tis natural:
Have we not held the public offices
And had complete control of government?

NASICA.

The one grand family formed of the noble houses
Govern the state through one great family council.
'Twas the patricians' bounden duty ever
Plebeians to protect and counsel give.
Be unto them in all respects a father.

POMPEIUS.

It is the ideal state which you portray;
But since the great republic came to be,
Two tempers coexist within it:
That of the great and that of the people—these
Like oil and water never merge in one.

NASICA.

True, and the struggle still is going on.

But what exasperates me more than all,
 Is the rise of a class of renegades among us,
 Doubtless but few in number, but prolific
 And powerful for evil as we knew,
 When playing their chosen part of demagogue.

LUSCUS.

One of the number your young kinsman count,
 Tiberius Gracchus.

NASICA.

Sorry am I to say,
 He is the blackest renegade of all.
 Yet, think of his father, the censor, can you find
 Among the aristocrats of Rome
 One purer, prouder, haughtier than he?
 And how tenaciously he ever clung
 To his hereditary privilege:
 Can you imagine him to quit his class!

MACEDONICUS.

Suppose Tiberius is elected tribune,
 What think you, will he seize the public lands?

NASICA.

He must not, shall not, have the chance to seize.
 The special fund subscribed for our defense
 Has been expended so judiciously
 The unbought voters never could elect him—
 Unless the farmers trudge to Rome to vote.
 'Tis well to keep in the cage of privacy
 So dangerous a citizen as he.
 No doubt the centuria prerogative
 Has crossed the bridge and waits within the septa:
 Get each his tablet and help to kill
 The serpent in the egg!

VOICES.

We will! We will!

(*Exeunt omnes, R. U. E. Enter L., CLAUDIUS, CRASSUS, SCÆVOLA, FLACCUS, BLOSSIUS, LÆLIUS and LUCILIUS.*)

FLACCUS.

The rich and poor are equals once a year
Upon election day: the secret ballot
Enables a man to promise as he must,
While voting under cover as he will:
Outwitting thus the wily candidate
Who stoops to coax, intimidate, or bribe.

CLAUDIUS.

In coming hither have you noticed how
Our rural brothers have invaded us?

SCÆVOLA.

This countrymen's invasion means success
Unto Tiberius Gracchus; helping him
Outvote the venial city populace,
Whose daily bread the upper class supplies.

(*Enter MUMMIUS, R., dressed as a candidate in a white toga. LUCILIUS goes toward him, meeting him L. of C.*)

LUCILIUS.

Your toga has told me the news in advance:
You have taken a hand in our great game of chance,
Called "Running for office"; you long to possess
That coveted prize—and I wish you success!
Your dazzling white toga that rivets the gaze:
Unlawful had been in your grandfathers' days:
No candidate then durst appeal to the sight
By making his toga too startlingly white.

'Tis fitting that candidates innocence show
 By raiment that rivals in whiteness the snow.
 But when they quit office too often 'tis true,
 The white is transformed to a dull, muddy hue.
 While striving to make yourself one of the ten,
 Your days will be busy securing your men
 At public assemblies, in market, on street—
 Some openly purchase with money or meat;
 Or bribe in more lawful and delicate ways,
 With sports for the populace, spectacles, plays;
 Thus working and scheming from early till late—
 And all for the pleasure of serving the state!
 Now serving the state in the good days of old,
 Meant citizens' duty, not paid for in gold.
 But now 'tis the height of the Roman's ambition,
 The means of attaining to wealth and position;
 For there is the consul, with army for hand,
 He seizes rich booty and tracts of choice land;
 For there is the magistrate piling up gold,
 Since most of his weighty decisions are sold;
 For there is the censor, who labors with zest
 By the letting of contracts, to feather his nest—
 And even the senators, nobles indeed,
 They cannot restrain their insatiable greed.
 But you will be one in a thousand and one:
 Peculation, spoliation, and theft you will shun.
 Forbear with your pledges! I know them by rote!
 Besides, it is needless, I promise my vote.

(Exeunt R. U. E. all but FLACCUS and MUMMIUS.)

Enter L. SATUREIUS, RUFUS and ANNIUS.)

SATUREIUS.

We are either late or early, as it seems.

(To FLACCUS.) Ah! Flaccus, has Marcellus come?

FLACCUS.

Not yet.

He speaks a dozen places on his way.

ANNIUS.

A friend like him is good for a thousand votes.

(Enter citizens R. and L. and gather in centre. Cheers heard off L. Enter L. MARCELLUS, followed by citizens.)

MARCELLUS. *(To the people.)*

Good friends and fellow townsmen, one and all,
 We free men meet on this momentous day
 To exercise our highest privilege,
 The ballot, emblem of our sovereign will.
 August and solemn duty not to be done
 Carelessly, lightly, if you have at heart
 Our great republic's welfare.

VOICES.

That we have.

MARCELLUS.

I know it well. Of all the candidates
 Who strenuously seek your suffrages,
 There's one who stands apart, pre-eminent;
 One who deserves from us the very best—
 I mean, as well you know, Tiberius Gracchus.

VOICES.

Worthy Tiberius! Noble Tiberius!
 Success unto Tiberius Gracchus!

MARCELLUS.

He need not be described unto his friends,
 You know Tiberius well; and yet 'tis pleasant
 Talking with friends about this friend of ours.

Who is Tiberius Gracchus? let me ask.
 One of a most illustrious family,
 Whose fame was fixed a hundred years ago.
 He was with Scipio at the siege of Corinth,
 And first to scale the walls with Fannius.
 Let me recall the history of Mancinus,
 With whom the brave Numantians would not treat.
 Tiberius was his questor, him they knew
 Only as son of a Roman whom they trusted;
 And him they trusted. His negotiations
 Preserved the lives of twenty thousand Romans,
 And added lustre to his father's name.
 The Senate failed to ratify the peace,
 Thus with Numantia made; which perfidy
 Enraged Tiberius, high-souled, generous man.
 Ay! more; for when Mancinus, stripped and bound,
 Was taken back into Numantia,
 The Senate meant to send Tiberius with him!

VOICES.

Shame on them! shame! O, brave Tiberius!

MARCELLUS.

They would reward him thus for valor in war
 Against our common country's enemies;
 For justness in the government of subjects;
 For care and industry in public office—
 Would you reward Tiberius Gracchus thus?

VOICES.

No! never! No! We would not treat Tiberius so!

MARCELLUS.

Then let your votes confirm your voices now.

VOICES.

My vote is his! And mine! And mine! And mine!
I vote for the people's friend, Tiberius Gracchus!

MARCELLUS.

Your words remind me of my journey hither:
I saw a score of writings on the walls
Calling for help unto Tiberius Gracchus,
Help for the people's cause; that cause is yours.
You know your duty: make Tiberius tribune.
Give to the poor a valiant champion!

*(Murmurs of applause and expressions of assent.
Enter L., all in white togas, STILO, CARBO, OCTAVIUS and GRACCHUS. Cries for GRACCHUS to speak to them.)*

GRACCHUS.

The gift which I solicit at your hands
Will never give me happiness nor ease:
It is the chance to be of service to you,
Achieve a difficult task for Rome and Romans.
Look 'round upon this city of ours and see
A growing multitude of the very poor,
A few of the very rich; and what's the reason?
I'll tell you in a word—'tis slavery!
'Tis slavery that saps this life of ours,
'Tis slavery is the source of our decay.
But Rome is prosperous, say you; so it is,
But who are they that prosper, let me ask?
Great profits go unto the rich that have,
The freemen having nothing gaining naught.
And thus prosperity is shared in Rome.
Never at any time could Rome recruit
Her legions from her citizens alone,

But to her allies looks—and looks in vain
 Hereafter since her sole dependence fails—
 The farmer working hard and always poor,
 Through suffering and ejection disappearing
 Before the greedy, grasping capitalist,
 He who with hordes of slaves is raising stock,
 Instead of wheat and barley—quite despising
 Unprofitable agriculture—
 The corner-stone of Rome's prosperity.
 And so, my fellow-citizens of Rome,
 Harken and hear my warning given again:
 Rome's danger lies in multiplying slaves,
 While worthy freemen daily disappear.

ANNIUS. (*To whom NASICA has been whispering.*)
 Well, tell us what's the remedy you'll use,
 If we should make a tribune of you now?

GRACCHUS.

It is a problem difficult to solve:
 How help the poor free laborers on the land;
 How help the class of small proprietors,
 Tilling the land by aid of wives and children,
 And raising soldiers for the Roman state?

ANNIUS.

Again, the problem solve, Tiberius.

GRACCHUS.

There is but one solution I can see:
 Make me a tribune that I may restore
 The public land to its rightful owners, these:
 The landless, homeless, suffering Roman people!

(*In the uproar of applause and cries of approval, ex-
 eunt omnes to vote R. U. E., except PORCIATUS,
 who remains on.*)

PORCIATUS. (*Solus.*)

Tiberius Gracchus, he is fine!
 He stirs my blood like some old wine.
 To quit a station high, secure,
 In order to relieve the poor!
 While nobles stand in rage and dread,
 And call down curses on his head;
 For well they know that thoughts like these
 Will spread more quickly than disease.
 The end is something none can tell;
 I hope the best and wish him well.

(*Enter R. U. E. METROPHANES.*)

METROPHANES.

Now that's a pretty game they play,
 (*Jerking thumb over shoulder*) I wish I were a cit to-day,
 No senator my vote could buy.

PORCIATUS.

Your price would then be monstrous high!

METROPHANES.

To think that votes are bought and sold,
 Elections won and lost through gold!

PORCIATUS.

I see you are a little wroth
 At what had made old Cato froth
 Like rabid dog 'till men would say:
 "The purest Roman of our day!"
 The purest bosh! as I would prove:
 'Twould not be bribery would move
 The bile of Cato were he yonder,
 But just the money that they squander.
 For unto gold his soul he gave,

And drudged a zealous, abject slave.

(Shoutings and cheers heard off R. U. E.)

I know the meaning of that sound:

The battle's over, I'll be bound!

(Cries of "Long live TIBERIUS GRACCHUS" heard off the scene.)

PORCIATUS.

The news is here!

METROPHANES.

What's that they say?

(Enter Omnes, R. U. E., surrounding TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.)

VOICES.

The Tribune Gracchus! Hip! Hurray!

Curtain.

END OF ACT II.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

ACT III. (January, B. C. 132—A. U. C., 621.)

SCENE I; full. *A room in the house of NASICA, looking into the peristylum. Accompanied vocal music is heard as the curtain rises. LUCRETIA is discovered seated, surrounded by her women, some with musical instruments.*

LUCRETIA. (*Interrupting.*)

Enough! enough! It is too bright and gay:
Sing something fitter for a pensive mood.

LEADER.

A happy chance, and fortunate indeed!
With such a love song have we come prepared.
All Pergamum and Athens sing the song,
Whose words and melody are sweetly sad.

LUCRETIA.

I'll hear this famous masterpiece of song
And learn its merits: sing it for me now.

(*The women sing "Love alas."*) (Sapphics.)

Love, alas! made bitter as death the dreadful,
Fills the yearning heart of the hapless maiden
Loving well, yet harsh is the fate befalling—
Hopelessly loves she.

Oh! the torture exquisite! now her portion
Fixed by fate implacable, not to wed him!
Not to have life's moments of joy and sorrow
Shared by the loved one.

All the sweet things in life to the senses bringing
Wait unseen, half-heard at the inner portal,

Wait on one o'erwhelmed by a dire misfortune,
 Numbing her heart-strings.

Gone the blithesome gladness in spring's awaking ;
 Gone the old-new wonder at summer's blooming ;
 Gone the matchless hues of the autumn's glory,
 Gone with her joy, gone !

So the seasons pass and the fourfold legend
 Charms not soul distraught with her own sad story :
 Hopeless love ! dread fate of a soul self-stricken,
 Groping in darkness !

LUCRETIA.

Your pensive song is mournful, somber and sad,
 And stirs my pity for the sorrowful fate
 Of that forlorn, heartbroken sister-soul.
 You sang with proper feeling for the part,
 The words and music making well accord.
 To keep the feeling fresh, I'll hear no more :
 And so, with thanks, your singing now is over.
 (*Exeunt, centre door, the singers.*)

(*Solus.*) How strange a thing it is when we are ill
 We meet so many fellow-sufferers
 I can no longer deem myself unique—
 There's naught unique ! My burden is belittled
 Knowing of others similarly laden.
 It wounds my proper self-esteem to know
 I'm merely one of a number in life's play,
 A chorus girl or dancer, as it were,
 Instead of standing alone in joy or sorrow.

(*Enter centre door LAVINIA, her maid.*)

LAVINIA. (*Aside.*)

If I were half as sad as she,
 Just one good cry would settle me.

LUCRETIA.

I do not see my bracelet, how is that?
You do not mean to say it is not ready?

LAVINIA.

They're story-tellers, every one;
'Tis now to-morrow 'twill be done.

LUCRETIA.

'Tis always to-morrow with them; I suppose
When Death knocks they will bid him call to-morrow!
Well, what's the news?

LAVINIA.

Now, what's the news
Before all others you would choose?
Among my budget let me look—
I've found it, lurking in a nook:
I asked of Laura, on the way,
Her master's health.

LUCRETIA.

Ah! tell me, pray!

LAVINIA.

The doctor passed his sentence grim.
But now Marcellus laughs at him;
And tired of causing pain and sorrow,
Expects to walk abroad to-morrow.

LUCRETIA.

And is it known what made Marcellus ill?

LAVINIA.

The doctor says long words about it,
But that he knows, I strongly doubt it;
He talks of cramps within the brain,

A sort of overthinking pain ;
 And not so sharp and not so fleeting
 As those that come from overeating.
 Although I know no doctors' trick,
 I know what made Marcellus sick !

LUCRETIA.

Doctor Lavinia, tell me, if you please,
 In simple words that I can understand.

LAVINIA.

He was poisoned.

LUCRETIA.

Ah ! poisoned, say you ?

LAVINIA.

Yes.

LUCRETIA.

That sounds a very Roman gossip's tale !
 And have you chosen the poisoner ?

LAVINIA.

That I have.

LUCRETIA.

And will you tell me ?

LAVINIA.

That I will.

The day before he was taken ill,
 Gracchus and him I saw together—
 They always seem tied to one tether—
 And three men followed, moving sly ;
 And as the villains passed me by
 I heard them plotting what to do.
 They were to overtake the two,

And then, as if no wrong was meant,
To jostle them by accident;
And then by the confusion's aid
To prick him with the poisoned blade.

LUCRETIA.

And was Marcellus wounded did they say?

LAVINIA.

He would not give a second thought
Unto the scratch that mischief wrought.

LUCRETIA. (*Aside.*)

What could have been their motive? Has Marcellus
Quarrelled with one now eager for his life?

LAVINIA.

Now, there! I most forgot to say,
I met Octavius yesterday;
'Twas just at dusk, and give a guess
At who was with him?

