

TRAGEDIES



TALFOURD





F. A. N. Pessoa



TRAGEDIES

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A FEW SONNETS AND VERSES

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# TRAGEDIES

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Few Sonnets and Verses

BY

T. N. TALFOURD

SERJEANT-AT-LAW

"I left no calling for this idle trade  
No duty broke."—POPE.



LONDON

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PREFACE  
TO THE PRESENT EDITION.



IN publishing the following Dramas in a cheap and compact form, I have little to express except my thanks for the indulgence which has been extended towards them. If I had felt at liberty to alter them, I should have been tempted to do more than correct some verbal errors, and curtail a few palpable redundancies of language; but I feel that when a work has been once fairly presented to the public, and, to the full extent of the author's hopes, accepted, he is no longer at liberty to treat it as exclusively his own; and, therefore, I have confined my own corrections within the narrow limit I have suggested. In addition to the few sonnets which accompanied the former editions, I have collected a few more which have appeared in periodical works, and added some verses which have not been before printed.

Here I might close this preface — as the slender matters which have reference to each Drama have been noticed in the Advertisement prefixed to each—if I did not think that I ought not to allow the present occasion to pass without noticing a misconception of the author

of "The Hungarian Daughter," which, although not perhaps calling for a separate protest, and certainly not justifying any hostile remark, should not pass unnoticed in a collected edition which includes the passage on which it is founded.

Mr. Stephens—an author endowed with real tragic power, though not perhaps always adapting it to the purposes of theatrical representation—sharing with other Dramatic Poets the strong and natural desire of seeing works designed for the stage presented upon it—seems to have divided the plays of the present day into two classes, the "*acted*" and the "*unacted*," as if the distinction implied some essential difference in merit or kind, and not a mere difference of fortune; and to have sought for the latter a great pre-eminence in critical opinion over the former. To the enunciation of this opinion, or to its maintenance by a comparison of my own dramas with tragedies which have not been acted, however much to my disadvantage, I have no right to object;—but I do object to being elevated into a position of authority to which I have no claim, and then regarded as expressing an opinion on the works of *others* which it would have been impertinent in me to offer. The passage is as follows:—"Were I to affirm that, in my opinion, the unacted drama of this country at the present day is of a higher order than that which finds its way unto the stage, such a declaration would be very likely ascribed to prejudice, but Mr. Serjeant Talfourd *has most handsomely proclaimed the same truth*; and from his competence, in every point of view, to set the question at rest, I should presume there can be no appeal."\* The reference intended is, I presume, to the advertisement prefixed to the second edition of "Glen-

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\* Preface to "The Hungarian Daughter," p. 19.

coe,"\* which had been published shortly before the appearance of "The Hungarian Daughter," as I am unconscious of having written anything else which bears on the subject. Having seen the production and the success of "Ion" and "The Athenian Captive" attributed to personal circumstances, I was desirous of stating that "Glencoe" had been accepted as the work of a stranger by the manager and actors, and had passed the ordeal of its first representation before the disclosure of the author's name; and in making this statement I expressed the reason for intruding personal matters on the public as follows:—

"As I am conscious that this Play has been produced at a time when dramatic productions, superior to it in many of the essentials of the species of composition, have recently issued from the press, I think it due to the management of the Haymarket Theatre and to Mr. Macready to state the exact truth respecting it." It is true that I intended to express my conviction that this particular work—which I might depreciate without offence—was inferior in many respects to Plays not then acted, as (among others) to Mr. Horne's "Cosmo de Medici"—to Mr. Stephens' own dramas—and to "Athelwold," "Nina Sforza," and "The Blot on the Scutcheon," which have since been represented, but I did not presume to apply the same comparison to other authors of acted Plays—as Knowles, Bulwer, Jerrold, or the author of "The Provost of Bruges." It may be permitted to writers who, like Mr. Stephens, are conscious of power which has not obtained the fair opportunity of trial before living audiences, to console themselves by the expression of their belief that, "*with the exception of a few modern tragedies which cannot*

*get represented*, the hundred and eighty years since the adoption of the odious monopoly has not produced a single Play that will live out the present century ; " \* but it would ill become one whose dramatic efforts have obtained their full measure of attention, to sit thus in judgment on those of his contemporaries who have not only attained splendid theatrical success, but high and lasting renown. I may be allowed to add that, while I am not only content but happy to attribute much of the success of the two first Dramas to personal regards, I feel that it was an honest success ; for, believing that the liberal issue of orders has conduced greatly to impair the love for the Drama, and to impoverish the managers of theatres, I have always declined to solicit or use them ; and have never obtained, or written, or given one on any representation of either of my Plays.

In the Preface to "Glencoe," which was no doubt imperfectly recollected by Mr. Stephens, when he invested me with so unmerited an authority, I expressed my concurrence in the demand which he and other Dramatists made for the removal of all legislative restrictions on the performance of Plays, and my hope that it might produce the consequence they expected, in greatly facilitating the representation of new Dramas. While I acquiesced in the justice of this claim, I cherished no sanguine hope that its success would produce the expected results ; because I knew that there was a monopoly, not of the Law's making, and beyond the Law's redress—a monopoly of the power of representing tragic passion and suffering, limited to a very few artists, which no legislation can remedy.

The demands of Dramatists have been granted—the legal monopoly is entirely overthrown ; every theatre

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\* Preface to "The Hungarian Daughter," p. 21.

within the Bills of Mortality may obtain the right of representing the legitimate drama; but what is the result? Alas! it has only been the annihilating the distinction between the two classes of Dramatists, for the benefit of neither; for all our Drama is *unacted* now! And thus it must continue, until the art of acting shall revive, and the Dramatist shall possess not only a right to "a free stage," but obtain actors to render it vital.

In the meantime I rejoice in the conviction that the genius of our country has assumed a dramatic form, and has been developed in tragedies of a high order; some of which have been acted; others are incapable of being acted; and others will be acted, when actors of true passion shall be found, but not with real success till then. Excluding from consideration the noble dramatic poems of Taylor and Darley, which are written in express repudiation of an actual stage, and those of Smith, Troughton, and Marston, which have been embodied upon it, there remain noble tragedies in print which would do honour to the stage, and which yet I should regret to see acted in a small sphere, with poor accompaniments, and by frigid, illiterate, or ungraceful performers. I would not—to cite one of the noblest instances which our Drama presents—desire to see "Cosmo de Medici," with its images of gay and princely life, and of colossal sorrow, disfigured by the vapid imbecility of its youths and the mouthing inanity of its great and mournful father. Whether the impulse given to dramatic poetry will long survive the annihilation of the stage, I fear to conjecture; and I am not sanguine for the cause of Dramatic Authors, unless a race of actors shall arise to help them. Mr. Horne has already turned to the Epic, and consoled us by the noble music and classic imagery, and intense feeling,

and starry destiny of his "Orion," for the absence of a presentment of dramatic passion and suffering. If the Stage, in spite of its emancipation, shall fall to decay, I shall deplore it—if it be only for what we shall lose in him, and in the younger genius of Robert Browning—a genius only yet dimly perceived, but deeply felt, and which requires and deserves the noble discipline of dramatic conditions. Happy, indeed, shall I be to find the hopes and the struggles of those who have achieved the emancipation of the Stage not lost in the destruction of that for the freedom of which they have fought and conquered!

T. N. T.

LONDON, *January 12, 1844.*



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ION.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

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*First Acted at Covent Garden Theatre, 26th May, 1836.*



## NOTICE OF THE LATE DR. VALPY,

PREFIXED INSTEAD OF DEDICATION TO THE  
FIRST PUBLISHED EDITION OF ION.



IN offering this attempt at dramatic composition to the public at large, I am mournfully reminded of an irreparable loss by the necessity of omitting a Dedication to one whose name should have graced its opening page. The two Editions which have been privately circulated were inscribed to my venerable and indulgent friend, DR. VALPY, upon whose long life of kindness Death has since set the final seal. When I ventured to claim for it his protection, I well knew that I might rely upon that charity which lavished its bounties upon every effort of his pupils, for tenderness to its faults, and for generous praise of any merits which the eye of friendship might detect or create. There was also a propriety in seeking this association for a work which was prompted by love of those remains of antique beauty which he had taught me to know and to revere; which assumed that form of poetry in which he had chiefly delighted; and which, although meditated in broken hours, and at long intervals, had always mingled with the recollections of those happy days, when he first awakened within me the sense of classical grace, and of those after-seasons, when the exquisite representations of Greek Tragedy, which he

superintended, made its images vital. He is gone to his rest full of years and honours; and I cannot receive from him that sanction which he cordially gave me when I presented this drama to my friends, now that I submit it to the judgment of a wider and an impartial circle. Death, which harmonises the pictures of human character, found little in *his* to spiritualise or to soften; but if it has not enhanced the feeling of his excellences in the minds of those who felt their influence, it has enabled them to express that feeling without the semblance of flattery. It has left them free not only to expatiate on those well-directed labours which have facilitated the access of the young to the elements of sound learning; on the solemn and persuasive tone of his pulpit eloquence; on the steadiness of his attachment to principles adopted with caution, expressed with moderation, yet maintained without a sigh at the cost of the emoluments and honours to which they were obstacles; but also to revert to that remarkable kindness of disposition which was the secret but active law of his moral being. His nature was not ameliorated nor even characterised, but wholly moulded of Christian love to an entireness of which there are few examples. He had no sense of injury, but as something to be forgiven. The liberal allowance which he extended to all human frailties grew more active when they affected his own interests, and interfered with his own hopes; so that, however he might reprobate evil at a distance, as soon as it came within his sphere he desired only to overcome it by good. Envy, Hatred, and Malice, were to him mere names, like the figures of a speech in a schoolboy's theme, or the giants in a fairy tale—phantoms which scarcely touched him with a transient sense of reality. His guileless simplicity of heart was not preserved in learned seclusion, or by a constant watchfulness over the development

of youthful powers (for he found time to mingle frequently in the blameless gaieties and the stirring business of life), but by the happy constitution of his own nature, which passion could rarely disturb, and evil had no power to stain. His system of education was animated by a portion of his own spirit: it was framed to enkindle and to quicken the best affections, and to render emulation itself subservient to the generous friendships which it promoted. His charity in its comprehensiveness, resembled nothing less than the imagination of the greatest of our poets, embracing everything human; shedding its light upon the just and the unjust; detecting "the soul of goodness in things evil;" stealing rigidity from virtue; bringing into gentle relief those truths which are of aspect the most benign, and those suggestions and hopes which are most full of consolation; and attaching itself, in all the various departments of life, to individuals whose childhood it had fostered; in whose merits its own images were multiplied, or whose errors and sorrows supplied the materials of its most quick and genial action. The hold which the Reading schoolboy had upon this charity could not be forfeited, even "by slights, the worst of injuries;" and when broken in fortune, deserted by relatives, and frowned on by the world, he had only to seek the hospitable roof of his old master—"claim kindred there, and have his claims allow'd." By the spirit of cordiality which breathed there, all party differences were melted away, or, if perceived at all, served only to render tolerance more vivid; and when he who had presided there for fifty years left the scene of his generous labours as a permanent abode, it was to diffuse the serenity of a good conscience and the warmth of unchilled affections through the homes of children who were made proud as well as happy by his presence. Such was he

to the last, amidst the infirmities which accidents rather than age had accumulated around him;—the gentlest of monitors, and the most considerate of sufferers—until he was withdrawn from those whose minds he had nurtured; one of whom, who has most cause for gratitude, pays this humble tribute to his memory.

LONDON, *26th May*, 1836.



## P R E F A C E

TO THE FOURTH PUBLISHED EDITION OF ION.

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THE following Drama, as the readers of two Editions which were printed for private circulation are already aware, was composed and printed without any hope of its being found capable of representation on the stage. Its publication in its present form was cotemporary with its production on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit, 26th May 1836; and as, at that time, its repetition was not anticipated, it was thought unnecessary to accompany it with any Preface. But as its performance has since been attended with unexpected success both in this country and in America, I may, without impropriety, state the views with which it was written, and indulge myself in the expression of my gratitude to those by whose assistance it has thus far been rendered vital. The first of those purposes will be best accomplished by extracting a portion of the Preface to the earliest of the unpublished Editions, which bears date in April 1835:—

"The title of this Drama is borrowed from the Tragedy of Euripides, which gave the first hint of the situation in which its hero is introduced—that of a foundling youth educated in a temple, and assisting in its services; but otherwise there is no resemblance

between this imperfect sketch and that exquisite picture. It has been written, not indeed without a view to an ideal stage, which should never be absent from the mind of the humblest aspirant to dramatic composition, but without any hope of rendering it worthy to be acted. If it were regarded as a drama composed for actual representation, I am well aware that not in 'matter of form' only, but in 'matter of substance,' it would be found wanting. The idea of the principal character,—that of a nature essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach,—vividly conscious of existence and its pleasures, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty,—is scarcely capable of being rendered sufficiently striking in itself, or of being subjected to such agitations, as tragedy requires in the fortunes of its heroes. It was further necessary, in order to involve such a character in circumstances which might excite terror or grief or joy, to introduce other machinery than that of passions working naturally within, or events arising from ordinary and probable motives without; as its own elements would not supply the contests of tragic emotion, nor would its sufferings, however accumulated, present a varied or impressive picture. Recourse has therefore been had, not only to the old Grecian notion of Destiny, apart from all moral agencies, and to a prophecy indicating its purport in reference to the individuals involved in its chain, but to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine by which Fate may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue. Either perhaps of these aids might have been permitted, if used in accordance with the entire spirit of the piece; but the employment of



*both* could not be justified in a drama intended for visual presentation, in which a certain verisimilitude is essential to the faith of the spectator. Whether any groups, surrounded with the associations of the Greek Mythology, and subjected to the capricious laws of Greek Superstition, could be endowed by genius itself with such present life as to awaken the sympathies of an English audience, may well be doubted; but it cannot be questioned, that except by sustaining a stern unity of purpose, and breathing an atmosphere of Grecian sentiment over the whole, so as to render the picture national and coherent in all its traits, the effect must be unsatisfactory and unreal. Conscious of my inability to produce a work thus justified to the imagination by its own completeness and power, I have not attempted it; but have sought, out of mere weakness, for 'Fate and metaphysical aid,' to 'crown withal' the ordinary persons of a romantic play. I have, therefore, asked far too much for a spectator to grant; but the case is different with the reader who does not seek the powerful excitements of the theatre, nor is bound to a continuous attention: and who, for the sake of scattered sentiments or expressions which may please him, may, at least by a latitude of friendly allowance, forgive the incongruities of the machinery by which the story is conducted. This drama may be described as the Phantasm of a tragedy,—not a thing of substance mortised into the living rock of humanity,—and therefore incapable of exciting that interest which grows out of human feeling, or of holding that permanent place in the memory, which truth only can retain.

"There are few perhaps among those who have written for the press, predominant as that majority now is over the minority of mere readers, who have not, at some season of their lives, contemplated the achievement of a tragedy. The narrow and well-defined limits by which

the action of tragedy is circumscribed—the various affections which may live and wrestle, and suffer within those palpable boundaries—its appeal to the sources of grief common to humanity on the one hand, and to the most majestic shapings of the imagination on the other, softening and subduing the heart to raise and to ennoble it,—and perhaps, more than all, the vivid presentment of the forms in which the strengths and weaknesses of our nature are embodied, its calamities dignified, and its high destiny vindicated, even in the mortal struggle by which for a season it is vanquished,—may well impress every mind, reaching, however feebly, towards the creative, with a fond desire to imitate the great masters of its ‘so potent art.’ This desire has a powerful ally in the exuberant spirits of youth, when the mind, unchilled by the sad realities of life, searches out for novelty in those forms of sorrow, from which it afterwards may turn for relief to the flickerings of mirth, and to brief snatches of social pleasure. Perhaps ‘Gorgeous Tragedy’ left a deeper impression when she passed ‘sweeping by’ my intellectual vision, than would have been otherwise received by a mind unapt for so high a correspondence, by reason of the accident that the glimpse was stolen. Denied by the conscientious scruples of friends an early acquaintance with plays, I had derived from Mrs. More’s ‘Sacred Dramas’ my first sense of that peculiar enjoyment which the idea of dramatic action, however imperfectly conveyed, gives ; and stiff and cumbrous as they now seem, I owe to their author that debt of gratitude, which others may perhaps share with me, who have first looked on the world of literature through the network of most sincere but exclusive opinions. These gave, however, but dim limits of the greatness which was behind ; I looked into the domain of tragedy as into a mountain region covered with mist and cloud ;—and

incapable of appreciating the deep humanities of Shakespeare, 'rested and expatiated' in the brocaded grandeurs of Dryden, Rowe, and Addison. To describe the delight with which, for the first time, I saw the curtain of Covent Garden Theatre raised for the representation of "Cato," would be idle,—or how it was sustained during the noble performance which followed, when the visions of Roman constancy and classic grace, which had haunted the mind through all its schoolboy years (then drawing to a close), seemed bodied forth in palpable form, when the poor commonplaces of an artificial diction flowed 'mended from the tongue' of the actor and the thoughtful words trembling on his lips suggested at once the feeling of earthly weakness and of immortal hope,—and when the old Stoic, in his rigid grandeur, was reconciled to the human heart by the struggle of paternal love, and became 'passioned as ourselves,' without losing any portion of that statue-like dignity which made him the representative of a world of heroic dreamings.

"After this glimpse of the acted drama, I was long haunted by the idle wish to write a tragedy; and many hours did I happily, but vainly, spend in sober contemplations of its theme. I tried to wreathe several romantic and impossible stories, which I fashioned in my evening walks into acts, and began to write a scene; but however pleased I might be with the outline of these fantasies, I was too much disgusted with the alternate baldness and fustian of the blank verse, which I produced in the attempt to execute them, to proceed. At this time also, just as the laborious avocations of my life were commencing, my taste and feeling, as applied to poetry, underwent an entire change, consequent on my becoming acquainted with the poetry of Wordsworth. That power which, slighted and scoffed at as it was then, has since exerted a purifying influence on the literature of this country, such

as no other individual power has ever wrought ; which has not only given to the material universe ' a speech and a language ' before unheard, but has opened new sources of enjoyment even in the works of the greatest poets of past days, and imparted a new sense by which we may relish them ;—which, while on the one hand it has dissipated the sickly fascinations of gaudy phraseology, has, on the other, cast around the loveliest conditions a new and exquisite light, and traced out the links of good by which all human things are bound together, and clothed our earthly life in the solemnities which belong to its origin and its destiny—humbled the pride of my swelling conceits, and taught me to look on the mighty works of genius, not with the presumption of an imitator, but with the veneration of a child. For the early enjoyment of this great blessing, which the sneers of popular critics might otherwise have withheld from me for years, I am indebted to my friend Mr. Baron Field, a worthy and beloved associate of the most original poets and thinkers of our time, who overcame my reluctance to peruse what the *Edinburgh Review* had so triumphantly derided. The love of contemplative poetry, thus inspired, led me, in such leisure as I could attain, rather to ponder over the resources of the profoundest emotions, or to regard them as associated with the majestic forms of the universe, than to follow them into their violent conflicts and mournful catastrophes ; and although I never ceased to regard the acted drama as the most delightful of recreations, I sought no longer to work out a frigid imitation of writers, whom alone I could hope to copy, and whose enchantments were dissipated by more genial magic.

“ But the tragic drama was about to revive amongst us, and I was not insensible to its progress. Although the tragedies of the last twelve years are not worthy to be compared with the noblest productions of the great

age of our drama, they are, with two or three exceptions, far superior to any which had been written in the interval. Since the last skirts of the glory of Shakspeare's age disappeared, we shall search in vain for serious plays of equal power and beauty with 'Virginus,' 'William Tell,' 'Mirandola,' 'Rienzi,' or the 'Merchant of London;' at least, if we except 'Venice Preserved' for the admirable conduct of its story, and 'Douglas' for that romantic tenderness and pathos which have been too little appreciated of late years. It happened to me to be intimately acquainted with all those who contributed to this impulse, and to take an immediate interest in their successes. I also enjoyed the friendship of the delightful artist to whom all have by turns been indebted for the realisation of their noblest conceptions, and was enabled to enjoy with more exquisite relish the home-born affection with which those were endued, and the poetical grain breathed around them, by finding the same influences shed by Mr. Macready over the sphere of his social and domestic life. It will not be surprising, that, to one thus associated, the old wish to accomplish something in dramatic shape should recur, not accompanied by the hopes of sharing in the scenic triumphs of his friends, but bounded by the possibility of conducting a tale through dialogue to a close, and of making it subserve to the expression of some cherished thoughts. In this state of feeling, some years ago, the scheme of the drama of 'Ion' presented itself to me; and after brooding over it for some time, I wrote a prose outline of its successive scenes, nearly in the order and to the effect in which they are now completed, and made some progress in an opening scene of which little now remains. The attempt was soon laid aside; for I found the composition of dramatic blank verse even more difficult now that I had present to me the ease and vividness of my

friends, than when I had been contented to emulate the ponderous lines of the dramatists of Garrick's age. Still the idea of my hero occurred to me often; I found my pleasantest thoughts gathering about him; and rather more than two years ago I determined to make one essay more. Since that time, such seasons of leisure as I could find have been devoted to the work; but I had so great distrust of my ability to complete it, that I did not mention my design to any one; and I cannot charge myself with having permitted it to interfere with any professional or private duty. At the close of last year, I found four acts reduced into form. At this time, the sudden realisation of another youthful dream opened to me the prospect of additional duties, which I knew full well ought to preclude the continuance of those secret flirtations with the Muse in which I had indulged; and therefore I resolved to make a last effort, and, by completing my drama before those duties should commence, to free myself from the bondage of those threads of fantastical interest which had woven themselves about my mind. I accordingly wrote the fifth act with far more rapidity than any of the previous passages of my play; and, before I was called upon to share in more momentous business, I had communicated to a few friends the result of my scribblings, and bade adieu to my dramatic endeavours and hopes.

“But it may well be asked, Why, with the sense I have confessed of the feebleness of this poetical sketch, I venture to intrude it on my friends? My chief reason is, that I am anxious to cast from my own mind the associations which have hung about it during the composition of the poem, and which, while it remained in manuscript susceptible of alteration, I could not certainly hope for; and, further, to preclude the charge (if it should ever be brought to light hereafter), that it had

occupied leisure which henceforth must be devoted to other studies. I have also a desire to gratify myself by presenting it to my friends, especially to those who are removed to a distance; because, although as a *drama* it is unworthy the attention of the world, yet, as containing thoughts which have passed through my own mind, it may be acceptable to those whose conversation I can no longer enjoy. It would be a sufficient reason to myself for printing it, that I shall be able thus to remind Sir Edward Ryan, now, most honourably to himself, and happily for India, Chief Justice of Bengal, and his excellent colleague, Sir Benjamin Malkin, of the delightful hours we have spent together on the Oxford Circuit, when life was younger with us, and when some of the topics they will find just touched on in these verses were the themes of our graver walks between Ross and Monmouth, or in the deep winding valleys indenting the tableland above Church Stretton, or haply by moonlight in the Churchyard of Ross.\* I take leave to mention these, as far away; but there are others of my fellow-labourers at home, whose sympathy and whose conversation have cheered my professional life, who I believe will receive it cordially; and among them I hope my sometime Sessions-leader, who has committed a similar offence,

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\* Since this reference to the friends of my early professional life was written, Sir Edward Ryan has returned to his country to enjoy the just reward of his labours in the East with the dignity of a Privy Councillor, and the satisfaction of accepting with the honour attendant duties, which his judicial ability and experience peculiarly fit him to discharge. The other, Sir Benjamin Malkin, has been taken from this world in the prime of life, and in the fulness of his powers,—leaving with us the recollection of an intellect as masculine and as refined—of judgment and feeling as discriminating and just—and of social qualities as warm and as equable, as have ever passed, by the mysterious dispensation of Providence, from vigorous exercise into a memory and an example.

though with more extenuating circumstances, by investing with so much dignity of passion and richness of language the story of the 'Countess of Essex,' will not disdain it."

With these views "Ion" was sent to the press, and presented to many of my friends. The favour with which it was received by some, whose approbation was most valuable, would have induced me at once to publish it, if I had not been withheld by the suggestion of Mr. Macready, that it would be effective in representation, and by the belief that any interest which might be excited by such an attempt would be lessened by its previous sale. The prospect, that, at least for one evening, the dull tracery of thought, silently and laboriously woven, might burst into light at the torch of sympathy and become palpable to the senses and the affections of a multitude, was too delightful to be resigned, and was ultimately realised by the friend who had opened it. His consent to produce the Drama on the night of his benefit secured it against painful repulse; and, although I had still no expectation that even *he* could endue it with sufficient interest to render it attractive on ordinary occasions, I looked forward to its single representation in the belief that it would be tolerated by an audience disposed to be gratified, and that the impression it might leave, however faint, would be genial and pure. Many of those who had expressed the most favourable opinions of the piece as a composition were even less sanguine than myself as to the probable event of the evening, and apprehended that it would terminate in their mortification and my own. They did not perceive the possibility of infusing such life into the character of its youthful hero, as would bring the whole fable within the sphere of human sympathies; reconcile the audience to its machinery: and render that which seemed only con-



sistent in its dreaminess, at once entire and real. Such was, however, unquestionably the effect of Mr. Macready's performance on that evening, which I believe,—in the judgment of many who cannot be influenced, like the author, by personal regard or individual gratitude,—was one of the most remarkable triumphs of art which have graced the stage of late years. Although other of his performances are abstractedly greater, none I believe approach this as an effort of art, estimated with reference to the nature of the materials which he animated, to difficulties which he subdued, and to the preconceptions which he charmed away. By the graces of beautiful elocution, he beguiled the audience to receive the Drama as belonging to a range of associations which are no longer linked with the living world, but which retain an undying interest of a gentler cast, as a thing which *might have been*; and then, by his fearful power of making the fantastic real, he gradually rendered the whole possible—probable—true! The consequence of this extraordinary power of vivifying the frigid, and familiarising the remote, was to dissipate the fears of my friends; to render the play an object of attraction during the short remainder of the season; and to embolden others to attempt the part, and encourage other audiences to approve it, even when the power which first gave it sanction was wanting.

How little it was anticipated that the success of the first performance would justify its repetition, may be gathered from the Prologue, which was spoken on that occasion by Mr. Serle—a gentleman, whose earnest and laborious pursuit of excellence as a dramatic poet and an actor, from early youth I have watched with admiration; whose success I have hailed with delight; and through whom I was most happy to express my feelings.

"What airy visions on a play's first night  
 Have flush'd refulgent *here* on poet's sight !  
 While emulous of glory's stainless wreath,  
 He felt 'the future in the instant' breathe ;  
 Saw in the soften'd gleam of radiant eyes  
 The sacred tear through lids yet tearless rise ;  
 Made to each fervid heart the great appeal  
 To bear him witness—stamp'd with living seal—  
 Of passion into forms of grandeur wrought,  
 Or grief by beauty tinged, or raised by thought :  
 As cordial hands their liberal boon conferr'd,  
 Fame's awful whisper in the distance heard,  
 Now shrunk from nicest fear, from fancied scorn,—  
 Now glow'd with hope for 'ages yet unborn.'

"With no such trembling sense of inward power  
 Our author seeks to win his little hour,  
 While to your transient glance, he dares unveil  
 The feeble outlines of a Grecian tale.  
 He boasts no magic skill your souls to draw  
 Within the circle of Athenian awe ;  
 Where Fate on all things solemn beauty throws,  
 And shapes heroic mourn in stern repose ;  
 Or to reveal the fame where genius tips  
 With love's immortal lustre heavenly lips,  
 Where airs divine yet breathe around forms so fair,  
 That Time enamour'd has been charm'd to spare ;  
 Nor his the power which deeds of old imbues  
 With present life, and tints with various hues ;  
 Casts glowing passion in heroic moulds,  
 And makes young feelings burn 'neath ancient folds :  
 Unlearn'd in arts like these, he seeks to cast  
 One faint reflection from the glorious past ;  
 A narrow space his fond ambition bounds,—  
 His little scenic life this evening rounds !

"Oh ! if some image pure a moment play  
 O'er the soul's mirror ere it pass away ;  
 If from some chance-sown thought a genial nerve  
 Should, heart-strung, quicken virtue's cause to serve ;

Let these slight gifts the breath of kindness claim  
For one night's bubble on the sea of Fame,  
Which tempts no aid, which future praise insures,—  
But lives—glows—trembles—and expires in yours !”

The part of the heroine, which affords too little scope for the development of tragic power, was on this night graced by the elegance and the pathos of Miss Ellen Tree, which, as personated on that night, will long be perpetuated by the genius and taste of Mr. Lane. As her engagements at the Haymarket rendered it impossible for her to repeat the character at Covent Garden, the Drama was indebted to the zeal and good-nature of Miss Helen Faucit for accepting it under these peculiar circumstances, and studying it within a few days, and to her talent for giving to it an importance which the author could not hope for from the faintness of its outline. Its subsequent production at the Haymarket calls for a sincere acknowledgment to Mr. Morris, the veteran manager of that delightful place of entertainment, and to all the members of his company, especially to Mr. Vandenhoff, for his kingly personation of Adrastus : to Miss Taylor, for her earnest and affecting Clemanthe ; and, most of all, to the original representative of the heroine, who now illustrated the hero, and who has made the story of his sufferings and his virtues familiar to Transatlantic ears. Who is there who does not feel proud of the just appreciation, by the great American people, of one who is not only the exquisite representative of a range of delightful characters, but of all that is most graceful and refined in English womanhood,—or fail to cherish a wish for her fame and happiness, as if she were a personal friend or relation of his own ?

There is one circumstance attendant on the circulation of this Drama, which has afforded me peculiar gratifica-

tion—that it has been read without disapproval by many of those estimable persons whose conscientious scruples withhold them from the theatre, and has won some of them to confess that there is nothing in the form of dramatic poetry necessarily akin to guilty passions and ignoble aims. I am well aware, that it is indebted for this fortune not to any tone of moral feeling superior to that which is to be felt in its more powerful cotemporaries, but to the incidental relations of its author, and to the manner of its original distribution; and I refer to it, therefore, with pleasure rather than with pride. If such as these are still deterred from sharing in the refined enjoyments of the acted drama, and from permitting their children to receive from it the vivid impressions which it leaves, by a just fear of the accidental influences with which it has been too frequently associated, they may be assured that an opportunity is now offered to them of accepting the benefit without the alloy. They will find one of those great theatres—where alone the mightiest effects of heroic action and suffering can ever be felt, or their greatness fitly presented,—under the direction of an artist whose personal worth might grace any profession or rank, and who, in seeking to dissipate the languor which has crept over the general heart in reference to the stage, at the sacrifice of his own health and ease, and the risk of his well-earned fortune, has had the virtue and the courage to cast away all vicious appliances, and to discourage every blandishment except those by which Art embodies the conceptions of Genius. To Covent Garden Theatre the sternest moralist may now conduct those whose moral nurture he regards as his most anxious and most delightful duty, without fear lest their minds should be diverted from the blameless gaieties or noble passion of the scene by intrusive suggestions of vice, which he would screen, as far as possible, from their

thoughts.\* If, indeed, dramatic representation itself is essentially evil; if it is a crime to render historic truths more vivid by calling forth its august figures from the depth of time and the silence of books, "in their habits as they lived;" if it is a sin to displace the vapidness of conversation, revolving in its own small circle of personal experiences, by presenting the genial eccentricities of character to be at once laughed at and loved, and imagining the graces of society without its bitterness; if it is an offence against the Beneficent Author of our Being, "to hold a mirror up" to the nature He has moulded, in which its grandest and its fairest varieties shall be reflected in the happiest combinations, as that choicest of all His human works—a poet's soul—has cast them; the attempts to remove from the magic glass all external impurities must be fruitless. But if there are those who, while they hold the faith and morals of Milton, are not afraid to accept his precept and to follow his example, I would entreat of them to assist the lessee of a great national theatre in his generous struggle to rescue the stage from the pollutions which have too long debased it. I urge this on them thus earnestly, because in proportion as the dissipated and frivolous have withdrawn from this intellectual enjoyment, it becomes their province to sustain it; because I firmly believe

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\* The effort which, at the time when these remarks were written, was in progress at Covent Garden Theatre, has since been repeated at Drury Lane Theatre, at a more costly sacrifice, and with more perfect success. If the loss nightly incurred by the extinction of those temptations to profligacy, which used to ensure a receipt at second price, amounting in the course of the season to a large sum, was not compensated by the attendance of many who have shunned the theatre on the plea of their existence, it has at least conclusively shown that there is no inevitable connection between the blandishments which relax and pervert the heart of youth and the images of action and suffering which enrich it—and that consciousness is doubtless its own reward.

that its maintenance is most important to the expansion of all that is social, and to the nurture of all that is great within us ; because I deem it—not as an instructor in the way of direct moral invitation or purpose—but as dissolving the crust of selfishness which daily cares and labours gradually form about the kindest hearts—as softening the pride of conventional virtue, and bringing the outcasts of humanity within its sphere ; and as combining all the picturesque varieties which external distinctions present with the sense of the noble equality which lies beneath them. If the introduction of this Drama to the notice of some who have hitherto abstained from visiting the theatre by objection to extrinsic circumstances, should induce them to enjoy the representation of plays of far deeper sentiment and far more vivid passion, it will not have been written nor acted in vain.

LONDON, *14th November, 1837.*



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

AS REPRESENTED AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



<i>Adrastus</i> , King of Argos . . . . .	{	MR. DALE.
	{	MR. VANDENHOFF.
<i>Medon</i> , High Priest of the Temple of Apollo . . . . .	}	MR. THOMPSON.
<i>Crythes</i> , Captain of the Royal Guard	{	MR. C. HILL.
	{	MR. ROBERTS.
<i>Phocion</i> , son of Medon . . . . .		MR. G. BENNETT.
<i>Ctesiphon</i> , } noble Argive youths . . . . .	{	MR. H. WALLACK.
<i>Cassander</i> , }	{	MR. J. WEBSTER.
	{	MR. HOWARD.
<i>Ion</i> . . . . .		MR. MACREADY.
<i>Agenor</i> , } sages of Argos . . . . .	{	MR. PRITCHARD.
<i>Cleon</i> , }	{	MR. TILBURY.
<i>Timocles</i> , }	{	MR. HARRIS.
<i>Irus</i> , a boy, slave to Agenor . . . . .		MISS LANE.
<i>Clemanthe</i> , daughter of Medon . . . . .	{	MISS ELLEN TREE.
	{	MISS HELEN FAUCIT.
<i>Habra</i> , attendant on Clemanthe . . . . .		MISS LACY.

SCENE—*Argos*.

The Time of the Action is comprised in one day and night, and the following morning.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

AS REPRESENTED AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



<i>Adrastus</i> , King of Argos . . . . .		{ MR. VANDENHOFF. MR. ELTON.
<i>Crythes</i> , Captain of the Royal Guard . . . . .		MR. YARNOLD.
<i>Medon</i> , High Priest of the Temple of <i>Apollo</i> . . . . .	}	MR. SELBY.
<i>Phocion</i> , son of <i>Medon</i> . . . . .		MR. J. VINING.
<i>Ctesiphon</i> , } noble Argive youths . . . . .	}	MR. VINING.
<i>Cassander</i> , }		MR. SAVILLE.
<i>Ion</i> . . . . .		MISS ELLEN TREE.
<i>Agenor</i> , } sages of Argos . . . . .	}	MR. HAINES.
<i>Cleon</i> , }		MR. GOUGH.
<i>Timocles</i> , }		MR. GALLOT.
<i>Irus</i> , a boy, slave to <i>Agenor</i> . . . . .		MISS E. PHILLIPS.
<i>Clemanthe</i> , daughter of <i>Medon</i> . . . . .		MISS TAYLOR.
<i>Habra</i> , attendant on <i>Clemanthe</i> . . . . .		MISS GORDON.



ION;  
A Tragedy.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Temple of Apollo, which is supposed to be placed on a rocky eminence. Early morning. The interior lighted by a single lamp suspended from the roof. AGENOR resting against a column;—IRUS seated on a bench at the side of the scene.*

*AGENOR comes forward and speaks.*

*Age.* WILL the dawn never visit us? These hours  
Toil heavy with the unresting curse they bear  
To do the work of desolating years!  
All distant sounds are hush'd;—the shriek of death  
And the survivor's wail are now unheard,  
As grief had worn itself to patience. Irus!  
I'm loth so soon to break thy scanty rest,  
But my heart sickens for the tardy morn;  
Is it not breaking?—speed and lock—yet hold,  
Know'st thou the fearful shelf of rock that hangs  
Above the encroaching waves, the loftiest point  
That stretches eastward?

*Irus.* Know it? O full well!  
 There often have I bless'd the opening day,  
 Which thy free kindness gave me leave to waste  
 In happy wandering through the forests.

*Age.* Well,  
 Thou art not then afraid to tread it ; there  
 The earliest streak from the unrisen sun  
 Is to be welcomed ;—tell me how it gleams,  
 In bloody portent or in saffron hope,  
 And hasten back to slumber.

*Irus.* I shall hasten :  
 Believe not that thy summons broke my rest ;  
 I was not sleeping. [Exit IRUS.]

*Age.* Heaven be with thee, child !  
 His grateful mention of delights bestow'd  
 On that most piteous state of servile childhood  
 By liberal words chance-dropp'd, hath touch'd a vein  
 Of feeling which I deem'd for ever numb'd,  
 And, by a gush of household memories, breaks  
 The icy casing of that thick despair  
 Which day by day hath gather'd o'er my heart,  
 While, basely safe, within this column'd circle,  
 Uplifted far into the purer air  
 And by Apollo's partial love secured,  
 I have, in spirit, glided with the Plague  
 As in foul darkness or in sickliest light  
 It wafted death through Argos ; and mine ears,  
 Listening athirst for any human sound,  
 Have caught the dismal cry of confused pain,  
 Which to this dizzy height the fitful wind  
 Hath borne from each sad quarter of the vale  
 Where life was.

*Re-enter IRUS.*

Are there signs of daybreak?

*Irus.*

None;

The eastern sky is still unbroken gloom.

*Age.* It cannot surely be. Thine eyes are dim  
 (No fault of thine) for want of rest, or now  
 I look upon them near, with scalding tears.  
 Hath care alighted on a head so young?  
 What grief hast thou been weeping?