LUCRETIA.

I confess

I cannot.

LAVINIA.

'Twas your father!

LUCRETIA.

What!

LAVINIA.

That's something novel, is it not?
Because upon his dinner list
There's certain people I have missed,
'Tis something they have said or done—
I'm sure Octavius is one.

LUCRETIA. (*Aside.*)

'Tis true Octavius and Marcellus, both,
For giving aid and comfort unto Gracchus
Forfeited father's favor; then what means
This reinstatement of Octavius?

(*Enter centre door, VIRGINIA and OCTAVIUS.*)

LAVINIA. (*Aside to LUCRETIA.*)

There's something in the wind, I know,
Your father had him first in tow;
And now your mother lends a hand—
And what it means I understand.

(*Exit LAVINIA, R. E.*)

VIRGINIA.

We thought to find your father here, my daughter.

LUCRETIA.

Then let me make your disappointment brief;
I'll seek my father out and send him hither.

OCTAVIUS.

My coming is inopportune, indeed,
To put you thus to flight.

LUCRETIA.

Oh, say not so;

'Tis business with my father must not wait.

OCTAVIUS.

My business gladly waits upon your pleasure.

LUCRETIA. (*Going L.*)

Then 'tis my pleasure that it shall not wait.

(*Exit LUCRETIA, L. E.*)

OCTAVIUS. (*Aside.*)

I would she were—at least, less courteous.

VIRGINIA.

What thought you of the games?

OCTAVIUS.

I saw them not,
I was prevented.

VIRGINIA.

Not by sickness?

OCTAVIUS.

No!

By business: certain public documents
Demanding my attention kept me home.

VIRGINIA.

Ah, there's the penalty one pays, you see,
For being a public man, the city's servant:
Your time is yours no longer.

OCTAVIUS.

True enough;
And that I sought the office knowing well
Its onerous duties, equally is true.

VIRGINIA.

I need not waste my pity on you!

OCTAVIUS.

No!

VIRGINIA.

Now that I come to think, we have not seen you
Since Nasica secured the famous group.

OCTAVIUS.

The famous group of Apollonius
And Tauriscus keenly whets my appetite,

VIRGINIA.

No! no! I mean Amphion, Zethus, and the rest.

OCTAVIUS.

Oh, those compose the figures of the group,
I named the sculptors who created it.

(Enter NASICA, L. E.)

VIRGINIA.

Oh! yes, and you shall see it ere you leave.

OCTAVIUS.

Nothing could please me better.

NASICA.

Ah! I see!

You are being entertained with the famous group.
I never saw her so delighted, never!

VIRGINIA.

I let one glance at the famous group defend me
From misplaced, undeserved extravagance,
As well as from unwise enthusiasm.

(Exit VIRGINIA, L. E.)

NASICA.

Considering the cost in good sesteria
It should indeed be fine. And let me claim
A patriotic motive moving me
To buy a work magnificent as that,
And set it up within this city of ours,
The home of matchless masterpieces.

OCTAVIUS.

Rome

Already stands the world's great treasure-house.

NASICA.

And what's the reason, think you? Here in Rome
There is a class conserves these precious treasures,
A class select, with leisure and the means
To make our city glorious;
And be that order broken, Rome will fall.

OCTAVIUS.

It never will be broken!

NASICA.

Be not sure:

I note a growing spirit of discontent,
Nerving to strike the hated nobles down.

OCTAVIUS.

Ah! yes; I catch the meaning of your warning:
You think the impending land law is the blow.

NASICA.

I know it! Yes; the land law is the weapon
Chosen to strike us nobles down; and with us
Hurl Rome herself from off her pinnacle!

OCTAVIUS.

You surely are mistaken. Gracchus says—

NASICA.

Speak not of him! He is a demagogue!
A renegade! And for the sake of Rome
His land law must not pass—it shall not pass!

OCTAVIUS.

An able spokesman for the Senate, truly;
But 'tis the tribunes make and pass the laws,
And we are all agreed.

NASICA.

Among the ten

Is there not one amenable to reason?
Not one to rise in righteous protest? one
To lift his voice in veto? Be that one,
Octavius!

OCTAVIUS.

What! me! Impossible!
Tiberius counts me friend.

NASICA.

And does not Rome?

OCTAVIUS.

The law seems just and proper.

NASICA.

Ay, you're right,
It seems; but what of that, when 'tis not so?

OCTAVIUS.

The law exists, we merely would enforce it.

NASICA.

Only a quibble! Only a quibble, sir!
This odious law will shake Rome to her centre,
Her very life endanger—all for what?
To bring about that direst end of all,
The rabble's rule: a short and wretched rule,
Lasting until our nearest enemy,
Noting the golden opportunity,
Descends triumphantly on Rome!

OCTAVIUS.

And yet despite those dreadful consequences,
The tribunes mean to pass this very law.

NASICA.

Then Rome's salvation lies in one man's hands:
 That tribune who will interpose his veto,
 Save Rome, and thus immortalize himself.
 For such a man a grander victory waits
 Than ever sword achieved; for such a service,
 A fit reward were difficult to find.
 Octavius, hear me; such a noble man
 I would be proud indeed to call my son!

OCTAVIUS. (*Aside.*)

His son! Ah, yes; I see his purpose now!

NASICA.

Lucretia, there's a prize the noblest Roman
 Would risk his life to win—and will not you?
 When I declined your marriage offer once,
 'Twas solely for the sake of Rome I did it.
 Rome's welfare rules me still: I offer you
 Lucretia as my personal reward,
 For signal service done in Rome's behalf.

OCTAVIUS.

Your offer is so strange, so unexpected,
 I am bewildered by it.

NASICA.

Think of it!
 Magnificently paid for doing right!

OCTAVIUS.

Ah! could you once convince me right is wrong!

NASICA.

Rather to prove right's right is my endeavor.
 Prove it to one the ablest of the ten,

Whose wisdom, honor, innate sense of justice
 Emboldened me to bring him here to-day,
 To list to my appeal: come now and cross
 The peristylum to yonder room
 Where nothing will disturb our privacy.

OCTAVIUS. (*Aside, following NASICA.*)

Perhaps he's right! If so—if so—Lucretia's mine!

(*Exeunt OCTAVIUS and NASICA, centre door. Enter
 LAVINIA R. E., carrying in an ornament.*)

LAVINIA. (*Solus.*)

The joyful throb, the painful smart,
 Depends on what you've set your heart.
 Now, as for me, I'd make no fuss
 If told to wed Octavius.
 He's just as good in every way
 As is Marcellus any day.
 Lucretia, though, is hard to please.
 Now, if it were Metrophanes
 And Porciatus—only think!
 I'd choose the right one in a wink!
 Beware, Lucretia, beware!
 There's trouble brewing in the air.
 Her father let her choose, and then,
 He promptly turns down both the men.
 Now, presto, will Octavius choose—
 The very one that she'll refuse!

(*Enter VIRGINIA, L. E.*)

VIRGINIA.

Go tell Lucretia I would see her here.
 And when your master leaves the red room yonder,
 Inform him where his wife and daughter wait.

(*Exit LAVINIA, R. E.*)

(*Solus.*) Though 'twere not wise to let Lucretia choose,
 Less to withhold the husband of her choice,
 Yet choosing for her after all is worse.
 Octavius, being no fool, will gladly pay
 The trifling price that's set upon our daughteer.

(*Enter LUCRETIA, R. E.*)

LUCRETIA.

You sent for me?

VIRGINIA.

Who is it comes to-day?

LUCRETIA.

Why, Fulvia, as I told you.

VIRGINIA.

So you did.

Where is it that we go to-morrow?

LUCRETIA.

Well!

You are forgetful!—unto Lelia's,
 You knew an hour ago. And is that all?

VIRGINIA.

Are you so very busy now, my daughter?

LUCRETIA.

Yes.

VIRGINIA.

Octavius, too, is busy.

LUCRETIA.

Is he?

VIRGINIA.

Yes;

'Twas public business made him miss the games.

LUCRETIA.

Indeed!

VIRGINIA.

He's quite ambitious, don't you think?

LUCRETIA.

I never think about it.

(Enter centre door NASICA, in great excitement.)

NASICA.

Good! Ha, ha!

Gracchus is beaten ere a blow is struck.

His bill is lost, although he knows it not.

VIRGINIA.

But are you sure? You told me yesterday—

NASICA.

Oh! yesterday is now an age away:

Then I had only hopes of his defeat,

To-day I prophesy it.

VIRGINIA.

What has happened?

NASICA.

I can depend upon Octavius

To interpose his veto.

LUCRETIA.

Why his veto?

NASICA.

Why?—'tis a monstrous, shameless robbery!

Most infamous law that ever was proposed!

LUCRETIA.

Was not Octavius with Marcellus joined

In advocating this obnoxious law?

NASICA.

Marcellus made himself a social outcast,
Lost the esteem of all right-thinking men
By glorifying Gracchus. Praise the gods,
Marcellus is a simple citizen,
While our Octavius a tribune is,
With will and power to interpose a veto.

LUCRETIA.

Why will he?

NASICA.

I've convinced him of his error;
Making it easy to reject the wishes
Of one so soon to be related to him
Closely as marriage to one's daughter, say.

VIRGINIA. (*Aside.*)

I knew it!

LUCRETIA.

No!

NASICA.

But, yes; I've promised him,
Lucretia for his wife.

LUCRETIA.

But you refused him.

NASICA.

Granted; but now I've willed to reconsider.

LUCRETIA.

I too refused, and have not reconsidered!

NASICA.

What's that you say?

VIRGINIA.
 Lucretia!
 LUCRETIA.

I refuse!

The right to choose for me you abdicated;
 Turning my thoughts to marriage, giving rein
 Unto imagination, I have chosen;
 My mind and soul are centred on my choice—
 Marcellus!

NASICA.
 Never! He's a fool! a fool!

LUCRETIA.
 And you would use your daughter as a bribe
 To change the other fool into a knave!

NASICA.
 I will not have my conduct scanned and questioned;
 Yours to obey, since I am satisfied.
 I've pledged my word unto Octavius.
 And now will bring him to his bride-elect,
 And so conduct yourself accordingly.

VIRGINIA.
 Oh, cease not being an obedient daughter.

LUCRETIA.
 Unto to-day I was not even proud
 To know Octavius wished to marry me;
 Now I despise him for his willingness
 To part, for gain, with self-respect and conscience;
 Now do I hate him, since he comes between us,
 Me and Marcellus, husband of my choice,
 The only man whom I shall ever marry!

Close in to

ACT III, SCENE 2; *in 2. Street in Rome.* PORCIATUS'

lodging house in the centre, with barber's shop and bookseller's shop R. and L. Enter from the barber's shop, SATUREIUS and RUFUS.

RUFUS.

And are you sure it was Octavius?

SATUREIUS.

I saw him plainly as I see yourself.

RUFUS.

Not since that memorable dinner given Gracchus
Has Nasica held the slightest intercourse
With any one of the Gracchan party.

SATUREIUS.

True.

RUFUS.

And that is why your news bewilders me:
Octavius leaving the house of Nasica!

(Enter L. E. OCTAVIUS.)

(Aside to SATUREIUS.) The man himself to answer for
himself.

I'll question him and learn the meaning of it.

(To OCTAVIUS.) I hope to see you well, Octavius.

OCTAVIUS.

Thanks, and the same good wish to both of you.

SATUREIUS.

I saw you out of earshot yesterday;
When leaving Nasica's, you know.

OCTAVIUS. *(Going on.)*

Ah! yes!

Is the barber busy now?

RUFUS.

Is Nasica
Bitter as ever against our Gracchan party?

OCTAVIUS.

Temper at times o'ercomes the best of us ;
But Nasica's, though quick and violent,
Passes and leaves him gentle as a maiden.

SATUREIUS.

And with the land bill is he reconciled?

OCTAVIUS.

Ah! there he still is wroth—perhaps with reason.
An honest difference of opinion, his ;
He thinks so deeply, and so keenly feels.
And, after all, it is an open question,
Only the most impartial can decide.
And 'twere in us presumptuous arrogance
To pass his cogent reasons lightly by.

RUFUS.

Your mission to Nasica, may I ask,
Was it to convert, or be converted, which?

OCTAVIUS.

Though this be neither fitting time nor place—
The barber waiting—yet, good friends of mine,
'Tis proper you should know the news.

RUFUS and SATUREIUS.

Yes! yes!

OCTAVIUS.

I asked of Nasica the greatest gift
Of all that's his to give—his only daughter ;
And wish me joy! for in the coming spring

I crave your presence when I wed Lucretia.
And now farewell.

(Exit quickly into the barber's shop.)

SATUREIUS. *(Calling after him, too late.)*

But stay a moment yet!

RUFUS.

So now we know the news! What think you of it?

SATUREIUS.

Oh, give me time to draw a breath or two.

RUFUS.

Now what will Gracchus say!

SATUREIUS.

What will he say?

Ah, Nasica is cleverer than he.

And what he cannot with sestertia buy,

Then flesh and blood tempts flesh and blood to sell!

(Exeunt R. E. RUFUS and SATUREIUS. Enter, from the barber's shop, LUCILIUS, as, enter, L. E., MARCUS TAURISCUS, a young man.)

LUCILIUS.

Ah, Marcus, what a happy look I see.

MARCUS.

What wonder since I never was so happy.

Our greatest lawyer, Mucius Scævola,

Within this very hour has promised to make

A lawyer of me, if I study well.

What think you of that, Lucilius?

LUCILIUS.

Since you say you have decided what vocation to pursue,

That relieves me of a labor,—no need now to choose for
you!

You have formed your resolution, made, you say, your
final choice;

Then the news you tell me merely lets me sorrow or re-
joice.

Well I know ambitious Romans anxious only to succeed,
Have two roads to gold and glory: stoutly fight or strong-
ly plead.

Either lawyer famed and courted; or a soldier feared,
adored;

When with skill beyond their fellows, wagging tongue,
or wielding sword.

'Tis the tongue that you have chosen, whether wisely,
time will tell.

When prepared for any pleading, you are stocked with
speech to sell.

Speech to some brings only copper, spite of ring and
claquers hired;

Others coin their speech in silver, by assured success in-
spired.

Shall your name be one in twenty—or a hundred, should
I say?—

On the lips of all the people, who besiege you night and
day?

Or one of the nine-and-ninety at whose mention none
attends;

One who lives and dies obscurely, few his clients, poor
his friends?

Study well the part of pleader, failure comes if skill be
lacked:

Learn your lessons of the rhetor, first and foremost learn
to act.

Cultivate imagination, conjure up pathetic scenes ;
For to capture wavering judges shedding tears may be
the means.

Do what needs to serve your client—who is always in
the right ;

Keep success in your profession, clients, fame and fees
in sight.

Let me add a word of caution : be as zealous as you can
As a lawyer, but, remember to conserve the moral man.

Lawyer-like be proud of proving wrong is right, or right
is wrong ;

But those morals of the Forum when you leave take not
along.