*Irus.*

Pardon me;

I never thought at such a mournful time  
 To plead my humble sorrow in excuse  
 Of poorly-render'd service: but my brother—  
 Thou mayst have noted him,—a sturdy lad,  
 With eye so merry and with foot so light  
 That none could chide his gamesomeness—fell sick  
 But yesterday, and died in my weak arms  
 Ere I could seek for stouter aid: I hoped  
 That I had taught my grief to veil its signs  
 From thy observant care; but when I stood  
 Upon the well-known terrace where we loved,  
 Arm link'd in arm, to watch the gleaming sails—  
 His favourite pastime, for he burn'd to share  
 A seaman's hardy lot,—my tears would flow,  
 And I forgot to dry them. But I see  
 Cleon is walking yonder; let me call him;  
 For it must cheer thy heart to speak with him.

*Age.* Call him, good youth, and then go in to sleep,  
 Or, if thou wilt, to weep. [Exit IRUS.]

I envy thee

The privilege, but Jupiter forefend  
 That I should rob thee of it!

*Enter CLEON.**Cleon.*

Hail, Ageor!

Dark as our lot remains, 'tis comfort yet  
 To find thy age unstricken.

*Age.* Rather mourn  
 That I am destined still to linger here  
 In strange unnatural strength, while death is round me,  
 I chide these sinews that are framed so tough  
 Grief cannot palsy them ; I chide the air  
 Which round this citadel of nature breathes  
 With sweetness not of this world ; I would share  
 The common grave of my dear countrymen,  
 And sink to rest while all familiar things  
 Old custom has endear'd are failing with me,  
 Rather than shiver on in life behind them :  
 Nor should these walls detain me from the paths  
 Where death may be embraced, but that my word,  
 In a rash moment plighted to our host,  
 Forbids me to depart without his license,  
 Which firmly he refuses.

*Cleon.* Do not chide me  
 If I rejoice to find the generous Priest  
 Means, with Apollo's blessing, to preserve  
 The treasure of thy wisdom ;—nay, he trusts not  
 To promises alone ; his gates are barr'd  
 Against thy egress :—none, indeed, may pass them  
 Save the youth Ion, to whose earnest prayer  
 His foster-father grants reluctant leave  
 To visit the sad city at his will :  
 And freely does he use the dangerous boon,  
 Which, in my thought, the love that cherish'd him,  
 Since he was found within the sacred grove  
 Smiling amidst the storm, a most rare infant,  
 Should have had sternness to deny.

*Age.* What, Ion  
 The only inmate of this fane allow'd  
 To seek the mournful walks where death is busy !—  
 Ion our sometime darling, whom we prized  
 As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd

From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud  
To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent  
To grapple with the miseries of this time,  
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears  
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?  
By no internal contest is he train'd  
For such hard duty; no emotions rude  
Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd;—Love, the germ  
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,  
Expanding with its progress, as the store  
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals  
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,  
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear  
Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy  
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things  
Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,  
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,  
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,  
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,  
And falter'd into music; when the forms  
Of guilty passion have been made to live  
In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud  
In righteous indignation, he hath heard  
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein  
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,  
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd  
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill  
May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them.

*Cleon.*

Yet, methinks,  
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change  
Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.  
His form appears dilated; in those eyes

Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells ;  
 Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now  
 Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care :  
 Those limbs which in their heedless motion own'd  
 A stripling's playful happiness, are strung  
 As if the iron hardships of the camp  
 Had given them sturdy nurture ; and his step,  
 Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,  
 Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,  
 As if a hero of gigantic mould  
 Paced them in armour.

*Age.* Hope is in thy tale.  
 This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,  
 But work of pitying Heaven ; for not in vain  
 The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart  
 The strengths that nerve the hero ;—they are ours.

*Cleon.* How can he aid us ? Can he stay the pulse  
 Of ebbing life,—arrest the infected winds,  
 Or smite the hungry spectre of the grave ?

*Age.* And dost thou think these breezes are our foes,—  
 The innocent airs that used to dance around us,  
 As if they felt the blessings they convey'd,  
 Or that the death they bear is casual ? No !  
 'Tis human guilt that blackens in the cloud,  
 Flashes athwart its mass in jagged fire,  
 Whirls in the hurricane, pollutes the air,  
 Turns all the joyous melodies of earth  
 To murmurings of doom. There is a foe  
 Who in the glorious summit of the state  
 Draws down the great resentment of the gods,  
 Whom he defies to strike us ;—yet his power  
 Partakes that just infirmity which Nature  
 Blends in the empire of her proudest sons—  
 That it is cased within a single breast,  
 And may be pluck'd thence by a single arm.

Let but that arm, selected by the gods,  
Do its great office on the tyrant's life,  
And Argos breathes again !

*Cle.* A footstep !—hush !

Thy wishes, falling on a slavish ear,  
Would tempt another outrage : 'tis a friend—  
An honest though a crabbed one—Timocles :  
Something hath ruffled him.—Good day, Timocles !

[TIMOCLES *passes in front.*

He will not speak to us.

*Age.* But he *shall* speak.

Timocles—nay then, thus I must enforce thee ;

[*Staying him.*

Thou wilt not cast from thee a comrade's hand  
That may be cold ere sunset.

*Timocles (giving his hand).* Thou mayst school me ;  
Thy years and love have license : but I own not  
A stripling's mastery ; is't fit, Agenor ?

*Age.* Nay, thou must tell thy wrong ; whate'er it prove,  
I hail thy anger as a hopeful sign,  
For it revives the thought of household days,  
When the small bickerings of friends had space  
To fret, and Death was not for ever nigh  
To frown upon Estrangement. What has moved thee ?

*Tim.* I blush to tell it. Weary of the night  
And of my life, I sought the western portal :  
It open'd, when ascending from the stair  
That through the rock winds spiral from the town,  
Ion, the foundling cherish'd by the Priest,  
Stood in the entrance : with such mild command  
As he has often smilingly obey'd,  
I bade him stand aside and let me pass ;  
When—wouldst thou think it ?—in determined speech  
He gave me counsel to return ; I press'd  
Impatient onward : he, with honied phrase

His daring act excusing, grasp'd my arm  
 With strength resistless ; led me from the gate ;  
 Replaced its ponderous bars ; and, with a look  
 As modest as he wore in childhood, left me.

*Age.* And thou wilt thank him for it soon ; he comes—  
 Now hold thy angry purpose if thou canst !

*Enter ION.*

*Ion.* I seek thee, good Timocles, to implore  
 Again thy pardon. I am young in trust,  
 And fear lest, in the earnestness of love,  
 I stay'd thy course too rudely. Thou hast borne  
 My childish folly often,—do not frown  
 If I have ventured with unmanner'd zeal  
 To guard the ripe experience of years  
 From one rash moment's danger.

*Tim.* Leave thy care.

If I am weary of the flutterer life,  
 Is mortal bidding thus to cage it in ?

*Ion.* And art thou tired of being ? Has the grave  
 No terrors for thee ? Hast thou sunder'd quite  
 Those thousand meshes which old custom weaves  
 To bind us earthward, and gay fancy films  
 With airy lustre various ? Hast subdued  
 Those cleavings of the spirit to its prison,  
 Those nice regards, dear habits, pensive memories,  
 That change the valour of the thoughtful breast  
 To brave dissimulation of its fears ?  
 Is Hope quench'd in thy bosom ? Thou art free,  
 And in the simple dignity of man  
 Standest apart untempted :—do not lose  
 The great occasion thou hast pluck'd from misery,  
 Nor play the spendthrift with a great despair,  
 But use it nobly !

*Tim.* What, to strike ? to slay ?



*Ion.* No!—not unless the audible voice of Heaven  
 Call thee to that dire office; but to shed  
 On ears abused by falsehood, truths of power  
 In words immortal,—not such words as flash  
 From the fierce demagogue's unthinking rage  
 To madden for a moment and expire,—  
 Nor such as the rapt orator imbues  
 With warmth of facile sympathy, and moulds  
 To mirrors radiant with fair images,  
 To grace the noble fervour of an hour;—  
 But words which bear the spirits of great deeds  
 Wing'd for the Future; which the dying breath  
 Of Freedom's martyr shapes as it exhales,  
 And to the most enduring forms of earth  
 Commits—to linger in the craggy shade  
 Of the huge valley, 'neath the eagle's home,  
 Or in the sea-cave where the tempest sleeps,  
 Till some heroic leader bid them wake  
 To thrill the world with echoes!—But I talk  
 Of things above my grasp, which strangely press  
 Upon my soul, and tempt me to forget  
 The duties of my youth;—pray you forgive me.

*Tim.* Have I not said so?

*Age.*

Welcome to the morn!

The eastern gates unfold, the Priest approaches;

[*As AGENOR speaks, the great gates at the back of the scene open; the sea is discovered far beneath,—the dawn breaking over it; MEDON, the Priest, enters attended.*]

And lo! the sun is struggling with the gloom,  
 Whose masses fill the eastern sky, and tints  
 Its edges with dull red;—but he *will* triumph;  
 Bless'd be the omen!

*Me.*

God of light and joy,

Once more refresh us with thy healing beams!

If I may trace thy language in the clouds  
That wait upon thy rising, help is nigh—  
But help achieved in blood.

*Ion.* Say'st thou in blood?

*Me.* Yes, Ion!—why, he sickens at the word,  
Spite of his new-born strength;—the sights of woe  
That he will seek have shed their paleness on him.  
Has this night's walk shown more than common sorrow?

*Ion.* I pass'd the palace where the frantic king  
Yet holds his crimson revel, whence the roar  
Of desperate mirth came mingling with the sigh  
Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam  
Of festal lamps 'mid spectral columns hung  
Flaunting o'er shapes of anguish made them ghastlier.  
How can I cease to tremble for the sad ones  
He mocks—and him the wretchedest of all?

*Tim.* And canst thou pity him? Dost thou discern,  
Amidst his impious darings, plea for him?

*Ion.* Is he not childless, friendless, and a king?  
He's human; and some pulse of good must live  
Within his nature—have ye tried to wake it?

*Me.* Yes; I believe he felt our sufferings once;  
When, at my strong entreaty, he despatch'd  
Phocion my son to Delphos, there to seek  
Our cause of sorrow; but, as time dragg'd on  
Without his messenger's return, he grew  
Impatient of all counsel,—to his palace  
In awful mood retiring, wildly call'd  
The reckless of his court to share his stores  
And end all with him. When we dared disturb  
His dreadful feastings with a humble prayer  
That he would meet us, the poor slave, who bore  
The message, flew back smarting from the scourge,  
And mutter'd a decree that he who next  
Unbidden met the tyrant's glance should die.

*Age.* I am prepared to brave it.

*Cleon.*

So am I.

*Tim.* And I—

*Ion.*

O Sages, do not think my prayer

Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!

The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,

If Heaven select it for its instrument,

May shed celestial music on the breeze

As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold

Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise;

And needed by your country; ye are fathers;

I am a lone stray thing, whose little life

By strangers' bounty cherish'd, like a wave

That from the summer sea a wanton breeze

Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside

Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.

*Me.* Ion, no sigh!

*Ion.*

Forgive me if I seem'd

To doubt that thou wilt mourn me if I fall;

Nor would I tax thy love with such a fear,

But that high promptings, which could never rise

Spontaneous in my nature, bid me plead

Thus boldly for the mission.

*Me.*

My brave boy!

It shall be as thou wilt. I see thou art call'd

To this great peril, and I will not stay thee.

When wilt thou be prepared to seek it?

*Ion.*

Now.

Only before I go, thus, on my knee,

Let me in one word thank thee for a life

Made by thy love one cloudless holiday;

And oh, my more than father; let me look

Up to thy face as if indeed a father's,

And give me a son's blessing.

*Me.*

Bless thee, son!

I should be marble now; let's part at once.

*Ion.* If I should not return, bless Phocion for me;  
And, for Clemanthe may I speak one word,  
One parting word with my fair playfellow?

*Me.* If thou wouldst have it so, thou shalt.

*Ion.* Farewell then!

Your prayers wait on my steps. The arm of Heaven  
I feel in life or death will be around me. [Exit.

*Me.* O grant it be in life! Let's to the sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment of the Temple.*

*Enter CLEMANTHE, followed by HABRA.*

*Cle.* Is he so changed?

*Habra.* His bearing is so alter'd,  
That, distant, I scarce knew him for himself;  
But, looking in his face, I felt his smile  
Gracious as ever, though his sweetness wore  
Unwonted sorrow in it.

*Cle.* He will go  
To some high fortune, and forget us all,  
Reclaim'd (be sure of it) by noble parents;  
Me he forgets already; for five days,  
Five melancholy days, I have not seen him.

*Habra.* Thou knowest that he has privilege to range  
The infected city; and, 'tis said he spends  
The hours of needful rest in squalid hovels  
Where death is most forsaken.

*Cle.* Why is this?  
Why should my father, niggard of the lives  
Of aged men, be prodigal of youth  
So rich in glorious prophecy as his?

*Habra.* He comes to answer for himself. I'll leave you.  
[Exit.]

*Cle.* Stay! Well, my heart may guard its secret best  
By its own strength.

*Enter ION.*

*Ion.* How fares my pensive sister?

*Cle.* How should I fare but ill when the pale hand  
Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain  
Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—  
And thou, forsaking all within thy home,  
Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid  
Even thou canst do but little?

*Ion.* It is little :

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,  
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when Nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall  
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels.

*Cle.* Oh, thou canst never bear these mournful offices !  
So blithe, so merry once ! Will not the sight

Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,  
Or the dumb woe congeal thee?

*Ion.* No, Clemanthe :  
They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest !  
If thou hadst seen the warrior when he writhed  
In the last grapple of his sinewy frame  
With conquering anguish strive to cast a smile  
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,  
Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,  
The widow of the moment fix her gaze  
Of longing, speechless love upon the babe,  
The only living thing which yet was hers,  
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place—  
Yet with attenuated hand wave off  
The unstricken child, and so embraceless die  
Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart ;  
Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief  
In sullenness or frenzy ;—but to-day  
Another lot falls on me.

*Cle.* Thou wilt leave us !  
I read it plainly in thy altered mien ;  
Is it for ever ?

*Ion.* That is with the Gods !  
I go but to the palace, urged by hope,  
Which from afar hath darted on my soul,  
That to the humbleness of one like me  
The haughty king may listen.

*Cle.* To the palace !  
Knowest thou the peril—nay, the certain issue  
That waits thee ? Death !—the tyrant has decreed it,  
Confirm'd it with an oath ; and he has power  
To keep that oath ; for, hated as he is,  
The reckless soldiers who partake his riot  
Are swift to do his bidding.

*Ion.* I know all !

But they who call me to the work can shield me,  
Or make me strong to suffer.

*Cle.* Then the sword  
Falls on thy neck ! O Gods ! to think that thou,  
Who in the plenitude of youthful life  
Art now before me, ere the sun decline,  
Perhaps in one short hour, shall lie cold, cold,  
To speak, smile, bless no more !—Thou shalt not go !

*Ion.* Thou must not stay me, fair one ; even thy father,  
Who (blessings on him !) loves me as his son,  
Yields to the will of Heaven.

*Cle.* And he can do this !  
I shall not bear his presence if thou fallest  
By his consent ; so shall I be alone.

*Ion.* Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts  
Of thy admiring father close the gap  
Thy old companion left behind him.

*Cle.* Never !  
What will to me be father, brother, friends  
When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—  
Haunting like spectres of departed joy  
The home where thou wert dearest ?

*Ion.* Thrill me not  
With words that, in their agony, suggest  
A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,  
And my heart faint within me.

*Cle.* Has my speech  
Such blessed power ? I will not mourn it then,  
Though it hath told a secret I had borne  
Till death in silence :—how affection grew  
To this, I know not ;—day succeeded day,  
Each fraught with the same innocent delights,  
Without one shock to ruffle the disguise  
Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,  
Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,

And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.  
Do not despise it in me !

*Ion.* With deep joy  
Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long  
Since I have learn'd to tremble 'midst our pleasures,  
Lest I should break the golden dream around me  
With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless  
The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd  
A life's deliciousness into these moments,—  
Which here must end. I came to say farewell,  
And the word must be said.

*Cle.* Thou canst not mean it !  
Have I disclaimed all maiden bashfulness,  
To tell the cherish'd secret of my soul  
To my soul's master, and in rich return  
Obtain'd the dear assurance of his love,  
To hear him speak that miserable word  
I cannot—will not echo ?

*Ion.* Heaven has call'd me,  
And I have pledged my honour. When thy heart  
Bestow'd its preference on a friendless boy,  
Thou didst not image him a recreant ; nor  
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.  
Thou hast endow'd me with a right to claim  
Thy help through this our journey, be its course  
Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end ;  
And now I ask it !—bid my courage hold,  
And with thy free approval send me forth  
In soul apparell'd for my office !

*Cle.* Go !  
I would not have thee other than thou art,  
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—

*Ion.* Be sure I shall return.

*Cle.* If thou shouldst fall,  
I shall be happier as the affianced bride



Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—

Thine—ever thine—

[*She faints in his arms.*

*Ion (calls).*

Habra!—So best to part—

*Enter HABRA.*

Let her have air; be near her through the day;

I know thy tenderness—should ill news come

Of any friend, she will require it all.

[*HABRA bears CLEMANTHE out.*

Ye Gods, that have enrich'd the life ye claim

With priceless treasure, strengthen me to yield it!

[*Exit.*



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Terrace of the Palace.*

ADRASTUS, CRYTHES.

*Aaras.* The air breathes freshly after our long night  
Of glorious revelry. I'll walk awhile.

*Cry.* It blows across the town; dost thou not fear  
It bear infection with it?

*Adras.* Fear! dost talk  
Of fear to me? I deem'd even thy poor thoughts  
Had better scann'd their master. Prithee tell me  
In what act, word, or look, since I have borne  
Thy converse here, hast thou discern'd such baseness  
As makes thee bold to prate to me of fear?

*Cry.* My liege, of human might all know thee fearless,  
But may not heroes shun the elements  
When sickness taints them?

*Adras.* Let them blast me now!—  
I stir not; tremble not; these massive walls,  
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home  
Of a great race of kings, along whose line  
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness  
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes  
Of armed sovereigns spread to godlike port,  
And, frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,  
Strike awe, as powers who ruled an elder world,  
In mute obedience. I, sad heritor  
Of all their glories, feel our doom is nigh;

And I will meet it as befits their fame :  
 Nor will I vary my selected path  
 The breadth of my sword's edge, nor check a wish,  
 If such unkingly yielding might avert it.

*Cry.* Thou art ever royal in thy thoughts.

*Adras.*

No more—

I would be private.

[*Exit* CRYTHES.

Grovelling parasite !

Why should I waste these fate-environd hours,  
 And pledge my great defiance to despair  
 With flatterers such as thou?—as if my joys  
 Required the pale reflections cast by slaves  
 In mirror'd mockery round my throne, or lack'd  
 The aid of reptile sympathies to stream  
 Through fate's black pageantry? Let weakness seek  
 Companionship : I'll henceforth feast alone.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Soldier.* My liege, forgive me,—

*Adras.*

Well ! Speak out at once

Thy business, and retire.

*Soldier.*

I have no part

In the presumptuous message that I bear.

*Adras.* Tell it, or go. There is no time to waste

On idle terrors.

*Soldier.*

Thus it is, my lord :

As we were burnishing our arms, a man  
 Enter'd the court, and when we saw him first  
 Was tending towards the palace ; in amaze,  
 We hail'd the rash intruder ; still he walk'd  
 Unheeding onward, till the western gate  
 Barr'd further course ; then turning, he besought  
 Our startled band to herald him to thee,  
 That he might urge a message which the sages

Had charged him to deliver.

*Adras.* Ah! the greybeards  
Who, 'mid the altars of the gods, conspire  
To cast the image of supernal power  
From earth its shadow consecrates. What sage  
Is so resolved to play the orator  
That he would die for 't?

*Soldier.* He is but a youth,  
Yet urged his prayer with a sad constancy  
Which could not be denied.

*Adras.* Most bravely plann'd  
Sedition worthy of the reverend host  
Of sophist traitors ; brave to scatter fancies  
Of discontent 'midst sturdy artisans,  
Whose honest sinews they direct unseen,  
And make their proxies in the work of peril !—  
'Tis fit, when burning to insult their king,  
And warn'd the pleasure must be bought with life,  
Their valour send a boy to speak their wisdom !  
Thou know'st my last decree ; tell this rash youth  
The danger he incurs ;—then let him pass,  
And own the king more gracious than his masters.

*Soldier.* We have already told him of the fate  
Which waits his daring ; courteously he thank'd us,  
But still with solemn accent urged his suit.

*Adras.* Tell him once more, if he persists he dies—  
Then, if he will, admit him. Should he hold  
His purpose, order Crythes to conduct him,  
And see the headsman instantly prepare  
To do his office.

[*Exit Soldier.*

So resolved, so young—  
'Twere pity he should fall ; yet he *must* fall,  
Or the great sceptre which hath sway'd the fears  
Of ages, will become a common staff  
For youth to wield, or age to rest upon,

Despoil'd of all its virtues. He *must* fall,  
 Else they who prompt the insult will grow bold,  
 And with their pestilent vauntings through the city  
 Raise the low fog of murky discontent,  
 Which now creeps harmless through its marshy birth-  
 place,  
 To veil my setting glories. He is warn'd,  
 And if he cross yon threshold he shall die.

*Enter CRYTHES and ION.*

*Cry.* The king !

*Adras.* Stranger, I bid thee welcome ;  
 We are about to tread the same dark passage,  
 Thou almost on the instant.—Is the sword [*To CRYTHES.*  
 Of justice sharpen'd, and the headsman ready ?

*Cry.* Thou may'st behold them plainly in the court ;  
 Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground,  
 The steel gleams on the altar, and the slave  
 Disrobes himself for duty.

*Adras. (to ION).* Dost thou see them ?

*Ion.* I do.

*Adras.* By Heaven, he does not change !  
 If, even now, thou wilt depart and leave  
 Thy traitorous thoughts unspoken, thou art free.

*Ion.* I thank thee for thy offer ; but I stand  
 Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich  
 In all that makes life precious to the brave ;  
 Who perish not alone, but in their fall  
 Break the far-spreading tendrils that they feed,  
 And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt hear me  
 For them, I am content to speak no more.

*Adras.* Thou hast thy wish then. Crythes ! till yon dial  
 Cast its thin shadow on the approaching hour,  
 I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,

Come without word, and lead him to his doom.  
Now leave us.

*Cry.* What, alone?

*Adras.* Yes, slave, alone.

He is no assassin ! [*Exit* CRYTHES.]

Tell me who thou art ;

What generous source owns that heroic blood,  
Which holds its course thus bravely ? What great wars  
Have nursed the courage that can look on death,  
Certain and speedy death, with placid eye ?

*Ion.* I am a simple youth who never bore  
The weight of armour,—one who may not boast  
Of noble birth or valour of his own.  
Deem not the powers which nerve me thus to speak  
In thy great presence, and have made my heart  
Upon the verge of bloody death as calm,  
As equal in its beatings, as when sleep  
Approach'd me nestling from the sportive toils  
Of thoughtless childhood, and celestial forms  
Began to glimmer through the deepening shadows  
Of soft oblivion to belong to me !—  
These are the strengths of Heaven ; to thee they speak,  
Bid thee to hearken to thy people's cry,  
Or warn thee that thy hour must shortly come !

*Adras.* I know it must ; so may'st thou spare thy  
warnings.

The envious gods in me have doom'd a race,  
Whose glories stream from the same cloud-girt founts,  
Whence their own dawn upon the infant world ;  
And I shall sit on my ancestral throne  
To meet their vengeance ; but till then I rule  
As I have ever ruled, and thou wilt feel.

*Ion.* I will not further urge thy safety to thee ;  
It may be, as thou say'st, too late ; nor seek  
To make thee tremble at the gathering curse



To speak that word again, and torture waits thee !  
 I am yet king of Argos. Well, go on—  
 Thy time is short, and I am pledged to hear.

*Ion.* If thou hast ever loved—

*Adras.* Beware ! beware !

*Ion.* Thou hast ! I see thou hast ! Thou art not  
 marble,

And thou shalt hear me !—Think upon the time  
 When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul  
 Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,  
 As if some unseen visitant from heaven  
 Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images  
 In sparkling waves ;—recall the dallying hope  
 That on the margin of assurance trembled,  
 As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd  
 Its happy being ;—taste in thought again  
 Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,  
 When pansied turf was air to winged feet,  
 And circling forests, by ethereal touch  
 Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,  
 As if about to melt in golden light  
 Shapes of one heavenly vision ; and thy heart,  
 Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,  
 Grew bountiful to all !

*Adras.* That tone ! that tone !

Whence came it ? from thy lips ? It cannot be—  
 The long-hush'd music of the only voice  
 That ever spake unbought affection to me,  
 And waked my soul to blessing !—O sweet hours  
 Of golden joy, ye come ! your glories break  
 Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds !  
 Roll on ! roll on !—Stranger, thou dost enforce me  
 To speak of things unbreathed by lip of mine  
 To human ear :—wilt listen ?

*Ion.*

As a child.



*Adras.* Again!—that voice again!—thou hast seen me  
moved

As never mortal saw me, by a tone  
Which some light breeze, enamour'd of the sound,  
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice  
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth  
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,  
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstasies ;  
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups  
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,  
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,  
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space  
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,  
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,  
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words  
Of me the nurseling—"Woe unto the babe!  
Against the life which now begins shall life,  
Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and, both soon quench'd,  
End this great line in sorrow!"—Ere I grew  
Of years to know myself a thing accurs'd,  
A second son was born, to steal the love  
Which fate had else scarce rifled: he became  
My parent's hope, the darling of the crew  
Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery  
To trace in every foible of my youth—  
A prince's youth!—the workings of the curse!  
My very mother—Jove! I cannot bear  
To speak it now—look'd freezingly upon me!

*Ion.* But thy brother—

*Adras.* Died. Thou hast heard the lie,  
The common lie that every peasant tells  
Of me his master,—that I slew the boy.  
'Tis false! One summer's eve, below a crag  
Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb,  
He lay a mangled corpse; the very slaves,

Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart,  
 Now coin'd their own injustice into proofs  
 To brand me as his murderer.

*Ion.* Did they dare  
 Accuse thee?

*Adras.* Not in open speech :—they felt  
 I should have seized the miscreant by the throat,  
 And crush'd the lie half spoken with the life  
 Of the base speaker :—but the tale look'd out  
 From the stolen gaze of coward eyes, which shrank  
 When mine have met them ; murmur'd through the  
 crowd

That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game,  
 Stood distant from me ; burnt into my soul  
 When I beheld it in my father's shudder !

*Ion.* Didst not declare thy innocence ?

*Adras.* To whom ?  
 To parents who could doubt me ? To the ring  
 Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,  
 Who should have studied to prevent my wish  
 Before it grew to language ; hail'd my choice  
 To service as a prize to wrestle for ;  
 And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,  
 Pale with proud anger, till from lips compress'd  
 The blood has started ! To the common herd,  
 The vassals of our ancient house, the mass  
 Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil  
 A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it,  
 Or, deck'd for slaughter at their master's call,  
 To smite and to be smitten, and lie crush'd  
 In heaps to swell his glory or his shame ?  
 Answer to them ? No ! though my heart had burst,  
 As it was nigh to bursting !—To the mountains  
 I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow  
 Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool

My spirit's fever—struggled with the oak  
 In search of weariness, and learn'd to rive  
 Its stubborn boughs, till limbs once lightly strung  
 Might mate in cordage with its infant stems ;  
 Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest  
 Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air  
 Headlong committed, clove the water's depth  
 Which plummet never sounded ;—but in vain.

*Ion.* Yet succour came to thee ?

*Adras.*

A blessed one !

Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,  
 And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps  
 Were in a wood-encircled valley stay'd  
 By the bright vision of a maid, whose face  
 Most lovely more than loveliness reveal'd  
 In touch of patient grief, which dearer seem'd  
 Than happiness to spirit sear'd like mine.  
 With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth  
 The body of her aged sire, whose death  
 Left her alone. I aided her sad work,  
 And soon two lonely ones by holy rites  
 Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,  
 In streamlike unity flow'd silent by us  
 In our delightful nest. My father's spies—  
 Slaves, whom my nod should have consign'd to stripes  
 Or the swift falchion—track'd our sylvan home  
 Just as my bosom knew its second joy,  
 And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.

*Ion.* Urged by thy trembling parents to avert  
 That dreadful prophecy ?

*Adras.*

Fools ! did they deem

Its worst accomplishment could match the ill  
 Which they wrought on me ? It had left unharm'd  
 A thousand ecstasies of passion'd years,  
 Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain

Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold  
 That son with knife uplifted at my heart,  
 A moment ere my life-blood follow'd it,  
 I would embrace him with my dying eyes,  
 And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles  
 Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits  
 Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,  
 The ruffians broke upon us; seized the child;  
 Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock  
 'Neath which the deep sea eddies; I stood still  
 As stricken into stone: I heard him cry,  
 Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,  
 Severer ill unfearing—then the splash  
 Of waters that shall cover him for ever;  
 And could not stir to save him!

*Ion.*

And the mother—

*Adras.* She spake no word, but clasp'd me in her arms  
 And lay her down to die. A lingering gaze  
 Of love she fix'd on me—none other loved,  
 And so pass'd hence. By Jupiter, her look!  
 Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!  
 She lives again! She looks upon me now!  
 There's magic in't. Bear with me—I am childish.

*Enter CRYTHES and Guards.*

*Adras.* Why art thou here?

*Cry.*

The dial points the hour.

*Adras.* Dost thou not see that horrid purpose pass'd?  
 Hast thou no heart—no sense?

*Cry.*

Scarce half-an-hour  
 Hath flown since the command on which I wait.

*Adras.* Scarce half-an-hour!—years—years have roll'd  
 since then.

Begone! remove that pageantry of death—

It blasts my sight—and hearken! touch a hair  
Of this brave youth, or look on him as now  
With thy cold headsman's eye, and yonder band  
Shall not expect a fearful show in vain.

Hence! without a word. [Exit CRYTHES.  
What wouldst thou have me do?

*Ion.* Let thy awaken'd heart speak its own language;  
Convene thy sages;—frankly, nobly meet them;  
Explore with them the pleasure of the gods,  
And, whatsoe'er the sacrifice, perform it.

*Adras.* Well! I will seek their presence in an hour;  
Go summon them, young hero: hold! no word  
Of the strange passion thou hast witness'd here.

*Ion.* Distrust me not.—Benignant Powers, I thank ye!  
[Exit.

*Adras.* Yet stay—he's gone—his spell is on me yet;  
What have I promised him? To meet the men  
Who from my living head would strip the crown,  
And sit in judgment on me?—I must do it—  
Yet shall my band be ready to o'erawe  
The course of liberal speech, and if it rise  
So as too loudly to offend my ear,  
Strike the rash brawler dead!—What idle dream  
Of long-past days had melted me? It fades—  
It vanishes—I am again a king!

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Temple.*

(Same as ACT I. SCENE I.)

CLEMANTHE seated—HABRA attending her.

*Habra.* Look, dearest lady!—the thin smoke aspires  
In the calm air, as when in happier times  
It show'd the gods propitious: wilt thou seek

Thy chamber, lest thy father and his friends,  
 Returning, find us hinderers of their council?  
 She answers not—she hearkens not—with joy  
 Could I believe her, for the first time, sullen!  
 Still she is rapt.

*Enter* AGENOR.

O speak to my sweet mistress;  
 Haply thy voice may rouse her.

*Age.* Dear Clemanthe,  
 Hope dawns in every omen; we shall taste  
 Our household joys again.

*Enter* MEDON, CLEON, TIMOCLES, and others.

*Me.* Clemanthe here!  
 How sad! how pale!

*Habra.* Her eye is kindling—hush!

*Cle.* Hark! hear ye not a distant footstep?

*Me.* No.  
 Look round, my fairest child; thy friends are near thee.  
*Cle.* Yes!—now 'tis lost—'tis on that endless stair—  
 Nearer and more distinct—'tis his—'tis his—  
 He lives! he comes!

[CLEMANTHE rises and rushes to the back of the stage,  
 at which ION appears, and returns with her.]

Here is your messenger,  
 Whom Heaven has rescued from the tyrant's rage  
 Ye sent him forth to brave. Rejoice, old men,  
 That ye are guiltless of his blood!—why pause ye?  
 Why shout ye not his welcome?

*Me.* Dearest girl,  
 This is no scene for thee; go to thy chamber;  
 I'll come to thee ere long.

[*Exeunt* CLEMANTHE and HABRA.]

She is o'erwrought  
By fear and joy for one whose infant hopes  
Were mingled with her own, even as a brother's.

*Tim.*

Ion!

How shall we do thee honour?

*Ion.*

None is due

Save to the gods whose gracious influence sways  
The king ye deem'd relentless; he consents  
To meet ye presently in council:—speed!  
This may be virtue's latest rally in him,  
In fitful strength, ere it be quench'd for ever!

*Me.* Haste to your seats; I will but speak a word  
With our brave friend, and follow: though convened  
In speed, let our assembly lack no forms  
Of due observance, which to furious power  
Plead with the silent emphasis of years.

[*Exeunt all but MEDON and ION.*

Ion, draw near me; this eventful day  
Hath shown thy nature's graces circled round  
With firmness which accomplishes the hero;—  
And it would bring to me but one proud thought—  
That virtues which required not culture's aid  
Shed their first fragrance 'neath my roof, and there  
Found shelter;—but it also hath reveal'd  
What I may not hide from thee, that my child,  
My blithe and innocent girl—more fair in soul,  
More delicate in fancy, than in mould—  
Loves thee with other than a sister's love.  
I should have cared for this: I vainly deem'd  
A fellowship in childhood's thousand joys  
And household memories had nurtured friendship  
Which might hold peaceful empire in the soul;  
But in that guise the traitor hath stolen in,  
And the fair citadel is thine.

*Ion.*

'Tis true.

I did not think the nurseling of thy house  
 Could thus disturb its holiest inmate's duty  
 With tale of selfish passion ;—but we met  
 As playmates who might never meet again,  
 And then the hidden truth flash'd forth, and show'd  
 To each the image in the other's soul  
 In one bright instant.

*Me.* Be that instant blest  
 Which made thee truly ours. My son ! my son !  
 'Tis we should feel uplifted, for the seal  
 Of greatness is upon thee ; yet I know  
 That when the gods, won by thy virtues, draw  
 The veil which now conceals their lofty birthplace,  
 Thou wilt not spurn the maid who prized them lowly.  
*Ion.* Spurn her ! My father !

*Enter CTESIPHON.*

*Me.* Ctesiphon !—and breathless—  
 Art come to chide me to the council ?

*Ctes.* No ;  
 To bring unwonted joy ; thy son approaches.

*Me.* Thank Heaven ! Hast spoken with him ? Is he  
 well ?

*Ctes.* I strove in vain to reach him, for the crowd,  
 Roused from the untended couch and dismal hearth  
 By the strange visiting of hope, press'd round him !  
 But by his head erect and fiery glance,  
 I know that he is well, and that he bears  
 A message which shall shake the tyrant. [*Shouts.*] See !  
 The throng is tending this way—now it parts,  
 And yields him to thy arms.

*Enter PHOCION.*

*Me.* Welcome, my Phocion—  
 Long waited for in Argos ; how detain'd



Now matters not, since thou art here in joy.  
Hast brought the answer of the god?

*Pho.* I have :

Now let Adrastus tremble !

*Me.* May we hear it ?

*Pho.* I am sworn first to utter it to him.

*Ctes.* But it is fatal to him !—Say but that !

*Pho.* Ha, Ctesiphon !—I mark'd thee not before.

How fares thy father ?

*Ion* (to PHOCION). Do not speak of him.

*Ctes.* (overhearing ION). Not speak of him ! Dost  
think there is a moment

When common things eclipse the burning thought  
Of him and vengeance ?

*Pho.* Has the tyrant's sword—

*Ctes.* No, Phocion ; that were merciful and brave,  
Compared to his base deed ; yet will I tell it  
To make the flashing of thine eye more deadly,  
And edge thy words that they may rive his heartstrings.  
The last time that Adrastus dared to face  
The Sages of the state, although my father,  
Yielding to Nature's mild decay, had left  
All worldly toil and hope, he gather'd strength  
In his old seat, to speak one word of warning.  
Thou know'st how bland with years his wisdom grew,  
And with what phrases, steep'd in love, he sheathed  
The sharpness of rebuke ; yet, ere his speech  
Was closed, the tyrant started from his throne,  
And with his base hand smote him ; 'twas his death-  
stroke !

The old man totter'd home, and only once  
Raised his head after.

*Pho.* Thou wert absent ? Yes !

The heartless tyrant lives !

*Ctes.* Had I beheld

That sacrilege, Adrastus had lain dead,  
Or I had been torn piecemeal by his minions.  
But I was far away : when I return'd,  
I found my father on the nearest bench  
Within our door, his thinly silver'd head  
Supported by wan hands, which hid his face  
And would not be withdrawn ;—no groan, no sigh  
Was audible, and we might only learn  
By short convulsive tremblings of his frame  
That life still flicker'd in it—yet at last,  
By some unearthly inspiration roused,  
He dropp'd his wither'd hands, and sat erect  
As in his manhood's glory—the free blood  
Flush'd crimson through his cheeks, his furrow'd brow  
Expanded clear, and his eyes opening full  
Gleam'd with a youthful fire ;—I fell in awe  
Upon my knees before him—still he spake not,  
But slowly raised his arm untrembling ; clench'd  
His hand as if it grasp'd an airy knife,  
And struck in air : my hand was joined with his  
In nervous grasp—my lifted eye met his  
In steadfast gaze—my pressure answered his—  
We knew at once each other's thought ; a smile  
Of the old sweetness play'd upon his lips,  
And life forsook him. Weaponless I flew  
To seek the tyrant, and was driven with scoffs  
From the proud gates which shelter him. He lives—  
And I am here to babble of revenge !

*Pho.* It comes, my friend—haste with me to the king !

*Ion.* Even while we speak, Adrastus meets his council ;  
There let us seek him : should ye find him touch'd  
With penitence, as happily ye may,  
O give allowance to his soften'd nature !

*Ctes.* Show grace to him :—Dost dare ?—I had forgot,  
Thou dost not know how a son loves a father !

*Ion.* I know enough to feel for thee ; I know  
Thou hast endured the vilest wrong that tyranny  
In its worst frenzy can inflict ;—yet think,  
O think ! before the irrevocable deed  
Shuts out all thought, how much of power's excess  
Is theirs who raise the idol :—do we groan  
Beneath the personal force of this rash man,  
Who forty summers since hung at the breast  
A playful weakling ; whom the heat unnerves ;  
The north wind pierces ; and the hand of death  
Will, in a moment, change to clay as vile  
As that of the scourged slave whose chains it severs ?  
No ! 'tis our weakness gasping, or the shows  
Of outward strength that builds up tyranny,  
And makes it look so glorious :—If we shrink  
Faint-hearted from the reckoning of our span  
Of mortal days, we pamper the fond wish  
For long duration in a line of kings :  
If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade  
All unsubstantial as the regal hues  
Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty  
Must robe a living image with their pomp,  
And wreath a diadem around its brow,  
In which our sunny fantasies may live  
Empearl'd, and gleam, in fatal splendour, far  
On after ages. We must look *within*  
For that which makes us slaves :—on sympathies  
Which find no kindred objects in the plain  
Of common life—affections that aspire  
In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film  
Floating for rest ; for even such delicate threads,  
Gather'd by Fate's engrossing hand, supply  
The eternal spindle whence she weaves the bond  
Of cable strength in which our nature struggles !

*Ctes.* Go talk to others, if thou wilt ;—to me

All argument, save that of steel, is idle.

*Me.* No more :—let's to the council—there, my son,  
Tell thy great message nobly ;—and for thee,  
Poor orphan'd youth, be sure the gods are just ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The great Square of the City.* ADRASTUS  
*seated on a throne ;* AGENOR, TIMOCLES, CLEON,  
*and others, seated as Councillors—Soldiers line the  
stage at a distance.*

*Adras.* Upon your summons, Sages, I am here ;  
Your king attends to know your pleasure ; speak it !

*Age.* And canst thou ask? If the heart dead within  
thee

Receives no impress of this awful time,  
Art thou of sense forsaken? Are thine ears  
So charm'd by strains of slavish minstrelsy,  
That the dull groan and frenzy-pointed shriek  
Pass them unheard to Heaven? Or are thine eyes  
So conversant with prodigies of grief,  
They cease to dazzle at them? Art thou arm'd  
'Gainst wonder, while, in all things, Nature turns  
To dreadful contraries ;—while Youth's full cheek  
Is shrivell'd into furrows of sad years,  
And 'neath its glossy curls untinged by care  
Looks out a keen anatomy ;—while Age  
Is stung by feverish torture for an hour  
Into Youth's strength ; while fragile Womanhood  
Starts into frightful courage, all unlike  
The gentle strength its gentle weakness feeds  
To make affliction beautiful, and stalks  
Abroad, a tearless and unshuddering thing ;—  
While Childhood, in its orphan'd freedom blithe,  
Finds, in the shapes of wretchedness which seem  
Grotesque to its unsadden'd vision, cause

For dreadful mirth that shortly shall be hush'd  
 In never broken silence ; and while Love,  
 Immortal through all change, makes ghastly Death  
 Its idol, and with furious passion digs  
 Amid sepulchral images for gauds  
 To cheat its fancy with?—Do sights like these  
 Glare through the realm thou shouldst be parent to,  
 And canst thou find the voice to ask "our pleasure"?

*Adras.* Cease, babbler ;—wherefore would ye stun my  
 ears

With vain recital of the griefs I know,  
 And cannot heal?—will treason turn aside  
 The shafts of Fate, or medicine Nature's ills?  
 I have no skill in pharmacy, nor power  
 To sway the elements.

*Age.* Thou hast the power

To cast thyself upon the earth with us  
 In penitential shame ; or, if this power  
 Hath left a heart made weak by luxury  
 And hard by pride, thou hast at least the power  
 To cease the mockery of thy frantic revels.

*Adras.* I have yet power to punish insult—look  
 I use it not, Agenor !—Fate may dash  
 My sceptre from me, but shall not command  
 My will to hold it with a feebler grasp ;  
 Nay, if few hours of empire yet are mine,  
 They shall be colour'd with a sterner pride,  
 And peopled with more lustrous joys, than flush'd  
 In the serene procession of its greatness,  
 Which look'd perpetual, as the flowing course  
 Of human things. Have ye beheld a pine  
 That clasp'd the mountain-summit with a root  
 As firm as its rough marble, and, apart  
 From the huge shade of undistinguish'd trees,  
 Lifted its head as in delight to share

The evening glories of the sky, and taste  
 The wanton dalliance of the heavenly breeze  
 That no ignoble vapour from the vale  
 Could mingle with—smit by the flaming marl,  
 And lighted for destruction? How it stood  
 One glorious moment, fringed and wreathed with fire  
 Which show'd the inward graces of its shape,  
 Uncumber'd now, and midst its topmost boughs,  
 That young Ambition's airy fancies made  
 Their giddy nest, leap'd sportive;—never clad  
 By liberal summer in a pomp so rich  
 As waited on its downfall, while it took  
 The storm-cloud roll'd behind it for a curtain  
 To gird its splendours round, and made the blast  
 Its minister to whirl its flashing shreds  
 Aloft towards heaven, or to the startled depths  
 Of forests that afar might share its doom!  
 So shall the royalty of Argos pass  
 In festal blaze to darkness! Have ye spoken?

*Age.* I speak no more to thee!—Great Jove, look  
 down! [Shouting without.

*Adras.* What factious brawl is this?—disperse it, sol-  
 diers.

[Shouting renewed—As some of the Soldiers are about  
 to march, PHOCION rushes in, followed by  
 CTESIPHON, ION, and MEDON.

Whence is this insolent intrusion?

*Pho.*

King!

I bear Apollo's answer to thy prayer.

*Adras.* Has not thy travel taught thy knee its duty?

Here we had school'd thee better.

*Pho.*

Kneel to thee!

*Me.* Patience, my son! Do homage to the king.

*Pho.* Never!—thou talk'st of schooling—know,  
 Adrastus,

That I have studied in a nobler school  
 Than the dull haunt of venal sophistry,  
 Or the lewd guard-room; o'er which ancient heaven  
 Extends its arch for all, and mocks the span  
 Of palaces and dungeons; where the heart  
 In its free beatings, 'neath the coarsest vest,  
 Claims kindred with diviner things than power  
 Of kings can raise or stifle—in the school  
 Of mighty Nature—where I learn'd to blush  
 At sight like this, of thousands basely hush'd  
 Before a man no mightier than themselves,  
 Save in the absence of that love that softens.

*Adras.* Peace! speak thy message.

*Pho.* Shall I tell it here?

Or shall I seek thy couch at dead of night,  
 And breathe it in low whispers?—As thou wilt.

*Adras.* Here—and this instant!

*Pho.* Hearken then, Adrastus!

And hearken, Argives—thus Apollo speaks:—

[*Reads a scroll.*

*"Argos ne'er shall find release*

*Till her monarch's race shall cease."*

*Adras.* 'Tis not God's will, but man's sedition  
 speaks:

Guards! tear that lying parchment from his hands,  
 And bear him to the palace.

*Me.* Touch him not,—

He is Apollo's messenger, whose lips  
 Were never stain'd with falsehood.

*Pho.* Come on, all!

*Age.* Surround him, friends! Die with him!

*Adras.* Soldiers, charge

Upon these rebels; hew them down. On, on!

[*The Soldiers advance and surround the people; they  
 seize PHOCION. ION rushes from the back of*

*the stage, and throws himself between ADRASTUS and PHOCION.*

*Pho.* [to ADRASTUS]. Yet I defy thee.

*Ion* [to PHOCION]. Friend ! for sake of all,  
Enrage him not—wait while I speak a word—  
[To ADRASTUS.] My sovereign, I implore thee, do not  
stain

This sacred place with blood ; in Heaven's great name  
I do conjure thee—and in *hers*, whose shade  
Is mourning for thee now !

*Adras.* Release the stripling—  
Let him go spread his treason where he will :  
He is not worth my anger. To the palace !

*Ion.* Nay, yet an instant !—let my speech have power  
From Heaven to move thee further ! thou hast heard  
The sentence of the god, and thy heart owns it ;  
If thou wilt cast aside this cumbrous pomp,  
And in seclusion purify thy soul  
Long fever'd and sophisticate, the gods  
May give thee space for penitential thoughts ;  
If not—as surely as thou standest here,  
Wilt thou lie stiff and weltering in thy blood—  
The vision presses on me now.

*Adras.* Art mad ?  
Resign thy state ? Sue to the gods for life,  
The common life which every slave endures,  
And meanly clings to ? No ; within yon walls  
I shall resume the banquet, never more  
Broken by man's intrusion. Councillors,  
Farewell !—go mutter treason till ye perish !

[*Exeunt ADRASTUS, CRYTHES, and Soldiers.*]

*Ion* (*who stands apart leaning on a pedestal*). 'Tis  
seal'd !

*Me.* Let us withdraw, and strive  
By sacrifice to pacify the gods !



[MEDON, AGENOR, and Councillors retire: they leave CTESIPHON, PHOCION, and ION. ION still stands apart, as rapt in meditation.

*Ctes.* 'Tis well: the measure of his guilt is fill'd.  
Where shall we meet at sunset?

*Pho.* In the grove,  
Which with its matted shade imbrovns the vale,  
Between those buttresses of rock that guard  
The sacred mountain on its western side,  
Stands a rude altar—overgrown with moss,  
And stain'd with drippings of a million showers  
So old, that no tradition names the power  
That hallow'd it,—which we will consecrate  
Anew to freedom and to justice.

*Ctes.* Thither  
Will I bring friends to meet thee. Shall we speak  
To yon rapt youth? [Pointing to ION.

*Pho.* His nature is too gentle,  
At sunset we will meet.—With arms?

*Ctes.* A knife—  
One sacrificial knife will serve.

*Pho.* At sunset!

[*Exeunt CTESIPHON and PHOCION severally.*  
*ION comes forward.*

*Ion.* O wretched King, thy words have seal'd thy  
doom!

Why should I shiver at it, when no way,  
Save this, remains to break the ponderous cloud  
That hangs above my wretched country?—death—  
A single death, the common lot of all,  
Which it will not be mine to look upon,—  
And yet its ghastly shape dilates before me;  
I cannot shut it out; my thoughts grow rigid,  
And as that grim and prostrate figure haunts them,  
My sinews stiffen like it. Courage, Ion!

No spectral form is here ; all outward things  
Wear their own old familiar looks : no dye  
Pollutes them. Yet the air has scent of blood,  
And now it eddies with a hurtling sound,  
As if some weapon swiftly clove it. No—  
The falchion's course is silent as the grave  
That yawns before its victim. Gracious powers !  
If the great duty of my life be near,  
Grant it may be to suffer, not to strike !

[*Exit.*]



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Terrace of the Temple.*

CLEMANTHE, ION.

*Cle.* Nay, I must chide this sorrow from thy brow,  
Or 'twill rebuke my happiness ;—I know  
Too well the miseries that hem us round ;  
And yet the inward sunshine of my soul,  
Unclouded by their melancholy shadows,  
Bathes in its deep tranquillity one image—  
One only image, which no outward storm  
Can ever ruffle. Let me wean thee, then,  
From this vain pondering o'er the general woe,  
Which makes my joy look guilty.

*Ion.* No, my fair one,  
The gloom that wrongs thy love is unredeem'd  
By generous sense of others' woe : too sure  
It rises from dark presages within,  
And will not from me.

*Cle.* Then it is most groundless !  
Hast thou not won the blessings of the perishing  
By constancy, the fame of which shall live  
While a heart beats in Argos ?—hast thou not  
Upon one agitated bosom pour'd  
The sweetest peace ? and can thy generous nature,  
While it thus sheds felicity around it,  
Remain itself unblest'd ?

*Ion.* I strove awhile

To think the assured possession of thy love  
 With too divine a burthen weigh'd my heart  
 And press'd my spirits down ;—but 'tis not so,  
 Nor will I with false tenderness beguile thee,  
 By feigning that my sadness has a cause  
 So exquisite. Clemanthe ! thou wilt find me  
 A sad companion ;—I who knew not life,  
 Save as the sportive breath of happiness,  
 Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,  
 With grave experiences ; I dream no more  
 Of azure realms where restless beauty sports  
 In myriad shapes fantastic ; dismal vaults  
 In black succession open, till the gloom  
 Afar is broken by a streak of fire  
 That shapes my name—the fearful wind that moans  
 Before the storm articulates its sound ;  
 And as I pass'd but now the solemn range  
 Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery  
 Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone  
 Bent on me instinct with a frightful life  
 That drew me into fellowship with them,  
 As conscious marble ; while their ponderous lips—  
 Fit organs of eternity—unclosed,  
 And, as I live to tell thee, murmur'd “ Hail !  
 Hail ! ION THE DEVOTED ! ”

*Cle.* These are fancies,  
 Which thy soul, late expanded with great purpose,  
 Shapes, as it quivers to its natural circle  
 In which its joys should lurk, as in the bud  
 The cells of fragrance cluster. Bid them from thee,  
 And strive to be thyself.

*Ion.* I will do so !  
 I'll gaze upon thy loveliness, and drink  
 Its quiet in ;—how beautiful thou art !—  
 My pulse throbs now as it was wont ; a being,

Which owns so fair a glass to mirror it,  
Cannot show darkly.

*Cle.* We shall soon be happy ;  
My father will rejoice to bless our love,  
And Argos waken ;—for her tyrant's course  
Must have a speedy end.

*Ion.* It must ! It must !

*Cle.* Yes ; for no empty talk of public wrongs  
Assails him now ; keen hatred and revenge  
Are roused to crush him.

*Ion.* Not by such base agents  
May the august lustration be achieved :  
He who shall cleanse his country from the guilt  
For which Heaven smites her, should be pure of soul  
Guileless as infancy, and undisturb'd  
By personal anger as thy father is,  
When, with unswerving hand and piteous eye,  
He stops the brief life of the innocent kid  
Bound with white fillets to the altar ;—so  
Enwreathed by fate the royal victim heaves,  
And soon his breast shall shrink beneath the knife  
Of the selected slayer !

*Cle.* 'Tis thyself  
Whom thy strange language pictures—Ion ! thou—

*Ion.* She has said it ! Her pure lips have spoken out  
What all things intimate ;—didst thou not mark  
*Me* for the office of avenger—*me* ?

*Cle.* No ;—save from the wild picture that thy fancy—  
Thy o'erwrought fancy drew ; I thought it look'd  
Too like thee, and I shudder'd.

*Ion.* So do I !  
And yet I almost wish I shudder'd more,  
For the dire thought has grown familiar with me—  
Could I escape it !

*Cle.* 'Twill away in sleep.

*Ion.* No, no! I dare not sleep—for well I know  
That then the knife will gleam, the blood will gush,  
The form will stiffen!—I will walk awhile  
In the sweet evening light, and try to chase  
These fearful images away.

*Cle.* Let me  
Go with thee. Oh, how often hand in hand  
In such a lovely light have we roam'd westward  
Aimless and blessed, when we were no more  
Than playmates:—surely we are not grown stranger  
Since yesterday!

*Ion.* No, dearest, not to-night:  
The plague yet rages fiercely in the vale,  
And I am placed in grave commission here  
To watch the gates;—indeed thou must not pass;  
I will be merrier when we meet again,—  
Trust me, my love, I will; farewell! [Exit ION.]

*Cle.* Farewell then!  
How fearful disproportion shows in one  
Whose life hath been all harmony! He bends  
Towards that thick covert where in blessed hour  
My father found him, which has ever been  
His chosen place of musing. Shall I follow?  
Am I already grown a selfish mistress,  
To watch his solitude with jealous eye,  
And claim him all?—That let me never be—  
Yet danger from within besets him now,  
Known to me only—I will follow him! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An opening in a deep Wood—in front  
an old grey Altar.*

*Enter ION.*

*Ion.* O winding pathways, o'er whose scanty blades  
Of unaspiring grass mine eyes have bent

So often when by musing fancy sway'd,  
 That craved alliance with no wider scene  
 Than your fair thickets border'd, but was pleased  
 To deem the toilsome years of manhood flown,  
 And, on the pictured mellowness of age \*  
 Idly reflective, image my return  
 From careful wanderings, to find ye gleam  
 With unchanged aspect on a heart unchanged,  
 And melt the busy past to a sweet dream  
 As then the future was ;—why should ye now  
 Echo my steps with melancholy sound  
 As ye were conscious of a guilty presence?  
 The lovely light of eve, that, as it waned,  
 Touch'd ye with softer, homelier look, now fades  
 In dismal blackness ; and yon twisted roots  
 Of ancient trees, with whose fantastic forms  
 My thoughts grew humorous, look terrible,  
 As if about to start to serpent life,  
 And hiss around me ;—whither shall I turn?—  
 Where fly?—I see the myrtle-cradled spot  
 Where human love instructed by divine  
 Found and embraced me first ; I'll cast me down  
 Upon that earth as on a mother's breast,  
 In hope to feel myself again a child.

[ION goes into the wood.

*Enter CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, and other Argive youths.*

*Ctes.* Sure this must be the place that Phocion spoke of ;—

The twilight deepens, yet he does not come.  
 Oh, if, instead of idle dreams of freedom,  
 He knew the sharpness of a grief like mine,  
 He would not linger thus !

*Cas.*

The sun's broad disk

Of misty red, a few brief minutes since,  
Sank 'neath the leaden wave ; but night steals on  
With rapid pace to veil us, and thy thoughts  
Are eager as the favouring darkness.

*Enter PHOCION.*

*Ctes.*

Welcome !

Thou know'st all here.

*Pho.*

Yes ; I rejoice, Cassander,  
To find thee my companion in a deed  
Worthy of all the dreamings of old days,  
When we, two rebel youths, grew safely brave  
In visionary perils. We'll not shame  
Our young imaginations. Ctesiphon,  
We look to thee for guidance in our aim.

*Ctes.* I bring you glorious news. There is a soldier,  
Who in his reckless boyhood was my comrade,  
And though by taste of luxury subdued  
Even to brook the tyrant's service, burns  
With generous anger to avenge that grief  
I bear above all others. He has made  
The retribution sure. From him I learnt  
That when Adrastus reach'd his palace court,  
He paused, to struggle with some mighty throe  
Of passion ; then call'd eagerly for wine,  
And bade his soldiers share his choicest stores,  
And snatch, like him, a day from Fortune. Soon,  
As one worn out by watching and excess,  
He stagger'd to his couch, where now he lies  
Oppress'd with heavy sleep, while his loose soldiers,  
Made by the fierce carousal vainly mad  
Or grossly dull, are scatter'd through the courts  
Unarm'd and cautionless. The eastern portal  
Is at this moment open ; by that gate  
We all may enter unperceived, and line



The passages which gird the royal chamber,  
 While one blest hand accomplishes the doom  
 Which Heaven pronounces. Nothing now remains,  
 But that as all would share this action's glory,  
 We join in one great vow, and choose one arm  
 Our common minister. Oh, if these sorrows  
 Confer on me the office to return  
 Upon the tyrant's shivering heart the blow  
 Which crush'd my father's spirit, I will leave  
 To him who cares for toys the patriot's laurel  
 And the applause of ages!

*Pho.* Let the gods  
 By the old course of lot reveal the name  
 Of the predestined champion. For myself,  
 Here do I solemnly devote all powers  
 Of soul and body to that glorious purpose  
 We live but to fulfil.

*Ctes.* And I!

*Cas.* And I!

*Ion* [*who has advanced from the wood, rushes to the altar and exclaims*] And I!

*Pho.* Most welcome! The serenest powers of justice,  
 In prompting thy unspotted soul to join  
 Our bloody councils, sanctify and bless them!

*Ion.* The gods have prompted me, for they have given  
 One dreadful voice to all things which should be  
 Else dumb or musical: and I rejoice  
 To step from the grim ground or waking dreams  
 Into this fellowship which makes all clear.  
 Wilt trust me, Ctesiphon?

*Ctes.* Yes; but we waste  
 The precious minutes in vain talk; if lots  
 Must guide us, have ye scrolls?

*Pho.* Cassander has them:  
 The flickering light of yonder glade will serve him

To inscribe them with our names. Be quick, Cassander :

*Ctes.* I wear a casque, beneath whose iron circlet  
My father's dark hairs whiten'd ; let it hold  
The names of his avengers !

[CTESIPHON *takes off his helmet and gives it  
to CASSANDER, who retires with it.*

*Pho.* [to CTESIPHON]. He whose name  
Thou shalt draw first, shall fill the post of glory.  
Were it not also well, the second name  
Should designate another charged to take  
The same great office, if the first should leave  
His work imperfect ?

*Ctes.* There can scarce be need ;  
Yet as thou wilt. May the first chance be mine !  
I will leave little for a second arm.

[CASSANDER *returns with the helmet.*

*Ctes.* Now, gods, decide !

[CTESIPHON *draws a lot from the helmet.*

*Pho.* The name ? Why dost thou pause !

*Ctes.* 'Tis Ion !

*Ion.* Well I knew it would be mine !

[CTESIPHON *draws another lot.*

*Ctes.* Phocion ! it will be thine to strike *him* dead  
If he should prove faint-hearted.

*Pho.* With my life  
I'll answer for his constancy.

*Ctes.* [to ION]. Thy hand !  
'Tis cold as death.

*Ion.* Yes ; but it is as firm.  
What ceremony next ?

[CTESIPHON *leads ION to the altar and gives  
him a knife.*

*Ctes.* Receive this steel,  
For ages dedicate in my sad home  
To sacrificial uses ; grasp it nobly,



Portents of ruin, hear me !—In your presence,  
 For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate  
 This arm to the destruction of the king  
 And of his race ; O keep me pitiless :  
 Expel all human weakness from my frame,  
 That this keen weapon shake not when his heart  
 Should feel its point ; and if he has a child  
 Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice  
 My country asks, harden my soul to shed it !—  
 Was not that thunder ?

*Ctes.* No ; I heard no sound.

Now mark me, Ion ! thou shalt straight be led  
 To the king's chamber : we shall be at hand ;  
 Nothing can give thee pause. Hold ! one should watch  
 The city's eastern portal, lest the troops,  
 Returning from the work of plunder home,  
 Surround us unprepared. Be that thy duty. [*To PHOCION.*

*Pho.* I am to second Ion if he fail.

*Ctes.* He cannot fail ;—I shall be nigh. What, Ion ?

*Ion.* Who spake to me ? Where am I ? Friends, your  
 pardon ;

I am prepared ; yet grant me for a moment,  
 One little moment to be left alone.

*Ctes.* Be brief then, or the season of revenge  
 Will pass. At yonder thicket we'll expect thee.

[*Exeunt all but ION.*

*Ion.* Methinks I breathe more freely, now my lot  
 Is palpable, and mortals gird me round,  
 Though my soul owns no sympathy with theirs.  
 Some one approaches—I must hide this knife—  
 Hide ! I have ne'er till now had aught to hide  
 From any human eye. [*He conceals the knife in his vest.*

*Enter CLEMANTHE.*

Clemanthe here !

*Cle.* Forgive me that I break upon thee thus :  
I meant to watch thy steps unseen ; but night  
Is thickening ; thou art haunted by sad fancies,  
And 'tis more terrible to think upon thee  
Wandering with such companions in thy bosom,  
Than in the peril thou art wont to seek  
Beside the bed of death.

*Ion.* Death, say'st thou? Death?  
Is it not righteous when the gods decree it?  
And brief its sharpest agony? Yet, fair'st,  
It is no theme for thee. Go in at once,  
And think of it no more.

*Cle.* Not without thee.  
Indeed thou art not well ; thy hands are marble ;  
Thine eyes are fix'd ; let me support thee, love :—  
Ha ! what is that gleaming within thy vest ?  
A knife ! Tell me its purpose, Ion !

*Ion.* No ;  
My oath forbids.

*Cle.* An oath ! O gentle Ion,  
What can have link'd thee to a cause which needs  
A stronger cement than a good man's word ?  
There's danger in it. Wilt thou keep it from me ?

*Ion.* Alas, I must. Thou wilt know all full soon—

[*Voices call, ION !*]

Hark ! I am call'd.

*Cle.* Nay, do not leave me thus.

*Ion.* 'Tis very sad [*Voices again*].—I dare not stay—  
farewell !

[*Exit.*]

*Cle.* It must be to Adrastus that he hastes !  
If by his hand the fated tyrant die,  
Austere remembrance of the deed will hang  
Upon his delicate spirit like a cloud,  
And tinge its world of happy images  
With hues of horror. Shall I to the palace,

And, as the price of my disclosure, claim  
 His safety? No!—'Tis never woman's part  
 Out of her fond misgivings to perplex  
 The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves;  
 'Tis hers to weave all that she has of fair  
 And bright in the dark meshes of their web  
 Inseparate from their windings. My poor heart  
 Hath found its refuge in a hero's love,  
 Whatever destiny his generous soul  
 Shape for him;—'tis its duty to be still  
 And trust him till it bound or break with his. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Temple.*

*Enter MEDON, followed by HABRA.*

*Me.* My daughter not within the temple, say'st thou?  
 Abroad at such an hour? Sure not alone  
 She wandered: tell me truly, did not Phocion  
 Or Ion bear her company? 'twas Ion—  
 Confess—was it not he? I shall not chide,  
 Indeed I shall not.

*Hab.* She went forth alone;  
 But it is true that Ion just before  
 Had taken the same path.

*Me.* It was to meet him.  
 I would they were return'd; the night is grown  
 Of an unusual blackness. Some one comes—  
 Look if it be my daughter.

*Hab.* [looking out]. No; young Irus,  
 The little slave, whose pretty tale of grief  
 Agenor, with so gracious a respect,  
 This morning told us.

*Me.* Let him come; he bears  
 Some message from his master.

*Enter IRUS.*

*Me.* [to IRUS]. Thou art pale :  
Has any evil happen'd to Agenor ?

*Irus.* No, my good lord ; I do not come from him ;  
I bear to thee a scroll from one who now  
Is number'd with the dead ; he was my kinsman,  
But I had never seen him till he lay  
Upon his death-bed ; for he left these shores  
Long before I was born, and no one knew  
His place of exile ;—on this mournful day  
He landed, was plague-stricken, and expired.  
My gentle master gave me leave to tend  
His else unsolaced death-bed ;—when he found  
The clammy chillness of the grave steal on,  
He call'd for parchment, and with trembling hand,  
That seem'd to gather firmness from its task,  
Wrote earnestly ; conjured me take the scroll  
Instant to thee ; and died.

[IRUS gives a scroll to MEDON.]

*Me.* [reading the scroll]. These are high tidings.  
Habra ! is not Clemanthe come ? I long  
To tell her all.

*Enter CLEMANTHE.*

*Me.* Sit down, my pensive child.  
Habra, this boy is faint ; see him refresh'd  
With food and wine before thou lett'st him pass.

*Irus.* I have too long been absent from Agenor,  
Who needs my slender help.

*Me.* Nay, I will use  
Thy master's firmness here, and use it so  
As he would use it. Keep him prisoner, Habra,  
Till he has done my bidding. [Exeunt HABRA and IRUS.]

Now, Clemanthe,  
Though thou hast play'd the truant and the rebel,

I will not be too strict in my award,  
 By keeping from thee news of one to thee  
 Most dear—nay, do not blush—I say most dear.

*Cle.* It is of Ion ;—no—I do not blush,  
 But tremble. O my father, what of Ion ?

*Me.* How often have we guess'd his lineage noble !  
 And now 'tis proved. The kinsman of that youth  
 Was with another hired to murder him  
 A babe ;—they tore him from his mother's breast,  
 And to a sea-girt summit where a rock  
 O'erhung a chasm, by the surge's force  
 Made terrible, rush'd with him. As the gods  
 In mercy order'd it, the foremost ruffian,  
 Who bore no burden, pressing through the gloom  
 In the wild hurry of his guilty purpose,  
 Trod at the extreme verge upon a crag  
 Loosen'd by summer from its granite bed,  
 And suddenly fell with it ;—with his fall  
 Sank the base daring of the man who held  
 The infant ; so he placed the unconscious babe  
 Upon the spot where it was found by me ;  
 Watch'd till he saw the infant safe ; then fled,  
 Fearful of question ; and return'd to die.  
 That child is Ion. Whom dost guess his sire ?—  
 The first in Argos.

*Cle.* Dost thou mean Adrastus ?  
 He cannot—must not—be that tyrant's son !

*Me.* It is most certain. Nay, my thankless girl,  
 He hath no touch of his rash father's pride ;  
 For Nature, from whose genial lap he smiled  
 Upon us first, hath moulded for her own  
 The suppliant of her bounty ;—thou art bless'd ;  
 Thus, let me bid thee joy.

*Cle.* Joy, sayst thou—joy !  
 Then I must speak—he seeks Adrastus' life ;



And at this moment, while we talk, may stain  
His soul with parricide.

*Me.* Impossible !

Ion, the gentlest——

*Cle.* It is true, my father ;

I saw the weapon gleaming in his vest ;

I heard him call'd !

*Me.* Shall I alarm the palace ?

*Cle.* No ; in the fierce confusion, he would fall

Before our tale could be his safeguard. Gods !

Is there no hope, no refuge ?

*Me.* Yes, if Heaven

Assist us. I bethink me of a passage,

Which, fashion'd by a king in pious zeal,

That he might seek the altar of the god

In secret, from the temple's inmost shrine

Leads to the royal chamber. I have track'd it

In youth for pastime. Could I thread it now,

I yet might save him.

*Cle.* Oh, make haste, my father !

Shall I attend thee ?

*Me.* No ; thou wouldst impede

My steps ;—thou art fainting ; when I have lodged thee  
safe

In thy own chamber, I will light the torch,

And instantly set forward.

*Cle.* Do not waste

An instant's space on me ; speed, speed, my father—

The fatal moments fly ; I need no aid ;

Thou seest I am calm, quite calm.

*Me.* The gods protect thee !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Chamber. ADRASTUS on a couch, asleep.*

*Enter ION with the knife.*

*Ion.* Why do I creep thus stealthily along  
With trembling steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven  
To execute its mandate on a king  
Whom it hath doom'd? And shall I falter now,  
While every moment that he breathes may crush  
Some life else happy?—Can I be deceived  
By some foul passion, crouching in my soul,  
Which takes a radiant form to lure me on?  
Assure me, gods!—Yes; I have heard your voices;  
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm  
And see me strike!

*[He goes to the couch.*

He's smiling in his slumber,  
As if some happy thought of innocent days  
Play'd at his heart-strings: must I scare it thence  
With death's sharp agony? He lies condemn'd  
By the high judgment of supernal Powers,  
And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus!  
Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die!

*Adras.* Who dares disturb my rest? Guards!  
Soldiers! Recreants!

Where tarry ye? Why smite ye not to earth  
This bold intruder?—Ha! no weapon here!—  
What wouldst thou with me, ruffian?

*[Rising.*

*Ion.*

I am none,

But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand  
To take thy life, long forfeited—Prepare !  
Thy hour is come !

*Adras.* Villains ! does no one hear ?

*Ion.* Vex not the closing minutes of thy being  
With torturing hope or idle rage ; thy guards,  
Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,  
While the most valiant of our Argive youths  
Hold every passage by which human aid  
Could reach thee. Present death is the award  
Of Powers who watch above me while I stand  
To execute their sentence.

*Adras.* Thou !—I know thee—

The youth I spared this morning ; in whose ear  
I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,  
If thou darest do it ; but bethink thee first  
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed  
Will haunt thee to the grave !

*Ion.* It is most true ;

Thou sparedst my life, and therefore do the gods  
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall  
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,  
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—  
Now, while I parley—Spirits that have left,  
Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh  
To rot untomb'd, glide by, and frown on me,  
Their slow Avenger—and the chamber swarms  
With looks of Furies—Yet a moment wait,  
Ye dreadful prompters !—If there is a friend,  
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token,  
Speak thy last bidding.

*Adras.* I have none on earth.

If thou hast courage, end me !

*Ion.* Not one friend !

Most piteous doom !

*Adras.* Art melted?

*Ion.* If I am,  
Hope nothing from my weakness ; mortal arms,  
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,  
And we shall fall together. Be it so !

*Adras.* No ; strike at once ; my hour is come : in thee  
I recognise the minister of Jove,  
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power.

[*ADRASTUS kneels.*

*Ion.* Avert thy face !

*Adras.* No ; let me meet thy gaze ;  
For breathing pity lights thy features up  
Into more awful likeness of a form  
Which once shone on me ; and which now my sense  
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,  
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades  
Of innocents, whom passionate regard  
Link'd with the guilty, are content to pace  
With them the margin of the inky flood  
Mournful and calm ; 'tis surely there ; she waves  
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,  
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,  
Death's gracious angel !—Do not turn away.

*Ion.* Gods ! to what office have ye doom'd me ! Now !

[*ION raises his arm to stab ADRASTUS, who is kneeling, and gazes steadfastly upon him. The voice of MEDON is heard without calling ION ! ION ! —ION drops his arm.*

*Adras.* Be quick, or thou art lost !

[*As ION has again raised his arm to strike, MEDON rushes in behind him.*

*Me.* Ion, forbear !

Behold thy son, Adrastus !

[*ION stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops the knife, and falls senseless on the ground.*

*Adras.* What strange words  
Are these which call my senses from the death  
They were composed to welcome? Son! 'tis false—  
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o'er him!

*Me.* That wave received, instead of the fair nursling,  
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight  
In wicked haste to slay;—I'll give thee proofs.

*Adras.* Great Jove, I thank thee!—raise him gently  
—proofs!

Are there not here the lineaments of her  
Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,  
That bade the long-seal'd fount of love gush out,  
While with a prince's constancy he came  
To lay his noble life down; and the sure,  
The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow  
Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,  
Arm'd for the traitor's deed?—It is my child!

[*ION reviving, sinks on one knee before ADRASTUS.*

*Ion.* Father!

[*Noise without.*

*Me.* The clang of arms!

*Ion* [*starting up*]. They come! they come!

They who are leagued with me against thy life.  
Here let us fall!

*Adras.* I will confront them yet.

Within I have a weapon which has drunk  
A traitor's blood ere now;—there will I wait them:  
No power less strong than death shall part us now.

[*Exeunt ADRASTUS and ION as to an inner chamber.*

*Me.* Have mercy on him, gods, for the dear sake  
Of your most single-hearted worshipper!

*Enter CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, and others.*

*Ctes.* What treachery is this—the tyrant fled,  
And Ion fled too!—Comrades, stay this dotard,  
While I search yonder chamber.

*Me.* Spare him, friends,—  
Spare him to clasp awhile his new-found son ;  
Spare him as Ion's father !

*Ctes.* Father ! yes—  
That is indeed a name to bid me spare ;  
Let me but find him, gods !

*[He rushes into the inner chamber.]*

*Me.* *[to CASSANDER and the others].* Had ye but seen  
What I have seen, ye would have mercy on him.

*CRYTHES enters with Soldiers.*

Ha, soldiers ! hasten to defend your master ;  
That way——

*[As CRYTHES is about to enter the inner chamber,  
CTESIPHON rushes from it with a bloody dagger,  
and stops them.]*

*Ctes.* It is accomplished ; the foul blot  
Is wiped away. Shade of my murder'd father,  
Look on thy son, and smile !

*Cry.* Whose blood is that ?  
It cannot be the king's !

*Ctes.* It cannot be !  
Think'st thou, foul minion of a tyrant's will,  
He was to crush, and thou to crawl for ever ?  
Look there, and tremble !

*Cry.* Wretch ! thy life shall pay  
The forfeit of this deed.

*[CRYTHES and Soldiers seize CTESIPHON.]*

*Enter ADRASTUS mortally wounded, supported by ION.*

*Adras.* Here let me rest ;  
In this old chamber did my life begin,  
And here I'll end it : Crythes ! thou hast timed  
Thy visit well, to bring thy soldiers hither  
To gaze upon my parting.

*Cry.*

To avenge thee ;—

Here is the traitor !

*Adras.*

Set him free at once :

Why do ye not obey me ? Ctesiphon,

I gave thee cause for this ;—believe me now

That thy true steel has made thy vengeance sure ;

And as we now stand equal, I will sue

For a small boon—let me not see thee more.

*Ctes.* Farewell ![*Exit* CTESIPHON.*Adras.* [to CRYTHES and the Soldiers]. Why do ye  
tarry here ?

Begone !—still do ye hover round my couch !

If the commandment of a dying king

Is feeble, as a man who has embraced

His child for the first time since infancy,

And presently must part with him for ever,

I do adjure ye leave us !

[*Exeunt all but* ION and ADRASTUS.*Ion.*

O my father !

How is it with thee now ?

*Adras.*

Well ; very well ;—

Avenging Fate hath spent its utmost force

Against me ; and I gaze upon my son

With the sweet certainty that nought can part us

Till all is quiet here. How like a dream

Seems the succession of my regal pomps

Since I embraced my new-born child ! To me

The interval hath been a weary one :

How hath it pass'd with thee ?

*Ion.*

But that my heart

Hath sometimes ached for the sweet sense of kindred,

I had enjoy'd a round of happy years

As cherish'd youth e'er knew.

*Adras.*

I bless the gods

That they have strewn along thy humble path

Delights unblamed ; and in this hour I seem  
 Even as I had lived so ; and I feel  
 That I shall live in thee, unless that curse—  
 Oh, if it should survive me !

*Ion.* Think not of it ;  
 The gods have shed such sweetness in this moment,  
 That, howsoe'er they deal with me hereafter,  
 I shall not deem them angry. Let me call  
 For help to stanch thy wound ; thou art strong yet,  
 And yet may live to bless me.

*Adras.* Do not stir ;  
 My strength is ebbing fast ; yet as it leaves me,  
 The spirit of my stainless days of love  
 Awakens ; and their images of joy,  
 Which at thy voice started from blank oblivion,  
 When thou wert strange to me, and then half-shown  
 Look'd sadly through the mist of guilty years,  
 Now glimmer on me in the lovely light  
 Which at thy age they wore. Thou art all thy mother's,  
 Her elements of gentlest virtue cast  
 In mould heroical.

*Ion.* Thy speech grows fainter ;  
 Can I do nothing for thee ?

*Adras.* Yes :—my son,  
 Thou art the best, the bravest of a race  
 Of rightful monarchs ; thou must mount the throne  
 Thy ancestors have fill'd, and by great deeds  
 Efface the memory of thy fated sire,  
 And win the blessing of the gods for men  
 Stricken for him. Swear to me thou wilt do this,  
 And I shall die forgiven.

*Ion.* I will.

*Adras.* Rejoice,  
 Sufferers of Argos ! I am growing weak,  
 And my eyes dazzle ; let me rest my hands,



Ere they have lost their feeling, on thy head.—

So ! so !—thy hair is glossy to the touch

As when I last enwreath'd its tiny curl

About my finger ; I did image then

Thy reign excelling mine ; it is fulfill'd,

And I die happy. Bless thee, King of Argos ! *[Dies.*

*Ion.* He's dead ! and I am fatherless again.—

King did he hail me ? shall I make that word

A spell to bid old happiness awake

Throughout the lovely land that father'd me

In my forsaken childhood ?

*[He sees the knife on the ground, and takes it up.*

Most vain dream !

This austere monitor had bid thee vanish

Ere half-reveal'd. Come back, thou truant steel ;

Half of thy work the gods absolved thee from—

The rest remains ! Lie there !

*[He conceals the knife in his vest. Shout heard without.*

The voice of joy !

Is this thy funeral wailing ? O my father !