Dwell with vice, but cherish virtue ; is it not too much to
ask ?

Live on law, yet honor justice—there (*going R.*) I'll
leave you with your task !

(*Exit LUCILIUS R. E.*)

MARCUS.

He says good things, and gives me food for thought ;
And underneath there's that Lucilius vein,
That seems to sap with artful solemn phrase
The basis of my grand profession—law.

(*Exit MARCUS into the barber's shop. Enter LAVINIA, from bookseller's shop.*)

LAVINIA. (*Solus, opening book.*)

Now what does this Lucilius write
That sets the people crazy quite ?

Ten times Lucretia's sent me here
To buy his books—it's mighty queer !

(*Enter METROPHANES, L. E.*)

METROPHANES.

Your tasting honey, by your look,
Within the beehive of a book.

LAVINIA.

No, only smelling, if you please ;
But could I read, Metrophanes,
Why, then I'd very soon find out
Just what this nonsense is about,
Your master takes such pains to write,
That gives my mistress such delight.

METROPHANES.

Then let me play at mother-bird
And feed you morsels, word by word.
(*Reads*) "Lavinia Warned!"

LAVINIA.

That isn't so!

METROPHANES.

Look there (*points*), the letter "L" you know.
(*Reads.*) "You think that flirting is such jolly fun,
A ladylike and proper dissipation ;
But 'tis a trick true modesty should shun,
For flirting is a sham solicitation!"

LAVINIA.

How can he say such dreadful things!

METROPHANES.

I hope you do not find it stings!
(*Reads.*) "Discrimination."
"To vaunt its perspicuity endangers not veracity ;
But all would go for naught without the readers per-
spicacity ;

To claim it is perspicuous of course is not fallacious;
But after all the reader must himself be perspicacious."

LAVINIA.

What's that?

METROPHANES.

Oh, that's his playful way
To teach the proper word to say.
(*Reads.*) "What's Coming?"
"What nervous energy we waste in waiting for the mor-
row!
For some there are half wild with joy and some are
steeped in sorrow:
Whate'er the future has in store delighting or benumb-
ing,
There's one thing is as sure as death; to wit: what's com-
ing's coming!"
There, I'll not steal another look:
I hope your mistress likes the book.

LAVINIA.

And so do I, but greatly fear
That even this will fail to cheer.

METROPHANES.

Why, what's the matter?

LAVINIA.

Everything!
She's to be married in the spring.

METROPHANES.

Well, expectation's cheering cup
Should beat a book in livening up.
And who's the fortunate noble, pray?

LAVINIA.

Caius Octavius Crotus.

METROPHANES.

Eh!

With a rich and handsome man in view
Why, she should jump for joy.

LAVINIA.

That's true;

And yet you see she's got the blues,
Because her father let her choose.

METROPHANES.

And now she's sad and melancholy,—
To let her choose was simply folly.

(The bookseller appears in his doorway.)

That silent monitor you see *(points at bookseller)*,
Is by his presence warning me
Time flies, and so, alas, must I.
Good-by, Lavinia. *(Going back.)*

LAVINIA.

Good-by.

(Exit METROPHANES into bookseller's.)

(Solus.) There's Porciatus, well! I never! *(Looking off right.)*

*(Enter PORCIATUS, R. E., intercepting LAVINIA.)*PORCIATUS. *(Aside.)*

She's just as pretty and pert as ever!

(Aloud.) I thought Metrophanes was here?
Where is he?

LAVINIA. *(Looking up her sleeve, then shakes it.)*

You! Come down! That's queer!

You see he won't come down for me.

PORCIATUS.

Then you'd better let him be.
You're waiting for him all the same!

LAVINIA.

No; Porciatus is his name.

PORCIATUS.

You wait for me! Oh, what delight!

LAVINIA.

I wait for you—to quit my sight!

PORCIATUS.

That's very good!—I mean for you.

(LAVINIA tries to pass.)

Oh, stay another moment, do!
Lavinia, why such eager haste?
Though Laura's time, it runs to waste
In what I think a scandalous way.

LAVINIA.

Of Laura's time I've naught to say.

PORCIATUS.

Of course it's all the same to you;
But then she's wasting his time too.

LAVINIA.

Who's time is his time, tell me?

(*He approaches mysteriously and offers to whisper
in her ear, but kisses it instead.*)

Ugh!

That's horrid! Worse than any bug!
Don't dare come near me any more!

PORCIATUS. (*Going back.*)

Not even a name to whisper o'er?

(LAVINIA. *(Calling after him.)*)

You know just nothing, anyhow!

PORCIATUS. *(Returning.)*

If you would only listen, now.

LAVINIA. *(Going R.)*

No, thank you! No more bugs for me:

Your manners, sir, are far too free.

(Exit LAVINIA R. E.)

PORCIATUS. *(Solus.)*

I did not say "Metrophanes,"

Though she may think so if she please.

He's got a start of many a lap,

And I deserve a handicap.

(Exit PORCIATUS into the boarding house. Scene closes. Draw off to

ACT III, SCENE 3. *Campus Martius. The rostra. Full set. Discover SATUREIUS, RUFUS, RUBRIUS, STILO, CARBO, and ANNIUS.*

STILO.

Our comrades tarry, Carbo, how is that?

CARBO.

Perhaps preparing for the work before them.

ANNIUS.

The tribunes hold a council, do they?

RUFUS.

Yes;

The most important council ever held.

RUBRIUS.

I most sincerely hope we be not rash.

SATURIUS.

Whithersoever Tiberius Gracchus leads,
We vow to follow—pray he leads us right.

(*Enter MARCELLUS, MUMMIUS, and OCTAVIUS, R.,
and the other tribunes and citizens, L. E.*)

OCTAVIUS.

Why should Tiberius take this thankless task
Of righting wrongs—if wrongs indeed they be?

MARCELLUS.

The people urge him, even by messages
Written on walls and tombs and porticos.
Calling on him to champion their cause;
Restore the public lands unto the poor.

OCTAVIUS.

Some say 'tis animosity inspires him.

MUMMIUS.

And justly so, as well the Senate knows:
It had determined to return him stripped,
With his defeated general, Mancinus,
Unto Numantia—base ingratitude!—
Had not the tribunes firmly intervened.
What wonder if Tiberius hates the Senate.

OCTAVIUS.

About this land bill Gracchus advocates,
At first I thought it was a righteous measure,
Worthy of my support, but closer study
Given thereto assures me 'tis unwise.

MARCELLUS.

How so, since Gracchus wishes but to relieve
The abject poverty of the common people;

He would restore the old Italian system
 Slave labor ruined, lay a fresh foundation
 Whereon to rear the welfare of the peasant,
 On which the welfare of our city rests.

OCTAVIUS.

Suppose the Gracchan bill becomes a law,
 How long a time—or should I say how short?—
 Before a few again would own the land?

MUMMIUS.

This law is framed expressly for the poor,
 For land allotments are not things of trade;
 To sell or buy expressly is forbidden.

OCTAVIUS.

After so long enjoyment of estates
 Which these possessors stocked and planted well,
 'Twill not be just or easy to dislodge them.

(*Enter CRASSUS, CLAUDIUS, SCÆVOLA, FLACCUS and
 BLOSSIUS, R. E.*)

BLOSSIUS. (*Speaking to those who come in with him.*)
 One thing is sure, this bill Tiberius brings
 Alarms the holders of the public land,
 Yet be assured 'tis moderate and gentle,
 Seeing it is enacted 'gainst avarice
 And great oppression, since not punishing
 Possessors who transgress the written laws;
 But pays them well to quit unlawful claims.
 Yet those of great estate, the moneyed men,
 Most bitterly denounce Tiberius.

CRASSUS.

Because his bill makes certain harsh demands:

A title drawn directly from the state,
Or proof that the land was never public land.

SCÆVOLA.

The question is not, is it practical?
But, is the law expedient and just?

FLACCUS.

Tiberius so believes it, heart and soul;
Is most enthusiastic for his law,
And is with indignation justly stirred
At the greed of the ruling aristocracy.
'Tis the Possessors' hope, I hear it whispered,
To bribe a tribune to oppose the law—
The bill can never pass if one opposes.

(*Enter, L. E., NASICA, POMPEIUS, MACEDONICUS,
METELLUS and LUSCUS.*)

NASICA.

Is not the meeting of the tribunes called?

RUBRIUS.

We want one member—who is coming now.

(*Enter GRACCHUS, R. E., who takes his place on the
platform among the others.*)

RUBRIUS. (*To tribunes.*)

In special meeting are we here assembled,
Called for a purpose you are well aware:
To hear our worthy, gifted, fellow tribune,
Tiberius Gracchus, unto him attend.
He brings a most important bill before us:
Redistribution of the public lands.

(*GRACCHUS mounts the rostrum.*)

GRACCHUS.

My fellow tribunes, let me first rehearse

Familiar things, the background of the bill:
When Rome by force of arms a people conquered,
At once their cultivated lands were shared
Among the colonists; the waste land left
Was his to use who paid a certain portion,
A fifth or tenth of the produce. Public land
From Rubrico to Macro can be found,
And from Etruria and Picenum
Unto Apulia. For centuries past
The rights of rich and poor to the public lands
Were equal; through those self-same centuries
This public land, now grown a vast domain,
Has been a sore contention 'tween the classes.
This land was never either given nor sold,
But ever was the Roman people's land,
Which private persons, called Possessors, leased;
A wretched system leading Rome to ruin:
In breeding slaves, the while decreasing freemen;
Fostering vast estates, destroying small ones;
Making of Italy a pasturage,
And killing off its people. Crassus came,
Now nigh upon four hundred years ago;
The first who tried to oust the rich Possessors;
Hernici land proposing to divide
'Mong plebs and Latini; and for reward
Was charged with treason, wanting to be King.
Tried and condemned, for safety put to death.
Then came a respite of a hundred years,
Until was passed Licinius Stole's law
To limit public land a man might hold:
Five hundred acres each. But soon the rich
Found ways and means by which to evade the law,
And soon absorbed the holdings of the poor,

Through willing dummies, or fictitious names ;
Or when a wretch, insatiate as death,
Decided to enclose ten thousand acres,
By force or trick he turned the owners out ;
Or by ill usage did so harass them
That they were glad to sell their little farms.
These high-born land-sharks, thus engorged, slept on
Quite undisturbed until our generation,
When rose one voice demanding they disgorge.
But Lælius desisted, sore afraid
Of bloody civil war these nobles threatened.
And now the rich Possessors safely deem
That public land is private property.
Think of the use they make of the public land :
The founders of Rome, the shepherds, taught their children
To cultivate the land, this very land
Degenerate descendants turn to pastures ;
Caring or knowing not if feeding beasts
And agriculture differ, so it pays !
Even greater ill have these Possessors done :
They have overrun our Roman territory
With hordes of slaves, twice profitable :
Their unpaid labor, their natural increase, since
These slaves are free from military service.
These slaves are never faithful to their masters,
Are useless unto Rome, a menace to her.
Remember the many wars which we have waged
Against rebellious slaves ; protracted wars,
Full of vicissitudes and deadly dangers.
Remember the while our sturdy yeomen's bones
On bloody battlefields are whitening,
Slaves fill their places, tilling the fields in chains,

In barn-like barracks herded worse than cattle.
 Who reap the fruit of conquests? Nobles only,
 Since Roman victories bring plebeians
 Poverty, taxes, military service.
 Harken and hear in time the plea of the poor:
 Borne down by cruel, crushing poverty,
 How can they rear their little families?
 Their share of the public land is yet withheld—
 The very land they conquered years ago!
 They find their places filled by foreign slaves;
 While they, good citizens and soldiers starve.
 See Italy's beasts in dens and caverns housed,
 While unprotected, roofless, shelterless,
 Poor citizens must face the scorching heat,
 The piercing cold, the fierce death-dealing tempest;
 Having no fixed abode but forced to wander,
 Miserable exiles in their native land.
 Called lords and masters of the universe—
 What lords? What masters? Owning not
 Enough of ground to serve them as a grave!
 The people cry to us for justice—heed them!
 Restore their own, the rich are holding gratis.
 The people cry for land, and land we have,
 Vast areas of land belonging to them;
 Let Rome resume the common people's land,
 And share it then among the common people!

(GRACCHUS *hands parchment to RUBRIUS.* *Applause*
from tribunes and citizens, and murmurs of dis-
approbation from the senators.)

NASICA.

It has been well and truly said, indeed,
 The land this bill would rigidly apportion
 In actual fact is private property:

It has been tilled and dwellings built upon it,
 Ancestors' graves have sanctified it,
 Wives' doweries have upon it been expended,
 And many money-lenders now can show
 The loans they made on this security.

POMPEIUS.

Ay, there it is, you see, this public land
 Is held by such complexity of title.

MACEDONICUS.

Certain large areas of the public land
 The State might rightly, easily resume—
 Although I very greatly doubt the wisdom—
 But first to solve this problem: how distinguish
 Public and private land long merged in one?

NASICA.

When this absurd Licinian law was passed,
 Five hundred acres was a goodly sum ;
 Now to our nobles 'tis but beggary.
 The non-observance of this ancient law
 Has turned state lands to private property,
 By purchase, gift, and mortgage ; therefore, now
 To pass this bill is simply confiscation.
 Neglect repealed the old Licinian law ;
 Neglect, when long continued, is an act
 Abolishing existing law as surely
 As legislation has established it.

METELLUS.

Nasica's right ; disuse can kill a law.
 This bill would make alive a law defunct
 The last two hundred years.

NASICA.

Ambitious men

Propose such laws for notoriety;
 Use public property to bribe the voters—
 Demagogue's sop tossed to a city mob,
 To pass a bill to plunder honest men.
 Why redivide the land?—'tis but a scheme
 Whereby to overthrow the government,
 Bring all things in confusion—that's the plan.

POMPEIUS.

For the steady hand of a master substitute
 The feeble violence of democracy.

MACEDONICUS.

What's to be done with all these slaves of ours,
 Whose labor carried agriculture on?

NASICA.

Tiberius Gracchus gives the startling answer:
 Liberate all the multitude of slaves
 And tell them to hereafter work for wages,
 Which former masters will be glad to pay!
 But we, who have escaped this Gracchan frenzy,
 Know well what slaves are: barbarous, rude;
 Accustomed to hard treatment; kept at work
 By plentiful blows and chains—and such the men
 This pestilent law would change to citizens!
 Rather 'twill start a servile insurrection
 And deluge the land of Italy with blood.

(RUBRIUS gives the clerk the bill to read.)

GRACCHUS.

Let the bill be read!

OCTAVIUS. (*Rising up.*)

A moment, I would speak.

My eager fellow tribune's sole desire
 To make this bill a law has blinded him ;
 He heeds not what lies waiting in his path ;
 For 'tis a dangerous revolution he attempts :
 Disturbing these Possessors of the land,
 Accustomed to consider it their own.
 The measure he proposes calls in question
 All titles unto land. It is a scheme
 Unwise, unjust, unpracticable quite ;
 And therefore I object! (*Sets himself.*)
 (*Applause and murmurs.*)

GRACCHUS.