Mournful and brief will be the heritage

Thou leavest me ; yet I promised thee in death

To grasp it ;—and I will embrace it now.

*Enter AGENOR and others.*

*Age.* Does the king live ?

*Ion.* Alas ! in me. The son

Of him whose princely spirit is at rest,

Claims his ancestral honours.

*Age.* That high thought

Anticipates the prayer of Argos, roused

To sudden joy. The sages wait without

To greet thee ; wilt confer with them to-night,

Or wait the morning ?

*Ion.* Now. The city's state  
Allows the past no sorrow. I attend them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Gate of the City.*

PHOCION *on guard.*

*Pho.* Fool that I was to take this idle office  
At most inglorious distance from the scene  
Which shall be freedom's birthplace; to endure  
The phantasies of danger which the soul  
Uncheer'd by action coldly dallies with  
Till it begins to shiver! Long ere this,  
If Ion's hand be firm, the deed is past,  
And yet no shout announces that the bonds  
Of tyranny are broken. [*Shouts at a distance.*  
Hark! 'tis done!

*Enter CTESIPHON.*

All hail, my brother freeman!—art not so?—  
Thy looks are haggard—is the tyrant slain?  
Is liberty achieved?

*Ctes.* The king is dead;

This arm—I bless the righteous Furies!—slew him.

*Pho.* Did Ion quail, then?

*Ctes.* Ion!—clothe thy speech

In phrase more courtly; he is king of Argos,  
Accepted as the tyrant's son, and reigns.

*Pho.* It cannot be; I can believe him born  
Of such high lineage; yet he will not change  
His own rich treasury of unruffled thoughts  
For all the frigid glories that invest  
The loveless state in which the monarch dwells  
A terror and a slave. [*Shouts again.*

*Ctes.* Dost hear that shout?

'Tis raised for him !—the craven-hearted world  
 Is ever eager thus to hail a master,  
 And patriots smite for it in vain. Our Soldiers,  
 In the gay recklessness of men who sport  
 With life as with a plaything ; Citizens  
 On wretched beds gaping for show ; and Sages,  
 Vain of a royal sophist, madly join  
 In humble prayer that he would deign to tread  
 Upon their necks ; and he is pleased to grant it.

*Pho.* He shall not grant it ! If my life, my sense,  
 My heart's affections, and my tongue's free scope  
 Wait the dominion of a mortal will,  
 What is the sound to me, whether my soul  
 Bears " Ion " or " Adrastus " burnt within it  
 As my soul's owner ? Ion tyrant ? No !  
 Grant me a moment's pleading with his heart,  
 Which has not known a selfish throb till now,  
 And thou shalt see him smile this greatness from him.

*Ctes.* Go teach the eagle when in azure heaven  
 He upward darts to seize his madden'd prey,  
 Shivering through the death-circle of its fear,  
 To pause and let it 'scape, and thou mayst win  
 Man to forego the sparkling round of power,  
 When it floats airily within his grasp !

*Pho.* Why thus severe ? Our nature's common wrongs  
 Affect thee not ; and that which touch'd thee nearly  
 Is well avenged.

*Ctes.* Not while the son of him  
 Who smote my father reigns ! I little guess'd  
 Thou wouldst require a prompter to awake  
 The memory of the oath so freshly sworn,  
 Or of the place assign'd to thee by lot,  
 Should our first champion fail to crush the race—  
 Mark me !—" the race " of him my arm has dealt with.  
 Now is the time, the palace all confused,

And Ion dizzy with strange turns of fortune,  
To do thy part.

*Pho.* Have mercy on my weakness !  
If thou hadst known this comrade of my sports,  
One of the same small household whom his mirth  
Unfailing gladden'd ; if a thousand times  
Thou hadst, by strong prosperity made thoughtless,  
Touch'd its unfather'd nature in its nerve  
Of agony, and felt no chiding glance ;—  
Hadst thou beheld him overtax his strength  
To serve the wish his genial instinct guess'd,  
Till his dim smile the weariness betray'd,  
Which it would fain dissemble ; hadst thou known  
In sickness the sweet magic of his care,  
Thou couldst not ask it.—Hear me, Ctesiphon !—  
I had a deadly fever once, and slaves  
Fled me : he watch'd, and glided to my bed,  
And sooth'd my dull ear with discourse which grew  
By nice degrees to ravishment, till pain  
Seem'd an heroic sense, which made me kin  
To the great deeds he pictured, and the brood  
Of dizzy weakness flickering through the gloom  
Of my small curtain'd prison caught the hues  
Of beauty spangling out in glorious change ;  
And it became a luxury to lie  
And faintly listen. Canst thou bid me slay him ?

*Ctes.* The deed be mine. Thou'lt not betray me ?

[*Going.*

*Pho.*

Hold !

If by our dreadful compact he must fall,  
I will not smite him with my coward thought  
Winging a distant arm ; I will confront him  
Arm'd with delicious memories of our youth,  
And pierce him through them all.

*Ctes.*

Be speedy, then !

*Pho.* Fear not that I shall prove a laggard, charged  
With weight of such a purpose.—Fate commands,  
And I live now but to perform her bidding.

[*Excunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*A Terrace in the Garden of the Palace, by  
Moonlight.*

*Enter ION and AGENOR.*

*Age.* Wilt thou not seek repose?

*Ion.*

My rest is here—

Beneath the greatness of the heavens, which awes  
My spirit, toss'd by sudden change, and torn  
By various passions, to repose. Yet age  
Requires more genial nourishment—pray seek it—  
I will but stay thee to inquire once more  
If any symptom of returning health  
Bless the wan city?

*Age.*

No—the perishing

Lift up their painful heads to bless thy name,  
And their eyes kindle as they utter it;  
But still they perish.

*Ion.*

So!—give instant order,

The rites which shall confirm me in my throne  
Be solemnised to-morrow.

*Age.*

How! so soon,

While the more sacred duties to the dead  
Remain unpaid?

*Ion.*

Let them abide my time—

They will not tarry long. I see thee gaze  
With wonder on me—do my bidding now,  
And trust me till to-morrow. Pray go in,  
The night will chill thee else.

*Age.*

Farewell, my lord! [*Exit.*]

*Ion.* Now all is stillness in my breast—how soon

To be displaced by more profound repose,  
 In which no thread of consciousness shall live  
 To feel how calm it is!—O lamp serene,  
 Do I lift up to thee undazzled eyes  
 For the last time? Shall I enjoy no more  
 Thy golden haziness which seem'd akin  
 To my young fortune's dim felicity?  
 And when it coldly shall embrace the urn  
 That shall contain my ashes, will no thought  
 Of all the sweet ones cherish'd by thy beams  
 Awake to tremble with them? Vain regret!  
 The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight,  
 And I would tread it with as firm a step,  
 Though it should terminate in cold oblivion,  
 As if Elysian pleasures at its close  
 Flash'd palpable to sight as things of earth.  
 Who passes there?

*Enter PHOCION behind, who strikes at ION with  
 a dagger.*

*Pho.* This to the king of Argos!  
 [ION struggles with him, seizes the dagger, which  
 he throws away.]

*Ion.* I will not fall by thee, poor wavering novice  
 In the assassin's trade!—thy arm is feeble—  
 [He confronts PHOCION.]

Phocion?—was this well aim'd? thou didst not mean—  
*Pho.* I meant to take thy life, urged by remembrance  
 Of yesterday's great vow.

*Ion.* And couldst thou think  
 I had forgotten?

*Pho.* Thou?

*Ion.* Couldst thou believe,  
 That one whose nature had been arm'd to stop  
 The life-blood's current in a fellow's veins,

Would hesitate when gentler duty turn'd  
 His steel to nearer use? To-morrow's dawn  
 Shall see me wield the sceptre of my fathers :  
 Come, watch beside my throne, and, if I fail  
 In sternest duty which my country needs,  
 My bosom will be open to thy steel,  
 As now to thy embrace!

*Pho.* Thus let me fall  
 Low at thy feet, and kneeling here receive  
 Forgiveness ; do not crush me with more love  
 Than lies in the word " pardon."

*Ion.* And that word  
 I will not speak ;—what have I to forgive?  
 A devious fancy, and a muscle raised  
 Obedient to its impulse ! Dost thou think  
 The tracings of a thousand kindnesses,  
 Which taught me all I guess'd of brotherhood,  
 And in the rashness of a moment lost ?

*Pho.* I cannot look upon thee ; let me go,  
 And lose myself in darkness.

*Ion.* Nay, old playmate,  
 We part not thus—the duties of my state  
 Will shortly end our fellowship ; but spend  
 A few sweet minutes with me. Dost remember  
 How in a night like this we climb'd yon walls—  
 Two vagrant urchins, and with tremulous joy  
 Skimm'd though these statue-border'd walks that  
 gleam'd  
 In bright succession ? Let us tread them now ;  
 And think we are but older by a day,  
 And that the pleasant walk of yesternight  
 We are to-night retracing. Come, my friend !—  
 What, drooping yet ! thou wert not wont to seem  
 So stubborn—cheerily, my Phocion—come ! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Time—The Morning of the Second Day.  
The Terrace of the Palace.*

*Two Soldiers on guard.*

*1 Sold.* A stirring season, comrade ! our new prince  
Has leap'd as eagerly into his seat  
As he had languish'd an expectant heir  
Weary of nature's kindness to old age.  
He was esteem'd a modest stripling ;—strange  
That he should, with such reckless hurry, seize  
The gaudy shows of power !

*2 Sold.* 'Tis honest nature ;  
The royal instinct was but smouldering in him,  
And now it blazes forth. I pray the gods  
He may not give us cause to mourn his sire.

*1 Sold.* No more ; he comes.

*Enter ION.*

*Ion.* Why do ye loiter here ;  
Are all the statues decked with festal wreaths  
As I commanded ?

*1 Sold.* We have been on guard  
Here by Agenor's order since the nightfall.

*Ion.* On guard ! Well, hasten now and see it done ;  
I need no guards. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

The awful hour draws near ;  
I think that I can meet it. — Phocion comes :  
He will unman me ; yet he must not go,  
Thinking his presence painful.



*Enter PHOCION.*

Friend, good morrow!

Thou play'st the courtier early.

*Pho.* Canst thou speak  
In that old tone of common cheerfulness,  
That blithely promises delightful years,  
And hold thy dreadful purpose?

*Ion.* I have drawn  
From the selectest fountain of repose  
A blessed calm :—when I lay down to rest,  
I fear'd lest bright remembrances of childhood  
Should with untimely visitation mock me ;  
But deep and dreamless have my slumbers been.  
If sight of thee renews the thoughts of life  
Too busily,—I prize the love that wakes them.

*Pho.* Oh, cherish them, and let them plead with thee  
To grant my prayer,—that thou wouldst live for Argos,  
Not die for her ;—thy gracious life shall win  
More than thy death the favour of the gods,  
And charm the marble aspect of grim Fate  
Into a blessed change : I, who am vow'd,  
And who so late was arm'd Fate's minister,  
Implore thee !

*Ion.* Speak to me no more of life !  
There is a dearer name I would recall—  
Thou understand'st me—

*Enter AGENOR.*

*Age.* Thou hast forgot to name  
Who shall be bidden to this evening's feast.

*Ion.* The feast ! most true ; I had forgotten it.  
Bid whom thou wilt ; but let there be large store,  
If our sad walls contain it, for the wretched  
Whom hunger palsies. It may be few else  
Will taste it with a relish.

[*Exit AGENOR.*

[ION resumes his address to PHOCION, and continues it broken by the interruptions which follow.

I would speak

A word of her who yester-morning rose  
To her light duties with as blithe a heart  
As ever yet its equal beating veil'd  
In moveless alabaster ;—plighted now,  
In liberal hour, to one whose destiny  
Shall freeze the sources of enjoyment in it,  
And make it heavy with the life-long pang  
A widow'd spirit bears !—

*Enter CLEON.*

*Cleon.* The heralds wait  
To learn the hour at which the solemn games  
Shall be proclaim'd.

*Ion.* The games !—yes, I remember  
That sorrow's darkest pageantries give place  
To youth's robustest pastimes—Death and Life  
Embracing :—at the hour of noon.

*Cleon.* The wrestlers  
Pray thee to crown the victor.

*Ion.* If I live,  
Their wish shall govern me. [Exit CLEON.

Could I recall

One hour, and bid thy sister think of me  
With gentle sorrow, as a playmate lost,  
I should escape the guilt of having stopp'd  
The pulse of hope in the most innocent soul  
That ever passion ruffled. Do not talk  
Of me as I shall seem to thy kind thoughts,  
But harshly as thou canst ; and if thou steal  
From thy rich store of popular eloquence  
Some bitter charge against the faith of kings,  
'Twill be an honest treason.

*Enter CASSANDER.*

*Cas.* Pardon me,  
If I entreat thee to permit a few  
Of thy once-cherish'd friends to bid thee joy  
Of that which swells their pride.

*Ion.* They'll madden me.  
Dost thou not see me circled round with care?  
Urge me no more.

[*As CASSANDER is going, ION leaves PHOCION, and comes to him.*

Come back, Cassander! see  
How greatness frets the temper. Keep this ring—  
It may remind thee of the pleasant hours  
That we have spent together, ere our fortunes  
Grew separate; and with thy gracious speech  
Excuse me to our friends. [*Exit CASSANDER.*

*Pho.* 'Tis time we seek  
The temple.

*Ion.* Phocion! must I seek the temple?

*Pho.* There sacrificial rites must be perform'd  
Before thou art enthroned.

*Ion.* Then I must gaze  
On things which will arouse the struggling thoughts  
I had subdued—perchance may meet with her  
Whose name I dare not utter. I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Temple.*

CLEMANTHE, HABRA.

*Hab.* Be comforted, dear lady;—he must come  
To sacrifice.

*Cle.* Recall that churlish word,  
That stubborn "*must*," that bounds my living hopes,  
As with an iron circle. He *must* come!  
How piteous is affection's state, that cleaves

To such a wretched prop ! I had flown to him  
 Long before this, but that I fear'd my presence  
 Might prove a burthen,—and he sends no word,  
 No token that he thinks of me ! Art sure  
 That he *must* come ? The hope has torture in it ;  
 Yet it is all my bankrupt heart hath left  
 To feed upon.

*Hab.* I see him now with Phocion  
 Pass through the inner court.

*Cle.* He will not come  
 This way, then, to the place for sacrifice.  
 I can endure no more : speed to him, Habra ;  
 And bid him, if he holds Clemanthe's life  
 Worthy a minute's loss, to seek me here.

*Hab.* Dear lady !—

*Cle.* Do not answer me, but run,  
 Or I shall give yon crowd of sycophants  
 To gaze upon my sorrow. [Exit HABRA.]

It is hard ;  
 Yet I must strive to bear it, and find solace  
 In that high fortune which has made him strange.  
 He bends this way—but slowly—mournfully.  
 Oh, he is ill ; how has my slander wrong'd him !

*Enter ION.*

*Ion.* What wouldst thou with me, lady ?

*Cle.* Is it so ?  
 Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,  
 That the departing gleams of a bright dream,  
 From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold  
 To crave a word with thee ;—but all are fled—  
 And I have nought to seek.

*Ion.* A goodly dream ;  
 But thou art right to think it was no more  
 And study to forget it.

*Cle.* To forget it?  
Indeed, my lord, I cannot wish to lose  
What, being past, is all my future hath,  
All I shall live for : do not grudge me this,  
The brief space I shall need it.

*Ion.* Speak not, fair one,  
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel  
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,  
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul  
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,  
For a brief taste of rapture.

*Cle.* Dost thou yet  
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,  
Be still ! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us ?  
O, my dear Ion !—let me call thee so  
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts  
Increase the distance that there was between us,  
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes  
Seem'd a poor foundling.

*Ion.* It must separate us !  
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse  
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,  
And from familiar touch of genial hand,  
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,  
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,  
For ever banish me !

*Cle.* Thou dost accuse  
Thy state too hardly. It may give some room,  
Some little space, amidst its radiant folds,  
For love to make its nest in !

*Ion.* Not for me :  
My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed  
From that sweet fellowship of human-kind  
The slave rejoices in : my solemn robes  
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,

And the attendants who may throng around me  
 Shall want the flatteries which may basely warm  
 The sceptred thing they circle. Dark and cold  
 Stretches the path, which when I wear the crown,  
 I needs must enter :—the great gods forbid  
 That thou shouldst follow in it !

*Cle.* Oh unkind !

And shall we never see each other ?

*Ion* [*after a pause*]. Yes !

I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills  
 That look eternal ; of the flowing streams  
 That lucid flow for ever ; of the stars,  
 Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit  
 Hath trod in glory : all were dumb ; but now,  
 While I thus gaze upon thy living face,  
 I feel the love that kindles through its beauty  
 Can never wholly perish ; we *shall* meet  
 Again, Clemanthe !

*Cle.* Bless thee for that name ;

Call me that name again ; thy words sound strangely,  
 Yet they breathe kindness. Shall we meet indeed ?  
 Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,  
 Thy councils, or thy pomps ;—to sit at distance,  
 To weave, with the nice labour which preserves  
 The rebel pulses even from gay threads,  
 Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch  
 The falling music of a gracious word,  
 Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be  
 Comfort enough :—do not deny me this ;  
 Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,  
 Kill me at once !

*Ion.* No ; thou must live, my fair one :

There are a thousand joyous things in life,  
 Which pass unheeded in a life of joy  
 As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes

To ruffle it ; and daily duties paid  
 Hardly at first, at length will bring repose  
 To the sad mind that studies to perform them.  
 Thou dost not mark me.

*Cle.* Oh, I do ! I do !

*Ion.* If for thy brother's and thy father's sake  
 Thou art content to live, the healer, Time,  
 Will reconcile thee to the lovely things  
 Of this delightful world,—and if another,  
 A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love  
 Another !—I did think I could have said it,  
 But 'tis in vain.

*Cle.* Thou art mine own then still ?

*Ion.* I am thine own ! thus let me clasp thee ; nearer,  
 O joy too thrilling and too short !

*Enter* AGENOR.

*Age.* My lord,

The sacrificial rites await thy presence.

*Ion.* I come.—One more embrace—the last, the last  
 In this world ! Now, farewell ! *[Exit.*

*Cle.* The last embrace !

Then he has cast me off !—No, 'tis not so ;  
 Some mournful secret of his fate divides us :  
 I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort  
 From seeing him uplifted. I will look  
 Upon him in his state ; Minerva's shrine  
 Will shelter me from vulgar gaze ; I'll hasten,  
 And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there ! *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Great Square of the City—on one side  
 a Throne of state prepared,—on the other an Altar,—  
 the Statues decorated with garlands.*

*Enter* CTESIPHON and CASSANDER.

*Ctes.* Vex me no more by telling me, Cassander,

Of his fair speech : I prize it at its worth ;  
 Thou'lt see how he will act when seated firm  
 Upon the throne the craven tyrant fill'd,  
 Whose blood he boasts, unless some honest arm  
 Should shed it first.

*Cas.* Hast thou forgot the time  
 When thou thyself wert eager to foretell  
 His manhood's glory from his childish virtues?  
 Let me not think thee one of those fond prophets,  
 Who are well pleased still to foretell success,  
 So it remain their dream.

*Ctes.* Thou dost forget  
 What has chill'd fancy and delight within me—  
[*Music at a distance.*  
 Hark !—servile trumpets speak his coming—watch  
 How power will change him. [*They stand aside.*

[*The Procession. Enter MEDON, AGENOR, PHO-  
 CION, TIMOCLES, CLEON, Sages and People ;  
 ION last, in royal robes. He advances amidst  
 shouts, and speaks.*

*Ion.* I thank you for your greeting—Shout no more,  
 But in deep silence raise your hearts to Heaven,  
 That it may strengthen one so young and frail  
 As I am, for the business of this hour.  
 Must I sit here ?

*Me.* Permit thy earliest friend,  
 Who propp'd in infancy thy tottering steps,  
 To lead thee to thy throne,—and thus fulfil  
 His fondest vision.

*Ion.* Thou art still most kind—  
*Me.* Nay, do not think of me, my son ! my son !  
 What ails thee ? When thou shouldst reflect the joy  
 Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave  
 Marbles thy face.



*Ion.* Am I indeed so pale?  
It is a solemn office I assume ;  
Yet thus, with Phœbus' blessing I embrace it.

[*Sits on the throne.*]

Stand forth, Agenor !

*Age.* I await thy will.

*Ion.* To thee I look as to the wisest friend  
Of this afflicted people ;—thou must leave  
Awhile the quiet which thy life hath earn'd,  
To rule our councils ; fill the seats of justice  
With good men not so absolute in goodness,  
As to forget what human frailty is ;  
And order my sad country.

*Age.* Pardon me—

*Ion.* Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request ;  
Thou never couldst deny me what I sought  
In boyish wantonness, and shalt not grudge  
Thy wisdom to me, till our state revive  
From its long anguish ;—it will not be long  
If Heaven approve me here. Thou hast all power  
Whether I live or die.

*Age.* Die ! I am old—

*Ion.* Death is not jealous of thy mild decay,  
Which gently wins thee his : exulting Youth  
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,  
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp  
His shivering prey at noontide. Let me see  
The captain of the guard.

*Cry.* I kneel to crave  
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestow'd  
On one who loved him well.

*Ion.* I cannot thank thee,  
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness ;  
But I will not forget that thou hast shared  
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,

And learn'd the need of luxury. I grant  
 For thee and thy brave comrades, ample share  
 Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,  
 To grace thy passage to some distant land,  
 Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,  
 May glorious laurels wreath it! In our realm  
 We shall not need it longer.

*Cry.* Dost intend  
 To banish the firm troops before whose valour  
 Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave  
 Our city naked to the first assault  
 Of reckless foes!

*Ion.* No, Crythes!—in ourselves,  
 In our own honest hearts and chainless hands  
 Will be our safeguard:—while we seek no use  
 Of arms, we would not have our children blend  
 With their first innocent wishes; while the love  
 Of Argos and of justice shall be one  
 To their young reason; while their sinews grow  
 Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports:  
 We shall not ask to guard our country's peace  
 One selfish passion, or one venal sword.  
 I would not grieve thee;—but thy valiant troop—  
 For I esteem them valiant—must no more  
 With luxury which suits a desperate camp  
 Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,  
 Ere night.

*Cry.* My lord—

*Ion.* No more—my word hath pass'd.  
 Medon, there is no office I can add  
 To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard  
 The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—  
 Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger  
 As thou didst me;—there sometimes waste a thought  
 On thy spoil'd inmate!

*Me.* Think of thee, my lord?  
 Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign—  
*Ion.* Prithee no more. Argives! I have a boon  
 To crave of you;—whene'er I shall rejoin  
 In death the father from whose heart in life  
 Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!  
 For ye, who saw him in his full-blown pride,  
 Knew little of affections crush'd within,  
 And wrongs which frenzied him; yet never more  
 Let the great interests of the state depend  
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway  
 A piece of human frailty! Swear to me  
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves  
 The means of sovereign rule:—our narrow space,  
 So happy in its confines, so compact,  
 Needs not the magic of a single name  
 Which wider regions may require to draw  
 Their interests into one; but circled thus,  
 Like a bless'd family by simple laws,  
 May tenderly be govern'd; all degrees  
 Moulded together as a single form  
 Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords  
 Of sympathy pervading shall suffuse  
 In times of quiet with one bloom, and fill  
 With one resistless impulse, if the hosts  
 Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me  
 That ye will do this!

*Me.* Wherefore ask this now?  
 Thou shalt live long;—the paleness of thy face  
 Which late appall'd me wears a glory now,  
 And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy  
 Of lustrous years.

*Ion.* The gods approve me then!  
 Yet I will use the function of a king,  
 And claim obedience. Promise if I leave

No issue, that the sovereign power shall live  
 In the affections of the general heart,  
 And in the wisdom of the best.

*Medon, and others.* We swear it !

*Ion.* Hear and record the oath, immortal powers !  
 Now give me leave a moment to approach  
 That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]

Gracious gods !

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,  
 Look on me now ;—and if there is a Power,  
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,  
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes  
 The Spirit of the Beautiful that lives  
 In earth and heaven ; to ye I offer up  
 This conscious being, full of life and love,  
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow  
 End all her sorrows !

[*Stabs himself, and falls.* CTESIPHON *rushes to support him.*]

[*Ctesiphon, thou art*  
 Avenged and wilt forgive me.

*Ctes.* Thou hast pluck'd  
 The poor disguise of hatred from my soul,  
 And made me feel how evil is the wish  
 Of vengeance. Could I die to save thee !

CLEMANTHE *rushes forward.*

*Cle.* Hold !  
 Let me support him—stand away—indeed.—  
 I have best right, although ye know it not,  
 To cling to him in death.

*Ion.* This is a joy  
 I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.—  
 Bend thine eyes on me !

*Cle.* And for this it was

Thou wouldst have wean'd me from thee? Couldst  
thou think

I would be so divorc'd?

*Ion.*

Thou art right, Clemanthe,—

It was a shallow and an idle thought ;

'Tis past ; no show of coldness frets us now ;

No vain disguise, my love. Yet thou wilt think

On that which, when I feign'd I truly said—

Wilt thou not, sweet one ?

*Cle.*

I will treasure all.

*Enter IRUS.*

*Irus.* I bring you glorious tidings—Ha ! no joy  
Can enter here.

*Ion.*

Yes—is it as I hope ?

*Irus.* The pestilence abates.

*Ion* [*springs on his feet*]. Do ye not hear !

Why shout ye not ?—ye are strong—think not of me ;

Hearken ! the curse my ancestry has spread

O'er Argos is dispell'd—Agenor, give

This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought

Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain—

And Medon ! cherish him as thou hast one

Who dying blesses thee ;—my own Clemanthe !

Let this console thee also—Argos lives—

The offering is accepted—all is well !

[*Dies.*

*The curtain falls.*



THE  
ATHENIAN CAPTIVE.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

TO THE  
*RIGHT HON. THOMAS LORD DENMAN,*  
LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE  
OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH,  
IN TESTIMONY OF WARM ADMIRATION  
OF THOSE QUALITIES WHICH WERE THE GRACE AND  
DELIGHT OF THE BAR,  
AND WHICH HAPPILY ADORN THE BENCH ;  
AND IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY CHEERING  
KINDNESSES ;

*This Tragedy*

IS, WITH HIS PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

THE following notice was prefixed to the first edition of this drama, which was prepared in the expectation that it would be performed on the eve of its publication:—

“The existence of the following scenes is entirely to be attributed to the earnest desire which I felt, to assist, even in the slightest degree, the endeavour which Mr. Macready has made this season in the cause of the acted Drama. More than contented with the unhopèd-for association I had obtained with the living influences of scenic representation, in the indulgence accorded to ‘Ion,’ I should have postponed all thought of again venturing before the public, until years had brought leisure, which might enable me to supply, by labour and by care, what I knew to be wanting in the higher requisites of tragic style. But I could not perceive a gentleman, whose friendship I had long enjoyed, forsaking the certain rewards of his art, and the tranquil pleasures of domestic life, to engage in the chivalrous endeavour to support a cause, which I believe to be that of humanity and of goodness, and which seemed almost desperate, without a feverish anxiety to render him assistance, and perhaps a tendency to mistake the will for the power. The position of the two great theatres—with a legal monopoly, which has been frittered away

piecemeal without recompense, until nothing remains but the debts which were contracted on the faith of its continuance, and the odium of its name:—opposed to a competition with numerous establishments, dividing the dramatic talent and dissipating the dramatic interest of the town,—rendered the determination of Mr. Macready to risk his property, his time and his energies, in the management of one of them, a subject of an interest almost painful. Impressed with this sentiment, at a time when it was unforeseen that one of the most distinguished of our authors would lend his aid—when no tragic creation of Knowles ‘cast its shadow before,’ with its assurance of power and of beauty,—when the noble revivals of Lear and of Coriolanus were only to be guessed at from those of Hamlet and Macbeth,—I determined to make an attempt, marked, I fear, with more zeal than wisdom. Having submitted the outline of this Drama to the friend and artist most interested in the result, and having received his encouragement to proceed, I devoted my little vacation of Christmas to its composition;—and succeeded so far as to finish it before the renewal of other (I can hardly say) severer labours. Whether I may succeed in doing more than thus gratifying my own feelings, and testifying their strength by the effort, is, at this time, doubtful;—but, in no event shall I regret having made it.

“At this period I can only, of course, imperfectly estimate the extent of the obligation I shall owe to the performers; but, as no other opportunity may occur, I cannot refrain from thanking them for the zeal and cordiality with which they have thus far supported me. Among them I am happy to find my old and constant friend, Mr. Serle,—who should rather be engaged in embodying his own conceptions than in lending strength to mine. And I cannot refrain from mentioning the

sacrifice made to the common cause by Miss Helen Faucit, in consenting to perform a character far beneath the sphere in which she is entitled to move ; and which, even when elevated and graced by her, will, I fear, be chiefly noted for her good-nature in accepting it."

The representation of this play at Covent Garden Theatre was prevented by the occurrence of an event "untoward" as regarded the hopes of the Author,—an addition to the family of Mrs. Warner, who had prepared to represent *Ismene*. It was subsequently produced at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Mr. Webster ; and, notwithstanding the diminution of interest caused by its previous publication, was rendered more successful, by the powers of Mr. Macready and Mrs. Warner, than I had ventured to anticipate, even when I expected that they would be supported by Miss Helen Faucit and Mr. Anderson. It has since been repeatedly represented in the country at the instance of Mr. Henry Betty, who has illustrated the part of *Thoas* with energy and grace, which all who recollect the brilliant passages of his father's youth, or who are acquainted with his own modest worth, will rejoice to find ensuring the best rewards which the present condition of the stage allows to its professors.

The catastrophe of this Drama, as originally written, differs from that with which it now closes,—the death of *Thoas* by his own hand in the scene of trial. According to the first design, after *Ismene* has retired from the Temple on the refusal of her son to acquiesce in the condemnation of *Hyllus*, *Thoas*, by the aid of the Athenian troops, awes and compels the Corinthians to leave the prisoner with him, and then implores his death from *Hyllus*, whom he urges to revenge his father ;—*Hyllus* yields ;—and accompanying *Thoas* to the tomb of *Creon*, there accomplishes the wish of his repentant

friend and the revenge of his father. This scheme, involving scenic difficulties, and perhaps more serious danger, was objected to by Mr. Macready, with good reason, and supplied by the present termination. While I have no doubt that, for theatrical purposes, the alteration was judicious, I retain the opinion that the original scheme was more in accordance with the severe spirit of the Grecian Drama of which this Play is a faint shadow; and, therefore, I have placed in the APPENDIX the closing scenes as first written.



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

AS REHEARSED AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



<i>Creon</i> , King of Corinth . . . . .	MR. WALDRON.
<i>Hyllus</i> , Son of Creon . . . . .	MR. E. GLOVER.
<i>Iphitus</i> , Priest of the temple of Jupiter the Avenger, at Corinth . . . . .	} MR. BRINDAL.
<i>Calchas</i> , an Athenian, living at Corinth . . . . .	
<i>Thoas</i> , an Athenian Warrior . . . . .	MR. MACREADY.
<i>Pentheus</i> , an Athenian Warrior, his Friend . . . . .	MR. SAVILLE.
<i>Lycus</i> , Master of the Slaves to the King of Corinth . . . . .	} MR. HOWE.

*Athenian and Corinthian Soldiers, &c.*

<i>Ismene</i> , Queen of Corinth; second wife of Creon . . . . .	} MRS. WARNER.
<i>Creusa</i> , Daughter of Creon; twin-born of his first wife with Hyllus . . . . .	

SCENE—*Corinth, and its immediate neighbourhood.*

Time of Action—Two days.



# THE ATHENIAN CAPTIVE.

## A TRAGEDY.



### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Acropolis of Corinth.*

CREON *reclining on a bench, beneath open columns—*

IPHITUS *a little behind him, in the dress of Augury, watching the flight of birds. The Sea seen far below, in the distance.*

*Iph.* WHEEL through the ambient air, ye sacred birds,  
In circles still contracting, that aspire  
To share the radiance of yon dazzling beams,  
And 'midst them float from mortal gaze; ye speak  
In no uncertain language to the sons  
Of Corinth, that the shames they bear from Athens  
Shall speedily be lost in glories won  
From insolent battalions, that have borne  
Their triumphs to our gates. Rejoice, my king!  
Leave mournful contemplation of the dust,  
To hail the omen!

*Creon.* I am so perplex'd  
With the faint tracings age's weakness shapes,  
That I distinguish not the winged forms  
Thou speakest of from the mists that flicker quick

On eyes which soon must be all dark. To me  
No omen can be otherwise than sad!

*Iph.* Surely, my king—for I will answer thee  
Untrembling, as Jove's minister—these signs  
Should make thy heart beat proudly; hast not felt  
Upon our loftiest eminence the blight  
Of that dishonour which alone can slay  
The spirit of a people:—seen our fanes  
Crowded with suppliants from our wasted fields,  
Shrieking for help in vain, and mourn'd the power  
Of Athens to convert our cloudless sky,  
And the bright sea which circles us, to bounds  
Of a great prison? If thy kingly soul  
Hath shrunk—as well I know it hath—from shame  
Without example in our story, now  
Bid it expand, as our beleaguer'd gates  
Shall open wide to let our heroes pass,  
With brows which glisten to receive the laurel  
From their king's hand.

*Creon.* Perchance to see him die.  
O Iphitus! thy king hath well nigh spent  
His store of wealth, of glory, and of power,  
Which made him master of the hopes and strengths  
Of others! While the haggard Fury waits  
To cut the knot which binds his thousand threads  
Of lustrous life, and the sad ghost forsakes  
The palace of its regal clay, to shrink,  
Thin as a beggar's, sceptreless, uncrown'd,  
Unheeded, to the throng'd and silent shore  
Where flattery soothes not, think'st thou it can draw  
A parting comfort from surrounding looks  
Of lusty youth, prepared, with beaming joy,  
To hail a young successor?

*Iph.* Still thine age  
Is green and hopeful; there is nought about thee



To speak of mortal sickness, and unnerve  
A soul of noble essence.

*Creon.* Priest, forbear!

The life that lingers in me is the witness  
With which I may not palter. I may seem  
To-day to wear the look of yesterday,—  
A shrivell'd, doting, peevish, weak old man,  
Who may endure some winters more to strip  
A leaflet daily from him, till he stands  
So bare of happiness, that Death hath scarce  
An art to make him nakeder. My soul  
Begins its solemn whispers of adieu  
To earth's too sweet companionship. Yet, hark!  
It is Creusa's footstep; is't not, priest?  
Is not my child approaching us?

*Iph.* Afar

I see the snowy foldings of a robe  
Wave through the column'd avenue; thy sense  
Is finer than the impatient ear of youth,  
That it should catch the music of a step  
So distant and so gentle.

*Creon.* If thou wert

A father, thou wouldst know a father's love  
'Mid nature's weakness, for one failing sense  
Still finds another sharpen'd to attend  
Its finest ministries. Unlike the poms  
That make the dregs of life more bitter, this  
Can sweeten even a king's.

[CREUSA passes across the stage behind CREON,  
bearing offerings.

She passes on;

So! So! all leave me. Call her, Iphitus,  
Though that her duty own no touch of fondness,  
I will command her. Am I not her king?  
Why dost not call?

*Re-enter CREUSA, who kneels in front to CREON.*

Ah! thou art there, my child;  
Methinks my waning sight grows clear, to drink  
The perfect picture of thy beauty in;  
And I grow gentle—Ah! too gentle, girl—  
Wherefore didst pass me by without regard,  
Who have scant blessing left save thus to gaze  
And listen to thee?

*Creusa.* Pardon me, my father,  
If, bearing offerings to the shrine of Jove  
For my sweet brother's safety, anxious thoughts  
Clove to him in the battle with a force  
Which made its strangest shapes of horror live  
As present things; and, lost in their pursuit,  
I heeded not my father.

*Creon.* In the battle?  
Is Hyllus in the combat 'mid those ranks  
Of iron? He who hath not rounded yet  
His course of generous exercise? I'm weak;  
Is that the cause? Is he impatient grown  
To put the royal armour on, his sire  
Must never wear again? Oh no! his youth,  
In its obedient gentleness, hath been  
An infancy prolong'd! It is the Power  
Which strikes me with the portents of the grave,  
That by the sight of his ensanguined corpse  
Would hasten their fulfilment; 'tis well aim'd,  
I shall fall cold before it.

*Creusa.* 'Twas a word,  
Dropp'd by the queen in answer to some speech  
In which she fancied slight to Athens, roused  
His spirit to an ecstasy; he spurn'd  
The light accoutrements of mimic war;  
Borrow'd a soldier's sword, and, with the troops

Who sallied forth at daybreak, sought the field—  
Where Jupiter protect him !

*Creon.* Bid the queen  
Here answer to us. [Exit IPHITUS.

Rarely will she speak,  
And calmly, yet her sad and solemn words  
Have power to thrill and madden. O my child,  
Had not my wayward fancy been enthrall'd  
By that Athenian loveliness which shone  
From basest vestments, in a form whose grace  
Made the cold beauty of Olympus earth's,  
And drew me to be traitor to the urn  
Which holds thy mother's ashes, I had spent  
My age in sweet renewal of my youth  
With thought of her who gladden'd it, nor known  
The vain endeavour to enforce regard  
From one whose heart lies dead amidst the living.

*Re-enter IPHITUS.*

*Creon.* Comes the queen hither? Does she mock our  
bidding?

*Iph.* At stern Minerva's inmost shrine she kneels,  
And with an arm as rigid and as pale  
As is the giant statue, clasps the foot  
That seems as it would spurn her, yet were stay'd  
By the firm suppliant's will. She looks attent  
As one who caught fine hint of distant sounds,  
Yet none from living intercourse of man  
Can pierce that marble solitude. Her face  
Upraised, is motionless,—yet while I mark'd it—  
As from its fathomless abode a spring  
Breaks on the bosom of a sullen lake  
And in an instant grows as still,—a hue  
Of blackness trembled o'er it ; her large eye  
Kindled with frightful lustre ;—but the shade

Pass'd instant thence ; her face resumed its look  
 Of stone, as death-like as the aspect pure  
 Of the great face divine to which it answered.  
 I durst not speak to her.

*Creon.* I see it plain ;  
 Her thoughts are with our foes, the blood of Athens  
 Mantles or freezes in her alien veins ;  
 Let her alone. [*Shouts without.*]

*Creusa.* Hark !—They would never shout  
 If Hyllus were in peril.

*Creon.* Were he slain  
 In dashing back the dusky wall of shields,  
 Beneath which Athens masks her pride of war,  
 They would exult and mock the slaughter'd boy  
 With Pæans.

*Creusa.* So my brother would have chosen !  
 [*Shouts renewed.*]

*Enter Corinthian Soldier.*

*Soldier.* Our foes are driven to their tents, the field  
 Is ours—

*Creon* [*hastily interrupting him*]. What of the  
 prince—my son ?

Thou dost avoid his name ;—have ye achieved  
 This noisy triumph with his blood ?

*Soldier.* A wound,  
 Slight, as we hope, hath graced his early valour,  
 And though it draws some colour from his cheek,  
 Leaves the heart fearless.

*Creon.* I will well avenge  
 The faintest breath of sorrow which hath dimm'd  
 The mirror of his youth. Will he not come ?  
 Why does he linger if his wound is slight,  
 From the fond arms of him who will avenge it ?

*Soldier.* He comes, my lord.

*Creon.* Make way there! Let me clasp him!

*Enter HYLLUS, pale, as slightly wounded.*

Why does he not embrace me?

[*CREUSA runs to HYLLUS, and supports him as he moves towards CREON.*

*Creusa.* He is faint,  
Exhausted, breathless,—bleeding. Lean on me,  
[*To HYLLUS.*

And let me lead thee to the king, who pants  
To bid his youngest soldier welcome.

*Hyl.* Nay,  
'Tis nothing. Silly trembler!—See, my limbs  
Are pliant and my sinews docile still. [*Kneels to CREON.*  
Kneel with me; pray our father to forgive  
The disobedience of his truant son,  
His first—oh, may it prove the last!

[*CREUSA kneels with HYLLUS to CREON.*

*Creon.* My son!  
Who fancied I was angry?

*Enter ISMENE.*

[*To ISMENE.*] Art thou come,  
To gaze upon the perill'd youth, who owes  
His wound to thee?

*Ism.* He utter'd shallow scorn  
Of Athens;—which he ne'er will speak again.

*Creon.* Wouldst dare to curb his speech?

*Hyl.* Forbear, my father;  
The queen says rightly. In that idle mood,  
Which youth's excess of happiness makes wanton,  
I slighted our illustrious foes, whose arms  
Have, with this mild correction, taught my tongue  
An apter phrase of modesty, and shown  
What generous courage is, which till this day

I dimly guess'd at.

*Creon.* Canst thou tell his name,  
Who impious drew the blood of him who soon—  
Too soon, alas!—shall reign in Corinth?

*Hyl.* One  
I'm proud to claim my master in great war;  
With whom contesting, I have tasted first  
The joy which animates the glorious game  
Where fiercest opposition of brave hearts  
Makes them to feel their kindred; one who spared me  
To grace another fight,—the sudden smart  
His sword inflicted, made me vainly rush  
To grapple with him; from his fearful grasp  
I sank to earth; as I lay prone in dust,  
The broad steel shiv'ring in my eyes, that strove  
To keep their steady gaze, I met his glance,  
Where pity triumph'd; quickly he return'd  
His falchion to its sheath, and with a hand  
Frank and sustaining as a brother's palm,  
Upraised me;—while he whisper'd in mine ear,  
"Thou hast dared well, young soldier!" our hot troops  
Environ'd him and bore him from the field,  
Our army's noblest captive.

*Creon.* He shall die;  
The gen'rous falsehood of thy speech is vain.

*Creusa.* Oh no! my brother's words were never false;  
The heroic picture proves his truth;—they bring  
A gallant prisoner towards us. It is he.

*Enter* THOAS, in armour, guarded by Corinthian  
Soldiers, and LYCUS, Master of the Slaves.

*Soldier.* My lord, we bring the captive, whom we  
found  
In combat with the prince.

*Hyl.* Say rather, found

Raising that prince whose rashness he chastised,  
And whom he taught to treat a noble foe.

*Creon* [to the Soldiers]. Answer to me! Why have  
ye brought this man,

Whom the just gods have yielded to atone  
For princely blood he shed, in pride of arms?  
Remove that helmet.

*Thoas*. He who stirs to touch  
My arms, shall feel a dying warrior's grasp.  
I will not doff my helmet till I yield  
My neck to your slave's butchery; how soon  
That stroke may fall, I care not.

*Creusa* [to HYLLUS]. Hyllus, speak!  
Why thus transfix'd? Wilt thou not speak for him  
Who spared a life, which, light perchance to thee,  
Is the most precious thing to me on earth?

*Thoas* [to CREUSA]. Ere I descend to that eternal  
gloom  
Which opens to enfold me, let me bless  
The vision that hath cross'd it!

*Hyl.* [to CREON]. If thou slay him,  
I will implore the mercy of the sword  
To end me too; and, that sad grace withheld,  
Will kneel beside his corpse till nature give  
Her own dismissal to me.

*Ism.* [speaking slowly to CREON]. Let him breathe  
A slave's ignoble life out here; 'twill prove  
The sterner fortune.

*Creon*. Harken to me, prisoner!  
My boy hath won his choice—immediate death,  
Or life-long portion with my slaves.

*Thoas*. Dost dare  
Insult a son of Athens by the doubt  
Thy words imply? Wert thou in manhood's prime,  
Amidst thy trembling slaves would I avenge

The foul suggestion, with the desperate strength  
Of fated valour; but thou art in years,  
And I should blush to harm thee;—let me die.

*Creusa.* Oh do not fling away thy noble life,  
For it is rich in treasures of its own,  
Which Fortune cannot touch, and vision'd glories  
Shall stream around its bondage.

*Thoas.* I have dream'd  
Indeed of greatness, lovely one, and felt  
The very dream worth living for, while hope,  
To make it real, survived; and I have loved  
To image thought, the mirror of great deeds,  
Fed by the past to might which should impel  
And vivify the future; blending thus  
The aims and triumphs of a hero's life.  
But to cheat hopeless infamy with shows  
Of nobleness, and filch a feeble joy  
In the vain spasms of the slavish soul,  
Were foulest treachery to the god within me.  
No, lady; from the fissure of a rock,  
Scath'd and alone, my brief existence gush'd,  
A passion'd torrent;—let it not be lost  
In miry sands, but having caught one gleam  
Of loveliness to grace it, dash from light  
To darkness and to silence. Lead me forth—  
[*To CREUSA*]. The gods requite thee!

*Creon.* Hath the captive chosen?  
I will not grant another moment;—speak!  
Wilt serve or perish?

*Hyl.* [*throwing himself before THOAS*]. Do not answer  
yet!

Grant him a few short minutes to decide,  
And let me spend them with him.

*Creon* [*rising*]. Be it so, then;  
Kneel, prisoner, to the prince who won thee grace



No other mortal could have gain'd :—remember  
 The master of my slaves attends the word  
 Thou presently shalt utter ; tame thy pride  
 To own his government, or he must bind,  
 And slay thee. Daughter, come ! The queen attends us.

[*Exeunt* CREON and Soldiers.

*Creusa* [to HYLLUS, as she passes him]. Thou wilt  
 not leave him till he softens.

[*ISMENE follows ; as she passes* THOAS, she speaks in  
 a low and solemn tone.

*Ism.*

Live !

*Thoas*. Who gave that shameful counsel ?

*Ism.* [*passing on*].

One of Athens. [*Exit.*

[*Exeunt all but* LYCUS, the Master of the Slaves,  
 THOAS, and HYLLUS.

*Thoas* [*abstractedly*]. What words are these, which  
 bid my wayward blood,

That centred at my heart with icy firmness,  
 Come tingling back through all my veins ? I seem  
 Once more to drink Athenian ether in,  
 And the fair city's column'd glories flash  
 Upon my soul !

*Lycus.*

My lord, I dare not wait.

*Hyl.* [*eagerly to* LYCUS]. He yields ;—I read it in his  
 softening gaze ;

It speaks of life.

*Thoas.*

Yes, I will owe life to thee.

*Hyl.* Thou hear'st him, Lycus. Let me know the  
 name

Of him whom I could deem my friend.

*Thoas.*

My name ?

I have none worthy of thy ear ; I thought  
 To arm a common sound with deathless power ;  
 'Tis past ; thou only mark'st me from the crowd  
 Of crawling earth-worms ;—thou may'st call me Thoas.

*Lycus* [coming forward]. My prince, forgive me; I  
must take his armour,

And lead him hence.

*Thoas*. Great Jupiter look down!

*Hyl*. Thoas, thy faith is pledged. [To LYCUS.]  
Stand back a while,

If thou hast nature. Thoas will to me  
Resign his arms.

*Thoas* [taking off his helmet]. To a most noble hand  
I yield the glories of existence up,  
And bid them long adieu! This plume, which now  
Hangs motionless, as if it felt the shame  
Its owner bears, wav'd in my boyish thoughts  
Ere I was free to wear it, as the sign,  
The dancing image of my bounding hopes,  
That imaged it above a throng of battles,  
Waving where blows were fiercest. Take it hence—  
Companion of brave fancies, vanish'd now  
For ever, follow them!

[HYLLUS takes the helmet from THOAS, and passes  
it to LYCUS.]

*Hyl*. 'Tis nobly done;  
No doubt that it again shall clasp thy brow,  
And the plume wave in victory. Thy sword?  
Forgive me; I must filch it for a while:  
Hide it—Oh deem it so—in idle sport,  
And keep thy chidings till I give it back  
Again to smite and spare.

*Thoas*. Too generous youth,  
Permit my depth of sorrow to be calm,  
Unruffled by vain hope. [Takes off his sword.]  
Farewell, old sword,  
Thou wert the sole inheritance which grac'd  
My finish'd years of boyhood—all that time  
And fortune spared of those from whom I drew

The thirst of greatness. In how proud an hour  
 Did I first clasp thee with untrembling hand,  
 Fit thee, with fond exactness, to my side,  
 And in the quaint adornments of thy sheath  
 Guess deeds of valour, acted in old time  
 By some forgotten chief, whose generous blood  
 I felt within my swelling veins! Farewell!

[THOAS gives his sword to HYLLUS, who delivers  
 it to LYCUS.

Hyl. [*diffidently*]. Thy buckler?

Thoas [*takes off his buckler eagerly, and delivers it to  
 HYLLUS*]. I rejoice to part with that;

My bosom needs no bulwark save its own,  
 For I am only man now. If my heart  
 Should in its throbbing burst, 'twill beat against  
 An unapparell'd casing, and be still.

Hyl. [*hesitatingly*]. Hold!—one thing more—thy  
 girdle holds a knife; [Going.

I grieve that I must ask it.

Thoas.

By the sense

Which 'mid delights I feel thou hast not lost,  
 Of what, in dread extremity, the brave,  
 Stripp'd of all other refuge, would embrace,—  
 I do adjure thee,—rob me not of this!

Hyl. Conceal it in thy vest.

[THOAS hastily places his dagger in his bosom, and  
 takes the hand of HYLLUS.

Thoas.

We understand

Each other's spirit;—thou hast call'd me friend,  
 And though in bonds I answer to the name,  
 And give it thee again.

Lycus [*advancing*]. The time is spent  
 Beyond the king's allowance: I must lead  
 The captive to the court, where he may meet  
 His fellows, find his station, and put on

The habit he must wear.

*Thoas.*

Do I hear rightly?

Must an Athenian warrior's free-born limbs  
Be clad in withering symbols of the power  
By which man marks his property in flesh,  
Bones, sinews, feelings, lying Nature framed  
For human? They shall rend me piecemeal first!

*Hyl.* Thoas—friend—comrade,—recollect thy word,  
Which now to break were worse disgrace than power  
Can fix upon thee, bids thee bear awhile  
This idle shame. I shall be proud to walk  
A listener at thy side, while generous thoughts  
And arts of valour, which may make them deeds,  
Enrich my youth. Soon shall we 'scape the court;  
Ply the small bark upon the summer sea,  
Gay careless voyagers, who leave the shore  
With all its vain distinctions, for a world  
Of dancing foam and light; till eve invites  
To some tall cavern, where the sea-nymphs raise  
Sweet melodies; there shalt thou play the prince,  
And I will put thy slavish vestments on,  
And yield thee duteous service;—in our sport  
Almost as potent as light Fortune is,  
Who in her wildest freaks but shifts the robe  
Of circumstance, and leaves the hearts it cloth'd  
Unchanged and free as ours.

*Thoas.*

I cannot speak.

Come—or mine eyes will witness me a slave  
To my own frailty's masterdom.—Come on! [*To LYCUS.*]  
Thou hast done thy office gently. Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court in the Palace of CREON.*

*Enter CREON and LYCUS.*

*Creon.* How does the proud Athenian bear his part  
In servile duty?

*Lycus.* I have never seen  
So brave a patience. The severest toils  
Look graceful in him, from the facile skill  
With which his strength subdues them. Few his words  
By question drawn, yet gentle as a child's ;  
And if, in pauses of his work, his eye  
Will glisten, and his bosom heave ; anon  
He starts as from a dream, submissive bows,  
And plies his work again.

*Creon.* Thou dost espouse  
His cause. Beware ! he hurl'd defiance on me,  
Disdain'd my age, as if his pride of strength  
Made him in bondage greater than a king  
Sick and infirm as I am ; he shall feel  
What yet an old man can inflict. He comes ;  
Why does he leave his duty ?

*Lycus.* 'Tis the hour  
Of rest—of food, if he would take it ; here  
He's privileged to walk.

*Creon.* Let's stand aside.

[*CREON and LYCUS retire from sight.*]

*Enter THOAS, in the dress of a slave.*

*Thoas.* Had I been born to greatness, or achieved

My fame, methinks that I could smile at this ;  
 Taste a remember'd sweetness in the thought  
 Of pleasure snatch'd from fate ; or feed my soul  
 With the high prospect of serene renown  
 Beetling above this transitory shame  
 In distant years. But to be wither'd thus—  
 In the first budding of my fortune, doom'd  
 To bear the death of hope, and to outlive it !  
 Gods, keep me patience ! I will to my task. [Going.]

*Re-enter CREON and LYCUS.*

*Lycus.* Wilt thou not join thy fellows at the feast,  
 And taste a cup of wine the king vouchsafes  
 For merriment to-day ?

*Thoas.* What ! are they merry ?

*Lycus.* Dost thou not hear them ?

*Thoas.* They are slaves, indeed !  
 Forgive me, I would rather seek the quarry. [Going.]

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger* [addressing CREON]. My lord, the games in  
 honour of our triumph  
 Await thee,—first the chariot race, in which  
 Thy son prepares to strive. The wrestlers next—

*Creon.* Let them begin. [Exit Messenger.]

Methinks yon captive's strength,  
 No longer rebel, might afford us sport.  
*Thoas !*

*Thoas.* I wait thy pleasure.

*Creon.* Thou wert train'd,  
 Doubtless, at home, to manly exercise,  
 And I would have thee show the youth of Corinth  
 How the Athenians throw the quoit and wrestle.

*Thoas.* My lord, I cannot do it !

*Creon.* One so fram'd

As thou, had he been native here, would revel  
In sports like these.

*Thoas.* Oh, have I not enjoy'd them!  
My lord, I am content to toil and mourn—  
'Tis the slave's part; these limbs are thine to use  
In vilest service till their sinews fail;  
But not a nerve shall bend in sports I loved  
When freeman to indulge in, for the gaze  
Of those who were my foes and are my masters.

*Enter Messenger, in haste.*

*Mess.* My lord—the prince—

*Thoas.* Is he in peril?

*Mess.* As his chariot, far  
Before all rivals, glitter'd nigh the goal,  
The coursers plung'd as if some fearful thing  
Unseen by human eyes had glared on theirs;  
Then, with a speed like lightning, flash'd along  
The verge of the dark precipice which girds  
The rock-supported plain, and round it still  
In frightful circles whirl the youth; no power  
Of man can stay them.

*Thoas.* Friend, I come! I come!

*Lycus* [*Attempting to stop him*]. Thou must not go.

*Thoas.* Away! I'm master now. [*Rushes out.*]

*Creon.* My son! my son! I shall embrace thy corpse,  
And lie beside it. Yet I cannot bear  
This anguish; dead or living, I will seek thee! [*Exit.*]

*Lycus* [*looking out*]. How the slave spurns the dust;  
with what a power

He cleaves the wondering throng,—they hide him now,—  
Speed him, ye gods of Corinth!

*Enter CREUSA.*

*Creusa.*

Whence that cry

Of horror mingled with my brother's name !  
 Is he in danger ? Wherefore dost thou stand  
 Thus silently, and gaze on empty air ?  
 Speak !

*Enter* IPHITUS. [*CREUSA addressing him.*

From thy sacred lips the truth  
 Must flow.

*Iph.* Be calm ; thy brother is preserv'd ;  
 Urged by his furious steeds, his chariot hung  
 Scarce poised on the rock's margin, where the vale  
 Lies deepest under it ; an instant more,  
 And Hyllus, who serenely stood with eyes  
 Fix'd on the heavens, had perish'd ; when a form  
 With god-like swiftness clove the astonish'd crowd ;  
 Appear'd before the coursers, scarce upheld  
 By tottering marl ;—strain'd forward o'er the gulf  
 Of vacant ether ; caught the floating reins,  
 And drew them into safety with a touch  
 So fine, that sight scarce witness'd it. The prince  
 Is in his father's arms.

*Creusa.* Thou dost not speak  
 The hero's name ;—yet can I guess it well.

*Iph.* Thoas,—He comes,

*Creusa.* Let me have leave to thank him.  
 [*Exeunt* IPHITUS and LYCUS.]

*Enter* THOAS.

Hero ! accept a maiden's fervent thanks,  
 All that she has to offer, for a life  
 Most precious to her.

*Thoas.* Speak not of it, fair one !  
 Life, in my estimate, 's too poor a boon  
 To merit thanks so rich.

*Creusa.* Not such a life





*Hyl.* Nay, raise thy head, and let thine eye meet mine ;

It reads no anger there. Thy love is pure  
And noble as thyself, and nobly placed ;  
And one day shall be honour'd.

*Creusa.* Spare me !

*Hyl.* Come,

The banquet hath begun : the king expects us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Banqueting-Hall in Creon's Palace.*

CREON, ISMENE, IPHITUS, CALCHAS, and Corinthians,  
*seated at the Banquet.*

*Creon* [*rising*]. I thank ye for my son ;—he is un-  
harm'd,

And soon will join our revelry.

*Ism.* We lack

Attendance. Where is Thoas ? It were fit  
In Corinth's day of triumph, *he* should wait  
On his victorious enemies. Go seek him.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Creon.* I would have spared his services to-day ;  
He is but young in service, and hath done  
A glorious deed. Drink round, my friends, and pledge  
My son once more.

*Ism.* My sovereign, I should deem

So great a master in the skill to tame  
The nature struggling in a free-born soul,  
Would think it wisdom to begin betimes,  
When an Athenian spirit should be stifled.  
If thou would'st bend him to the yoke, 'twere best  
Commence to-day ; to-morrow 't may be vain.

*Enter* THOAS.

*Athenian* !—slave !—'tis well that thou hast come ;  
Else might we fear thou didst not feel so proud

As such a man as thou should feel, to wait  
Upon his victor. Carry round the cup,  
And bear it to the king, with duteous looks.

*Thoas.* I will endeavour, lady.

[*Takes the cup, and speaking aside.*

They will join

In very openness of heart, to cast  
This shame upon me; take the mantling cup  
With thoughtless pleasure from a warrior's hand,  
And smile to see it quiver; bless the wine  
With household names, sweet thoughts of friends afar,  
Or love which death hath hallowed; and while springs  
Of cordial joy are quicken'd by the draught,  
Will bid affections, generous as their own,  
Shrink, agonize, and wither!

*Ism.*

Slave! attend!

*Enter HYLLUS and CREUSA.*

*Creon.* Hyllus, our friends have pledged thee; take  
thy place,  
And thank them.

*Hyl.* [*Advancing*]. I am grateful.—Thoas, thus?

*Creon.* We blamed thy absence, daughter. Sit beside  
The queen.

*Creusa.* A humbler place befits me, father.

[*Sits at the end of the circle.*

[*THOAS attempts to hand the cup.*

*Creusa* [*to HYLLUS*]. Brother, dost see?

*Hyl.* [*aside to THOAS, taking the cup from him*].

Thoas, I blush at this;

Give me the cup—Corinthian citizens,  
This is a moment when I cannot trust  
The grace of serving you to any hand  
Except mine own. The wine will send a glow  
Of rare delight when minister'd by one

Who hath this day touch'd life's extremest verge,  
And been most bravely rescued. [*HYLLUS hands the cup.*

*Ism.*

Will the king

Permit this mockery?

*Creon.*

Foolish stripling, cease!

Let the slave hand the cup: and having pass'd  
Another round, fill high, for I will pour  
A great libation out, with such a prayer  
As every heart shall echo while the dust  
Of Corinth drinks it in.

[*THOAS takes the cup, and approaches CREUSA.*

*Creusa.*

Nay, tremble not.

Think thou dost pay free courtesy to one  
Who, in the fulness of a grateful heart,  
Implores the gods to cherish thee with hope  
For liberty and honour.

*Thoas.*

Words so sweet

Reward and o'erpay all.

*Creon.*

Corinthians, rise!

Before the gods, who have this day espoused  
The cause of Corinth, I this votive cup  
Pour with one glorious prayer—Ruin to Athens!

[*THOAS dashes down the cup he is about to hand to the King.*

*Thoas.* Ruin to Athens: who dares echo that?  
Who first repeats it dies. These limbs are arm'd  
With vigour from the gods that watch above  
Their own immortal offspring. Do ye dream,  
Because chance lends ye one insulting hour,  
That ye can quench the purest flame the gods  
Have lit from heaven's own fire?

*Hyl.* [*trying to appease the guests*]. 'Tis ecstasy—  
Some frenzy shakes him.

*Thoas.*

No! I call the gods,

Who bend attentive from their azure thrones,

To witness to the truth of that which throbs  
 Within me now. 'Tis not a city crown'd  
 With olive and enrich'd with peerless fanes  
 Ye would dishonour, but an opening world  
 Diviner than the soul of man hath yet  
 Been gifted to imagine—truths serene,  
 Made visible in beauty, that shall glow  
 In everlasting freshness ; unapproach'd  
 By mortal passion ; pure amidst the blood  
 And dust of conquests ; never waxing old ;  
 But on the stream of time, from age to age,  
 Casting bright images of heavenly youth  
 To make the world less mournful. I behold them !  
 And ye, frail insects of a day, would quaff  
 " Ruin to Athens ! "

*Creon.* Are ye stricken all  
 To statues, that ye hear these scornful boasts,  
 And do not seize the traitor ? Bear him hence,  
 And let the executioner's keen steel  
 Prevent renewal of this outrage.

*Iph.* Hold !  
 Some god hath spoken through him.

*Ism.* Priest ! we need  
 No counsel from thee.

*Hyl.* Father, he will bend—  
 'Twas madness—was't not, Thoas ?—answer *me* :  
 Retract thy words !

*Thoas.* I've spoken, and I'll die.

*Ism.* 'Twere foolish clemency to end so soon  
 The death-pangs of a slave who thus insults  
 The king of Corinth. I can point a cell  
 Deep in the rock, where he may wait thy leisure  
 To frame his tortures.

*Hyl.* [*to CREON*]. If thou wilt not spare,  
 Deal with him in the light of day, and gaze

Thyself on what thou dost, but yield him not  
A victim to that cold and cruel heart.

*Ism.* [*aside*]. Cold! I must bear that too. [*Aloud.*]

Thou hear'st him, king;  
Thou hear'st the insolence, which waxes bolder  
Each day, as he expects thy lingering age  
Will yield him Corinth's throne.

*Creon.* Ungrateful boy!

Go, wander alien from my love; avoid  
The city bounds; and if thou dare return  
Till I proclaim thy pardon, fear to share  
The fate of the rash slave for whom thou plead'st.

*Thoas.* King, I will grovel in the dust before thee;  
Will give these limbs to torture; nay, will strain  
Their free-born sinews for thy courtiers' sport,  
So thou recall the sentence on thy son.

*Creon.* Thou wilt prolong his exile. To thy cell!

[*To* THOAS.]

There wait thy time of death;—my heart is sick—  
But I have spoken.

*Hyl.* Come with me, sweet sister,  
And take a dearer parting than this scene  
Admits. Look cheerily;—I leave thy soul  
A duty which shall lift it from the sphere  
Of sighs and tremblings. Father, may the gods  
So cherish thee that thou may'st never mourn,  
With more than fond regret, the loss of one  
Whose love stays with thee ever!

[*Exeunt* HYLUS and CREUSA.]

*Iph.* [*offering to support* CREON]. Hold! he faints!

*Creon.* No;—I can walk unaided—rest will soothe me.

[*Exit* CREON.]

*Ism.* Good night, my friends!

[*Exeunt all but* ISMENE, THOAS, and CALCHAS.]

Thou, Calchas, wait and guard

The prisoner to his cell. Thou know'st the place,

*Thoas.* Lead on.

*Ism.* [*coming to the front to THOAS*]. Thou wilt not sleep?

*Thoas.* I wish no sleep

To reach these eyes, till the last sleep of all.

*Ism.* Others may watch as well as thou.

*Thoas.* Strange words

Thou speakest, fearful woman! are they mockeries?

Methinks they sound too solemn.

*Ism.* Said I not,

I am of Athens? Hush! These walls have echoes!

Thy gaoler is of Athens, too; at midnight

He shall conduct thee where we may discourse

In safety. Wilt thou follow him?

*Thoas.* I will.

*Ism.* 'Tis well. Conduct the prisoner to his dungeon.  
Remember, thou hast promised me.

*Thoas.* My blood

Is cold as ice; yet will I keep the faith

I plight to thee. [*Exeunt THOAS and CALCHAS,*

*Ism.* [*alone*]. It is the heroic form

Which I have seen in watching, and in sleep

Frightfully broken, through the long, long years

Which I have wasted here in chains, more sad

Than those which bind the death-devoted slave

To his last stony pillow. Fiery shapes,

That have glared in upon my bed to mock

My soul with hopes of vengeance, keep your gaze

Fixed steadfast on me now! My hour is nigh! [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Dungeon in the Rock.*

THOAS *discovered, alone.*

*Thoas.* Ye walls of living rock, whose time-shed stains  
Attest that ages have revolved since hands  
Of man were arm'd to pierce your solid frame,  
And, from your heart of adamant, hew out  
Space for his fellow's wretchedness, I hail  
A refuge in your stillness; tyranny  
Will not stretch forth its palsied arm to fret  
Its captive here. Ye cannot clasp me round  
With darkness so substantial, as can shut  
The airy visions from me which foreshow  
The glories Athens will achieve, when I  
Am passionless as ye. I hear a step!  
It is that mournful lady's minister,  
Who comes to waken feelings I would bid  
For ever sleep. A light, as of a star,  
Gleams in the narrow cavern's steep descent;  
And now a form, as of a goddess, glides  
To illuminate its blackness. 'Tis Creusa!  
My heart is not yet stone.

*Enter CREUSA.*

I venture hither  
Thus boldly to perform a holy office,  
Which should have been my brother's.—When he fled  
The city of his nurture, his last thoughts  
Were bent on his preserver; he bequeathed



His strong injunction never to forsake  
 The aim of thy deliverance. I exult  
 That Heaven thus far has prosper'd it ; be quick,  
 And follow me to freedom.

*Thoas.* Didst thou say  
 To freedom, lovely one?

*Creusa.* If thou wilt haste ;  
 The path is clear ; the city wrapt in sleep ;  
 I know the pass-word at the gates—how learn'd  
 By quaint device, I'll tell thee when we meet  
 In safety,—if we ever meet again !

*Thoas.* And dost thou wish it ?

*Creusa.* Do I wish it? Yes!  
 And on the swift fulfilment of that wish  
 My life is wager'd.

*Thoas.* There is more than life  
 To me in these sweet words—speak them again—  
 But no ; once heard they linger on the ear  
 Which drank them in, for ever. Shapeless rocks  
 That witness to the sound, rejoice ! No fane  
 Of alabaster while the breeze has slept  
 In circling myrtles, and the moon disclos'd  
 Young love's first blush to the rapt eyes of him  
 Whose happy boldness raised it, rivals you  
 In sanctity which rich affection lends  
 To things of earthly mould. Methinks ye spring  
 Rounded to columns ; your dank mists are curl'd  
 Upwards in heavenly shapes, and breathe perfume,  
 While every niche which caught the music speeds  
 Delicious echoes to the soul. 'Twere bliss  
 To dwell for ever here.

*Creusa.* Oh linger not ;  
 The watch will change at midnight.

*Thoas.* Midnight—Jove !—  
 I cannot go.

*Creusa.* Not go ! I ask no thanks—  
 No recompense—no boon,—save the delight  
 Of saving thee ; for this I've perill'd all—  
 Life, freedom, fame, and now thou tell'st me, proud one,  
 That I have perill'd all in vain.

*Thoas.* Forbear,  
 In mercy ; I have pledg'd my word to wait  
 A messenger the Queen will send at midnight,  
 To bring me to her presence.

*Creusa.* To the Queen ?  
 What would she with thee ? She is steel'd 'gainst nature ;  
 I never knew her shed a tear, nor heard  
 A sigh break from her,—oft she seeks a glen  
 Hard by the temple of avenging Jove,  
 Which sinks 'mid blasted rocks, whose narrow gorge  
 Scarce gives the bold explorer space ; its sides,  
 Glistening in marble blackness, rise aloft  
 From the scant margin of a pool, whose face  
 No breeze e'er dimpled ; in its furthest shade  
 A cavern yawns where vapours rise so deadly  
 That none may enter it and live ; they spread  
 Their rolling films of ashy white like shrouds  
 Around the fearful orifice, and kill  
 The very lichens which the earthless stone  
 Would nurture ;—whether evil men, or things  
 More terrible, meet this sad lady there,  
 I know not—she will lead thee thither !

*Thoas.* No—  
 Not if guilt point the way, if it be sorrow  
 I must endure it rather than the curse  
 Which lies upon the faithless heart of him  
 Who breaks a promise plighted to the wretched ;  
 For she *is* wretched.

*Creusa.* So am I. Methinks  
 I am grown selfish ; for it is not suffering

I dread should fall upon thee, but I tremble  
 Lest witchery of that awful woman's grief  
 Lead thee to some rash deed. Thou art a soldier,  
 A rash proficient in the game of death,  
 And may'st be wrought on.

*Thoas.* Do not fear for me;  
 Where shows of glory beckon I'll not wait  
 To pluck away the radiant masks and find  
 Death under them; but at the thought of blood  
 Shed save in hottest fight, my spirit shrinks  
 As from some guilt not aim'd at human things  
 But at the majesty of gods.

*Creusa.* Forgive me;  
 It was a foolish terror swept across  
 My soul—I should not have forgot 'twas mercy  
 That made thee captive.

*Voice without.* Thoas!

*Thoas.* I am call'd.  
 The voice came that way—still thy upward path  
 Is open—haste—he must not find thee here.

*Creusa.* My prayers—all that the weak can give—  
 are thine.

Farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Thoas.* The gods for ever guard thee!  
 She glides away—she gains the topmost ridge—  
 She's safe. Now can I welcome fate with bosom  
 Steel'd to endure the worst.

*Voice without.* Thoas!

*Thoas.* I come! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Statues in CREON'S Palace.*

*Enter ISMENE.*

*Ism.* Why tarries Calchas? It is past the hour  
 Of deepest night, when he should hither guide

The avenger of my sorrows. Gods of Athens!  
 Whom strong expostulation hath compell'd  
 To look upon my shames one little hour  
 I ask your aid; that granted, never more  
 Shall the constraining force of passion break  
 Your dread repose! I hear a warrior's step—  
 Ye answer, and ye bless me.

*Enter CALCHAS and THOAS.*

It is well. [*To CALCHAS.*  
 Withdraw, and wait without. I must confer  
 With this unyielding man, alone. [*Exit CALCHAS.*  
*Thoas.* I wait

To learn thy will;—why hast thou bid me leave  
 The stubborn rock, where I had grown as dull,  
 As painless as the cell to which thy breath  
 Consign'd me?—thou, who urged the king to wreak  
 His most inglorious spleen on one too low  
 To be mark'd out for anger, too resolved  
 To heed it!

*Ism.* I beheld in thee a soldier,  
 Born of that glorious soil whose meanest son  
 Is nobler than barbarian kings, with arm  
 Worthy to serve a daughter who has claim  
 On its best blood. But there is softness in thee,  
 Weakening thy gallant nature, which may need  
 The discipline of agony and shame  
 To master it. Hast thou already learn'd  
 Enough to steel thee for a generous deed;  
 Or shall I wait till thou hast linger'd long  
 In sorrow's mighty school? I'm mistress in it,  
 And know its lessons well.

*Thoas.* If thou hast aught  
 Of honour to suggest, I need no more

To fit me for thy purpose ; if thy aim  
 Hath taint of treachery or meanness in it,  
 I think no pain will bend me to thy will ;  
 At least, I pray the gods so !

*Ism.*

Hadst thou borne

Long years of lingering wretchedness like mine,  
 Thou wouldst not play the casuist thus. 'Tis well  
 For lusty youth, that casts no glance beyond  
 To-morrow's fight or game, which values life  
 A gewgaw, to be perill'd at a plunge  
 From some tall rock into an eddying gulf,  
 For the next revel's glory, to collect  
 The blood into the cheek, and bravely march  
 Amidst admiring people to swift death,  
 And call its heedlessness of what it yields—  
 A sacrifice heroic. But who knows,  
 Who guesses, save the woman that endures,  
 What 'tis to pine each weary day in forms  
 All counterfeit ;—each night to seek a couch  
 Throng'd by the phantoms of revenge, till age  
 Find her in all things weaken'd save the wish,  
 The longing of the spirit which laughs out  
 In mockery of the withering frame ! O Thoas,  
 I have endured all this—I, who am sprung  
 From the great race of Theseus !

*Thoas.*

From the race

Of Theseus !—of the godlike man whose name  
 Hath shone upon my childhood as a star  
 With magic power ?

*Ism.*

Reduced to basest needs

By slow decay in Attica, array'd  
 In hateful splendour here, I bear small trace  
 Of whence I sprang. No matter—spurn'd—disown'd  
 By living kindred, I have converse held  
 With those of my great family whom Death

Hath stripp'd of all but glory ; and they wait  
The triumph of this hour to hail me theirs.

*Thoas.* Shame to our city, who allow'd a matron  
Of that great race to languish !

*Ism.* Let it pass ;  
A single grief—a short and casual wrong—  
Which—in that sense of ages past and hopes  
Resplendent for the future, which are centred  
In the great thought of country, and make rich  
The poorest citizen who feels a share  
In her—is nothing. Had she sought my blood,  
To mingle with the dust before the rush  
Of some triumphant entry, I had shed it ;  
And while my life gush'd forth had tasted joy  
Akin to her rapt hero's. 'Tis thy lot—  
Thy glorious lot—to give me all I live for,—  
Freedom and vengeance.

*Thoas.* What wouldst have me do ?  
*Ism.* I have not wasted all the shows of power  
Which mock'd my grief, but used them to conceal  
The sparks which tyrant fickleness had lit,  
And sloth had left to smoulder. In the depths  
Of neighbouring caverns, foes of Creon meet  
Who will obey thee ; lead them thence to-night—  
Surprise the palace—slay this hated king,—  
Or bear him as a slave to Athens.

*Thoas.* Never !  
I am a foe to Corinth—not a traitor,  
Nor will I league with treason. In the love  
Of my own land, I honour his who cleaves  
To the scant graces of the wildest soil,  
As I do to the loveliness, the might,  
The hope of Athens. Aught else man can do,  
In honour shall be thine.

*Ism.* I thought I knew

Athenians well ; and yet, thy speech is strange.  
Whence drew thou these affections, — whence these  
thoughts

Which reach beyond a soldier's sphere ?

*Thoas.*

From Athens ;

Her groves ; her halls ; her temples ; nay, her streets  
Have been my teachers. I had else been rude,  
For I was left an orphan, in the charge  
Of an old citizen, who gave my youth  
Rough though kind nurture. Fatherless, I made  
The city and her skies my home ; have watch'd  
Her various aspects with a child's fond love ;  
Hung in chill morning o'er the mountain's brow,  
And, as the dawn broke slowly, seen her grow  
Majestic from the darkness, till she fill'd  
The sight and soul alike ; enjoy'd the storm  
Which wrapt her in the mantle of its cloud,  
While every flash that shivered it revealed  
Some exquisite proportion, pictured once  
And ever to the gazer ; — stood entranc'd  
In rainy moonshine, as, one side, uprose  
A column'd shadow, ponderous as the rock  
Which held the Titan groaning with the sense  
Of Jove's injustice ; on the other, shapes  
Of dreamlike softness drew the fancy far  
Into the glistening air ; but most I felt  
Her loveliness, when summer-evening tints  
Gave to my lonely childhood sense of home.

*Ism.* And was no spot amidst that radiant waste  
A home to thee indeed ?

*Thoas.*

The hut which held

My foster-father had for me no charms,  
Save those his virtues shed upon its rudeness.  
I lived abroad : — and yet there is a spot  
Where I felt that faintness of the heart

Which traces of oblivious childhood bring  
 Upon ripe manhood ; where small heaps of stones,  
 Blacken'd by fire, bear witness to a tale  
 Of rapine which destroyed my mother's cot,  
 And bore her thence to exile.

*Ism.* Mighty gods !

Where stand these ruins ?

*Thoas.* On a gentle slope,  
 Broken by workings of an ancient quarry,  
 About a furlong from the western gate,  
 Stand these remains of penury ; one olive,  
 Projecting o'er the cottage site which fire  
 Had blighted, with two melancholy stems,  
 Stream'd o'er its meagre vestiges.

*Ism.* 'Tis plain !

Hold ! Hold ! my courage. Let the work be done,  
 And then I shall aspire. I must not wait  
 Another hour for vengeance. Dreadful powers !  
 Who on the precipice's side at eve  
 Have bid gigantic shadows greily pass  
 Before my mortal vision,—dismal forms  
 Of a fate-stricken race—I see HIM now,  
 Whom ye led follower of your ghastly train—  
 Oh nerve him for his office !

*Thoas.* Fearful woman !  
 Speak thy command, if thou would have it reach  
 A conscious ear ; for while thou gazest thus,  
 My flesh seems hardening into stone ; my soul  
 Is tainted ; thought of horror courses thought,  
 Like thunder-clouds swept wildly ;—yet I feel  
 That I must do thy bidding.

*Ism.* It is well ;—

Hast thou a weapon ?

*Thoas.* Yes ; the generous prince,  
 When I resign'd my arms, left me a dagger.



*Ism.* The prince! The furies sent it by his hand,  
For justice on his father.

*Thoas.* On thy husband?

*Ism.* Husband! Beware!—my husband moulders yet  
Within his rusting armour; such a word  
From thee may pierce the rock beneath whose shade  
He fell, and curse him with a moment's life  
To blast thee where we stand. If this slight king,  
In the caprice of tyranny was pleased  
To deck me out in regal robes, dost think  
That in his wayward smiles, or household taunts,  
I can forget the wretchedness and shame  
He hurl'd upon me once?