Octavius!

Of all the tribunes you, Octavius!
 It cannot be that you are loath to join us
 Because of land that you must need relinquish?
 If it be so, why then I'll pay your loss
 From mine own pocket, freely!

OCTAVIUS.

I object!

RUBRIUS.

He clearly acts within his legal right.

GRACCHUS.

It is a right most odiously used.
 But stay! I'll match it with another right,
 Most fortunately mine: he must recede,
 Else I forbid all magistrates to act
 Until the people vote upon the bill ;
 And I will seal the temple Saturn, too,

So quæstors shall no money take therefrom
 Nor pay therein: thus public business stops.
 So let the bill be read.

OCTAVIUS.

I still object!

GRACCHUS.

Since custom says no bill shall be proposed
 If but one tribune rises to forbid;
 And since Octavius chooses to oppose,
 Why should I not submit? For weighty reasons:
 The tribuneship, what is it? 'Tis an office
 Created to redress the people's grievance.
 The tribune who with fixed determination
 Forsakes his solemn duty, has destroyed
 The very basis of his tribunate.
 Come, let us make appeal unto the people,
 Which of us acts more contrary to their cause,
 And let the people judge who failed in duty,
 And who abused his right of opposition;
 And let that tribune be at once deposed:
 Octavius, are you willing to abide
 The people's verdict?

OCTAVIUS.

No; I am not willing.

GRACCHUS.

Then you are self-convicted. Hear me now:
 Why do the people choose a tribune, pray?
 To save them from patricians' tyranny,
 To help them to defend endangered rights;
 And he is only sacred as a tribune
 Serving the people. When Octavius,
 The people's advocate, the counterpoise

Unto the power of aristocracy,
 Openly sides with the peoples' enemies,
 He violates his duty as a tribune
 In theory and in practice. 'Tis the same
 As though we should permit a magistrate
 Constitutionally to ruin the constitution.
 And shall the people's tribune stand in the way
 Of the commonwealth's regeneration? No!
 And so I make appeal unto the tribes,
 Depose Octavius who defies your will
 And cares not for your dire necessities!

*(Commotion. The tribes vote on the deposition of
 OCTAVIUS. When the seventeenth tribe had
 voted to depose, then)*

GRACCHUS. *(Embracing OCTAVIUS.)*

Do not oppose this necessary measure
 So needful to the welfare of the state.
 Oh, do not thwart the people's hearts' desire,
 When 'tis a tribune's duty to promote it.
 Be not indifferent to the impending vote
 Depriving you of office; suffer not
 Yourself to bear the shame of deposition
 And force upon me such unwelcomed fame
 As author of so odious a measure.
 Come, Octavius, let the bill be read!

*(OCTAVIUS wavers, but voices from the senators and
 rich men warn him to stand firm, to do the right,
 and the like.)*

OCTAVIUS. *(Resolutely.)*

Proceed with the vote!

(The eighteenth tribe votes for deposition. Oc-

TAVIUS *is dragged from the rostra, and the senators' party start an uproar.*)

GRACCHUS.

Now let the bill be read!

(As the clerk rises the curtain falls on Act III of
TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.)

ACT IV. (April, B. C., 132—A. U. C., 621.)

SCENE I. *Full. The Forum. At the rise of the curtain there are discovered SATUREIUS, RUFUS, ANNIUS, RUBRIUS, MUMMIUS, FLACCUS, CARBO, STILO, BLOSSIUS, and other citizens.*

BLOSSIUS.

It is within the province of the state
Our habits, trade and prices to control,
To regulate the Roman family life,
To govern and dispose of property—
Because it is its business to secure
The well being of the Roman citizen.
The land law therefore is in perfect keeping
The duty of the state.

(*Enter R. E. CLAUDIUS, SCÆVOLA, and CRASSUS.*)

FLACCUS.

Especially so
Since every Roman took what land he could,
And always more than he had means to use.

CLAUDIUS.

So long a time has passed since Italy
By Rome was conquered and its land acquired,
Possessions are of ancient origin;
So we commissioners have an arduous task
Determining what is truly public land.

SCÆVOLA.

There will indeed be trouble for you three,
In taking their possessions from the rich:
Some careless owners having never kept
Allotment titles; then a resurveyal
Transferring some from richest lands to swamps.

Others have worked adjoining public lands
 Until division has been long effaced.
 Not easy now to ascertain and fix
 The great injustice done us by the rich.

FLACCUS.

To Claudius and the Gracchi has been given
 A difficult task in portioning out the land.

MUMMIUS.

The Senate makes their difficulties greater,
 Under advice of Nasica refusing
 Tiberius Gracchus, as commissioner,
 A tent at the public cost; allowing him
 But six sesteria daily for expenses.

SCÆVOLA.

The plebs and Senate always were at strife:
 Electing magistrates, enacting laws,
 Canceling debts, or else dividing land.

FLACCUS.

The angry Senate should remember this:
 Tiberius Gracchus is at least consistent,
 Giving a portion of his patrimony
 To benefit a class believed to be
 Unworthy of relief or independence.

SATUREIUS.

To say the least 'tis strange, unusual,
 The reckless way Tiberius Gracchus acts:
 The hope to be a consul or a prætor
 Makes tribunes most conservative of men.

RUFUS.

The weak spot in the Gracchan armor is,
 A woeful lack of plain, material strength.

BLOSSIUS.

'Tis due to taking models, trusting doctrines
 Drawn from the Greeks, which prompt Tiberius,
 In calm defence of our Roman trait—
 Conservatism, oftener wrong than right—
 To build the state upon a new foundation.
 This all un-Roman idealty
 Tiberius owes unto Cornelia,
 High-souled, high-minded mother of the Gracchi.

SCÆVOLA.

Not from his father does the impulse come ;
 His father was a stern conservative,
 The last to tamper with the ancient basis
 Whereon was reared the greatness of his class.
 The aristocracy.

BLOSSIUS.

The very man!

'Tis truly from his mother he inherits
 A sensitive nature, ideal way of thinking,
 Sympathy with the weak and suffering
 Which animates his present public acts.

(*Enter, L. E., NASICA, METELLUS, MACEDONICUS,
 POMPEIUS, LUSCUS, and LUCILIUS.*)

NASICA.

What paragon is that?

BLOSSIUS.

Tiberius Gracchus!

METELLUS.

Humph! When his worthy father was the censor
 Lights were put out betimes, as well we know ;
 Now needy citizens with flaring torches
 Attend at night his democratic son!

POMPEIUS.

Ay, wait until his tribuneship is ended,
Then will he face a righteous prosecution.

NASICA.

How can the citizens be so deceived?
How can they fail to recognize in Gracchus
A deep and cunning arch-conspirator
Who would destroy our precious liberty
Under the specious pretext of relieving
Distress and poverty—and all the while
Aiming to make himself supreme dictator.

FLACCUS. (*To MUMMIUS.*)

The charge of usurpation, glibly made,
A mean and vile insinuation may be,
The usual way to ruin popular leaders.

NASICA.

He is a dangerous revolutionist,
Influenced by his passion and ambition,
Rather than by the welfare of the state.

MUMMIUS. (*To FLACCUS.*)

His generous plan in aid of Italy,
His artful enemies will turn against him,
He'll find himself unpopular in Rome.

RUBRIUS.

The deposition of Octavius
Appears to have given offense unto the people.

POMPEIUS.

It was a revolutionary step
Appealing to the people to depose
A fellow tribune.

SCÆVOLA.

Offering to vote

Which should resign, Octavius or he,
The weak proposal of a generous man,
Whose aim was not self-aggrandizement, but
The public good.

METELLUS.

By aid of a popular vote

The Roman constitution is attacked,
A fundamental principle destroyed.

FLACCUS.

Too much is made of the tribune's sanctity,
And the constitution's violated forms—
These forms are now effete.

NASICA.

Tiberius took

The first step toward the overthrow of Rome,
He stripped a Roman magistrate of office
By vote of the people.

LUSCUS.

'Twas preposterous!

Never before the Roman people dared
Deprive a man of office given to him
To hold for a certain tenure, during which
He stood apart responsible to none—
When then the right to wrest from him his office?

SCÆVOLA.

Confuse not thus the office with the man.
Appointment to an office is an act
Apart from the other, earlier act, by which
The office was created.

FLACCUS.

After all,
Remember, 'tis not always criminal
To forcibly infringe the written law.

NASICA.

From consecrated law the tribune's power
Directly is derived ; which law was made
Upon the holy mountain sanctified
By ceremonies set by holy men ;
And so to set aside the tribune's veto,
Given in opposition to his fellows
And to depose him, injured each of us
Directly, leaving us without defense
Against the worst and wildest tyranny
Our popular assembly might commit,
Impelled thereto by frenzied orators,
Who violate the letter of the law.

LUCILIUS.

(Hendecasyllabics.)

Gracchus erred in the way he took to oust him :
Legal means are the popular Roman method,
Therefore, should he have found a flaw sufficient,
Marring quite the religious ceremony
Of election or entry into office :
Thus Octavius having wrongly entered,
Law demands he be driven out of office :
Gracchus thus had appeased the Roman conscience,
Saved from a jar in a proper legal manner.
Ah, the law ! is it not consummate wisdom !
Rights and duties with scrupulous exactness
Accurately, minutely, specifying.
Ah, the law ! the devine and civil systems,

Marvels both of severe and perfect order,
 Ever unto fixed formulæ deferring;
 Ever fearful of change; and yet, more marvel!
 Note how easily by mere interpretation,
 Legal fiction and what not, law is tempered,
 Altered, may be annulled—for human victims,
 Heads of onions or poppies substituted!
 Thus the image we worship sways its scepter,
 We, its loyal and legal subjects, humbly kneeling,
 Laud its majesty, while revolving meanwhile
 Means for keeping intact the holy letter,
 While conspiring to oust some fractious fellow,
 Called Octavius, say: oh, lawless Gracchus!

*(Enter GRACCHUS, R. E., in time to hear the last
 two lines.)*

GRACCHUS.

From your conclusion, Friend Lucilius,
 I follow back the old well-beaten path,
 And reach your premiss in the lawless Gracchus.
 I disregard your gentle irony
 And choose to take your words with single meaning:
 By lawless means I oust a fractious fellow.
 I've heard men make that charge beneath their breath.
 I could not make an answer unto each,
 But offer now this general defense,
 To fellow citizens who feel aggrieved:
 Because I have not grown so high and mighty
 As to disdain to justify my conduct.
 Had my accounts been questioned, never had I
 Played Scipio's part and torn them up before you:
 So let me ask attention now, my friends.

NASICA.

He would make order out of anarchy;
 And liberty of license: hearken well!

GRACCHUS.

What makes a tribune sacred, inviolable?
Being dedicated to the people. Should a tribune
Deviate from his duty, wrong the people,
Abridge their power, and lessen liberty,
His very act deprives him of his rank,
Received upon conditions unfulfilled.
A tribune will remain a tribune still,
Even if he should dig down the capital
And put to torch the naval arsenal.
Should he commit excesses such as these,
Bad tribune he; but were he to attempt
To rob the Roman people of their power,
He ceases in the act to be a tribune.
Now, is it not a monstrous thing to think
A tribune shall have power to cast in prison
Consuls, and yet the people not be able
To wrest from him a power which he abuses?
Using it 'gainst the people's interests.
The kingly office comprehended in it
All civil power, while 'twas consecrated
Unto divinity, discharging rites
And ceremonials of our religion;
Yet when Tarquinius the King did wrong,
The state laid hold of him and thrust him forth:
So one man's violence thus overthrew
The ancient power which established Rome.
Look around you here in Rome, and who so sacred,
So venerated as the virgins are,
Who daily guard the ever-burning fire?
And yet should one offend, she's buried alive;
For when she sins against the jealous gods
Inviolable sanctity is gone,

So must it be with the sacredness of tribunes,
Who turn their power to the people's injury,
Betraying those whose duty 'twas to shield;
Destroying thus their very fount of power.
Else when the rich has found a way to use him,
The tribune is no longer guardian
And refuge of the poor. Now if the tribes
By vote conferred the tribunician power,
As easily by vote may they depose,
Things dedicated to the gods are sacred,
Inviolable, yet the people use them,
Changing their places here and there at will;
Therefore, 'tis right and legal for the people
To transfer thus this sacred thing,
The tribunate from one man to another;
For that the tribunate is not an office
Of which the holder may not be divested
Is seen in this most clearly: magistrates
Have prayed to be excused from holding office,
Have abdicated of their own free will.
To bring this problem down to lowest terms:
All power proceeds directly from the people
In whom all power inheres; the people choose
To delegate their powers to him to-day
And to deprive him of his power to-morrow;
Whether he used his power right or wrong
'Tis for his judge, the people, to decide.

Close in to

ACT IV, SCENE 2; *in 2.* *Entrance to the house of GRACCHUS. On the left hand of the entrance is a potter's shop, and on the right hand a shoemaker's shop. Enter from house, LUCILIUS, as enter, R. E., FLACCUS and MUMMIUS.*

FLACCUS.

Well met, Lucilius; our errand the same?

LUCILIUS.

If 'tis to see Tiberius Gracchus, yes;
But go no farther, since he is away,
And will be for another hour or so.

MUMMIUS.

I was afraid Tiberius would be gone.

FLACCUS.

Come spend the time with us Lucilius,
Until our friend Tiberius returns.

(Enter L. E. two men, one richly dressed, the other following him obsequiously. They cross to R. and exeunt R. E. They have spoken to the three in passing.)

LUCILIUS. *(Pointing after them.)*

Caius courts the wealthy Numa, who is neither kith nor kin;

By persistent artful scheming, hopes a legacy to win.
Humoring his whims and fancies, gushing o'er his poetry,
Running errands like a lackey, late or early though it be.
Never missing an occasion when a present he may buy.
Praying for his health and safety, while he waits for him to die!

MUMMIUS.

His patron's weaknesses he has discovered
And gratifies his patron's whims to-day,
That he may gratify his own to-morrow.

FLACCUS.

This worshipper unto the altar comes;
But other rich men spend their time and money

Recruiting men to praise and honor them.
How artful, how adroit their means and schemes.

LUCILIUS.

Glorifying self is all the fashion,
Nobles are consuming with conceit,
Vanity their all absorbing passion;
Plaudits of the people are so sweet.
Nobles musty documents are flaunting;
Efigies are showing bent and black;
Of fictitious pedigrees are vaunting—
Even to Olympus reaching back!
Victory by base assassination,
Massacre in spite of solemn vow;
Conduct only worthy execration,
Though it win sham laurels for their brow,
Though it give a pretext for enjoying
Triumphs for some miserable raid:
Armless, naked savages destroying;
Bargains in war's nimble-fingered trade!

FLACCUS.

You've hit it off unto a nicety.
I've known of costly temples built in proof
Of victories never gained. It nauseates me
To see on solemn days, thanksgiving days,
Their bold parade of pride, self-glorification.

*(Enter DR. PRAXUS, crosses from R. to L., greeting
the others as he passes.)*

LUCILIUS. *(Pointing after DR. PRAXUS.)*

Ah! there goes Dr. What's-his-name, a palace he in-
habits;
While we the people are to him, so many frogs and rab-
bits:

He cuts us up, he cuts us down, and is to fear a stranger—
 His calling gives the right to kill, without the slightest
 danger,
 His Hippocratic oath he keeps—in some dark corner hid-
 den ;
 So knows not whether what he does is by the code for-
 bidden.
 Though knowledge may be good to have, and by the
 workman needed,
 'Tis plain in spite of want of it the doctor has succeeded.
 Effrontery and good address his lack of skill supplying ;
 He treads a golden way between the living and the dying !

FLACCUS.

Come now and let us find material
 Wherewith to fix these facts and fancies, so
 Hereafter Rome may read, Lucilius.

(*Exeunt Omnes, R. E. Enter L. E. PORCIATUS and*
 METROPHANES.)

PORCIATUS.

I am that relic without a rival,
 A veteran scarred, a grim survival.
 A slave whom Cato couldn't kill.
 So, fit to conquer any ill.
 For Cato's virtues all were vile,
 His milk of human kindness, bile ;
 His slaves must his great maxim keep :
 To be at work or else asleep.
 And such his avaricious ways,
 He found them work on holidays,
 And were they sick they got a beating
 Since they were ill from overeating.
 When matched with him, a tiger's tame.

Cato, the censor, quick to blame,
 Who should have died himself of shame!
 Now somewhat of my life I gave,
 When I was mean old Cato's slave.

METROPHANES.

I now can understand the reason,
 For curses in and out of season
 That follow Cato past his grave,
 From one who once was Cato's slave.
 Another day I would be told
 Your early life ere you were sold.

PORCIATUS.

Most willingly I'll tell the tale,
 If confidence of mine prevail
 To breed like confidence in you.

METROPHANES.

Nothing will please me more 'tis true,
 To tell such story as I may,
 But time will not permit to-day.

PORCIATUS.

Remember, then, when next we meet,
 And be it not on city street,
 But call upon me where I dwell
 And talk at ease.

METROPHANES.

Farewell!

PORCIATUS.

Farewell!

(Exit METROPHANES into the shoemaker's.)

(Solus.) Now, I am not a simpleton,
 Unbosoming myself to one

I know so little of, although
 I am attracted to him so,
 And he is drawn to me I know.

(Exit PORCIATUS, R. E.)

Draw off to

ACT IV, SCENE 3. *Room in the house of GRACCHUS.*
Discover CLAUDIA and LICINIA, the wives of
TIBERIUS and his brother CAIUS.

LICINIA.

Now Claudia, were your husband like to mine,
 In front of a town besieged, exposed to death
 At any hour of the day, why, then I grant you
 Good reason to be fearful for his life.
 But what's the danger threatens Tiberius?

CLAUDIA.

Caius knows where to look for enemies,
 Is ever on the alert while facing walls;
 Thus danger is avoided, but his brother,
 Estranged from friends in midst of enemies,
 Whom knowing not he cannot guard against,
 Makes my fate sad.

LICINIA.

More pitiable mine;
 For while your husband is at home beside you,
 Mine is away on dangerous duty, yet,
 There let him stay until his task be done.

(Enter, centre door, CORNELIA and her two grand-
 children.)

CORNELIA.

What sober, serious countenances these!
 To what decision have you consuls come?
 Where next shall Rome's victorious legions go?

LICINIA.

We were discussing husbands, sons of yours.

CORNELIA.

Then should your faces have reflected now
The exultant light that flashes from my jewels.

CLAUDIA.

Is it not rash in one so young as he,
Tiberius, beginning his career,
To thus give way unto enthusiasm,
Let any cause breed confidence so great
As to confound the plainest common sense,
And lead him now to single-handed make
A struggle hard, tremendous, formidable,
Against the nobles; this has frightened me.

CORNELIA.

You should be glad that all these things are so:
Take heart instead: thereby Tiberius
Is loved by the common people as none other.
There waited for him power, wealth, and rank
Civil and military, as by birth;
Now were he governed by a selfish impulse
Would he have championed the people's cause?

CLAUDIA.

Admit it; yet foolhardy 'tis in him
In face of unexampled obstacles
To undertake a truly hopeless task:
To threaten to lay low with one grand stroke
The stronghold of the proud and haughty nobles.
Will they not call Tiberius a fool,
Rushing where Lælius the wise dare tread not?

CORNELIA.

My son upholds the right and faces wrong.
 He feels his righteous indignation kindle
 At the sight of the nobles' pride, their insolence,
 And wanton cruelty that fosters war,
 Whereby to gather riches faster far
 Than by old-fashioned agriculture's aid.

LICINIA.

Let not Tiberius look to Scipio
 To lift the littlest finger in his cause.

CORNELIA.

The aristocrat of all aristocrats
 This son-in-law of mine; yet, if he thought
 Reform would lengthen out his order's reign,
 He'd turn reformer!—such is Scipio.

(*Enter MARCELLUS, CLAUDIUS, CRASSUS, and BLOSSIUS, door in centre.*)

CLAUDIA.

Tiberius bade me tell you gentlemen,
 That urgent business called him out to-day;
 But shall not let him overstay your visit;
 Therefore expect to see him presently.

CORNELIA.

How feel the populace toward Tiberius?
 Your many means of knowing are denied me.

CLAUDIUS.

Tiberius has gained the popular favor
 And weakened the Senate: he's inspired, some say
 By gratitude unto his friends, the tribunes,
 And animosity against the Senate;
 Then others say, Tiberius dwelt too long

Upon the evils of the slavery system ;
Others, accounting for his actions, say
'Tis personal predilection governs him
Or widespread popularity allures.

CRASSUS.

Some friends of mine, conservatives of course,
Watching him vigorously strike at the root
Of Italy's decadence, say to me :
"Hot-headed, reckless fellow he, to further
The best of causes by the worst of means."

MARCELLUS.

Yet my report is quite contrariwise :
Many believe him mild and reasonable.
And think his conduct thoroughly consistent,
Being assured it is his honest wish
To reach by peaceable means his worthy end ;
Only the tactics of opponents force him
To break through fixed procedure. Summing it up :
Tiberius is a genuine patriot
Whose every act displays unselfishness,
And all a dauntless, brave career betokens.

CORNELIA.

Your news, Marcellus, makes me proud, indeed.

BLOSSIUS.

Tiberius makes a serious mistake
In resting on Roman generosity.
He never should rely upon our townsmen,
Since nobles give to them their daily bread.
Yes, it has even so at last become,
The great, at first protectors of the people,
By lavish, indiscriminate bounty, now,

Are masters of a horde of willing slaves,
 Of selfish clients, and of greedy citizens.
 The haughtiness of one and the other's meanness
 Killing republican equality.

CLAUDIUS.

'Tis that condition stirs Tiberius
 To thorough reformation, which alarms
 The public men of Rome.

CRASSUS.

Tiberius

Can never hope his law will live a day
 Beyond his term of office; since reforms
 When wrung from the actual rulers of the state
 Will never long survive.

CLAUDIUS.

But this reform
 Has life assured it, since commissioners
 Will see to it this new Sempronian law
 Is not evaded like the Licinian.

(*Enter, door in centre, GRACCHUS.*)

GRACCHUS.

I left for you with Claudia my excuses,
 For unintended tardiness to-day.
 Fool's errand 'twas that drew me out of the house
 At so inopportune a moment, too.
 My friend had sent no message for me, none.
 And was I not well jostled on returning!
 And busy warding off a dozen blows
 From drunken men who overrun the streets.

CLAUDIA.

You are not wounded?

GRACCHUS.

Not in the least, be sure.

MARCELLUS.

You do your own great cause as great a wrong,
Yourself exposing to some casual blow
That may prove mortal. Let me, after this,
Accompany you upon such expeditions.

GRACCHUS.

Oh! better still, shall not our worthy consul
Loan me his sturdy lictors, six of them?
Most heartfelt thanks, Marcellus, for the love
Inspiring such devoted service, yet,
What mean requital for such love sincere,
To make a shield of my too generous friend!

CLAUDIUS.

Friend, as you say, but still disciple, too.
Dividing not the master from the work.

GRACCHUS.

My work is but to waken Rome to work.
There's Italy to people if she will,
With free and independent peasantry.
Large farms for pasture ruin Italy,
Tillage grows less, while Rome's recruiting field,
Free population dwindles slowly down:
Even now Sicilian and Sardinian corn
Has driven out the Italian peasantry's.
The state's most lamentable negligence
In dealing justly with the public land
Bred systematic, rank dishonesty
Among our ruling classes, unto whom
Public and private property were one;

Fostered that spirit of cupidity,
Rapacity, and violence combined,
Which ever was the most peculiar trait
Of Roman nobles—selfish, haughty, cruel.
Italian allies, Latin colonies,
And friendly foreign states—all stand upon
A dangerous, treacherous foundation;
For should the opportunity permit
The Roman nobles quickly would convert
These independent peoples into slaves.
A very real danger threatens the state.
From the autocratic power of the Senate,
Tempted by nations, princes, kings, with bribes
To pay them for good will and influence,
Since arbiters of destiny are they.
So must it be our unremitting care
To keep our vulturous nobility
From gorging on the fruits of victory.
For year by year the Senate carries on
Most bloody wars in Spain and Italy—
Oppressive burdens for the common people,
While to the nobles really mines of wealth.
For soldiers fight, endure, and die
To feed the wealth and luxury of others—
Nobles and moneylenders holding now
The whole world's wealth within their greedy grasp.
How can the old equality exist
Between the very rich and the very poor?
Look round upon our sad misgovernment:
Our judges, even, tampering with justice,
For reasons private or political.
And what prevents a thorough renovation
Of Rome's republic? Wanton callousness

Parading under garb of law and order.
 Never in future ages be it said
 That "those benighted Romans knew no better,"
 That "those outrageous, heartless deeds of theirs
 Were due unto the times in which they lived."
 Since you and I know better, why not they?
 And here am I who tell them their offenses.

(Enter a servant, door in centre.)

SERVANT.

A man to cleanliness averse
 Is claiming that he found your purse.

GRACCHUS.

My purse *(feels)*. Hello! I never knew 'twas gone!
(To MARCELLUS.) Nor knew that knife thrust nearly
 carved me.

(To SERVANT.) Well,

Go take the purse and give him half it holds.

SERVANT.

He's proud and stubborn, if you please,
 And with his wilful self agrees
 To give the purse to you alone;
 And you must come and claim your own.
 He will not by your friends be seen,
 Because his garb is poor and mean.

GRACCHUS.

Well! well! I'll humor an honest man.

CLAUDIA.

No! no!

Oh, do not go!

GRACCHUS.

'Twill take a moment only.

(Exit GRACCHUS, door in centre.)

CORNELIA.

I fear my daughter is not well to-night.

CLAUDIA. (*To CLAUDIUS.*)

I am not well, so father, humor me,
Follow Tiberius for I greatly fear—

CLAUDIUS.

Claudia, come, be calm; there's naught to fear—
Tiberius will presently return.

MARCELLUS.

I am not ill, yet I am ill at ease;
And so my own misgivings and yours to quiet,
I'll follow him and see.

(*Exit MARCELLUS, door in centre.*)

BLOSSIUS.

Infectious fear!

CORNELIA.

My son Tiberius has greatly chosen
A road beset by danger, right and left,
And forward moves upon it fearlessly,
With soul serene, since duty beckons on.

(*Noises without, cries, and struggles.*)

CLAUDIA.

He's killed! he's killed! Did I not say so?

CORNELIA.

Hush!

(*Exeunt CLAUDIUS, CRASSUS and BLOSSIUS, door in centre.*)

This tumult means no rash and vulgar quarrel
Over a paltry purse.

(*Re-enter, door in centre, CRASSUS, CLAUDIUS, BLOS-*

SIUS and GRACCHUS, bearing MARCELLUS, mortally wounded.)

CORNELIA.

It is Tiberius,
Carrying whom? Marcellus—wounded!

CLAUDIA.

Oh!

CORNELIA.

How happened this, my son?

GRACCHUS.

'Twas treachery!

For when I would reward an honest fellow
He changed to hired assassin on the instant,
And aimed at me a sudden murderous blow,
Which brave Marcellus took upon himself.

CLAUDIA.

Noble Marcellus! what thanks are thine!
So great a debt we never can repay!

MARCELLUS.

Never! for presently I'll leave you all,
Leave you forever—Rome, Tiberius,
Lucretia, ah, Lucretia, farewell!

GRACCHUS.

We shall not let you slip away so soon,
For fortunately Corax lives at hand,
The skilfullest in Rome; he'll keep you here.

MARCELLUS.

There's one thing grieves me sore, Tiberius,
There's yet so much to do, and I not here
To shield your precious life from mortal blows.

GRACCHUS.

You must not think of death, my noble friend,
 For Rome nor I can spare so great a soul.
 And they who planned this dastard act shall suffer,
 Be they the highest, haughtiest in Rome.

MARCELLUS.

The failure of the Senate's clumsy tool
 To take a life it needs must hate and fear,
 Will make your bitter enemy more keen;
 And hireling after hireling will waylay you,
 Till bloody deed its bloody thought fulfills,
 (*Pause.*) But let the plotting senators beware!
 Over the foul wrong done Lucretia,
 Tarquin the Proud was banished, kingship ceased;
 Over the foul wrong done Virginia,
 The great Decemviri was done for aye:
 Over a slain Tiberius Gracchus—
 The Senate shall—Tiberius—farewell!

(MARCELLUS *falls back into the arms of GRACCHUS,*
dying, as the scene closes in to)

ACT IV, SCENE 4; *in 2. Street in Rome. (Same as Act I, Scene 2.) Entrance to lodging house, in centre, with barber's to the right, and bookseller's to left. Enter METROPHANES and bookseller from bookseller's shop.*

BOOKSELLER. (*Handing book.*)

Even a bookseller seldom sees
 As fine an Aristophanes.
 And tell Lucilius, I pray,
 I could have sold it thrice to-day;
 But as he had the better right,
 I slipped the volume out of sight.

METROPHANES.

Though that was very kind of you,
 'Twas but the proper thing to do.
 Since why for paltry crumbs should beg
 The goose that lays the golden egg?

BOOKSELLER.

I see you're one of those who think
 That all who work for us with ink
 Are bees all busy storing honey,
 Which we can quickly change to money.
 I have a stock-room in the rear,
 A walk through that would make it clear
 That out of every hundred bees
 There's but one Aristophanes.

METROPHANES.

Yet booksellers, how well they thrive,
 While authors scarce can keep alive—
 Unless rich friends relieve their plight.

BOOKSELLER.