*Thoas.* What shame?

*Ism.* What shame!

Thou hast not heard it. Listen! I was pluck'd  
From the small pressure of an only babe,  
And in my frenzy sought the hall where Creon  
Drain'd the frank goblet; fell upon my knees;  
Embraced his foot-stool with my hungry arms,  
And shriek'd aloud for liberty to seek  
My infant's ashes, or to hear some news  
Of how it perish'd;—Creon did not deign  
To look upon me, but with reckless haste  
Dash'd me to earth;—yes! this disgrace he cast  
On the proud daughter of a line which traced  
Its skiey lineage to the gods, and bore  
The impress of its origin,—on me,  
A woman, and a mother!

*Thoas.* Let me fly

And whet Athenian anger with thy wrongs—  
My thoughts are strange and slaughterous.

*Ism.* [After a pause]. Fly then! Yes!—

[*Aside.*] 'Twill be as certain.—I will point a way  
Will lead thee through a chamber to the terrace,

Whence thou may'st reach the wall. Thy only peril  
Lies in that chamber. Mark me well;—if there  
An arm be raised to stay thee—if a voice  
Be heard—or if aught mortal meet thy sight,  
Whate'er the form, thy knife is pledged to quench  
The life that breathes there.

*Thoas.* I obey. Farewell!

[*He takes her hand; she shivers; and drops it.*]

*Ism.* Hold off thy hand—it thrills me.—Swear!

*Thoas.* By those

Who hover o'er us now, I swear!

*Ism.* Be firm.

That is the door; thou canst not miss the path.

Is thy steel ready?

*Thoas.* Yes;—my breast is cold

As is that steel.

*Ism.* Haste—the thick darkness wanes.

[*Exit* THOAS.]

Infernal powers! I thank ye—all is paid—

By thousand ecstasies in which my soul

Grows wanton. Calchas!

*Enter* CALCHAS.

Wish me joy, old servant!

What dost thou think of him who left me now?

*Cal.* A gallant soldier.

*Ism.* 'Tis my son—my own!

The very child for whom I knelt to Creon,

Is sent to give me justice. He is gone,

Arm'd with a dagger, thro' the royal chamber,

Sworn to strike any that may meet him there

A corpse before him. Dost thou think the king

Will see to-morrow?

*Cal.* He may slumber.

*Ism.* No—

He hath sent his son to exile—he will wake—  
 I'm sure he will. There! listen!—'twas a groan!  
 'Twill be but low—again! 'Tis finish'd! Shades  
 Of my immortal ancestry, look down,  
 And own me of your kindred!—Calchas, haste;  
 Secure possession of the towers that guard  
 The city gates:—entrust them to our friends,  
 Who, when I give the word, will set them wide.  
 Haste! 'tis thy final labour. I shall soon  
 Be potent to reward the friends who clove  
 To me in my sad bondage.

*Cal.* Whither go'st thou?

*Ism.* To the pale shrine of her whose withering shield  
 Is dedicate to Athens. I have pray'd  
 At coldest midnight there, without a hope  
 Which might shoot life along my freezing veins.  
 I ask her to allay my raptures now,  
 By touch of marble—I require its chillness.  
 There I'll await the issue. It is sure!

[*Exeunt ISMENE and CALCHAS.*]

SCENE III.—*The outskirts of a Wood on one side; the Athenian Camp on the other. A Watch-fire at a little distance, lighting the Scene.*

PENTHEUS *walking backwards and forwards as a guard.*

*Pen.* The cold grey dawn begins to glimmer; speed it  
 Ye powers that favour Athens! From the sea,  
 Her everlasting guardian, Phœbus, rise,  
 To pour auspicious radiance o'er the field,  
 In which she may efface the foul dishonour  
 Her arms own'd yesterday! Not shame alone,  
 But loss no morrow can repair, is hers!  
 Archas, our army's noble leader, sleeps

Beneath the pressure of a thousand shields ;  
 And Thoas, bravest of our youth, a slave—  
 Perchance, ere this a corpse. Friend whom I loved,  
 In whose advancing glories I grew proud  
 As though they had been mine—if yet thou breathest,  
 I will deliver, and if dead avenge thee !  
 O Thoas !

*Enter THOAS wildly, from the wood.*

*Thoas.* Who pronounced that wretched name,—  
 That name no honest tongue may utter more ?  
 Pentheus !

*Pen.* Thoas ! most welcome. Thou art come in time  
 To share a glorious conflict. Ha ! thine eyes  
 Glare with a frightful light ;—be calm,—thou art safe ;—  
 This is the camp of those who will reward  
 Thy great emprise of yesterday, with place  
 Among the foremost in the battle. Come  
 To my exulting heart. [*Offering to embrace THOAS.*

*Thoas.* No !—hold me from thee ;—  
 My heart can ne'er know fellowship again  
 With such as thine ; for I have paid a price  
 For this vile liberty to roam abroad,  
 And cry to woods and rocks that answer me  
 With fearful echoes :—such a price, my Pentheus—  
 My own unspotted conscience. Dost not see  
 Foul spots of blood upon this slave's apparel,  
 Polluting e'en that dress ?

*Pen.* If thou hast struck  
 Some soldier down to vindicate thy freedom,  
 Who shall accuse thee ?

*Thoas.* 'Twas no soldier, Pentheus ;  
 No stout opponent that my fatal knife  
 Dismiss'd to Erebus. A wither'd hand,  
 As from an old man, in the gloom stretch'd forth,

Scarce met my touch,—which could not have delay'd  
 My course an instant :—'twas no thought of fear,  
 No haste for freedom, urg'd me,—but an oath  
 Glared on my soul in characters of flame,  
 And madden'd me to strike. I raised my arm,  
 And wildly hurl'd my dagger ;—nought but air  
 It seem'd to meet ;—but a sharp feeble sigh  
 Such as death urges when it stops the gasp  
 Of wasting age, assured me it had done  
 A murderer's office.

*Pen.* Think not of it thus :—

Thy lips are parch'd,—let me fetch water.

*Thoas.* No!

I have drank fiercely at a mountain spring,  
 And left the stain of blood in its pure waters ;  
 It quench'd my mortal thirst, and I rejoiced,  
 For I seem'd grown to demon, till the stream  
 Cool'd my hot throat, and then I laughed aloud,  
 To find that I had something human still.

*Pen.* Fret not thy noble heart with what is past.

*Thoas.* No!—'tis not past!—the murderer has no  
 PAST ;

But one eternal PRESENT.

*Hyl.* [*within the wood*]. Help me!—answer!—

*Thoas.* The voice of Hyllus!—of that noble youth,  
 Who, for my sake, is outcast from his home,  
 So near the camp of Athens! Should our guards  
 Arrest him, he will perish. Friend! That voice  
 Comes on my ear like that of one who served me,  
 In yonder city ; leave thy watch to me  
 A moment.

*Pen.* No—thy passion's dangerous ;

I dare not trust it.

*Thoas.* See—I have subdued

The pang which wrung me. By our ancient loves

Grant me this boon—perhaps the last.

*Pen.*

Be quick,

For the watch presently will be removed,  
And the trump call to battle.

[*Exit* PENTHEUS,

*Thoas* [*calling to* HYLLUS]. *Here!* The hope  
Of saving Hyllus wafts into my soul  
A breath of comfort.

*Enter* HYLLUS.

*Hyl.*

I have lost my path,  
Wandering the dismal night in this old wood;  
I'd seek the coast; canst thou point out the way?

*Thoas.* Avoid it—on each side the Isthmus, ships  
Of Athens ride at anchor.

*Hyl.* [*recognising him*]. *Thoas!* free—  
Then I am bless'd, and I can bear my lot,  
However hard;—I guess the hand that drew  
The dungeon bolts;—how didst thou quit the palace?

*Thoas.* Why dost thou ask me that? Through a large  
chamber  
That open'd on a terrace—'twas all dark;—  
Tell me who lay there?

*Hyl.*

'Tis my father's chamber,  
Did he awake?

*Thoas.*

Thy father?—gods! The king!  
The feeble old man with the reverend hair?  
Art sure he rested there?

*Hyl.*

Sure. No one else  
May enter after sunset, save the queen.

*Thoas.* The queen! all's clear!—Jove strike me into  
marble!

*Hyl.* Why dost thou tremble so? as if a fit  
Of ague shook thee?

*Thoas.*

Nothing—only thought  
Of my past danger came upon my soul

And shook it strangely. Was the old man there?

[*Stands abstractedly as stupefied.*

*Pen.* Thoas!

[*Without.*

*Thoas.* Haste!—Do not lose a moment—fly!

The watch-fire that is waning now is fed  
By hands which, madden'd by the foul defeat  
Of yesterday, will slay thee.

*Hyl.* Whither fly?

The camp of Athens is before me;—ships  
Of Athens line the coasts,—and Corinth's king  
Hath driven me forth an exile. I'll return  
And crave my father's pardon.

*Thoas.* No—not there—

Yet, where should the poor stripling go? O Jove!  
When he shall learn—

*Hyl.* Farewell—yet hold an instant!—

Wilt thou not send some message to Creusa,  
That she may greet her brother with a smile?

*Thoas.* Creusa smile!—Methinks I see her now—

Her form expands—her delicate features grow  
To giant stone; her hairs escape their band,  
And stream aloft in air;—and now they take  
The forms of fiery serpents—how they hiss—  
And point their tongues at Thoas!

*Hyl.* This is frenzy;

I cannot leave thee thus:—whate'er my fate,  
I will attend and soothe thee.

*Thoas.* Soothe me!—Boy,

Wouldst haunt me with that face which now I see  
Is like thy father's. Ha! ha! ha! Thou soothe me—  
Look not upon me; by this lurid light  
Thou glarest a spectre. Hence, or I will rend thee!

*Hyl.* I rather would die here.

*Thoas.* Fool! fool! away!

[*Exit HYLLUS.*

He's gone—yet *she* is with me still,—with looks  
 More terrible than anger ;—take away  
 That patient face,—I cannot bear its sweetness ;—  
 Earth, cover me ! [Falls on the ground.]

*Enter* PENTHEUS.

*Pen.* The troops are arming fast ;  
 They call on thee to lead them.—Hark, the trump—  
[The trumpet sounds.]

*Thoas* [*Leaps up*]. Yes ; I will answer to its call.  
 Again  
 Thou shalt behold me strike. In yonder field  
 I'll win that which I hunger for.

*Pen.* A crown  
 Of laurel which hath floated in thy dreams  
 From thy brave infancy—

*Thoas.* A grave ! a grave ! [*Exeunt.*]





## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The interior of the Funereal Grove at Corinth. The Urn of CREON.*

*CREUSA discovered, bending over it.*

*Creusa.* 'Tis strange!—I cannot weep for him; I've  
tried

To reckon every artifice of love  
Which 'mid my father's waywardness proclaim'd  
His tenderness unalter'd;—felt again  
The sweet caresses infancy received,  
And read the prideful look that made them sweeter;  
Have run the old familiar round of things  
Indifferent, on which affection hangs  
In delicate remembrances which make  
Each household custom sacred;—I've recall'd  
From Memory's never-failing book of pain,  
My own neglects of dutiful regard  
Too frequent—all that should provoke a tear—  
And all in vain. My feelings are as dull,  
Mine eyes are rigid, as when first they met  
The horrid vision of his thin white hairs  
Matted with blood! Gods, let me know again  
A touch of natural grief, or I shall go  
Distract, and think the bloody form is here.

*Enter HYLLUS.*

Hyllus! my brother! thou wilt make me weep,  
For we shall mourn as we were loved together.  
Dost thou know all?

*Hyl.* Yes, all.—Alas! Creusa,  
He died in anger with me.

*Creusa.* Do not dwell  
On that sad thought;—but recollect the cause  
Was noble—the defence of one whose soul  
Claims kindred with thine own.

*Hyl.* Unhappy sister,  
What sorrow stranger than thy present grief  
Awaits thee yet! I cannot utter it.

*Creusa.* Speak;—any words of thine will comfort me.

*Hyl.* I fear thou must no longer link the thoughts  
Of nobleness and Thoas.

*Creusa.* Then my soul  
Must cease all thinkings; for I've blended them  
Till they have grown inseparate. What is this?

*Hyl.* That he hath made us orphans.

*Creusa.* He is free  
From such ignoble guiltiness as thou.  
What fury shed this thought into a soul  
Once proud to be his debtor?

*Hyl.* Poor believer  
In virtue's dazzling counterfeit, 'tis sad  
To undeceive thee. At the break of day  
I met the murderer, frantic from his crime,  
In anguish which explain'd by after proofs  
Attests his guilt.

*Creusa.* And is this all? Hast said  
All thou canst urge against the nobleness  
Which breathes in every word? Against thy life  
Preserv'd at liberal hazard of his own?  
Against the love which I was proud to bear  
For him, and that with which he more than paid me?  
He in some frenzy utter'd aimless words,  
And thou at once believed'st him guilty. Go!  
Haste and accuse him. Henceforth we are twain.

*Hyl.* Sister, I never will accuse him.

*Creusa.*

Take

My thanks for that small promise, though our souls,  
While thine is tainted with this foul belief,  
Can ne'er be mingled as they have been. Now  
I see why I was passionless. Ismene  
Bend her steps hither; thou hadst best retire!  
She rules the city, for her secret friends  
Cast off their masks, and own themselves the foes  
Of Corinth's prince.

*Hyl.*

Beside my father's urn

I shall await her.

*Creusa.*

I will not expose

My anguish to her cold and scornful gaze;—  
Brother, farewell awhile; we are divided,  
But I will bless thee.

[*Exit.*

*Enter ISMENE and Guards.*

*Ism.*

Wherefore art thou here,

Despite the sentence which the king pronounced  
Of exile?

*Hyl.*

I have come to mourn a father,

Whose words of passion had been long unsaid,  
Had his kind heart still throbb'd; and next, to claim  
My heritage.

*Ism.*

Thine!—win it, if thou canst—

*Enter CALCHAS.*

How stands the battle?

*Cal.*

Corinth's soldiers fly,

Routed in wild disorder. Thoas leads  
The troops of Athens, and will soon appear  
In triumph at our gates.

*Ism.*

Leads, say'st thou?—leads?

Let Corinth's gates stand open to admit

The hero,—give him conduct to the hall,  
 Where sculptured glories of Corinthian kings  
 Shall circle him who sham'd them,—there, alone,  
 I would crave speech with him. [Exit CALCHAS.]

*Hyl.* [To the Soldiers]. My countrymen,  
 Will ye endure this shame? I am a youth  
 Unskill'd in war; but I have learn'd to die  
 When life is infamy. If ye will join me,  
 We'll close the gates with ramparts of the slain.  
 Does no heart answer mine?

*Ism.* Their swords shall curb  
 Thy idle ravings. Athens triumphs now!—  
 Attend him to his chamber, and beware  
 He leaves it not.

*Hyl.* For this I ought to thank thee:  
 I would not see my country's foul disgrace;  
 But thou shalt tremble yet. [Exit, guarded.]

*Ism.* Now shall I clasp him—  
 Clasp him a victor o'er my country's foes;—  
 The slayer of him most hated. Double transport!  
 The dream of great revenge I lived upon  
 Was never bright with image of such joy,  
 And now comes link'd with vengeance! Thoas, haste!  
 [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Before the Gates of Corinth.*

*Shouts without.* THOAS in armour, with his sword  
 drawn, and Athenian Soldiers, as in pursuit.

*Thoas.* Here we may breathe awhile from conquest;  
 'twas  
 A noble chase, we scarce may call it battle;  
 Success so quick hath followed on success,  
 That we shall want more time to count our glories  
 Than we have spent in winning them. The foe

Is niggard, and will not allow our arms  
 One day of conflict. We have won too soon.  
 Grant me, great gods! instead of years of life,  
 Another such an hour.

*Soldier.* My lord, here's wine;  
 'Tis from the tents of Corinth.

*Thoas.* Not a drop.  
 My heart's too light—too jocund to allow  
 Another touch of ecstasy, derived  
 From mortal fruitage; nay, were it Jove's nectar,  
 I'd set the untasted cup of crystal down,  
 And wait till all our glorious work were finish'd!  
 Soldiers! we sup in Corinth! You'll not wait  
 Past time of hunger, if ye are not faint  
 With rapid conquest.

*Enter PENTHEUS and Soldiers.*

*Pen.* Noble leader, hail!  
 Thy country's heroes bless thee with the sense  
 Of their delighted wonder! With one voice  
 They greet thee as the winner of this fight,  
 To which thou led'st them. Never was a scheme  
 Of battle, plann'd in council of the sage,  
 Form'd with a skill more exquisite than that  
 Which in the instant thou wert call'd to lead us,  
 Flash'd on thy spirit, and in lines of fire  
 From thine was manifest to ours! Art wounded?

*Thoas.* A very scratch; I blush to think no more:  
 Some frolic blood let in the strife had served  
 To moderate my fervours.

*Pen.* See! our comrades  
 Have snatched a branch from the Corinthian laurels  
 To wreath thy brow! Soldiers, 'tis much I ask;  
 But when I tell ye I have watch'd your chief  
 From the first flash that dazzled in his eye

At tale of glory, ye may yield to me  
The pride and joy of offering him this honour.

[Soldier gives the wreath to PENTHEUS, who gives  
it to THOAS.

I thank ye, comrades.

*Thoas.* The immortal gods  
Grant me a double blessing in the friend  
From whom I take this happiness. O Pentheus!  
I have mused fondly—proudly—on the fate  
Which waits upon my country; when the brow  
Which thou wouldst deck, was bared to mist and storm;  
When every moonlit fountain which displaced  
The blackness of the moss-grown hillock told  
Of the pure beauty which her name should keep,  
Empearling starless ages; when each wave  
That rippled in her harbour, to my ear  
Spoke glad submission to the Queen of Cities;  
But never, 'mid my burning hopes for Athens,  
Did I believe that I should stand thus crown'd,  
Her laurell'd soldier! Friends, the sun-light wanes,  
And we must sup in Corinth!

*Pen.* See, the gates  
Open to welcome us! [The gates open.

*Thoas.* Without a blow?  
We shall not earn our banquet. So expands  
Before the vision of my soul, the east  
To the small cluster of our godlike sons.  
Let Asia break the mirror of our seas  
With thousand sterns of ivory, and cast  
The glare of gold upon them to disturb  
The azure hue of heaven, they shall be swept  
As glittering clouds before the sun-like face  
Of unapplianced virtue! Friends, forgive me;  
I have been used to idle thought, nor yet  
Have learn'd to marry it to action. Blest

To-day in both.

*Pen.* A herald from the city.

*Enter CALCHAS.*

*Cal.* I am commission'd by the queen to speak  
With Thoas.

*Thoas.* I am here.

[*Trembles, and supports himself, as paralysed,  
on PEN.*

Thou art commission'd  
From the infernal powers to cross my path  
Of glorious triumph, with a shape that brings  
Before me terrible remembrance, which  
Had strangely vanish'd from me.

*Pen.* [*To the Soldiers.*] He is ill,—  
Retire.

*Thoas.* No—should the herald fade in air  
He would not leave his office unfulfill'd,  
One look hath smit my soul.

*Pen.* Is this a dream?

*Thoas.* No—'tis a dreadful waking—I have dreamt  
Of honour, and have struggled in that dream  
For Athens, as if I deserved to fight  
Unsullied in her cause. The joy of battle  
In eddies as a whirlpool had engulf'd  
The thought of one sad moment, when my soul  
Was blasted; but it rises in the calm,  
Like form of slaughter'd seaman, that pursues  
The murderous vessel which swept proudly on,  
When his death-gurgle ended. Hence, vain wreath!—  
Thou wouldst entwine my brow with serpent coldness,  
And wither instant there. [*Tears the wreath.*

So vanish all

My hopes; they are gone—I'm fit to answer thee.

Who sent thee here?

[*To CALCHAS.*

*Cal.* The queen.

*Thoas.* A worthy mistress  
Of such a slave—thy errand?

*Cal.* She who rules  
In Corinth now, admits the victor's power,  
And bids the gates thus open: she requires  
A conference with Thoas in the hall  
Next to the royal chamber—thou hast been  
There, as I think, my lord.

*Thoas.* I know full well;  
Lead, dreadful herald, on!

*Pen.* The troops attend  
The order of their general.

*Thoas* [to CALCHAS]. Why dost wait?  
Thou see'st that I obey thy call.

*Pen.* My friend,  
Thy blood is fever'd—thou may'st choose thy time—  
Postpone this meeting.

*Thoas* [to CALCHAS]. Why dost tarry? turn  
Thy face away—it maddens me—go on!

[Exit after CALCHAS.]

*Soldier.* [to PENTHEUS]. My lord, we wait for orders;  
this strange man,  
Half warrior and half rhapsodist, may bring  
Our army into peril.

*Pen.* Fear it not;  
He has all elements of greatness in him,  
Although as yet not perfectly commingled,  
Which is sole privilege of gods. They cast  
Such piteous weakness on the noblest men  
That we may feel all mortal. 'Tis a cloud  
Which speedily will pass, and thou shalt see  
The hero shine as clearly forth in council  
As he has done in victory. Meanwhile  
He leaves us pleasant duty—form your lines—



Sound trumpets—march triumphant into Corinth!

[*The Athenians enter Corinth.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hall of Statues in the Palace, same as in Third Act.*

*Thoas* [*Alone*]. Again I stand within this awful hall ;  
I found the entrance here, without the sense  
Of vision ; for a foul and clinging mist,  
Like the damp vapour of a long-closed vault,  
Is round me. Now its objects start to sight  
With terrible distinctness ! Crimson stains  
Break sudden on the walls ! The fretted roof  
Grows living ! Let me hear a human voice,  
Or I shall play the madman !

*Enter ISMENE, richly dressed.*

*Ism.* Noble soldier,  
I bid thee welcome, with the rapturous heart  
Of one, for whom thy patriot arm hath wrought  
Deliverance and revenge—but more for Athens  
Than for myself, I hail thee : why dost droop ?  
Art thou oppressed with honours, as a weight  
Thou wert not born to carry ? I will tell  
That which shall show thee native to the load,  
And shall requite thee with a joy as great  
As that thou hast conferr'd. Thy life was hid  
Beneath inglorious accident, till force  
Of its strong current urged it forth to-day,  
To glisten and expand in sun-light. Know  
That it has issued from a fountain bright  
As is its destiny.—Thou sharest with me  
The blood of Theseus.

*Thoas.* If thy speech is true,  
And I have something in me which responds

To its high tidings, I am doom'd to bear  
 A heavier woe than I believed the gods  
 Would ever lay on mortal ; I have stood  
 Unwittingly upon a skiey height,  
 By ponderous gloom encircled,—thou hast shown  
 The mountain-summit mournfully reversed  
 In the black mirror of a lurid lake,  
 Whose waters soon shall cover me,—I've stain'd  
 A freeman's nature ; thou hast shown it sprung  
 From gods and heroes, and wouldst have me proud  
 Of the foul sacrilege.

*Ism.* If that just deed,  
 Which thus disturbs thy fancy, were a crime,  
 What is it in the range of glorious acts,  
 Past and to come, to which thou art allied,  
 But a faint speck, an atom, which no eye  
 But thine would dwell on?

*Thoas.* It infects them all ;  
 Spreads out funereal blackness as they pass  
 In sad review before me. Hadst thou pour'd  
 This greatness on my unpolluted heart,  
 How had it bounded ! now it tortures me,  
 From thee, fell sorceress, who snared my soul  
 Here—in this very hall !—May the strong curse  
 Which breathes from out the ruins of a nature  
 Blasted by guilt—

*Ism.* Hold ! Parricide—forbear !  
 She whom thou hast avenged, she whom the death  
 Of Creon hath set free, whom thou wouldst curse,  
 Is she who bore thee !

*Thoas.* Thou !

*Ism.* Dost doubt my word !  
 Is there no witness in thy mantling blood  
 Which tells thee whence 'twas drawn ? Is nature silent ?  
 If, from the mists of infancy, no form

Of her who, sunk in poverty, forgot  
 Its ills in tending thee, and made the hopes  
 Which glimmer'd in thy smiles her comfort,—gleams  
 Upon thee yet ;—hast thou forgot the night  
 When foragers from Corinth toss'd a brand  
 Upon the roof that shelter'd thee ; dragg'd out  
 The mother from the hearth where she had sat  
 Resign'd to perish, shrieking for the babe  
 Whom from her bosom they had rent ? That child  
 Now listens. As in rapid flight, I gazed  
 Backward upon the blazing ruin, shapes  
 Of furies, from amid the fire, look'd out  
 And grinn'd upon me. Every weary night  
 While I have lain upon my wretched bed,  
 They have been with me, pointing to the hour  
 Of vengeance. Thou hast wrought it for me, son !  
 Embrace thy mother !

*Thoas.* Would the solid earth  
 Would open, and enfold me in its strong  
 And stifling grasp, that I might be as though  
 I ne'er was born.

*Ism.* Dost mock me ? I have clasp'd  
 Sorrow and shame as if they were my sons,  
 To keep my heart from hardening into stone ;  
 The promised hour arrived ; and when it came,  
 The furies, in repayment, sent an arm,  
 Moulded from mine, to strike the oppressor dead.  
 I triumph'd,—and I sent thee !

*Thoas.* Dost confess  
 That, conscious who I was, thou urged my knife  
 Against the king ?

*Ism.* Confess !—I glory in it !—  
 Thy arm hath done the purpose of my will ;  
 For which I bless it. Now I am thy suitor.  
 Victorious hero ! Pay me for those cares

Long past, which man ne'er guesses at ;—for years  
Of daily, silent suffering, which young soldiers  
Have not a word to body forth ; for all,—  
By filling for a moment these fond arms,  
Which held thee first.

*Thoas* [*Shrinking from her*]. I cannot. I will kneel  
To thank thee for thy love, ere thou didst kill  
Honour and hope ;—then grovel at thy feet,  
And pray thee trample out the wretched life  
Thou gav'st me.

*Ism.* Ha ! Beware, unfeeling man :—  
I had opposed, had crush'd all human loves,  
And they were wither'd ; thou hast call'd them forth,  
Rushing in crowds from memory's thousand cells,  
To scoff at them. Beware ! They will not slumber,  
But sting like scorpions.

*Enter* IPHITUS.

Wherefore dost intrude  
On this high conference ?

*Iph.* The people cry  
That solemn inquisition should be held  
For Creon's blood !—else do they fear the gods  
Will visit it on them.

*Ism.* They need not fear.  
It will be well avenged.

*Iph.* To thee, Ismene,  
That which I next must speak, is of dear import ;—  
Wilt hear it in this noble stranger's presence ?

*Ism.* Say on, old man.

*Iph.* From the old crumbling altar,  
Just as the gates were open'd, breathed a voice  
In whisper low, yet heard through each recess  
Of Jove's vast temple, bidding us to seek  
Of thee, Ismene, who the murderer is,

And summon thee to the same fearful spot,  
To speak it there.

*Ism.* [to THOAS]. Athenian! dost thou hear?

*Thoas.* I hear.

*Iph.* The hostile nations lay aside  
Their quarrel, till this justice to the dead  
Be render'd. Chiefs of each will guard the fane,  
And wait the solemn issue.—In their name,  
And in the mightier name of him whose shrine  
Hath burst long silence, I command thee, queen,  
Thou presently be there.

*Ism.* I shall obey—  
Beside the altar place the regal seat;  
And there, in state befitting Corinth's queen,  
I'll take my place.

[To THOAS.

Farewell! *Thou* wilt be there!

*Thoas.* Be sure I will not fail.

*Ism.* 'Tis well! 'Tis well!

[Exit.

*Iph.* Thou saidst thou shouldst attend?

*Thoas.* I shall. What more

Would'st thou have with me?

*Iph.* I would ask a band  
Of the most noble of Athenian youth,  
To witness this procedure; and to lend  
Their conduct, should the murderer stand reveal'd,  
To keep the course of justice unassail'd,  
And line the path of death.

*Thoas.* All that can make  
The wretch accurs'd, shall wait him. Let me breathe  
Alone a moment.

[Exit IPHITUS.

How they'll start to see

The guilty one descend the solemn steps,  
And hang their heads for shame, and turn their eyes  
In mercy from him.

[Going.

*Enter CREUSA.*

*Creusa.* For a moment hear me—  
I would not break on thy triumphant hours,  
But for my brother's sake. Do not refuse,  
For if he wrong'd thee by a frantic thought,  
There was one ready to defend thy honour  
From slightest taint!

*Thoas.* What taint? the breath of infamy  
Spreads o'er my name already!

*Creusa.* Do not ask—  
'Twas a wild thought;—but there are tongues which make  
As false a charge; tongues which have power to crush  
The guiltless!—They have murmur'd that this crime  
Is that of Hyllus!

*Thoas.* Hyllus the unsullied!

*Creusa.* I knew that thou would'st say so—that no force  
Of circumstance would weigh in thy pure thought  
Against the beauty of his life. They found him  
Just after day-break, suddenly return'd  
From exile, in the chamber of the king,  
Gazing with bloodless aspect on a sight  
Of bloodshed;—yet thou dost not think 'twas he  
That with a craven hand—

*Thoas.* Oh no!

*Creusa.* And thou  
Wilt plead his cause—wilt save him from the fate  
That threatens his young life?

*Thoas.* My own shall first  
Be quenched!

*Creusa.* The gods repay thee for the word!  
O brother, brother! could'st thou wrong this heart  
With foul suspicion? Why dost turn away,  
And shrink and shudder in the warrior's dress,  
As when I thank'd thee for that brother's life,  
At the slave's vest which then, in thy proud thought,

Debased the wearer?

*Thoas.* Oh, I thought so then!

Now I would give the treasures of the deep,  
Nay more—the hope of glory—to resume  
Those servile garments with the spotless thoughts  
Of yesterday.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My general, Pentheus, asks  
If, by thy sanction, Iphitus requires  
His presence in the temple?

*Thoas.* Pentheus?—Yes.

*Creusa* [*THOAS turns away*]. Why in the temple?  
wilt not speak?

*Mess.* The priest  
There summons all to some high trial.

*Creusa.* I see it!—

They meet to judge my brother. I will fly—

*Thoas.* Thou must not, lady—in that fearful place  
Horrors unguess'd at by thy gentle nature  
Will freeze thy youthful blood, that thou shalt pass  
No happy moment more.

*Creusa.* And what have I  
To do with happiness? I am not young,  
For I grew old in moments fraught with love  
And anguish. Now I feel that I could point  
The murderer out with dreadful skill—could mark  
The livid paleness, read the shrinking eye,  
Detect the empty grasping of the hand  
Renewing fancied slaughter;—why dost turn  
Thus coldly from me? Ah! thou hast forgot  
The vows which, when in slavery, thou offer'd,  
And I was proud to answer—if not, Thoas,  
Once press my hand; O gods! he lets it fall!—  
So withers my last hope—so my poor heart  
Is broken.

[*Faints.*]

*Thoas*, [*To Messenger*.] Take her gently in.

[*Messenger supports her out*.

One glance. [*Looks at her and shudders*.

Oh that the beauty I have loved and worshipp'd  
Should be a thing to shiver me!—"Tis just.

[*Exit*.





## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Temple of Jupiter the Avenger—ISMENE seated in the midst, in a Chair of State—Corinthians on the right, and Athenians on the left, side of the Temple—At the extremity on the right side, HYLLUS standing—At the extremity of the left, THOAS seated.*

*Iph.* Corinthians and Athenians ! late opposed  
In mortal conflict, dedicated now  
To solemn work of Justice, hear the will  
Of the Avenging Power, beneath whose roof  
Ye stand thus marshall'd. Royal blood hath stain'd  
A palace floor :—not shed in blazing war,  
But in night's peace ; not some hot soldier's blood,  
But the thin current of a frame made sacred  
To Orcus' gentlest arrow. Heaven requires  
Both nations to unite in dealing death  
Upon the slayer, who, unslain, will draw  
Its withering curse on both. In yonder shrine  
Which dim tradition's fearful whispers made  
A terror to my infancy, a voice,  
Which breathed fell murmurs to ancestral ears,  
Breaks centuries of silence to pronounce  
The Queen as gifted to direct the shaft  
To the cursed head ;—and every sign around us  
By which the world invisible, when charged  
With bloody secret, struggles to subdue  
Things visible to organs which may send  
Its meaning to the startled soul, attest

The duty I assume.—Ismene!

*Ism.*

Priest

Of Jove, I am attendant to thy summons ;—  
What is thy wish?

*Iph.*

Sad widow of a king

Whose feeble life some cruel hand hath stopp'd,  
I do adjure thee, by those hoary hairs,  
That changed their hue from raven whilst thou shared  
His mansion ;—by celestial powers, who watch  
Our firmness now ;—and by those fearful gods,  
Whom 'tis unblest to mention, lay aside  
All terror, all affection, all remorse,—  
If cause of penitence thou hast,—to rend  
The veil of darkness which the murderer wears,  
And give him to his destiny. Begin  
The solemn strain which shall attune our souls  
To hearken and to execute!

[*Solemn music.*]

*Iph.*

Ismene,

Speak: Dost thou know the slayer?

*Ism.*

Yes!

*Iph.*

Dost thou

Behold him now?

*Ism.* [*Looking wildly round*]. I do not see the faces  
Or know the names of all. Who is the man  
That at the right side of the circle stands?

*Iph.* The youth with head erect and cloudless brow?  
That is the orphan'd Hyllus.

*Ism.*

Who is he

That sits upon the other side, apart,  
With face averted?

[*THOAS turns his head suddenly, and looks upon her.*]

I behold him now.

It is a dreadful duty you exact,  
From me—a woman. If I speak the name  
What sentence follows?

*Iph.* Death!

*Ism.* And soon performed?

*Iph.* The Fates require that he thou shalt denounce  
As guilty, must be led in silence hence,  
And none behold him after, save his slayers.  
Attend once more! Thou hast declared thou know'st  
The guilty one! I ask thee—is he here!

*Ism.* O Gods! He is?

*Iph.* Name him!

*Cal.* She shudders! See,—

I think she cannot speak!

*Iph.* If quivering tongue

Refuse its office, point the victim out.

[ISMENE rises; turns towards THOAS who rises, and  
confronts her; she trembles, pauses, and sinks  
into her seat.

*Iph.* Thou hast confess'd the guilty one is here;  
Where stands he?

[ISMENE rises; points to HYLLUS, shrieks "There!"  
and falls back senseless in her chair.

*Thoas.* 'Tis false!

[CREUSA rushes forward and embraces HYLLUS.

*Creusa.* Most false! O murderess,

Protect him, noble Thoas!

*Hyl.* Peace, my sister:—

Implore no mortal aid; let us be patient,  
And suffer calmly what the gods decree.  
My life may satisfy.

*Iph.* It cannot be!

Hold—stir not—breathe not—from that shrine the voice  
Of heaven will answer hers. Do ye not hear? [A pause.  
Hark!—It is voiceless, and the youth is doom'd.

*Thoas.* Forbear, ye murderous judges; look upon  
him!

See on his forehead Nature's glorious seal

Of innocence, outspeaking thousand voices,  
Which shining in the presence of the gods,  
Still shows him guiltless.

*Iph.* Prove it.

*Thoas.* With my life-blood!

Oh could ye place me in some dizzy cleft  
Of inmost Thracian hills, when ribb'd with ice,  
To hear from every rocky shelf a howl  
Of wolves aroused to famine,—I would stand—  
Calm,—oh far calmer than I stand,—to wait  
Their fangs, and let my tortured sinews' strength  
Attest his cause;—'twere nothing—'twere no pain—  
To what the spirit feels. Thou talk'st of curses:  
Beware! There is no curse with such a power  
As that of guiltless blood pour'd out by mortals  
In the mock'd name of justice.

*Hyl.* [*to THOAS, aside*]. Thou wilt tell  
Thy secret;—keep it. Leave me to my doom.

*Thoas.* Never! Corinthians, hear me——

*Ism.* [*recovering*]. What is this?  
Why waits the parricide still there? Who dares  
Dispute my sentence?

*Thoas.* I!

*Ism.* Be silent. She  
Who most in all the world should have command  
O'er thee, requires thy silence.

*Pen.* [*stepping forward from the Athenian rank*]. By  
what right

Dost thou—Queen of the vanquish'd—dare command  
The leader of the conquerors?

*Ism.* By a mother's!

[*THOAS sinks into his seat—ISMENE descends  
and stands beside him.*]

*Ism.* Athenians—victors!—'tis your fitting name,  
By which I gladly hail you. Ye behold

One whom ye left to suffer, but who boasts  
Your noblest blood. See! I command my son  
To quit this roof, and leave me to the work  
The gods have destined for me.

*Thoas.*

Stand aside!

I have a suit I would prefer alone,  
Which may save guilt and sorrow.

*Iph.* [to HYLLUS].

Lean on me.

[To THOAS]. Be brief.

*Hyl.*

I have no need; yet I will take

This thy last kindness; for I can accept it

Without a blush or shudder.

[All retire, leaving THOAS and ISMENE in front.]

*Thoas.*

Why hast heap'd

Foul crime on crime?

*Ism.*

Son! there has been no crime

Except for thee. The love that thou hast scorn'd

From the heart's long-closed shrine, outwhisper'd fate

And saved thee.

*Thoas.*

Saved me! Thou may'st save me yet;

Recall thy sentence. Give me truth and death!

*Ism.* And own my falsehood? No! Let us go hence  
Together.

*Thoas.* And permit this youth to die!

Oh that some god would mirror to thy soul

Our mortal passage, while the arid sand

We pace; the yellow, sunless sky above us;

And forms distort with anguish, which shall meet

Each vain attempt to be alone, enclose

The conscious blasters of the earth, till forced

To gaze upon each other, we behold,

As in eternal registry, the curse

Writ in the face of each! No; let us pray

For torture and for peace!

*Ism.*

If thou remain,

And risk dishonour to our house and me,  
The poisonous cave below shall be my home,  
And shelter me for ever!

*Thoas.* Bravely thought—  
As fits a matron of heroic line;  
Be great in penitence, and we shall meet  
Absolved, where I may join my hand to thine,  
And walk in duteous silence by thy side.

*Ism.* And couldst thou love me then?

*Thoas.* Love thee! My mother,  
When thou didst speak that word, the gloom of years  
Was parted,—and I knew again the face  
Which linger'd o'er my infancy,—so pale,  
So proud, so beautiful! I kneel again,  
A child, and plead to that unhardened heart,  
By all the long past hours of priceless love,  
To let my gushing soul pass forth in grace,  
And bless thee in its parting!

*Ism.* Never!