Now, there! I had forgotten quite
 That Ennius, as good as new,
 I had Lucilius in view.
 I know he wants a copy: wait!
 (*Going back.*) I'm sure he never saw its mate.
 (*Exit BOOKSELLER into the shop.*)

METROPHANES. (*Solus.*)

Just see what money can procure!
 Devotion tireless, perfect, pure.
 The best of friends will clean forget
 The things whereon your heart is set.
 But, if there's money to be made,

A host will hasten to your aid.

(*Re-enter BOOKSELLER from shop with book.*)

BOOKSELLER.

I have it here: just show him this;
It's something he'd be loath to miss;
And tell him—no, I will not try,
The book will tell him more than I.
And for your trouble great or slight,
Remember, I will make it right.

(*Exit BOOKSELLER into shop.*)

METROPHANES. (*Solus.*)

Thus does he rope me in his plot;
A paid accomplice, am I not?
Nor do I seem to be averse
To help him tap my master's purse.

(*Enter LAVINIA, R. E.*)

LAVINIA.

What's this? what's this? More books to-day?
Where will he store them all, I pray?

METROPHANES.

What's that? more rings and trinkets? Well,
Where will she wear them all, pray tell?

LAVINIA.

Metrophanes, I must confess
I never liked an errand less.

METROPHANES.

Oh, ho! A surfeit comes at last!
So gems and jewels—

LAVINIA.

Not too fast!

The reason why I am not glad,
I never saw a bride so sad.

METROPHANES.

Ah! feed me faster! such a crumb
Is but an aggravation—come!

LAVINIA.

At once, by Nasica's command,
She gives Octavius her hand;
Her heart belongs unto the dead
Marcellus, whom she wished to wed.

METROPHANES.

Marcellus dead, of course she's vexed;
But there's Octavius coming next.
Since marrying dead men can't be done,
Be thankful there's a living one.

LAVINIA.

'Twould suit some ladies, I suppose;
Lucretia, though, is not of those.
With hollow cheek and drooping head,
Perhaps Marcellus she may wed.

METROPHANES.

Now what strange creatures women are!
The same thing can both make and mar:
Octavius makes one lady sad,
And might make half a dozen glad.
What Porciatus says is true—

LAVINIA.

That crazy loon! If you but knew
The dreadful things he says of you!

METROPHANES.

What is it that he says of me?
You pique my curiosity.

LAVINIA.

He says that Laura's time you waste;
Which shows in you the worst of taste.

METROPHANES.

Now that is quite the queerest whim;
For what is Laura's time to him?
And why to you such views express?
I'd like to know?

LAVINIA.

I'll let you guess.

METROPHANES.

I've guessed it! Well, what fools we are!
But then all's fair in love and war!

LAVINIA.

'Tis true that Laura's time you spend—
It's well to know one's bosom friend!

METROPHANES.

Well I don't know it, if I do!

LAVINIA.

To think that I've been keeping you
So long from Laura, pardon me,
And hurry off your friend to see.

METROPHANES.

Your errand's yet to do, I know,
Else would I never let you go
Till you admitted in the end
That 'tis with you my time I spend.

LAVINIA.

I've talked too long and must be gone,
I'll think that over later on.

(Exit LAVINIA, L. E.)

METROPHANES. (Solus.)

Poor Porciatus loves her too!
And I proposed to help him through!
To help another to one's bride
Would be a sort of suicide.
My rival! 'Tis an awkward case!
I cannot win with any grace:
A runner in a toga wrapped,
He is too greatly handicapped!

(Exit METROPHANES R. E. Enter PORCIATUS from
lodging house.)

PORCIATUS. (Solus.)

This making money! what's the good?
Unless enough for clothes and food.
This greed for gold is hard to cure;
I will become a Cato, sure!
I gather money fast enough,
Which one day death will rob me of;
Then who will profit of my strife?
Since I have neither child nor wife.
I would Lavinia's husband be,
If she would take me seriously.
I had a brother; could I know
Which way fate led him years ago!
Suppose I seek my native place
And start therefrom his trail to trace?
Alas! alas! this hound is old,
The time far past, the scent is cold.

(Re-enter LAVINIA, L. E.)

LAVINIA. (*Solus.*)

There's Porciatus now to tease me:
I'll slip away before he sees me.

PORCIATUS. (*Aside.*)

My might-be heir. (*Aloud.*) Lavinia, stay!
I hope I see you well to-day?

LAVINIA.

Ah! that depends upon your sight.

PORCIATUS.

Ah! then I hope I see aright.

LAVINIA.

That hope is quickly gratified,
I'm very well.

PORCIATUS.

If you'd decide
To gratify my larger hope?

LAVINIA.

Oh! that is quite beyond my scope.
Apply to Mother Cybele,
Your prayers have no effect on me.

PORCIATUS.

Sorry am I to say 'tis true,
Cybele is more kind than you.
You hardly can take time to speak—
Oh, if I only were a Greek!
You'd stand and gossip all the day.

LAVINIA.

Now that's a foolish thing to say:
I know no Greek: why will you tease?

PORCIATUS.

What do you call Metrophanes?

LAVINIA.

Oh! he is only Greek in name;
For which his master is to blame,
Who bought a little five-year-old,
When he and his for debt were sold.

PORCIATUS.

For debt?—and did he tell you where?

LAVINIA.

Up north in Italy—but there!
Who gossips now, I'd like to know?

(Exits LAVINIA quickly R. E.)

PORCIATUS. *(Following.)*

Oh, wait a moment, do not go!

(Stops at side; then returns to centre.)

(Solus.) A boy of five, and not a Greek!

Perhaps I shall not have to seek
First up one country, down another,
But find in Rome my long-lost brother!

(Music heard off L.)

(Looking L.) A sad procession, all forlorn;

The dead Marcellus, yonder borne,
A foully murdered patriot;
But that has ever been the lot
Of those who serve their fellow-men—
With bloodless weapons, tongue and pen.
Had he been quick to maim and kill,
Not only were he living still,
But this sad funeral train I see
A glad triumphant march would be.

To succor life—at best a breath—
Is surely crime well worthy death.

(*Enter, L. E., a crier.*)

CRIER.

Junius Marcellus, Junius Marcellus is dead.
Whoever will come to his funeral come! Come now.
For now is the time they are bearing him forth from his
house.

(*Enter L. E. a band of flute players, followed by the
female mourners; next a company of mimes and
dancers, the leader of whom was dressed up to
resemble MARCELLUS. The funeral procession
crosses and exits R. E.*)

Scene closes. Draw off to

ACT IV, SCENE 5. *Full; a room in NASICA'S house. Enter
NASICA and VIRGINIA, centre door.*

VIRGINIA.

The way you rub your hands and snap your eyes,
And caper like a boy just out of school,
Tells me the kind of news I am to hear.

NASICA.

King Attalus of Pergamum is dead.

VIRGINIA.

No, that is not the news.

NASICA.

He has bequeathed
His treasure, land and kingdom unto Rome.

VIRGINIA.

Good news for Rome, but that's not yet the news.

NASICA.

Now certain senators will be deputed
Administrators of the King's estate.

VIRGINIA.

I now begin to see the news is good.

NASICA.

Yes, five administrators, five of us,
The King's estate will give us five estates.

VIRGINIA.

When will this feast on land and gold begin?

NASICA.

To-morrow the Eudemus presents the will,
And thereupon we carve the King's estate.

VIRGINIA.

How came the King to will his kingdom so?

NASICA.

'Twas due to many causes: first the King
Viewed Rome as an indulgent, powerful neighbor,
Who graciously permitted him to rule;
And next he had conceived a deep dislike
To Aristonicus, his natural son,
And natural successor; last and best,
Eudemus, the King's adviser, framed the will,

VIRGINIA.

In your five wills you must remember him.

NASICA.

Trust us for that, as Eudemus will do.
Now knowing all, give other things attention:
Foremost of all, Lucretia's marriage comes.
There's something ripe and ready to our hand:

A splendid entertainment let it be,
The like of which was never seen in Rome.

VIRGINIA.

Lucretia causes many an anxious thought.

NASICA.

What! Is she ill?

VIRGINIA.

Most ill in mind, since—since—

NASICA.

I understand; Marcellus—

VIRGINIA.

Since he—died,
She broods daylong, as though for you or me;
Not even her coming marriage can arouse her.

NASICA.

Suppose I reason with her?

VIRGINIA.

Have not I?

Both in and out of season, uselessly.

(Enter L. E. LUCRETIA, with bowed head, not seeing them. They observe her.)

LUCRETIA. *(Solus.)*

Another day divides us heart from heart.
Another day in the outer darkness passed,
To which we all are hastening fast or slow;
And nevermore, ah, nevermore for aye—

(She sees her parents, stops and turns, and is retiring.)

NASICA.

Go not, Lucretia!

VIRGINIA.

Stay, my daughter.

NASICA. (*Offering LUCRETIA a string of pearls.*)

See!

Are they not gorgeous? Fit for a consul's bride.

LUCRETIA.

A bride! (*Drops the necklace.*) Oh, no! No! no!

VIRGINIA.

Lucretia!

NASICA.

Is not the necklace worthy of a thank?

LUCRETIA.

The necklace—oh, it cannot wake my heart!

VIRGINIA.

You shame me greatly, daughter, sorrowing so
For one no nearer than Marcellus was.

NASICA.

Rather upon Octavius you should dwell,
And on the wedding finery for to-morrow.

LUCRETIA.

Oh! must it be to-morrow?

NASICA.

Yes, to-morrow.

Twice for a whim you moved the marriage on;
Now for a whim of mine the day's to-morrow.

LUCRETIA.

It cannot be so soon!

NASICA.

To-morrow's eve.

LUCRETIA. (*Aside.*)

It shall not be to-morrow! shall not be!

(*Enter servant, announcing LUSCUS, METELLUS,
MACEDONICUS and POMPEIUS.*)

VIRGINIA. (*To LUCRETIA.*)

Come, let us go!

NASICA. (*To LUCRETIA.*)

Octavius comes to-day.

(*Exeunt R. E. VIRGINIA and LUCRETIA. Enter
LUSCUS, METELLUS, MACEDONICUS and POM-
PEIUS, by centre door.*)

You look disturbed and harassed, gentlemen.
Why who would dream King Attalus is dead
And that his will is even now in Rome!

METELLUS.

We come to wake you from a dream of gold.

LUSCUS.

The feast prepared for us the rabble eats.

NASICA.

What is it? Speak out plainly! What's the news?
You tell me much and nothing.

MACEDONICUS. (*To POMPEIUS.*)

Tell him you.

POMPEIUS.

Your kinsman demagogue, Tiberius Gracchus,
Tireless in mischief-making, has prepared
Another of his anarchistic bills,
To give unto the popular assembly
Charge of the King's estate we have secured.

NASICA.

What! Is it possible! It can't be done!
It is the Senate's province now as ever.
What means this pestilent fellow?

POMPEIUS.

Means he? Well,
He would make his meaning marvellously clear:
He would divide the treasure of the King
Among his horde of wretched beggar clients,
Living at ease on land once yours and mine!

NASICA.

Oh! villain! traitor! thief! How recklessly
He rushes on inexorable fate!
Rome never bred so dangerous a man.
Meanwhile we must delay this robber measure,
Keep it from passing till his time expires—
If foolish friends will help him live so long.
Then will he be amenable to law;
Impeachment, condemnation, exile then;
The fit reward for baseness vile as his.

(*Servant ushers in SATUREIUS, RUFUS, RUBRIUS and
ANNIUS, centre door.*)

(*Apart to Senators.*) Our chance comes to us, let us use
it well:

We'll bribe his friends and sap his strength thereby.
(*To SATUREIUS and others.*) Welcome, my friends,
your presence solves for us
The question of your coming here to-night;
Happy am I to greet you, knowing well
You have taken time from your delightful task
Of turning topsy-turvy rich and poor,
Making Possessors of the naked mob,

To visit such a dangerous man as I,
Scipio Nasica, a Roman senator.

SATUREIUS.

There are no bonds we will not gladly break
To take the proffered hospitality
Of one so worthy of esteem as you.

RUBRIUS.

His words we heartily endorse.

RUFUS and ANNIUS.

We do.

NASICA.

Those words uplift in these degenerate days,
When men delight in making enemies
Of allies who together govern Rome
Wisely and well.

METELLUS. (*To SATUREIUS and others.*)

The Senate looks to you.

True patriots of independent mind,
To save our ruling bodies from a breach
Inevitable else.

RUBRIUS.

It ever grieves me
To hear my headstrong colleague lash the Senate.
Have I not done my best, yet uselessly,
To turn the tide that bears us far apart
And fast upon destruction?

NASICA.

He is right.

For if this fury is not quickly quenched
Where will beloved Rome be? Torn apart,

A prey to eager enemies without
Or worser one within—Dictator Gracchus!
Our boasted cherished liberties all gone!

MACEDONICUS.

A true, sad, sorrowful picture, is it not?

NASICA.

Away with dark forebodings for a while.
Knowing you all as men of sterling worth
And strict integrity—

SATUREIUS.

'Tis kind of you!

NASICA.

I'd have you join an enterprise of ours,
That promises for every seed of thought
A hundredfold in coin.

SATUREIUS.

'Tis more than kind.

NASICA.

Our paying problem's needful facts and figures
Are yonder in my study: come and see.
(*Apart to Senators while going up.*) How quickly do
these hungry fishes bite!

SATUREIUS. (*Apart to his friends.*)

Nasica needs assistance as you see,
And he can no longer pay with daughters,
He's found a way to make it worth our while.

(*Exeunt Omnes, door in centre. Enter LAVINIA,
L. E.*)

LAVINIA. (*Solus.*)

I've often asked Metrophanes

To tell me truly what he sees
 In Porciatus to attract—
 They seem like brothers, for a fact!
 They love me, yet I could not make
 Them quarrel even for my sake!
 But for my choosing love to gold,
 My fortune would be quickly told;
 Since Porciatus, the absurd,
 Would take me if I said the word.
 But that would suit me just the same,
 As if Octavius were his name
 And mine Lucretia. Since the day
 Marcellus went that fearful way,
 My mistress moves about the place
 With such a pitiful sad face,
 'Twould seem that since Marcellus died
 That she would never be a bride;
 But on the morrow join the dead,
 Rather than rich Octavius wed.

(Enter LUCRETIA, R. E., slowly. She is dressed handsomely.)

LUCRETIA. *(Solus.)*

He said to-morrow—think of it! to-morrow!
 Ay, but to-morrow is not yet, not yet,
 Nor ever shall be! *(Sees LAVINIA.)* Ah, Lavinia!
 Why do you look so sorrowful to-day?
 Your handsome Greek, I hope he is not ill?

LAVINIA.

He's not a sick man, if you please,
 Nor Greek, though called Metrophanes.

LUCRETIA.

He is too poor to marry you?

LAVINIA.

Perhaps.

LUCRETIA.

I meant to—now it is too late—at least—
(Takes off bracelet.) I know you envy me this bauble—
 take it;
 And let it be a wedding gift from me,
 Whenever comes the happy day for you.

LAVINIA.

Oh! is it possible 'tis mine!
 How can I take a gift so fine?

LUCRETIA.

By stretching out your hand unto me here!
 The best of all good wishes with it goes;
 And when you wear it in the days to come
 Think sometimes of the giver.

LAVINIA.

That I shall!

On your great gift I set much store.
 But on your best of wishes more!

LUCRETIA.

Go now, I will not need you for a while!

(Exit LAVINIA, L. E.)

(Solus.) She's happier with nothing, lucky girl,
 Than I could ever be again with all!

(Produces a bottle; holds it out and looks at it fixedly.)

Within my grasp here waits me, wondrous thought!
 An infinite store of glad and sad to-morrows;
 And in a moment I can make them mine.
 For I have willed that this most wonderful

Had he not loved you dearly, spite of all,
 He'd been offended past forgiveness!
(Aside.) It is beyond belief! 'tis wonderful!
 From sadness unto gladness at a bound!

(Servant announces OCTAVIUS.)

LUCRETIA. *(Aside.)*

Octavius here before I go! No! no!
(Aloud.) Dear mother, bid Octavius wait without,
 There's something I must say to you alone.

VIRGINIA. *(Aside.)*

I cannot let this joyous spirit pass,
 Until Octavius feels the breath of it.
(Aloud.) I'll hear it later.

LUCRETIA.

Ah! it is too late!

(Enter OCTAVIUS, door in centre.)

She knows not that she voices fate's decree.

OCTAVIUS.

Pray pardon my delay, Lucretia,
 Be my excuse the business of to-morrow.

LUCRETIA.

Why should we dwell forever on to-morrow?
 Robbing to-day of all its rightful due
 For one we may not ever live to see.

OCTAVIUS.

Ay, true it may be when to-morrow lies
 Perhaps a month away; but fortunate we,
 Wait only for Old Sol to end his sleep
 And upward leap to run his heavenly race
 Westward from dawn till dusk once more to-morrow.

LUCRETIA.

Is it not warm to-night?

OCTAVIUS.

It is—or is it?

For since you bid me think I cannot say,
Being neither warm nor cold.

LUCRETIA.

No doubt, no doubt!

When one is cold, the weather's cold; and then,
Being warm, 'tis warm.

VIRGINIA. (*To OCTAVIUS.*)

Lucretia recalls

Her early lessons in philosophy.

LUCRETIA.

One needs at times the calm philosopher,
Else would he never earn his food and wages.

OCTAVIUS.

In time of sorrow, call upon him, yes;
But let him not disturb our day of joy—
Think of to-morrow!

LUCRETIA.

Ay, indeed I do!

It is my satisfaction, sole, supreme,
The thought of that to-morrow.

VIRGINIA. (*Apart to OCTAVIUS.*)

Hear you that?

OCTAVIUS.

It gives me joy to hear her.

LUCRETIA.

Joy?—I know not:

'Twill be at least no longer pain and sorrow;
And that itself—is—joy——

(Manner and speech disturbed.)

VIRGINIA.

What ails my daughter?

OCTAVIUS.

She must be ill.

LUCRETIA.

Oh, no! No longer ill.

I have been ill, it seems a long, long time;
But now I'm cured and will be well—to-morrow.

(She staggers and would have fallen, but OCTAVIUS holds her up. In the struggle the bottle falls from her dress. VIRGINIA picks it up.)

VIRGINIA.

What's this?

LUCRETIA.

Oh, that's the cure-all, mother dear.

OCTAVIUS. *(To VIRGINIA.)*

Not poison?

VIRGINIA.

Yes; bring Nasica at once!

(Exit OCTAVIUS, door in centre.)

Oh, why were you so rash, Lucretia?
You need not marry only whom you will!
What have you taken, tell me?

LUCRETIA.

'Twas the drug

Our cousin Lydia drank (*VIRGINIA shrieks*) and lived—
and lived—

How many minutes have I yet to live?

(*Enter NASICA and the others, door in centre.*)

VIRGINIA.

She's poisoned dead!

NASICA.

With what? What has she taken?

Send for the antidote!

VIRGINIA.

There's none! There's none!

NASICA.

What desperate deed is this, Lucretia?

LUCRETIA.

Go bring your hireling emissaries here,
And charge them with these desperate deeds of theirs;
For when they murdered noble, brave Marcellus,
They murdered one Lucretia—farewell!

(*LUCRETIA dies.*)

CURTAIN.

End of Act 4 of TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

ACT V. (July, B. C., 132—A. U. C., 621.)

SCENE I. *Full. A room in the house of TIBERIUS GRACCHUS. View of garden at the back. Discover CLAUDIA; her son, ten years old; her daughter, eight years old; and LICINIA, CAIUS'S wife.*

LICINIA.

I have not seen Tiberius to-day—
Or has he left for the Temple?

CLAUDIA.

No, not yet;
And I so dread this ominous day,
I would he never started!

LICINIA.

What's the reason?

CLAUDIA.

Fear for the life of this rash husband of mine.

LICINIA.

Then what would happen mine, if he were here?
You call Tiberius rash; then please describe
His brother Caius.

DAUGHTER. (*To SON.*)

Must our father go?

SON. (*To DAUGHTER.*)

Our father always goes where duty calls.

CLAUDIA.

His duty is unto his family first;
It is their call all other calls should drown.

(*Enter CORNELIA, door in centre.*)

LICINIA.

Oh, how I wish that Caius were at hand,
To help his brother in his hour of need!

CORNELIA.

Only nine years between these sons of mine,
And yet a chasm sundering two careers;
Imperilling enterprises of to-day
And those to be by Caius undertaken.
If only their two forces could combine!
Resistance, difficulties, dangers—all

Were overcome ; success were then assured,
 Since naught could bar their way to Rome's redemption.
 If failure come, this interval's the cause.

CLAUDIA.

How can he ever hope to win success?
 Look 'round in Rome and nowhere will you see
 An influential democratic party:
 And then the nobles, Rome's first families,
 Only a very few are friends of his.

CORNELIA.

A spirit of revenge animates the Senate,
 Fastening upon some flaw in his procedure,
 Ferreting out some statute long unused.
 There is one thought alone disheartens me:
 While on the one hand all the evil spirit
 Himself has roused assails Tiberius,
 Upon the other, rise up no defenders
 Among the multitude he has befriended.
 Yet why upon Rome's populace rely?
 For what care they who hold the public land,
 They neither want nor need it, since the rich
 Provide for some their daily sustenance,
 And the state gives corn unto the masses free—
 Since all the people want is bread and games!
 (*Enter GRACCHUS, door in centre.*)
 The fateful day is here, Tiberius.

GRACCHUS.

For the sake of all I love—Italians, Romans—
 I wish the day were over and well done.

CLAUDIA.

What fortune gave the soothsayers?

GRACCHUS.

None whatever!

The fowls we found indifferent as the gods,
And came not from their cage to peck the food.

CORNELIA.

Thereat be not disheartened; I have known
Such dumbness end in songs of exultation.

CLAUDIA.

Tiberius, why be a tribune twice?

GRACCHUS.

This is a crisis in the state of parties
Which my election surely will resolve
Into a thoroughgoing revolution
Whose end will bring an end to the powers that be.
But should I not be re-elected tribune,
Ruin is waiting at the Temple door.
The day my term is ended I forsee
These enemies of mine will rush upon me,
Trial and exile then will follow fast.

CLAUDIA.

I know not how success is possible,
With plebs and nobles joining hands against you.

GRACCHUS.

It is most true that Roman citizens,
Through base, unworthy pride and selfishness,
Refuse unto their brave Italian allies
The well-earned rights of Roman citizens,
I mean to win them over; purchase justice
By advocating laws to suit the Romans,
And then prevail upon them to relinquish
Unjust, invidious privilege, and fill
All Italy with Roman citizens.

CORNELIA.

There's wisdom there: what will you offer them?

GRACCHUS.

I would propose, if re-elected tribune,
A shorter term of military service;
The soldier's clothing given by the state;
And let the equestrian order fully share
Judicial powers with the senators
In ordinary causes.

CLAUDIA.

Knowing this,
Your enemies will scruple not to kill you.

LICINIA.

Have you forgotten his friends and followers
Who brought him home in triumph yesterday?
Trust them to guard a life so precious to them.

CORNELIA.

Nothing is ever done without a struggle.
If not without, within. No fear have I
Of what the outcome will be, though prepared
For more ferocious clash than when two winds,
Two contrary-minded winds, high up in air,
On monstrous, shapeless, blue-black horses mounted,
Ride furiously together, eye and ear
With blinding flash and deafening roar assailed.

GRACCHUS.

I do not mean by force to be elected;
'Twould be an act of treason; only this:
When force arrives it shall be met by force.
Now for the Temple!—where's my tablet gone?

CLAUDIA.

I know the very place you left it—wait!

(Exit CLAUDIA, R. E.)

CORNELIA.

I would be angry with this fearsome wife,
Had she the power to make her husband swerve
A hair's breadth from the forward path of duty.

GRACCHUS.

Remember, mother, Claudia's cautious nature;
Never could Claudia sit with you, my mother,
On exaltation's solitary height;
Hers not the soul to make supreme oblation:
A loved one—greater sacrifice than self.

(Re-enter CLAUDIA, R. E., in great agitation.)

CLAUDIA.

Alas! alas!

GRACCHUS.

What is it?

CLAUDIA.

Omen of ill!

There is a nest of serpents and their eggs
Within your helmet housed!

LICINIA.

How horrid! Ugh!

GRACCHUS.

I wish these thrice unwelcome visitors
Had chosen another day than this. But, there!
As for myself, it warns me to beware
Of enemies of mine and Rome, as well,
Whose deadly venom waits for me and mine,

As the fate of poor Marcellus testifies.
 With vigilance and courage we'll outwit
 These serpent senators and rescue Rome,
 In their despite. Come sister, wife, and mother,
 Send me forth now with words of love and cheer
 To spur me on my mission to fulfil:
 To crush the eggs and thus the serpents kill!

Close in to

ACT V, SCENE 2; in 2. *Street in Rome. Entrance to basilica. Various nationalities come in and go out. Beggars are at the entrance.*

(*Enter PORCIATUS and METROPHANES, R. E.*)

PORCIATUS.

Now that is how my life was spent;
 That's what a slave to Cato meant.

METROPHANES.

Well, Porciatus—

PORCIATUS.

Stop right there!

That part of Cato's name I bear
 Because he owned me once, you see,
 And into freedom follows me.
 The name my mother called me by,
 Pedarius Medius Horcus, I
 Have dropped for years without design.

METROPHANES.

Your story much resembles mine:
 For once I had a brother, too,
 And where he went I never knew,
 I have not seen him since the day
 Our masters each took separate way.

PORCIATUS.

Tell me your tale, Metrophanes.

METROPHANES.

My tale with yours again agrees,
Metrophanes is not my name,
'Tis Marcus that I rightly claim.

PORCIATUS.

Still run we neck to neck, for lo!
I called my little brother so!
Perhaps—

METROPHANES.

What if—

PORCIATUS.

Recall the day

His master took your brother away;
What happened then?

METROPHANES.

He gave me— (*Gets out purse.*)

PORCIATUS.

Yes!

I know it!—no! I will not guess.

METROPHANES.

This silver coin he bade me keep—
'Tis with me if I wake or sleep.

PORCIATUS.

A coin!—and Marcus is your name!
Quick! (*Seizes it.*) Yes! it is the very same!
I'd know it 'mong a thousand other:
This mark I made—my brother!

METROPHANES. (*Embracing PORCIATUS.*)
Brother.

PORCIATUS.

My little brother Marcus! Well!
Now is explained that mystic spell,
I knew you while I never knew.

METROPHANES.

While I was likewise drawn to you.
(*Enter LAVINIA, R. E.*)

PORCIATUS. (*Points at her.*)

Ah! thus in every mortal's lot:
In the cup of joy's a bitter drop.

LAVINIA.

If that is meant for me, old boy,
I'll spoil not this queer cup of joy.
(*Turns to go off.*)

METROPHANES.

Lavinia, wait! for don't you see,
We've made a great discovery:
We're brothers!

LAVINIA.

How so?

PORCIATUS.

Let me say,
Same mother is the usual way.

METROPHANES.

That pocket-piece to me he gave
When sold to Cato for a slave.

PORCIATUS.

There's often discord comes of coins,
But two lost brothers this one joins!

METROPHANES.

Are you not glad that this is so?

LAVINIA.

It is so sudden, don't you know.

PORCIATUS.

You may be able to decide
When I shall make you some one's bride.
But first, come both of you with me,
Till I arrange to set you free.

METROPHANES.

My generous brother!

LAVINIA.

None so kind.

PORCIATUS. (*To METROPHANES.*)

Be quick before I change my mind;
A wedding ere a week is done,
Or I will furnish you with one.

(*Exeunt Omnes, L. E. Enter, R. E., NASICA, POMPEIUS, LUSCUS, MACEDONICUS, and METELLUS on their way to the Temple of Fides.*)

NASICA.

I have had grave fears for the fate of Rome, my friends;
We careless senators have done Rome wrong,
Being with the actual ruling satisfied:
And now behold our punishment and Rome's.
For failing to restrict by letter of law,
The tribunes' dangerous authority.

POMPEIUS.

This rash attempt Tiberius Gracchus makes
To be succeeded by himself in office—
It is illegal!

LUSCUS.

What of that to him!

MACEDONICUS.

The deposition of Octavius
Made way for other lawless acts of his.

POMPEIUS.

With one short story circulated well,
I'll fill his path to office overfull
With brambles, pitfalls, gnats, and curs
To worry, tease and break his bones at last.

METELLUS.

Tell us the tale.

POMPEIUS.

It runs to this effect:

That Eudemus of Pergamum, the same
Who brought the will of Attalus to Rome,
Had given privately unto the tribune,
Tiberius Gracchus, a diamond most rare,
And from the household stuff of Attalus,
A kingly purple robe—sufficient proof
That Gracchus means to make himself a King.

NASICA.

But why go further than his fixed resolve,
To be continually elected tribune—
'Twill come to mean dictator in the end.

METELLUS.

He is indeed a dangerous demagogue,

And what he means to do if re-elected,
Is simply horrid treason unto Rome.

NASICA.

Then stop his re-election.

MACEDONICUS.

That we shall!

NASICA.

But if in spite of all he wins again,
Then are we driven to our last resort:
The augur's veto, not to be escaped
Or overridden as Octavius was.
We'll find an augur willing to proclaim
The gods withhold consent unto his measure.
This intercession differs, being divine,
From that of magistrate or fellow tribune.
These acts of legislation thus delayed
Or rendered null by certain threatening signs
Seen in the heavens, not to be evaded,
Since only by the priest 'tis provable.

*(Exeunt Omnes, L. E. Enter CRASSUS, CLAUDIUS
and SCÆVOLA, R. E.)*

SCÆVOLA. *(Points L.)*

Are those our fellow senators I see?