*Thoas* [*rising*]. Yes!  
Haste ere the roof shall fall, and crush the germ  
Of sweet repentance in us: take thy seat,  
And speak as thy heart dictates—

[*Drawing ISMENE towards her seat.*

Hear again!

*Ism.* Unhand me—rebel son! Assembled Chiefs,  
Ye called me—I have spoken once—I speak  
No more; make way there!—I must pass alone!

[*Exit ISMENE.*

*Thoas* [*calling to ISMENE*]. O mother! stay! She's  
gone. [*Sinks into his chair.*

*Iph.* Her word decides,  
Unless the gods disown it. Peace! the altar  
Is silent; the last moment presses on us—  
Hyllus, the doom'd, stand forth!

*Creusa.* Oh pause ; to thee,  
Thoas, I call ; thou know'st him guiltless.

*Iph.* Hold !

No mortal passion can have utterance here,  
When Fate is audible. To yield is ours :  
Be calm as Hyllus, or forego his hand.

[CREUSA sinks on her knees beside HYLLUS ; IPHITUS  
lays one hand on the head of HYLLUS, and raises  
the other towards heaven.

*Iph.* Dread Power, that bade us to this fane, accept  
The expiation that we offer now,  
And let this blood pour'd forth avert thy vengeance !

[THOAS suddenly falls from his seat to the ground.

CREUSA rushes to him, and all surround him.

*Creusa.* Gods ! what is this new horror ?

[Opening the vest of THOAS, the dagger, with which  
he has secretly stabbed himself, falls from it.

*Thoas.* There ! 'Tis done !

'Tis well accomplish'd.

*Creusa.* Hyllus, go !

Brother, no more—for thee he perishes.

*Thoas.* I will not purchase a last thrill of joy,  
By such estrangement. That steel bears the blood  
Of Creon and his slayer !

—Raise me ! So—

That I may press your generous monarch's hand.  
Nay, turn not from me, Hyllus ! Speak one word  
Of sweet forgiveness.

*Hyl.* Had it pleased the Gods,  
Instead of thine, to take a stripling's life,  
How had that giddy sharpness been repaid  
By mighty deeds thou wouldst have acted !

*Thoas.* No—  
If I were framed by nature for dishonour,  
I might have lived and conquer'd, and enjoy'd,

And won a glorious name ;—my soul was noble—  
 And shiver'd at the shadow of its crime,  
 And closed on this world ;—in another sphere  
 It may expand unsoil'd—it opens now—  
 And guilt is passing from me with my life-blood.

*Enter CALCHAS.*

*Cal.* The Queen !

*Thoas.* Hold life a moment—Speak !—The Queen ?

*Cal.* She rush'd,

With looks none dared to question, to the cave ;  
 Paused at its horrid portal ; toss'd her arms  
 Wildly abroad ; then drew them to her breast,  
 As if she clasp'd a vision'd infant there ;  
 And as her eye, uplifted to the crag,  
 Met those who might prevent her course, withdrew  
 Her backward step amidst the deadly clouds  
 Which veil'd her—till the spectral shape was lost,  
 Where none dare ever tread to seek for that  
 Which was Ismene.

*Thoas.* Peace be with her ! Pentheus,  
 Thy hand ;—let Hyllus reign in honour here ;—  
 Convey me to the city of my love ;

Her future years of glory stream more clear  
 Than ever on my soul. O Athens ! Athens ! [Dies.

*Hyl.* Sister !

*Creusa.* Forgive me, brother.

[Falls on the neck of HYLLUS.]

*Hyl.* Weep there ; 'tis thy home.

Fate that has smitten us so young, leaves this—  
 That we shall cleave together to the grave.

*The curtain falls.*



GLENCOE;  
OR,  
THE FATE OF THE MACDONALDS.  
A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

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FIRST REPRESENTED, MAY 23, 1840.

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TO  
*LORD JEFFREY,*  
WITH  
GRATEFUL SENSE OF HIS KINDNESS, AND PRIDE  
IN HIS ESTEEM,

*This Tragedy,*

EMBODYING THE FEELINGS OF HAPPY DAYS  
SPENT IN THAT ROMANTIC LAND WHICH HIS DELIGHTFUL  
SOCIETY HAS ENDEARED,  
IS (WITH HIS PERMISSION) RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

T. N. TALFOURD.

ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

---

SINCE this Play was prepared for the press, it has undergone the ordeal of representation; and, having avowed myself its author, I feel it right to state the circumstances under which it was written and "commended to the stage." It was composed in the vacation of 1839 at Glandwr, in the most beautiful part of North Wales, chiefly for the purpose of embodying the feelings which the grandest scenery in the Highlands of Scotland had awakened, when I visited them in the preceding autumn. I had no distinct intention at that time of seeking for it a trial on the stage; but, having almost unconsciously blended with the image of its hero the figure, the attitudes, and the tones of the great actor, whom I had associated for many years with every form of tragedy, I could not altogether repress the hope that I might one day enjoy the delight of seeing him give life and reality to my imperfect conceptions. After my return to London the Play was printed, merely for the purpose of being presented to my friends; but when only two or three copies had been presented, I was encouraged to believe that it would one day be acted, and I suppressed the edition. I found that my friend, Mr. Charles Dickens, — whose generous devotion to my interests amidst his own triumphant labours I am most happy thus to boast,

—had shown it to Mr. Macready as the work of a stranger ; that it had been read by him with deep interest ; and that he had determined to recommend its production as the first novelty of the present Haymarket season. Having been charged, on the representation of " Ion," with obtaining an unfair advantage over other dramatic authors, by the previous distribution of the Play (although, at the time of that distribution, I had not the slightest idea that it would ever be acted), I resolved wholly to abstain from a course which might justly involve me in such a censure ; and the only use made of any of the printed copies, was to facilitate the rehearsals. I also determined, if possible, to avoid another charge—that I was indebted for such success as I had obtained to the partial applause of friends ; and, as the play had been accepted without any name to aid it, so I wished that it should take its fair chance for success or failure, at the hands of an audience wholly without bias. This wish was accomplished ; for, with the exception of two or three friends who happened to have received copies before the occasion for secrecy arose, my most intimate friends and relations were wholly unacquainted of my connection with the announcement of the evening. When the name of the author was communicated to Mr. Macready, he was enjoined to keep it secret ; and it was only a day or two before the performance that an accident caused it even to be suspected at the theatre. Whatever, therefore, may have been the degree of success which attended its first representation, it was attained—not only without the issue of orders, but without the aid of those genial influences which friendship delights to exert on such an occasion.

As Mr. Macready has regarded this play in two aspects—at the time when he first approved it as the work of a stranger, and during its preparation for the Stage as the production of one of his oldest friends—so

I have to thank him in each character. The suggestions which he made to render it better fitted for representation were so important, that it was found necessary to reprint the whole; and the few who have seen the original will perceive that they have essentially improved the work as a dramatic poem, as well as advanced its interest on the Stage. Of his representation of the principal character, I cannot speak in adequate terms of gratitude;—but those who know the pleasure which an author feels in finding the images of his solitary walks among rocks and streams rendered palpable to the senses and affections of others by the power of a great artist, may guess the feelings with which I witnessed his performance. To all the Ladies and Gentlemen engaged in the representation, I also beg to offer my cordial thanks for the zeal with which they did more than justice to parts which, in several instances, were unworthy of their powers; and to Mr. Webster, as Manager as well as Actor.

Under ordinary circumstances, I should have felt it impertinent to intrude on the public the statement I have made of personal details and motives; but as I am conscious that this Play has been produced at a time when dramatic productions superior to it in many of the essentials of that species of composition have recently issued from the press, I think it due to the management of the Haymarket Theatre, and to Mr. Macready, to state the exact truth respecting it. The authors of some of these dramas cannot reasonably complain, as they have not chosen to adapt their works to the purposes of acting, that they have not been acted; but there are others who naturally and earnestly desire to participate in the fascinations of the acted drama, whose wishes I should rejoice to see fulfilled. Two obstacles, however, subsist, which, while they continue, must confine the opportunities of doing justice to dramatic authors within

narrow limits—the dearth of competent actors to represent their works, and the monopoly which restricts the number of theatres entitled to give them scope. Whether the removal of the last difficulty would tend speedily to obviate the first, is matter of conjecture ; but the experiment ought to be, and must be tried. The claims of our dramatic literature to a Free Stage are becoming every day more urgent with the development of its rich resources ; and they cannot long be so advanced and so supported in vain.



## PREFACE.

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IT seems strange that the terrible incident, which deepens the impression made on all tourists, by the most awful Pass of the Highlands, should not have been long ago made the subject of poetry or romance. Although the massacre which casts so deep a stain on the government of King William the Third, may well have been regarded as too shocking for dramatic effect, unless presented merely in the remote background of scenic action, it is surely matter of surprise that it should not have been selected as a subject for Scottish romance, by the great Novelist who has held up its authors to just execration in his "History of Scotland." A deed so atrocious, perpetrated towards the close of the seventeenth century, under the sanction of a warrant, both superscribed and subscribed by the king, is an instance of that projection of the savage state into a period of growing civilisation which enables the novelist to blend the familiar with the fearful—"new manners" with "the pomp of elder days"—the fading superstition of dim antiquity with the realities which history verifies. To him, the treachery by which it was preceded—the mixture of ferocity and craft by which it was planned and executed—the fearful contrast between the gay reciprocation of social kindness, and the deadly purpose of the guests marking out their hosts for slaughter—present opportunities for the most picturesque contrasts, the most vivid details, the most thrilling suggestions, which are not within the province of the dramatist. The catastrophe

has also a far-reaching interest, as showing the extermination of one of the most sturdy and austere, although one of the smallest, of the Highland clans; for, being the most fearful of the series of measures by which the little sovereignties of the Highland Chiefs were abolished, it may well represent their general extinction, and the transfer of the virtues and the violence they sheltered from action to memory. It occurred in a scene, too, which, for gloomy grandeur, is not only unequalled, but unapproached—perhaps, unresembled—by any other Pass in Britain; and its solemn features, especially when contemplated beneath heavy clouds and amidst rolling mists, harmonise with the story of the horrors which were wrought among them. Considering, therefore, the delight which Sir Walter Scott felt in animating the noblest scenery of his country with its most romantic traditions, it is difficult to account for his abstinence from a theme which, if adopted by him, would have been for ever sacred from the touch of others.\*

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\* Two passages only, as far as the Author is aware, in the poetry and fiction of Sir Walter Scott, contain allusions to the massacre at Glencoe; but they show how intensely he felt the atrocities committed under the apparent sanction at least of the government of King William. The following stanzas are quoted by himself from his own poems, in a note to his History:—

“ The hand that mingled in the meal,  
 At midnight drew the felon steel,  
 And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
 Meed for his hospitality!  
 The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,  
 At midnight arm'd it with the brand  
 That bade destruction's flames expand  
 Their red and fearful blazonry.

“ Then woman's shriek was heard in vain;  
 Nor infancy's unpitied pain,  
 More than the warrior's groan, could gain  
 Respite from ruthless butchery.



In endeavouring to present, in a dramatic form, the feelings which the scene and its history have engendered, it has been found necessary to place in the foreground domestic incidents and fictitious characters; only to exhibit the chief agents of the treachery, so far as essential to the progress of the action; and to allow the catastrophe itself rather to be felt as affecting the fortunes of an individual family, than exhibited in its extended horrors. The subject presents strong temptations to mere melodramatic effect: it has been the wish of the Author to resist these as much as possible; but he can scarcely hope with entire success.

In the outline of those incidents which are historical, the Author has not ventured on any material deviation from the story, as related in the Fifty-eighth Chapter of Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," where it will be found developed with all the vividness of that master-spirit of narrative.\* The rash irresolution of *Mac Ian*,

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The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that cloak'd the hill,  
Though wild and pitiless, had still  
Far more than Southron clemency."

The following passage occurs in the tale of the "Highland Widow," in Elspat's remonstrance to her son on his enlistment:—"Go, put your head under the belt of one of the race of Dermid, whose children murdered—yes," she added with a wild shriek, "murdered your mother's fathers in their peaceful dwellings in Glencoe! Yes," she again exclaimed with a wilder and shriller scream, "I was then unborn, but my mother has told me; and I attended to the voice of *my* mother; well I remember her words!—They came in peace, and were received in friendship; and blood and fire arose, and screams and murder!"

"Mother," answered Hamish, mournfully, but with a decided tone, "all that I have thought over—there is not a drop of the blood of Glencoe on the noble hand of Barcaldine;—with the unhappy house of Glenlyon the curse remains, and on them God hath avenged it."

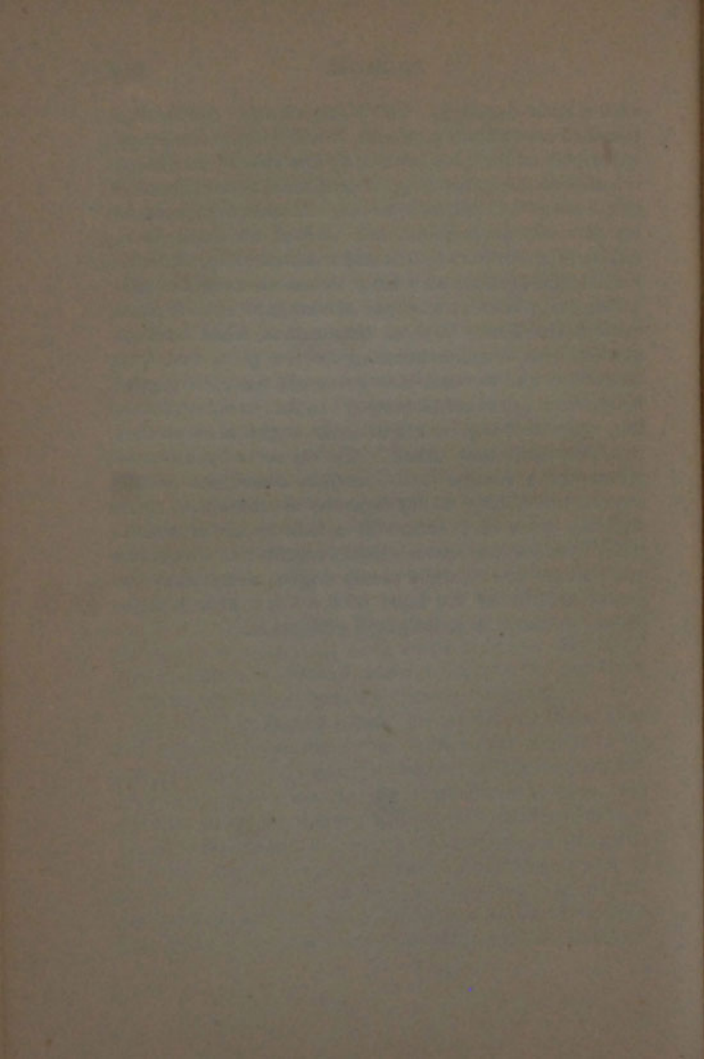
\* By the obliging permission of Mr. Cadell, expressing the feelings of Sir Walter Scott's family, I have enriched the Appendix to this volume with the chief part of this stirring tale.

in deferring his submission till the last moment; his journey to Fort-William in the snow-storm, his disappointment in finding he had sought the wrong officer; his turning thence, and passing near his own house, to Inveraray, where he arrived after the appointed day; the acceptance of his oath by the sheriff of Argyle, and his return to enforce the allegiance of his clan to King William; the arrival of *Glenlyon* and his soldiers in the glen; their entertainment for fifteen days by the *Macdonalds*; the cold hypocrisy by which they veiled their purpose when urged to its execution by *Major Duncanson*; and the partial execution of the murderous orders; are all real features of "an ower true tale." The only deviations of which the Author is conscious are, the representing *Alaster Macdonald*, the younger son of *Mac Ian*, as a lad, instead of the husband of *Glenlyon's* niece; and that niece as fostered by the widow and son of a chief of the clan, once the rival of *Mac Ian*; and in substituting, for the foul traits of treachery which Sir Walter Scott imputes to *Glenlyon*, the incident of his procuring a young officer in his own regiment, but of the clan of the *Macdonalds*, to place the soldiers in the tracks leading from the valley they were commanded to surround. The character of *Halbert Macdonald*, and the incidents of his story and conduct, are entirely fictitious.

As the chief interest which the Author can hope that any will find in perusing this drama, will consist in its bringing to their minds the features of the stupendous glen to which it refers, he may be permitted to state, that the spot where the tower and chapel of *Halbert* are supposed to be placed, is beneath the summit of the great mountain *Bedin*; towards which a huge gully leads, or seems to lead, from the bed of the river, and where, enclosed amidst the black rocks, in the darkness of which that gully is lost, far above the glen may be the site of

such a rude dwelling. The house of *Mac Ian* is supposed to be—where, no doubt, it was—in the lower and wider part of the glen, where, by the side of the Cona, the wild myrtle grows in great profusion, about two miles to the south-east of Loch Leven. In other respects, as far as vivid impressions, not verified for some time, enabled the Author, he has endeavoured to recall to the recollection of those who have visited Glencoe the subsisting features of its scenery; although he cannot place implicit confidence in those impressions, when he finds a writer like Pennant asserting of the glen, that “its mountains rise on each side perpendicularly to a great height from a flat narrow bottom; so that in many places, they seem to hang over, and make approaches as they aspire towards each other.” To his memory, Glencoe seems not a narrow defile, as this description would import, but a huge valley between mountains of rock, receding from each other till a field of air of several miles’ breadth lies between their summits: of which, the last time he saw it, three young eagles, rising from the coarse heather at the head of the Pass, near King’s-house, took and kept delighted possession.





PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

AS REPRESENTED AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



<i>Mac Ian</i> , Chief of the Clan of the Macdonalds of Glencoe . . .	}	MR. WEBSTER.
<i>John Macdonald</i> , eldest Son of Mac Ian . . . . .		
<i>Alaster Macdonald</i> , youngest Son of Mac Ian—a youth . . . . .	}	MISS P. HORTON.
<i>Halbert Macdonald</i> , nephew of Mac Ian—Son of a deceased Chief . .		
<i>Henry Macdonald</i> , younger brother of Halbert . . . . .	}	MR. HOWE.
<i>Angus</i> , } Old Men of the Clan of <i>Donald</i> , } Macdonalds of Glencoe		
<i>Capt. Robert Campbell</i> of Glenlyon, commonly called <i>Glenlyon</i> , Cap- tain of a detachment of the Earl of Argyle's regiment . . . . .	}	MR. PHELPS.
<i>Lindsay</i> , an Officer under Glenlyon's command . . . . .		
<i>Drummond</i> , a Sergeant in the Regi- ment . . . . .	}	MR. WORRELL.
<i>Kenneth</i> , an Old Servant of Mac Ian		
<i>A Catholic Priest</i> . . . . .		MR. WALDRON. MR. GOUGH.

<i>Lady Macdonald</i> , Mother of Halbert and Henry . . . . .	} MRS. WARNER.
<i>Helen Campbell</i> , an Orphan protected by Lady Macdonald, Niece to Glenlyon . . . . .	

} MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

*Clansmen, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

SCENE—*Glencoe, and the neighbouring banks of Loch Leven.*

Time—January, 1689.

The first Two Acts occupy one night and the following morning. There is an interval of a fortnight between the action of the Second and Third Acts;—the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Acts comprise the action of the three succeeding days.



# GLENCOE;

OR,

## THE FATE OF THE MACDONALDS.



### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in the House of MAC IAN in Glencoe.*

*Midnight.—A turf fire burning.—Storm heard without.*

—JOHN MACDONALD *discovered sitting pensively at a table*; ALASTER *pacing the room.*

*John.* Let me entreat you, Alaster, to sleep;  
Three nights of feverish waking, at your age,  
May spoil you for a watchman; for your nerves,  
Undisciplined by care, throb many hours,  
While those of elder and sedater spirits,  
Ruled by the time, count one. Rest those slight limbs  
On yonder couch of heather;—I would pledge  
My word to rouse you at the first faint tread  
Which may announce your father, but 'twere needless;  
In deepest slumber it will stir your heart,  
And rouse you to his arms.

*Alas.* How can I sleep?  
How can you wish that I should sleep, when night  
Succeeds to night, and still the unconquer'd wind,  
Laden with snow and hailstones, dashes round us,

As if in scorn of Highlanders, content  
 To yield the fastnesses in which it held  
 Joint empire with our sires ; and still the fear  
 That it hath dealt its vengeance on the head  
 We love increases,—with the time o'erpast  
 For sad and shameful travel ?

*John.*

*Alaster,*

I must not hear you blend those words with aught  
 Our sire resolved. You did not guess the war  
 Of fierce emotions that, within his frame  
 Unshaken, raged, as time brought nigh the hour  
 When he must plight his faith to England's King,  
 Or to the power of unrelenting foes  
 Yield up his clansmen. While the sky was clear,  
 With wavering purpose he inclined to wait  
 His doom at home ; but when the snow-storm hurl'd  
 Its icy arrows through the hills, the woes  
 Of roofless desolation all would share  
 Shriek'd at his heart, and peril lent a show  
 Of honour to the journey, which had else  
 Seem'd shameful ;—so he girt him to the task  
 As to a doom'd man's office. If we lose  
 All else, we will preserve our household laws ;  
 Nor let the licence of these fickle times  
 Subvert the holy shelter which command  
 Of fathers, and undoubting faith of sons,  
 Rear'd for our shivering virtues. You o'erstep  
 The province of a Highland chieftain's son ;  
 You must not judge your father.

*Alas.*

*It is true,*

And I submit me to your chiding : still  
 'Tis hard to own new tyranny ; to shrink  
 Before its threats ; to feel the Highland heart  
 Shivel and die within its case, nor strike  
 One blow for ancient sovereignty and honour.



*John.* I grant that it is hard ! but if the blow  
Be without hope, 'tis nobler to forbear,  
Nor buy a glorious moment with the blood  
Of trusting clansmen. Would you know what virtue  
Endurance may possess, when action fails,  
Look at our cousin Halbert !—To your eye,  
Whose memory reaches not his fiery boyhood,  
He seems distinguish'd only by that charm  
Of courtesy which hearted kindness sheds  
Through simplest manners, and an aspect grave  
Which these huge rocks impress upon the port  
Of him who loves them. You have often seen  
Our father to his greeting make return  
Of scoff or withering silence, which he bears  
In gentlest mood ;—yet once his soul was passion'd  
With wilder rage than even your ardent youth  
Can guess ; but I err now ; for I o'erstep  
An old injunction not to tell his story,  
Till manhood fitted you to hear it.

*Alas.*

Manhood !

*John.* I did not mean to ruffle you. Your years,  
Though few, have been instructed by distress,  
And I admit your title to the cares  
And knowledge happier fortunes had deferr'd.  
Sit, then, and listen. Halbert's father once  
With ours contested who might claim descent  
From eldest line of ancestry, and right  
To chieftainship and lands. Fierce conflicts held  
The claim in doubt, till old Macdonald fell  
Stricken for death ;—then, conscious that his sons,  
Halbert, the eldest-born, about your age,  
And Henry, a slight stripling, scarcely twelve,  
Could ill sustain the quarrel, or protect  
Their mother in her sorrow, sent the priest  
Who shrived him, to entreat his rival's hand

In peace,—with offer to resign his claims :  
 So that the blacken'd tower in which he lay,  
 Its ruin'd chapel, the small niche of rock  
 In which they are embraced as in a chasm  
 Rent 'neath our loftiest peak by ancient storm,  
 And some scant pastures on Loch Leven's side,  
 Were ratified as Halbert's. To this pact  
 I was a witness, and the scene lives now  
 Before me.—In a room where flickering light  
 Strove through the narrow openings of huge walls,  
 On a low couch, Macdonald's massive form  
 Lay stretch'd ;—with folded arms our father stood  
 Awed by the weakness of the foe so late  
 His equal ; the expiring warrior raised  
 His head, and catching from the eager looks  
 Of the wan lady who had wiped the dew  
 Of anguish from his forehead, argument  
 To quell all scruple, solemnly rehearsed  
 The terms, and, as his dying prayer, implored  
 Halbert to keep them.

*Alas,* So he yielded ?

*John.* No ;

One flush of crimson from the hair which curl'd  
 Crisply around his brows, suffus'd his face  
 And throat outspread with rage ;—he slowly raised  
 His dirk ; and, though the agony which swell'd  
 His heaving breast prevented speech, we read  
 In his dilated nostril, eyes that flash'd  
 With fire that answer'd to the uplifted steel,  
 And lips wide-parted for the sounds which strove  
 In vain to reach their avenue, a vow  
 Of never-resting warfare ;—so he stood  
 Rigid as marble, of his mother's face  
 Turn'd on him from her knees—of the wild fear  
 Which struck his gamesome brother sad,—of all

Unconscious. While we waited for his words,  
Another voice, from the deep shade that gloom'd  
Beyond the death-bed, came ;—and midst it, stood  
The squalid figure of a woman, wrought  
Beyond the natural stature as she stretch'd  
Her wither'd finger towards the youth, and spoke—  
“ *Halbert, obey! The hour which sees thee rule  
O'er the Macdonalds of Glencoe shall bring  
Terror and death.* ”—Then glided from the room.  
He did not start, but as his ears drank in  
The sounds, his colour vanish'd from his face ;  
The light forsook his eyes ; his nerveless hand  
Released the dirk ; he sank on trembling knees,  
Beside the couch, and with a child's soft voice  
Said, “ I obey ”—and bow'd his head to take  
His father's blessing, who fell back and died  
When he had murmur'd it. The youth arose  
Sedate, and, turning to his mother, said,  
“ I live for you.” Since then he has remain'd  
What you have known him.

*Alas.*

What was she who wrought

This awful change?

*John.*

Have you not heard of Moina?

Although she has not since that day been seen  
Within our vale, her awful figure glared  
On the remotest infancy of men  
Who now are reckon'd old. Her age alone  
Would make the obscurest thread of human life  
Drawn out, though many births and deaths of Hope,  
A thing to tremble at ;—'tis said she gazed  
On that best piece of heavenly workmanship—  
Our Mary's beauty, when the shrivell'd Queen  
Of England foully shattered it ; some crime  
Or mighty sorrow now forgotten drew  
Her steps into deep solitude. Preserved

By her majestic bearing from the grasp  
 Of law, she owns the power to pierce the veil  
 Of mortal vision ;—the sole tie she knows  
 To this world is a kindred with our race,  
 From which she sprung ;—yet only giant griefs  
 Borne or foreshadow'd have the power to stir  
 Her dull affections, or to invite her steps  
 From the rude hovel where she dwells alone  
 Far on the mountain plain, within the round  
 Of stones which point Death's ancient victories  
 O'er nameless heroes. Whether earnest thought  
 And long communion with the hills whose moan  
 Foretells the tempest, taught her first to break  
 The bondage of the Present, or worse aid  
 Hath given her might, I cannot tell ; pray Heaven  
 That you may never cross her !

*Alas.* Her strange words  
 Fell lightly on the younger son, whose acts  
 Of boyish prowess wrought in frolic mood  
 I once admired ;—has anything been heard  
 Of that gay scapegrace ?

*John.* No ;—he could not brook  
 The dulness of his home, though not uncheer'd  
 By female grace ; for there the lovely child  
 Of brave Hugh Campbell, whom Macdonald loved,  
 Spite of the hatred that he bore his clan,  
 Has, from the opening of her youth's first blossom  
 Found shelter ;—and no fairer Scotland boasts  
 Than Helen Campbell. If young Henry lives,  
 Be sure you'll find him on the sunny side  
 Of Fortune's favour.—Hark ! The Cona's roar !  
 It bursts the icy chains which long have held it,  
 And riots in its freedom.

*Alas.* 'Twill destroy  
 The slender bridge below us. Should our father

Approach that way!—I will not linger thus.

*John.* He bade me wait him here. Ho! Kenneth!  
(*calling.*) Run!

*Enter KENNETH.*

Swift to the bridge, it may be yours to save  
Your chief. [*Exit KENNETH.*]

His journey will not lie that way,  
Yet horrors thicken round us. 'Mid the roar  
Methinks I hear a step—it comes—alas!  
'Tis not Mac Ian's.

*Enter HALBERT MACDONALD.*

Halbert, I have scarce  
The power to bid you welcome as I ought;  
We are sad watchers for our sire's return,  
And almost blame the footsteps of a friend,  
Which might be his.

*Hal.* I came to ask of him;—  
For having cross'd him on Loch Leven's shore  
Three nights ago, scarce two miles hence, I heard  
With wonder the report which found its way  
To our lone dwelling but to-night, that still  
He was abroad.

*Alas.* Are you assured 'twas he?  
Did he address you?

*Hal.* Alaster, you know  
How rarely he will grace me with a word;  
But this is not a season for a thought,  
Save of his peril. I had made my way,  
Breasting the hurricane, in hope to lead  
Our herd to shelter ere the night should add  
Dark terrors to the storm: in blackening mist  
I saw a mantle flicker; then the hairs  
Of a white head, which stream'd along the wave

Of flying vapour ; swift I ran to aid  
 Some aged wanderer's steps, and cried aloud.  
 He fled before me, till my fleeter limbs  
 O'ertook him ; then he faced me ;—'twas your father !  
 A look, in which strong anguish baffled scorn,  
 He fix'd upon me ; waved his arm aloft,  
 In action that forbade pursuit, and took  
 The pathway to Loch Etive. I believed  
 He only wish'd to shun me, and that done,  
 He would turn homeward.

*Alas.* If indeed 'twas he,  
 And not a dreadful shadow of his mould :  
 He fears to meet the faces of his friends  
 After his oath to William.

*Hal.* If he lives,  
 That oath is past ; and being past, dear cousin,  
 Let it not prompt a word which may add pangs  
 To a brave spirit's shame. At earliest dawn  
 I'll search each cavern'd nook within our glen,  
 Nor leave a crevice which the smallest rill  
 Has hollow'd, unexplored. I know them well :  
 So haply I may find the reverend chief  
 Crouch'd in some narrow cave,—his stately head  
 In resignation bow'd upon his staff,  
 And waiting, without struggle, the last chill  
 Of slowly freezing death ;—may lead him home,  
 And win one cordial pressure of his hand,  
 To speak he owns me true.

*John.* A footstep !—hush !

*Enter ANGUS.*

*John.* Angus at such an hour !

*Angus.* A fearful summons  
 From a shrill voice, between the tempest's gusts,  
 Call'd me to meet my chief.

*John.* Would he were here!  
He comes even now [*listening*]. No.

*Enter DONALD.*

*John.* This is terrible!  
*Donald.* Is not Mac Ian here? I came to meet him;  
Roused from my bed by such a piercing cry  
As rarely syllables a human name!

*John.* You hear!

*Other old Clansmen enter.*

*John.* I ask not why you come: I know  
Some mortal tidings linger on the storm,  
And ye are here to share them. Let them come:  
We can but die!

*Hal.* Heaven fit us to endure!

*John.* Another step; I know it well!—'tis his!  
Pray you withdraw awhile; but go not hence.

[*HALBERT and the Clansmen retire to the end of  
the Room.*]

*Enter MAC IAN.*

*Mac I.* Still watching?—you too, Alaster? What care  
My absence must have brought you! My dear sons,  
Do not despise your father, who returns  
The subject of King William.

*John.* All you do  
Must have our reverence. Let me bring you wine.

*Mac I.* No; it would choke me. I must drain no more  
The goblet to assuage the patriot glow  
Of love and pride; I may not drink to Him  
Whose ancestry my own revered; and wine  
Were poison to me now.

*Alas.* Is all then past?

*Mac I.* It is; and sad as was the task, the way  
Was worthy of its end. When through deep snow

I reach'd Fort-William, nerved to take the oath  
 Before the General,—I was told his office  
 Did not allow him to record it : thence  
 I was compell'd to struggle through the storm  
 To Inverary, where the Sheriff deign'd,  
 Although beyond the appointed time, to seal  
 The degradation of our race. I pass'd  
 Within two miles of this beloved home,  
 And dared not turn to it.

*Hal.* [*speaking to ANGUS behind*]. 'Twas there I met  
 him.

*Mac I.* Who spoke? Is he who track'd me in the storm  
 Come as a spy, upon my sad return,  
 To gaze upon my sorrow? Let him face me!

*Hal.* [*coming forward*]. I came not to offend you.

*John.* No ;—he came

In terror for your safety.

*Mac I.* Said he so?

Nay, Halbert, look yourself ; scant powers are left  
 To grace the seat you wait for, yet my son  
 Shall fill it after me. Declare your wish  
 To rend it from us ;—'twere a nobler course  
 Than that you follow.

*Hal.* Sir, you do me wrong ;  
 I boast no virtue when I claim content  
 With that which you have left me ;—would not change  
 My naked turret, in its mountain hold,  
 Reach'd by the path along whose rugged steeps  
 Discord and envy climb not, for the fields  
 Rich Inverary in its scornful groves  
 Embosoms ; and to me the mouldering walls  
 Of its small chapel wear the glory yet  
 Of consecration which they took from prayers  
 Of the first teachers, though a thousand storms  
 Have drench'd and shaken them. Forgive me, sir :



I have a patrimony which forbids  
Envy of yours.

*Mac I.* You hear—he taunts me now ;—  
Do you believe that show of meekness cheats  
A soldier's eye?—that we esteem your thoughts  
Subdued to habits of a herdsman's life,  
And all the passion and the pride of youth  
In these o'ercome?

*Hal.* I strive to conquer them,  
And not in vain. You think that strange. If day  
Illumed the glen, I'd show you, from your door,  
A shapeless rock, which, thence observed, presents  
No mark to give it preference o'er the mass  
Of mountain ruin ;—yet from upward gaze  
Of the slow traveller, as he drags his steps  
Through yon dark pass, it shuts the mighty gorge  
Above with all its buttresses ; its lake,  
Black with huge shadows ; and its jagged heights,  
Which tempt the arrowy lightning from its track  
To sport with kindred terrors. So, by grace  
Of Heaven, each common object we regard  
With steadiness, can veil the dark abodes  
Of terrible Remembrance at whose side  
Fierce Passions slumber, and supply to Hope  
The place of airiest pinnacles it shades.  
Thus, sir, it is with me.

*John.* Believe it, father ;  
Indeed tis true.

*Mac I.* Perhaps I do you wrong ;  
We'll speak of this to-morrow, when I meet  
The eldest clansmen, and with shame, enforce  
Their new allegiance.

*John.* They await you now.

*Mac I.* Here?—I must face them ;—tell them to  
approach.

MAC IAN *takes his seat*;—JOHN *beckons the old Clansmen, who surround it*,

*Mac I.* I have cold welcome for you, friends; you come  
To share the wreck of the Macdonalds. I,  
The most unhappy of the race, have been  
To make the final sacrifice. I felt  
Resistance, with our deaths, would glut the hate  
Of Scottish minions bribed by England's gold;  
And I have sworn—relate it for me, John,  
I cannot tell it!

*John.* To secure your lives  
My father perill'd his;—and yesternight,  
At Inverary, pledged our faith to William.

*Enter KENNETH wildly.*

*Ken.* Too late! too late!

*Hal.* What mean those awful words?  
Is all his anguish vain?

*Ken.* [*seeing MAC IAN*]. No, he is safe!  
Why start ye?—though the bridge is swept away,  
Our chief's unharm'd.

*Hal.* And thus you welcome him,  
With words which freeze the soul! You meant no ill;  
Yet death is in your words.

*Ken.* [*kneeling to MAC IAN*]. Forgive me.

*Mac I.* Rise;  
I'm arm'd for any ill, unless it fall  
On these, my life's last comforts.

[*Looking on JOHN and ALASTER.*

*Hal.* Sir, farewell!  
When peril comes—as come it will—regard  
The meanest clansman's life less cheap than his  
Whose loyalty you wrong. [*Exit HALBERT.*

*Mac I.* [*to the Clansmen*]. Good night, my friends.

[*Exeunt KENNETH and Clansmen.*

Come near me, children ;—I can scarcely bear  
To look into your faces. You forgive me?

*John.* Forgive ! We honour and revere you. Bless us !

[*JOHN and ALASTER kneel, one on each side of MAC  
IAN'S chair. He lays his hands on their heads.*

*Mac I.* There ;—we are knotted now to live or die.

[*The Drop Scene falls.*

—+—  
ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of Halbert's Tower.*

*Time—Daybreak.*

*Enter LADY MACDONALD with a Letter, followed by  
DRUMMOND, in the uniform of the Earl of Argyle's  
Regiment.*

*Lady M.* Thanks for your pains. Let me devour again  
The precious characters. (*Reads.*) "I come, dear mother,  
Raised to high favour and command, to take  
My quarters in your vale." The morn's faint light  
Had scarce enabled eyes less glad than mine  
To read ;—they are dazzled now. [*To the Soldier.*] Pray  
you go in :

We have poor entertainment to bestow,  
But our best cheer is yours.

*Drum.*

I must return

Upon the instant ; shall I bear your answer ?

*Lady M.* There is no need ; he speeds ; his eager wish,  
If I may judge it by my own, will add  
Wings to his swiftness. Yet a moment stay ;  
Know you the writer of these lines, my son,—  
Is he of gallant port ?

*Sol.*

Our regiment's pride,

And first in favour of Glenlyon,

*Lady M.*

Take

A happy mother's thanks.

[*Exit Soldier.*

I shall behold

A hero whom I parted from a child ;  
Trace in his lineaments the hints which gave  
Sweet promise of his manhood ; shall enjoy  
In one rich hour the pleasures which are spread  
Through years to her who watches the degrees  
Of youth's expanding brightness. Where is Halbert ?  
Where Helen ? She will laugh with wildest glee  
To find her little playmate a plumed soldier,  
And share his mirth. No gaiety like his  
Has cheer'd her since he left us. She is here.

*Enter HELEN CAMPBELL.*

*Helen.* So early raised to meet the morning's chill ?

*Lady M.* I feel no chill ; the ecstasy within me  
Clothes all without with summer ; you shall share  
In joy which seldom visits these old walls.

*Helen.* Oh say not so ;—there's not a day but bears  
Its blessing on its light. If Nature doles  
Her gifts with sparing hand, their rareness sheds  
Endearments her most bounteous mood withholds  
From greenest valleys. The pure rill which casts  
Its thread of snow-like lustre o'er the rock,  
Which seems to pierce the azure sky, connects  
The thoughts of earth with heaven, while mightier floods  
Roar of dark passions. The rare sunbeam wins  
For a most slight existence human care,  
While it invests some marble heap with gleams  
Of palaced visions. If the tufts of broom  
Whence Fancy weaves a chain of gold, appear,  
On nearer visitation, thinly strewn,  
Each looks a separate bower, and offers shade

To its own group of fairies. The prized harebell  
 Wastes not its dawning azure on a bank  
 Rough and confused with loveliness, but wears  
 The modest story of its gentle life  
 On leaves that love has tended ; nay, the heath,  
 Which, slowly from a stunted root, unfolds  
 Pale lilac blossoms,—image of a maid  
 Rear'd in a solitude like this,—is bless'd,  
 Instead of sharing with a million flowers  
 One radiant flush,—in offering its faint bloom  
 To loving eyes. Say not again, dear lady,  
 That joy but seldom visits these old walls.