CLAUDIUS.

'Tis Nasica with trusty bodyguard.

CRASSUS.

I fear he's plotting mischief with his friends,
How wreak his rage upon Tiberius.

SCÆVOLA.

Whate'er his purpose may be, what care I?

Persuasion shall not move me, neither threats,
To let this hothead overrule the Senate.

CLAUDIUS.

It will require your full judicial powers
To hold this frenzied orator in check.

SCÆVOLA.

I know it well, and fully am prepared.

(*Going off, when enter, R. E., BLOSSIUS and TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.*)

BLOSSIUS. (*Calling after them.*)

Good friends, why can we not accompany you?
Though senators and tribunes be at strife,
What need is there that Romans should be?

CRASSUS.

None!

CLAUDIUS.

'Tis a momentous day, Tiberius.

GRACCHUS.

None knows it better than I.

SCÆVOLA.

Be temperate!

I warn you!

GRACCHUS.

'Tis a day of warnings; listen:
The soothsayer failed me when the day began,
His fowls refused to help him to predict;
A serpent couple, next, my helmet chose
And went to keeping house with eggs and all;
I stumbled on the threshold of my home,
My left foot struck and broke the left toenail.

Look at the bloody stain; and last,
 While coming hither crows to left were fighting,
 Pushed off a tile that shattered at my feet.
 In face of such a gruesome, ominous list,
 Had I not better turn and tempt not fate?

BLOSSIUS.

Ah! never yield to things inanimate;
 These happenings of the day may help or hinder,
 But have no hidden meaning; yield not, then,
 Your valiant soul to vulgar prejudice.

(*Enter, L. E., MUMMIUS*)

MUMMIUS.

Happy am I to bring you words of cheer.
 Straight from the Temple of Jupiter I come,
 Where all goes on as well as we could wish.

GRACCHUS.

Thanks, Mummius, thanks; the tidings heartens me:
 Your welcome words outweigh all omens of ill
 That menace me and would sweet hope benumb:
 You send me forth to meet all comers—come!

(*Exeunt all but MUMMIUS, L. E. Enter LUCILIUS
 and FLACCUS, R. E.*)

MUMMIUS.

I thought that one of Nasica's good friends
 Had paid a visit with a dagger to you.

FLACCUS.

All in good time my time perhaps may come.
 Were I a tribune, though, I'd travel armed.

LUCILIUS.

Will Tiberius win his fight?
 Are his prospects half-way bright?

MUMMIUS.

At times I think he will, and then again,
Remembering the power of gold, I pause!

FLACCUS.

And well you might, for gold is greater god
Than any that the populace revere.
Say you not so, Lucilius?

LUCILIUS.

I do.

There's the triple temple that graces the hill,
And the twenty more temples protecting from ill.
These visible altars to gods out of sight
Attest to our fear of their malice and might.
And yet there's no god on the earth, in the air,
In heaven, in hell, and the sea, to compare
In power for good and for evil untold,
To visible, tangible, actual gold!
Both goddess and god whom we serve without rest,
At invisible altar upreared in the breast.
The love of one's country the dull can inspire,
And honor and power set cold blood afire;
The wife and the children, the timid make bold—
But no love can stir like the passion for gold.
'Tis the passion for gold can all scruples o'ercome;
Self-respect, right, and justice before it are dumb.
This passion has made of the noble a slave,
While it sharpens the wit of the simple and knave.
The tongue, cunning key of the treasure-house thought,
Releasing winged words which with wisdom are fraught,
Behold! it is now but a pander to gain.
We list for its teaching of morals in vain.
To the good things of life only wealth is the way,

Since money is ruling with absolute sway,
 Now virtue is valueless; poverty, shame;
 And purity merely misanthropy's name.
 The freemen in Rome, who vast fortunes possess,
 They have a sure passport to social success.
 Since everything everywhere now has its price,
 And palace and villa make virtue a vice,
 No wonder come prayers out of poverty's ditch:
 "Oh! to be rich! to be rich! to be rich!"

(*Exeunt Omnes L. E.*)

Scene closes. Draw off to

ACT V, SCENE 3. *Full. The Temple of Jupiter. The entrance to the temple in 3d grooves. Discover a crowd of people in the temple and surrounding the door; added to by entrance of others R. and L. Candidates in white togas are going about shaking hands and asking for votes. SATUREIUS, RUFUS and ANNIUS present.)*

ANNIUS.

'Tis said unworthy motives have inspired
 Our fellow tribune in his fierce attack
 Upon the Senate—partisanship and passion,
 Rather than public good and equity.

SATUREIUS.

Although I much admire Tiberius,
 I must condemn this attitude of his:
 This strong antagonism toward the Senate.

RUFUS.

'Tis sheerest crime and folly; I, for one,
 Mean not to simply ruin my career
 By joining with the rabble led by Gracchus.

(*These three withdraw apart. Enter FLACCUS and MUMMIUS.*)

FLACCUS.

Of all times possible to run for office
 Fate gives Tiberius to-day the worst.
 It is the grimmest satire of it all,
 For failure will be hatched, if failure come,
 Out of success: the great Sempronia law.
 This very land law robs him of his friends.
 His natural adherents gone from Rome,
 To till the land he wrested from the rich;
 Contented, busy in the homes he got them,
 Will they now quit the harvesting the crops
 To come to Rome beneath a summer sun
 To vote for Gracchus and his party? No!

MUMMIUS.

What think you of this law they would enforce
 Forbidding tribunes to succeed themselves?

FLACCUS.

It has no less nor greater value than
 The land law which Tiberius resurrected.
 So his opponents' conduct makes me wroth;
 Unto one law's revival they object,
 And yet demand the other be restored!

MUMMIUS.

There is the feel of battle in the air;
 We tribunes are preparing for a struggle;
 How is it with you Senators?

FLACCUS.

The same.

MUMMIUS.

Then, when the fast approaching crisis comes,

May Jove with thunder and lightning interpose,
And thus adjourn our two assemblies.

FLACCUS.

Well,

What happens on the morrow? Jove again?
A better way than thunderstorms is this:
Elect Tiberius Gracchus tribune, you;
While in the Senate 'twill my business be
To keep its hands off, spite of Nasica.

*(Exit FLACCUS, L. U. E. Enter, R. E., LUCILIUS;
goes to MUMMIUS, who stands absorbed in
thought.)*

LUCILIUS.

Why, one would think you laden with the bulk of Ro-
mans' care,
To see the deep dejection of the countenance you wear.

MUMMIUS.

It is annoyance irritates me now,
These arrogant new men, plebeians once,
They have so newly scaled the social height,
They've scarce recovered breath, yet none so proud!

LUCILIUS.

Ultra-haughty, noble Roman,
Poor plebeians' bitterest foeman:
When I see him strutting proudly,
Of his order boasting loudly,
Arrogant and overbearing,
With his scorn of plebs unsparing,
"What!" I cry, "is not this man sir,
Grandson of that Syrian dancer?
Let me laugh, for was he not, sir,
By Plebeian Smith begot, sir?"

With patricians now uniting,
 'Gainst plebeians ever fighting;
 He with vigor superhuman
 Beats off each besieging new man;
 Office, power, and all that is, sir,
 Only meant for him and his, sir!"

MUMMIUS.

I feel already better! I suppose
 You've come to use the proud prerogative
 Of the Roman citizen, the ballot?

LUCILIUS.

Yes,
 Wonderful ballot! that came as a gift of the gods to the
 many,
 Groaning beneath the intolerable yoke of the tyrannous
 few:
 Making each voter however so humble a match unto any,
 Seeking by threat or by bribe their unscrupulous rule to
 renew.
 Wonderful ballot, no longer, our shield it is riven asun-
 der,
 Spite of it votes can be gotten securing the coveted prize:
 Naught can resist the ingenious knave seeking office for
 plunder:
 All that he does to get honors brings never the slightest
 disgrace.

*(Exeunt LUCILIUS and MUMMIUS into the Temple.
 Enter GRACCHUS and BLOSSIUS, R. E., followed
 by citizens, cheering. Calls for GRACCHUS to
 speak. GRACCHUS takes position near the en-
 trance to the Temple.)*

GRACCHUS.

My worthy fellow-citizens of Rome,

In asking for your suffrages again
 I will forbear to dwell upon my doings,
 The good accomplished for the Roman people.
 'Tis not of what I have done I would speak.
 But of the things I will do—if you will!
 For none should rest content with having done
 But press forever forward, doing, doing!
 Therefore that I may dedicate anew
 My utmost powers unto the Roman people,
 I ask to serve you once again as tribune.
 Let me enumerate some needful things
 That now stand waiting one of willing mind:
 And first this wonderful unique bequest
 Made by the dying Attalus to Rome,
 His kingdom, Pergamum; a weighty charge,
 Fit only for the tribunes to assume,
 Dispose and manage; all the ready money
 Found in the treasury of King Attalus
 Should be bestowed upon the poor citizens;
 And let the censors farm the land of the King,
 And be the rental shared among the people.

A VOICE.

A good beginning!

GRACCHUS.

Next, the soldiers, come:

Upon them rest security at home,
 Success abroad—they should be treated well:
 Beside their usual pay, let them receive
 Their clothing gratis, at the state's expense.

VOICES.

Their clothing. So they should! 'Tis only right!

GRACCHUS.

And fellow-soldiers, let me say a word
 Upon our term of military service:
 It is too long and ought to be diminished.

VOICES.

He's right! He's level-headed! Yes, it should!

GRACCHUS.

Another measure let me advocate:
 To give the right of judging to the knights;
 For is it not a farce to try offenders
 Against the provinces by courts composed
 Of men with common views of law and morals,
 With interest in common with the accused?

VOICES.

Another sword-thrust! He's a master hand!

GRACCHUS.

Among a dozen duties one there is
 Transcends the rest: to strengthen Rome.
 The ideal Roman state for which I strive
 Is one wherein the franchise would extend
 To all Italians south of the Rubicon
 And Macra; while within the greater Rome
 To every adult citizen is granted
 Freedom of action in the largest measure.
 This Rome-to-be, the glorified and great,
 Awaits your will to make or mar to-day: For 'tis your all-
 compelling vote to-day
 Sends Rome to sure defeat, destruction, death;
 Or forward on her proud, resistless way,
 Until the whole wide world is one stupendous Rome.

*(At the conclusion of GRACCHUS's speech voting be-
 gins. RUBRIUS is selected by lot to preside.)*

The names of the candidates for the tribuneship were given out. Among the number was TIBERIUS GRACCHUS. After two tribes had voted, the aristocrats declared the candidature of TIBERIUS GRACCHUS to be illegal, because he could not hold office two years in succession. RUBRIUS, the presiding tribune, hesitated to proceed in face of the objection.)

RUBRIUS.

'Tis claimed Tiberius Gracchus cannot serve
Successive terms of office; I refuse,
In face of this objection, to proceed,
Until his candidacy is withdrawn!

CARBO.

There is no choice, receive the vote!

STILO.

Proceed.

RUBRIUS.

A choice is left me to preside or no,
And rather than receive them, I'll resign!

MUMMIUS.

This antiquated statute scares me not;
I offer to relieve you; I'll preside!

SATUREIUS.

There's one thing Mummius must remember, though:
Since we selected Rubrius by lot,
By lot must his successor be selected.

(An uproar follows, some calling on RUBRIUS to continue, others for MUMMIUS.)

RUFUS. (*To crowd before Temple.*)
 Know you that uproar's meaning, fellow Romans?
 It is Tiberius Gracchus, mad with pride,
 He would deprive the tribunes of their office.

VOICE.
 Let him not dare to do so mad a thing.

ANNIUS.
 Ay! but he says he shall a tribune be
 Without the people's votes.

VOICES.
 He never shall!
 He is a tyrant!

ANNIUS.
 'Tis the Senate now
 Alone can save the Roman people's rights.
 I'll to the Temple Fides hurry on,
 Of Rome's great danger warn the Senators.

(*Exit ANNIUS L. U. E. At this point the nobles' party is threatening GRACCHUS, who touches his head to signify to those at a distance that his life was in danger.*)

RUFUS. (*To crowd about him.*)
 Too late! too late! He's asking for a crown!

VOICES.
 Down with him! Kill the traitor!

BLOSSIUS.
 Oh, what fools!
 To lose your wits at bark of demagogue,
 And run pell-mell in panic into bloodshed.
 Our grand republic Gracchus means to save;

He worships liberty and wants no crown.

(Enter FLACCUS, L. E., quickly; presses his way through the crowd to GRACCHUS.)

FLACCUS.

Straight from the Senate's session come I,
 With utmost speed to say your life's in danger.
 The high priest Nasica called upon Scævola
 To save the state by striking Gracchus down.
 This fierce fanatic failed to move the consul
 To take the life of any citizen
 Unless by lawful process, after trial.
 Then Nasica becoming wild with rage,
 Accused the consul of betraying Rome,
 And as chief priest bade all to follow him,
 And by the force of arms maintain the law.
 I ran ahead to warn you that he comes
 With friends and slaves all armed and marching here,
 To kill you.

GRACCHUS.

Friends and fellow-citizens:

The enemies of Rome surround you here,
 Refusing your inalienable right
 To register your will: we have been mild
 And very patient; but the point is passed,
 The rich and nobles would still further go!
 So be no longer passive; Romans, hear:
 Let those who dare to fetter Roman freemen
 Be driven from this temple they pollute!

*(With a great shout the fray begins. Enter, L. E., NASICA, leading on METELLUS, LUSCUS, MACE-
 DONICUS, POMPEIUS, and others, armed.)*

NASICA.

Who would the republic save, now follow me!

(Winds border of toga about his head.)

GRACCHUS.

Look! He would hide his villany from the gods!

(The Senators wrested the clubs out of the hands of Gracchans, beat them and pursued them. Fragments of benches, sticks, clubs, and stones were used. GRACCHUS was surrounded at the door of the Temple, where he had stumbled over some fallen men, close by the statues of the kings. While endeavoring to rise, SATUREIUS struck him a blow with the leg of a bench.)

GRACCHUS.

What! has he bribed my friends to murder me!

Oh! Nasica will pay you well for that!

(RUFUS strikes him a blow while he lies prostrate.)

GRACCHUS.

Another traitor eager for his hire!

(Enter CLAUDIUS, CRASSUS, and SCÆVOLA L. E., as enter CORNELIA, R. E.)

GRACCHUS.

Ah! mother! mother!

CORNELIA.

Have they murdered you?

GRACCHUS.

I fear they have succeeded—ah—but yet—

Justice and right—my cause—they cannot kill!

O, mother, bid my brother Caius—Caius—

(He falls back and dies.)

CORNELIA. (*On knees with hand uplifted over the dead
body of GRACCHUS.*)

Ungrateful Roman people! fools and knaves!
For this day's monstrous deed be ever slaves!

CURTAIN TO ACT V.

END OF TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

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