*Lady M.* Not while they shelter you, my lovely child ;  
 But new joy waits us ; you have not forgotten  
 Our careless Henry ?

*Helen.* No !—forgotten Henry !  
 But he has long forgotten us ; no message  
 Has told us of his welfare, since he found us  
 Too sad for his companions.

*Lady M.* Pardon in him,  
 As I do, young ambition's upward gaze,  
 Which, fix'd upon the future, cannot turn  
 To glance upon the distant and the past.

*Helen.* Is it indeed so, madam ?

*Lady M.* You are grave now—  
 You who are joyous in our weariest days  
 Be glad ; for Henry will this day return  
 To charm us with his merriment.

*Helen.* To-day ?  
 Henry return to day ! Speak once again  
 That blessed news.

*Lady M.* He comes to-day, upraised  
 In Argyle's regiment to command, and graced  
 With favour of Glenlyon.

*Helen.* Of my uncle ?

I think of him unseen, as a stern soldier  
 Who, living to obey and to command,  
 Allows no impulses but these which guide  
 Along the rocky, strait, untinted channel,  
 That discipline has hewn. If Henry wins  
 Favour from him, he'll win the hearts of all.  
 Comes he alone?

*Lady M.* His troop is quarter'd with us,  
 To taste in peace our simple Highland fare,  
 And feel our Highland welcome. But I long  
 For Halbert's presence; though he does not love  
 The clansmen of Argyle, he must rejoice  
 In Henry's fortune.

*Helen.* He has not return'd  
 Since, yestere'en, he left us to inquire  
 The issue of Mac Ian's journey.

*Lady M.* You  
 Alarm me;—not return'd?

*Helen.* Fear not for Halbert;  
 You know he loves to wander at all hours,  
 And, ever present to himself, will rule  
 His course in safety. Is that he? The step  
 Is hurried; yet it should be his.

*Enter HALBERT, greatly agitated;—throws himself into  
 a seat.*

*Lady M.* My son,  
 What ails you? Speak!

*Hal.* I will—soon—presently;  
 Ha! Mother! Helen! safe;—thank Heaven! Has  
 nothing  
 To-night appall'd you?

*Lady M.* Nothing.

*Hal.* That is strange.

*Lady M.* What has befallen us? Is Mac Ian dead?

*Hal.* No ; he survives ; he has only lost the thing  
Which makes life precious !—Ruin yawns for all—  
Poor fated clansmen ! I have heard again  
Old Moina's voice.

*Lady M.* Her voice who spake when death—

*Hal.* (*laying his hand on her arm*). Mother !

*Lady M.* He shivers as with ague. Speak, my son !

*Hal.* Yes—it is over now,—I'll tell you all,  
As far as words can tell it. As I left  
Mac Ian's door, and walk'd in mist, which clung  
Around me like a shroud, *that voice* shriek'd forth  
Close at mine ear, "THE HOUR IS NIGH!"—Each cliff,  
Pillar, and cavern, echo'd back the words,  
Till they appear'd to fill the glen with sound,  
As floods from thousand streams might deluge it.  
'Twas no delusion ; surely as you hear  
My voice, I heard them.

*Lady M.* You have mused, my son,  
In dismal solitudes on our old tales  
Till each wild pass is haunted, and the wind,  
Struggling within a mountain gully, moans  
Or shrieks with prophecy.

*Hal.* No !—It transfix'd me  
As with an arrow,—when it sunk, still night  
Held its breath, waiting terrors ! 'Neath the moon  
Our three huge mountain bulwarks stood in light,  
Strange, solemn, spectral ;—not as if they tower'd  
Majestic into heaven, but hoar and bow'd  
Beneath the weight of centuries ; and each  
Sent forth a sound as of a giant's sigh :  
Then, from their feet the mists arising, grew  
To shapes resembling human, till I trac'd,  
Dimly reveal'd among the ghastly train,  
Familiar forms of living clansmen, dress'd  
In vestments of the tomb ; they glided on,

While strains of martial music from afar  
Mock'd their sad flight.—

[*A distant band heard playing "The Campbells  
are coming."*

I hear that music now,—  
The same—the same—Do you not hear it, Helen?  
Mother?

*Helen.* I hear a lively strain which speaks  
Approaching soldiers, who'll make winter bright  
And fill our vale with gladness.

*Hal.* There is death  
In those blithe sounds ;—I know them now ;—the tune  
Which wakes the shallow heart of false Argyle,  
Hollow and cruel ever.

*Helen.* Surely there's one  
Who owns that clan, you would not spurn !

*Hal.* Sweet girl !  
Your beauty, early sever'd from its stem,  
And planted in an honest soil, retains  
No vestige of its origin.

[*The music is heard approaching.*  
Yet nearer !

Look not on me with those beseeching eyes ; [*To HELEN.*  
I will enjoy it ; 'tis a gallant strain :  
See, Helen, how you mould me ;—I can smile now.

*Helen.* And you shall smile ; while you have been  
enthral'd

By dismal fancies, we have heard sweet news  
Of our long-sigh'd-for Henry.

*Hal.* Of my brother ?  
Shall we embrace him soon ?

*Helen.* We hope to-day.

*Hal.* Then I will cast all sadness from my thoughts,  
And own these portents idle ;—my fair brother,  
Who in staid manhood made me feel a child,



While I instructed him with tiny arm  
To brave the torrent to its whirling pool  
O'er rocky ledge descending! I am a boy  
Again in thinking of it.

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD in the dress of an officer of the Earl of Argyle's regiment; HALBERT starts and stands apart; LADY MACDONALD eagerly embraces HENRY.*

*Lady M.* Oh, most welcome!

*Hal. [apart].* A soldier of Argyle! a purchased slave  
To his poor country's foes! Would he had lain,  
In all the glory of his youth, a corpse,  
Or I had died first!

*Helen (laying her hand imploringly on HALBERT'S).*

Halbert, speak to him.

*Hal.* Yes;—I'll not dash that bonnet from his brow;  
Right, right—I'll speak to him. My brother!

[HENRY embraces HALBERT, who receives him coldly.

*Hen.*

Stiff

And melancholy grown! These rugged walls  
Have shed their sullen gloom into your nature,  
And made my welcome cold.

*Hal.* These walls are sacred—

Fit home for honest poverty; 'twere well  
If you had never left them.

*Hen. [approaching HELEN].* They contain  
One form of radiant loveliness;—is this  
My some-time playmate Helen? You are silent;  
You do not bid me welcome.

*Helen.* Welcome, Henry?

It is because my heart's too full of welcome  
To breathe its joy in words.

*Hal. [apart].* So fond! so fee!

This stripling will engage the care of all

Within my little world ;—for shâme ! the thought  
Is selfish and most base ; I must suppress it.— [*Aloud.*  
You'll spend some time, I hope, in these poor walls,  
And teach us to be gay ?

*Henry.* Our regiment mean  
To teach your clan the finest of all lessons—  
The art of spending life. We hope to raise  
Strange echoes of delight among your mountains.  
Let your old men prepare their choicest tales  
Of ancient chiefs ; your lads their sinews brace  
For noontide games and midnight dances ; bid  
Your maidens' hearts be stout, for we shall lay  
Fair siege to some of them. Your mansion, brother,  
Will not be colder, if you'll deign to share  
A soldier's purse.

[HENRY offers a purse to HALBERT, who is about to dash it on the ground, but restrains his passion ; pauses and returns it. They speak apart from LADY MACDONALD and HELEN.

*Hal.* Remove it from my sight,  
Lest it provoke my curse upon the gold,  
Which, having tempted Scotland's peers to sell  
Their country, pass'd through treacherous hands to yours.

*Henry.* Through treacherous hands ! I will not hear  
that said :

Expend your spleen on me ; but speak a word  
Disgraceful to the officers I serve,  
And though my brother, you shall answer it.

*Hal.* You make me smile now. I will answer it.  
I must have speedy speech with you, where none  
Shall break upon us.

*Henry.* At my earliest leisure.

[*To LADY MACDONALD.*

Mother, my duty calls me hence awhile,  
To hear my captain's orders. Helen, soon

I shall reclaim old friendship.

[*Apart to HALBERT.*] In an hour,  
Upon Loch Leven's margin, 'neath the shade  
Of the first rock, expect me.

*Hal.*

Do not fail. [*Exit HENRY.*]

*Lady M.* Come, Helen, let us see the tower prepared  
To feast our noble soldier and his friends.  
Is he not all a mother's hope could image?

*Helen.* He is indeed;—at first he scarcely knew me;  
Changed as he is, I had not mistaken him  
Among a host of heroes!

[*Exeunt HELEN and LADY MACDONALD.*]

*Hal.* [*alone.*]

Down, wild rage!

These rebel passions ought to fright me more  
Than night's grim phantoms. I had deem'd my temper  
Proof 'gainst all griefs, all injuries, all scorns;  
But this—my brother self-sold to our foes!—  
I must be conqueror still.

[*Looks out.*]

Oh, blessed star

Of morning, do you wait upon that cone  
Whose whiteness mocks our marble, to renew  
The calm thy fields of azure can impart  
To thoughts of earth's brief struggles? Linger yet!  
It sinks; 'tis gone; its peace is in my soul.

[*Exit HALBERT.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in a Highland House.*

*Sentinels seen pacing before the Windows.*—GLENLYON,  
LINDSAY, and other Officers of Argyle's regiment.

*Glen.* These are rough quarters for the winter, friends;  
But let us make them jocund—find the huts  
Which yield the warmest shelter from the snow,  
And let our stores of wine and brandy pay  
The courtesies we win. 'Tis easy service,

*Lind.* Is nothing more intended here than feasting?

*Glen.* Lindsay, I fain would hope not; we shall wait  
For final orders. Now, our duty's plain—  
To win the favour of our hosts;—if more  
Should be commanded, 'twill be ours to do it.

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Glen.* You know this glen, Macdonald: to your charge  
I leave disposal of the soldiers: place them  
Where frankest entertainment will be given.

*Henry.* The entertainment may be coarse, but given  
With heartiest welcome. I shall grant a boon  
To every clansman in whose hut I place  
One of my gallant comrades.

*Glen.* See all lodged,  
And then report to me. This hut be mine.

*Henry.* May I retire? I must redeem a pledge  
Within this hour.

*Glen.* An old acquaintance found?  
You have my leave, sir. [*Exit HENRY.*]

Some one knocks; attend;  
Who waits?

*Enter DRUMMOND.*

*Drum.* Mac Ian's sons are at the door,  
And ask to see you.

*Glen.* Ha!—of course admit them.  
[*Exit DRUMMOND.*]

The children of the stubborn chief who dared  
Accuse our loftiest nobles that they filch'd  
The money sent to buy the peace of Scotland!  
I'd thank him for a brawl. Your pleasure with me?

*Enter JOHN and ALASTER.*

*John.* We bear Mac Ian's greeting to Glenlyon;  
He trusts you come in friendship, now his oath  
To William is recorded.

*Glen.* How? recorded!

*Alas.* Yes; by the Sheriff of Argyle. We tell  
The fact, not boast it.

*Glen.* You speak boldly, sir;  
A spirited young Highlander, i'faith:  
Let me enlist you in our troop; we teach  
Some manners that you lack.

*Alas.* And let me lack them,  
Ere I endure your teaching.

*John.* Alaster!  
Forbear.

*Glen.* Oh, let him speak. The oath is taken?

*John.* It is: though the appointed day had pass'd,  
Yet, as mere error and the storm produced  
The slight delay, it was forgiven.

*Glen.* Well!  
Your father acted prudently at last:  
Within you'll taste some wine, and tell me how  
His journey prosper'd.

*John.* Sir, you have not made  
Reply to my sole question;—do you come  
To visit us in friendship?

*Glen.* Friendship? Surely—  
Fort-William's garrison, too small to hold  
Our regiment, sends us beggars to request  
Your hospitable greetings.

*John.* They are yours,  
And all our glen can offer shall attend them.

*Glen.* Your hand. [*To ALASTER*] And yours;—you'll  
be a soldier yet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Banks of Loch Leven.*

*Enter HENRY.*

*Henry.* First at the place!—the morning's chill;—  
I wish

The quarrel were with other than the man  
I wait for ; but of all the useless things  
Which form the business of the world, regret  
Is the most idle. Yet, I wish 'twere past.—  
He's here.

*Enter HALBERT.*

*Henry.* I have but little time to spend,  
And the air freezes. Let's to work at once.  
Select your ground, sir.

*Hal.* Do you mock me, Henry,  
With this vain show of courage?

*Henry.* I came hither  
Upon your summons, as I thought, to end  
A soldier's quarrel with a soldier's sword ;  
But if you can restrain the bitter speech  
To which I must not listen, I prefer  
To take your hand in kindness—As you will.

*Hal.* Did I not feel that I have power to pierce  
Through that cold bravery to the heart within it,  
I might relieve you of some frolic blood  
Which makes the front of your rebellion proud.

*Henry.* Rebellion !

*Hal.* Have you not rebell'd at once  
Against your clan, your country, and the tomb  
Of a brave father who embraced in you  
The darling of his age? Behold his sword  
You now defy,—your plaything while he talk'd  
Of noble daring, till you paused in sport  
To hear and weep. Its sight should wound you now  
More than its edge could. What would be his grief  
Could he behold you in that hated dress,  
Link'd to the foes of Scotland ! Oh, my brother,  
Why did you this?

*Henry.* If you intend to ask  
What urged me to take service with Argyle,

I answer you at once.—My eagle spirit,  
Which wanted air to soar in ; frank disdain  
Of dull existence, which had faintly gleam'd,  
Like yonder Serpent-river, through dark rocks  
Which bury it ; ambition for a lot  
Which places life and death upon a cast,  
And makes the loser glorious. Not for me  
The sullen pride of mouldering battlements,  
Or rites of tottering chapel.

*Hal.*

Is it so?

Is ancient sanctity, which sheds its grace  
Upon the infant's sportiveness, and cleaves  
To the old warrior when he falls, a thing  
To mock at? But I wrong you there : I know  
Your heart then spoke not. I could cherish pride  
In your gay valour, if a generous cause  
Had won its aid ;—nay, deeming Scotland lost,  
If you had sought your fortune at the court  
Of England, I had borne it ;—but to join  
With these domestic traitors—men who know  
The rights they sell ; who understand the ties  
Which, through the wastes of centuries, cement  
Our clans, and give the sacred cord one life  
Of reverential love ; for whom these hills  
On the clear mirror of their childhood cast  
Great shadows ; who have caught their martial rage  
From deeds of Wallace and of Bruce, and learn'd  
To temper and enrage it with the sense  
Of suffering beauty, which from Mary's fate  
Gleams through dim years ; and who conspire to crush  
These memories in men's souls, and call the void  
They make there, *freedom*—is a deed to weep for !

*Henry.* I may not hear the comrades whom I love  
Thus slander'd.

*Hal.*

You *shall* hear me while I speak

Of that which nearly touches you, as one  
 Of a small—branded—poor—illustrious race ;  
 Who boast no fertile pastures ; no broad lake  
 Studded with island woods, which make the soul  
 Effeminate with richness, like the scenes  
 In which the baffled Campbells hid their shame,  
 And scorned their distant foes. Our boasts are few,  
 Yet great :—a stream which thunders from its throne,  
 As when its roar was mingled with the voice  
 Of eldest song, from age to age retain'd  
 In human hearts ;—wild myrtles which preserve  
 Their hoard of perfume for the dying hour  
 When rudeness crushes them ;—rocks which no flowers  
 Of earth adorn, but, in themselves austere,  
 Receive The Beautiful direct from Heaven,  
 Which forces them to wear it,—shows their tops  
 Refined with air ; compels their darkest steeps  
 Reluctant to reflect the noontide sun  
 In sheeted splendour—wreathes around them clouds  
 In glorious retinue, which, while they float  
 Slowly, or rest beneath the sable heights,  
 In their brief fleecy loveliness grow proud  
 To wait upon The Lasting.—And the right  
 To walk this glen with head erect, you sold  
 For bounties which Argyle could offer !

*Henry.*

No—

Not for base lucre !—for a soldier's life,  
 Whose virtue's careless valour, unperplex'd  
 With aught beyond the watchword. If your cause  
 Were vital, I would freely draw my sword  
 To serve it ; but where lives it ?

*Hal.*

In the soul

Which, ruffled by no hope to see it tower  
 Again in this world, cherishes it still  
 In its own deathless and unsullied home ;—



That soul which, swelling from the mould of one  
 Obscure as I, can grasp the stubborn forms  
 Of this great vale, and bend them to its use,  
 Until their stateliest attributes invest  
 With pillar'd majesty the freeborn thoughts  
 Which shall survive them. Even these rocks confess  
 Change and decay; show where the ancient storm  
 Rent their grey sides, and, from their iron hearts,  
 Unriveted huge masses for its sport,  
 And left their splinters to attest a power  
 Greater than they;—but mighty truths like those  
 On which our slighted cause was based, shall hold  
 Their seat in the clear spirit which disdains  
 To sully or resign them, undisturb'd  
 By change or death:—they are eternal, Henry!

*Henry.* If we were now the lords of this domain  
 You love so well, I might have own'd a tie  
 To bind me to your wishes; you resign'd them;  
 What can these mountains yield to one who owns  
 Mac Ian as their lord?

*Hal.* The power to bear  
 That bitter taunt—which yet I feel!—O Henry!  
 Was that well said?

*Henry.* You should not have provoked it  
 By slanders on my officers and friends.

*Hal.* Your friends! Poor youth! companionship in  
 mirth,  
 Ungraced by thought, makes shallow friends; and yours  
 Are worse than shallow—they are false.

*Henry.* Nay, this  
 I will not bear; draw, sir!

[HENRY draws his sword, and rushes on HALBERT,  
 who dashes it from his hand.

*Hal.* Take up your sword;  
 See how a bad cause makes a brave arm weak!

Blush not ; 'twas but in pastime.

*Henry.* Kill me now,  
And walk the hills in pride !

*Hal.* Too plain I see  
Our paths diverge ;—but let us not forget  
That we have trod life's early way together,  
Hand clasp'd in hand. How proud was I to watch  
Your youngest darings, when I saw you dive  
To the deep bottom of the lake beneath us,  
Nor draw one breath till in delight you rose  
To laugh above it ; when I traced the crags  
By which with lightest footstep you approach'd  
The eaglet's bed ; and when you slipp'd, yet knew  
No paleness, bore you in my trembling arms  
To yon black ridge, from which in the cold thaw  
The snow wreath melts, as infancy's pure thoughts  
Have vanish'd from your soul.

*Henry.* No—Halbert—no !  
Graceless I shook them from it, but they crowd  
Here at your voice.

*Hal.* And you will not forget us ?  
Go, then, where fortune calls you, loved and praised—  
Let not the ribald licence of a camp  
Insult the griefs of Scotland. 'Mid the brave  
Be bravest ; and when honours wait your grasp,  
Allow a moment's absence to your heart  
While it recalls one lonely tower, whose doors  
Would open to you were you beggar'd, shamed,  
Forsaken ;—and beside whose once-loved hearth  
Your praises shall awaken joy more fervent  
Than nobler friends can guess at. Ah ! you weep—  
My own true brother still !

*Henry.* I am ! I am !

[*They embrace.*]

*Enter HELEN.*

*Helen.* Forgive me that I follow'd you. I saw  
Both ruffled at your parting ; but my fears  
Never suggested an event so sad,  
As that two brothers, from whose swords alone  
We hope protection, should direct their points  
Against each other's lives.

*Henry.* You must not leave  
This spot with the belief that Halbert shares  
The blame of this encounter ; mine the fault,  
Be mine the shame.

*Hal.* I will not let you pour  
On Helen's ear one word of self-reproach ;  
You'll not believe him shamed !

*Helen.* Indeed I will not ;  
I feel that shame and Henry are disjoin'd  
As yonder summits. [To HENRY.]

I must teach your steps  
The pleasant pathways which we used to tread  
In old sweet times. [Takes his hand.]

*Hal.* [apart]. It cannot be she means  
Other than sisterly regard in this ;  
'Tis but the frankness of a courteous heart.  
No more—no more.

*Helen* [to HALBERT]. Will you not walk with us ?  
I have a hand for you too.

*Hal.* Nothing else ?

*Helen.* Yes ; and a heart—a grateful one. So solemn !  
Nay, you must smile ; this is a day of joy,  
And shall be cloudless. Hark ! the music calls us.

[*Martial music at a distance.*]

*Hal.* Those strains again ! Forgive me. Let us home.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.\*

SCENE I.—*The Quarters of Glenlyon.**Enter GLENLYON and LINDSAY.**Glen.* Are you not weary of your quarters, Lindsay?*Lind.* Not I ;—I care but little where I lodge.*Glen.* These fifteen days among the snows will nerve  
Our soldiers to encounter a campaign  
In coldest winter. Do they bear it bravely?*Lind.* Bear it? The rogues exult in it! Rude plenty  
And loosen'd discipline make rich amends  
For rations duly meted, and warm shelter,  
The garrison affords. Our savage hosts  
Have open'd their rock-cellar'd stores of ale,  
And of the luscious juice from honey press'd,  
Which the wild bee from scanty heather wins  
To make us jocund ; laughter and the dance  
Have shaken many a hovel. May I ask  
If we are destined long to dally thus?*Glen.* I know not, Lindsay ; what our mission was  
You heard :—I scarcely dare remember it ;  
I, who have ever held my conduct true  
To orders, as my pistol to my touch,  
And feel these fastnesses are unsubdued  
While a fierce clan like this retains its show  
Of unity and ancient right, recoil  
From that which we may execute. But thus  
We must not loiter ; every social cup—  
Each pressure of the hand, will make our work  
Harder and darker. I will send at once

---

\* A fortnight is supposed to elapse between the Second and Third Acts.

To Duncanson ; perchance Mac Ian's oath  
 Accepted by the Sheriff, though so late,  
 May save him. There's a mournful courtesy  
 In this old chief, crest-fall'n but self-sustain'd,  
 Which urges me to wish it.

*Lind.* He is crafty,  
 But yet most daring : never will the Highlands  
 Know peace while he infests them.

*Glen.* [*writing*]. Wound not him  
 With the sharp tongue on whom your sword may deal ;  
 I will despatch Macdonald : can you tell  
 Where I may find him ?

*Lind.* No : but I am sure  
 He's pleasantly engaged ; for I have met him  
 Often, since we have lodged here, with a lady  
 Gracing his arm, whom a slight glance approves  
 Of rarest beauty. But he comes to make  
 His own report.

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Glen.* 'Tis well, sir, you have come ;  
 You have but seldom sought my orders here ;  
 And but that I am told you have fair plea  
 For such remissness, I might censure it.  
 At present I require to know the name  
 And station of the damsel who has drawn  
 So true an officer from duty.

*Henry.* Sir,  
 My home was in this glen, and I live here  
 Beneath my brother's roof.

*Glen.* Nay, no evasion ;  
 Tell me at once to whom I owe your absence,  
 Or hope no favour.

*Henry.* If I had not fear'd  
 The old estrangement which the father caused

Might touch the daughter, I had long ere this  
Sought for her your protection. She is the child  
Of your slain brother, from your love so long  
Unhappily divided.

*Glen.* I knew not  
That he had left a daughter.

*Henry.* When he died,  
You were abroad ; and she, an infant, found  
A sire in mine.

*Glen.* Poor girl, to find her here  
At such a moment !—but she shall be cared for.

*Henry.* Cared for !

*Glen.* Yes—cared for ;—said I something strange ?  
Is't strange that I should care for her ? To business :—  
You are swift of foot, and know the jagged paths  
Among these hills. [*Gives a letter.*]

Bear this to Duncanson,  
And bring his answer with your best despatch :  
When you return, we'll talk of my fair niece,  
The partner of your rambles. I'll find means  
To honour and reward you. Lindsay, come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Halbert's Tower.*

*Enter* LADY MACDONALD *and* HELEN.

*Lady M.* Helen, how grave you are ! While winter  
stretch'd  
Its dull eventless length, your ready mirth  
Streak'd the dark hours with gaiety, which else  
Had been unvaried gloom. Now that our snows  
Glitter with dancing feathers and bright plaids,  
Our echoes learn to laugh, and our rough paths  
Are cheer'd by tales of love, you droop and sigh !  
Does any secret grief afflict my child ?

*Helen.* Grief, madam ! 'Tis the pensiveness of joy,

Too deep for language, too serene for mirth,  
 Makes me seem sad. To meet in manhood's bloom  
 The gallant playmate of my childhood ; propp'd  
 On the same arm to tread the same wild paths ;  
 And in sweet fellowship of memories, feel  
 Hour after hour of long-forgotten pleasure  
 Start forth in sunny vividness to break  
 The mist of heavy years,—is joy so hearted,  
 That it can find no colour in the range  
 Of gladness to express it ;—so accepts  
 A solemn hue from grief.

*Lady M.* Have you then felt  
 Those years so heavy, you have help'd to make  
 So light to me? Your lodging has been bleak,  
 Your entertainment scanty ; yet your youth  
 Has been so furnish'd with rich thoughts, so raised  
 To lofty contemplations, that my pride  
 In the bright valour of my younger son  
 Cannot prevent my wonder that the hours  
 In which my Halbert with delighted care  
 Has minister'd to your soul's noblest thirsts,  
 Should be thus soon forgotten.

*Helen.* Not forgotten,  
 Nor have the years been heavy : when I said so,  
 I was most thankless. Pardon me, sweet lady,  
 But when with Henry, I recall old times,  
 I look across the intervening years  
 As a low vale in which fair pastures lie  
 Unseen, to gaze upon a sunlit bank  
 On which my childhood sported, and which grows  
 Near as I watch it. If his nature seems  
 Unsoften'd by reflection,—like a rock  
 Which draws no nurture from the rains, nor drinks  
 The sunbeam in that lights it, yet sustains  
 A plume of heather,—it is crown'd with grace

Which wins the heart it shelters.

*Lady M.*

My dear Halbert,

How will you bear this !

*Helen.*

Can it be, you fear

My joy in Henry's presence should afflict

A soul so great as Halbert's ?

*Lady M.*

I do fear it ;—

I know it ; shudder at it : can you doubt

That Halbert loves you ?

*Helen.*

Do not think it, madam,

For mercy's sake, if you intend by love

Something beyond a brother's fondest care

For a lone sister ! You are silent ; turn

Your face away ; your bosom throbs as grief

Or terror shook it. Am I grown a curse

To you—to him ? Oh whither shall I fly ?

Where seek for counsel ? Dearest lady, save me !

[HELEN throws herself on LADY MACDONALD'S neck.

*Lady M.* Rest there, beloved fair one ; I will try

To temper this to Halbert ;—yet I fear—

He's bending towards us.

*Helen.*

Hide me from his sight,

I cannot bear it now.

*Lady M.* [leading HELEN to the side]. That way ; I'll  
break

This sorrow to him, if I can ;—be calm. [Exit HELEN.

*Enter HALBERT from the opposite side.*

*Hal.* Was not that Helen ? Wherefore should she fly

Upon my coming ? But her absence serves

My purpose now. I came to talk of her.

*Lady M.* Of her ? Sit down ; you look fatigued and ill :

I'll fetch a draught of wine.

*Hal.*

Fatigued and ill !

My looks belie me, then ; I scarce have felt



So fresh in spirit since I was a boy,  
 And the sweet theme I come to speak of needs  
 No wine to make it joyous. It is marriage.

*Lady M.* My son!

*Hal.* Why, *you* look pale; I thought my wish  
 Was also yours. I know a common mother,  
 Who, having lost her husband in her prime,  
 Seeks from a grateful son some slight return  
 For love that watch'd his infancy, may feel  
 Her fortune cruel, when a new regard,  
 With all the greediness of passion, fills  
 The bosom where till then affection reign'd  
 Which answer'd, though it could not rival, hers:  
 But we have lived so long as equal friends  
 With love absorbing duty, that I thought,  
 And I still think, increase of joy to me  
 Must bring delight to you. I could have lived  
 Content, as we have lived, and still prolong  
 The lingering ecstasy of fearless hope,  
 But that the licence of the time, which brings  
 A band of loose companions to our glen,  
 Requires that I should claim a husband's right  
 To shield its lovely orphan.

*Lady M.* You mean—Helen?

*Hal.* Whom else could I intend? If you have been  
 Perplex'd by fear that I might mean to seek  
 Another's hand, no wonder you grew pale.  
 But still you tremble;—what is this?

*Lady M.* My son,

Are you assured she loves you?

*Hal.* As assured

As of my love for her. In both, one wish,  
 As she has glided into womanhood,  
 Has grown with equal progress.

*Lady M.* Have you sought

Of her, if she esteems it thus?

*Hal.*

By words?

No; for I never doubted it: as soon  
Should I have ask'd you if a mother's love  
Watch'd o'er my nature's frailties. If sweet hopes  
Dawning at once on each; if gentle strifes  
To be the yielder of each little joy  
Which chance provided; if her looks upraised  
In tearful thankfulness for each small boon  
Which, nothing to the giver, seem'd excess  
To her; if poverty endured for years  
Together in this valley,—do not breathe  
Of mutual love, I have no stronger proofs  
To warrant my assurance. Mother, speak!  
Do you know anything which shows all this  
A baseless dream?

*Lady M.*

My Halbert, you have quelled

Fierce passion by strong virtue;—use your strength—  
Nay, do not start thus; I do not affirm  
With certainty you are deceived, but tremble  
Lest the expressions of a thankful heart  
And gracious disposition should assume  
A colour they possess not, to an eye  
Bent fondly over them.

*Hal.*

It cannot be;

A thousand, and a thousand times, I've read  
Her inmost soul; and you that rack me thus  
With doubt have read it with me. Before Heaven,  
I summon you to witness! In the gloom  
Of winter's dismal evening, while I strove  
To melt the icy burthen of the hours  
By knightly stories, and rehearsed the fate  
Of some high maiden's passion, self-sustain'd  
Through years of solitary hope, or crown'd  
In death with triumph, have you not observed,

As fading embers threw a sudden gleam  
 Upon her beauty, that its gaze was fix'd  
 On the rapt speaker, with a force that told  
 How she could lavish such a love on him?

*Lady M.* I have; and then I fancied that she loved you.

*Hal.* Fancied! Good mother, is that emptiest sound  
 The comfort that you offer? Is my heart  
 Fit sport for fancy? Fancied!—'twas as clear  
 As it were written in the book of Truth  
 By a celestial penman! Answer me,  
 Once more! when hurricanes have rock'd these walls,  
 And dash'd upon our wondering ears the roar  
 Of the far sea, exulting that its wastes  
 Were populous with death-pangs;—as my arms  
 Enfolding each, grew tighter with the sense  
 Of feebleness to save;—have you not known  
 Her looks, beyond the power of language, speak  
 In resolute content, how sweet it were  
 To die so link'd together?

*Lady M.* I have mark'd it.

*Hal.* Then wherefore do you torture me with doubt?  
 What can you know, what guess, that you can weigh  
 Against these proofs?

*Lady M.* Be firm; she loves another.

*Hal.* 'Tis false!—and yet, great Heaven! your quiver-  
 ing lips  
 Attest it. And you knew this? You partook  
 Her counsels—His!—Yes, his!—you know the name  
 Which I must curse—of him I must pursue  
 Through deserts and through cities till I search  
 His bosom with my sword. Tell me the name—  
 Now—now—delay not.

*Lady M.* [*laying her hand on his arm.*] Halbert, pause  
 and look  
 Into your mother's face, and then reply

To her :—does she deserve this of her son ?

*Hal.* I am a wretch indeed to use command  
Where I should humbly sue.—Sit, sit, dear mother,  
Assume your old authority. [*Wildly places her in a  
chair and falls on his knees beside it.*]

I kneel

There—meekly as you taught me—when you raised  
For the first time my little hands to God ;  
A child, obedient and infirm as then,  
I do implore you, tell your wretched son  
What he must suffer.

*Lady M.* Are you arm'd to bear it ?

*Hal.* For all things.

*Lady M.* Henry—

*Hal.* [*starting up*]. My own brother ! Now  
I see it clear ;—remember how she gazed  
With fondness on him, when he came array'd  
In a slave's tinsel ; how she seized his hand  
When I had dash'd the insulting weapon from it,  
Aim'd at my life. Would I had slain him there !

*Lady M.* What fearful vision crosses you ? Slay  
Henry—

Him whom you moulded ! From too thoughtless youth  
Strike him to all that Death reveals, and bid  
Your twice-stabb'd mother gaze upon her sons—  
The murder'd and the guilty !

*Hal.* Guilty ?—yes !

I am—I thought it—felt as if my arm  
Could act it ;—utter'd it. Look not upon me !  
Earth hide me !—cover me !

[*Sinks into a seat and covers his face with his hands.*]

*Lady M.* I fear'd this outbreak  
Of fire subdued, not quench'd. My noble son,  
As you have wrestled with the fiends, and quell'd them,  
Be victor now !

*Hal.* [*rising*]. Are you assured she loves him?  
It may be but a girlish dream,—her eye  
Enchanted for a moment by the grace  
Of youth—her fancy dazzled by the show  
Of military prowess,—while her soul  
In its serene and inmost temple waits  
Untouch'd and true. 'Tis so.

*Lady M.* Would that it were!

*Hal.* I will awake her spirit from its trance;  
I'll meet her face to face, and soul to soul,  
And so be satisfied.

*Lady M.* You shall do so,  
If you will rule your passion.

*Hal.* I am calm,  
Docile as infancy; I'll seek her now.

*Lady M.* No;—I will bring her on the instant. Think  
That she has not a refuge in the world  
Except in our protecting care, and feel  
How gently she should be entreated! Rage  
From you would kill her.

*Hal.* Rage—to her? All weak  
In passion as I am, you need not fear it.

*Lady M.* I'll trust you. [*Exit LADY M.*]

*Hal.* [*alone*]. She will come with her sweet voice  
To charm away this mist. Alas! I'm rude  
And moody; he is gay, and quick of spirit,  
And light of heart. Why did I let them roam  
So often? Yet it cannot be; her heart  
Could not be caught by gauds;—so pure; so arm'd—  
So true!

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Henry.* What, musing! Let me not disturb  
Deep meditations. Is my mother near,  
Or Helen?

*Hal.* Helen !

*Henry.* I have scarce a word  
To spend with either ; though I would not pass  
Your tower unvisited, I'm bound to speed,  
For I am bearer of an urgent letter  
To Duncanson.

*Hal.* To Duncanson ? The foe  
Most bitter to our clan ;—and you dare bring it  
Here ;—to your father's hall—where you were train'd  
To clansman's duty ;—which you left in scorn  
And now revisit in a lackey's guise  
To boast a cursed mission ; yield it to me,  
Traitor and slave ! or I will tear it from you.

*Henry.* Stand off !—what frenzy rules you ? Let me  
pass.

*Hal.* There's treachery in it—and in you.

*Enter LADY MACDONALD and HELEN.*

*Lady M.* Your word !  
[*HALBERT, at sight of HELEN, pauses and shrinks back.*]

*Hal.* [*to HENRY*]. Forgive me ; I am ill at ease, and  
scarce  
Know what I utter.

*Henry.* I shall think of this  
But as brain-sickness which your studies bring ;  
Heaven keep me from them ! I must not delay  
A moment more ;—farewell ;—I shall return  
This way to-morrow, and shall hope to find  
Your grave philosopher in saner mood. [*Exit HENRY.*]

*Lady M.* I leave you ; recollect your word.

*Hal.* I will.  
[*Exit LADY M.*]

*Hal.* Be not alarm'd, sweet Helen ; if your looks,  
Turn'd gently on me, had not power to still  
The tempest my frail nature has endured,

The issue of this moment would command  
 All passion to deep silence, while I ask—  
 If my scathed life enrich'd by yours may spread  
 Its branches in the sunshine, or shrink up  
 In withering solitude, a sapless thing,  
 Till welcome death shall break it?

*Helen.* Do not think  
 Your noble nature can require a reed  
 So weak as mine to prop it: virtue's power,  
 Which shields it as a breastplate, will not yield  
 To transient sorrow which a thankless girl  
 Can hurl against it.

*Hal.* Little do you guess  
 The heart you praise: 'tis true, among the rocks  
 I sought for constancy, and day by day  
 It grew; but then within its hardening frame  
 One exquisite affection took its root,  
 And strengthened in its marble;—if you tear  
 That living plant, with thousand fibres, thence,  
 You break up all;—my struggles are in vain,  
 And I am ruin!

*Helen.* What a lot of mine!  
 I, who would rather perish than requite  
 Long years of kindness with one throb of pain,  
 Must make that soul a wreck!

*Hal.* No, Helen, no—  
 It is a dream; your heart is mine; mine only,—  
 I'll read it here:—you have not pledged its faith  
 To—any other?

*Helen.* No; not yet.

*Hal.* Thank God!—  
 Then you are mine; we have been betrothed for years.

*Helen.* Would it had been so!

*Hal.* You desire it?

*Helen.* Yes;

I then had kept such watch upon my soul,  
As had not let the shadow of a fancy  
Fall on your image there ; but not a word  
Of courtship pass'd between us.

*Hal.*

Not a word.

Words are for lighter loves, that spread their films  
Of glossy threads, which while the air's serene  
Hang gracefully, and sparkle in the sun  
Of fortune, or reflect the fainter beams  
Which moonlight fancy sheds ; but ours—yes, OURS !—  
Was woven with the toughest yarn of life,  
For it was blended with the noblest things  
We lived for ; with the majesties of old ;  
The sable train of mighty griefs o'erarched  
By Time's deep shadows ; with the fate of kings,—  
A glorious dynasty—for ever crush'd  
With the great sentiments which made them strong  
In the affections of mankind ;—with grief  
For rock-enthronèd Scotland ; with poor fortune  
Shared cheerfully ; with high resolves ; with thoughts  
Of death ; and with the hopes that cannot die.

*Helen.* Hold ! If you rend oblivion's slender veil  
Thus fearfully, and spectres of the past  
Glide o'er my startled spirit, it will fail  
In reason.

*Hal.* No ;—it shall cast off this cloud,  
And retain no impression save of things  
Which last for ever ;—for to such our love  
Has been allied. How often have we stood,  
Clasp'd on yon terrace by columnar rocks,  
Upon whose jagged orifice the sky  
With its few stars seem'd pillar'd, and have felt  
Our earthly fortunes, bounded like the gorge  
That held us, had an avenue beyond,  
Like that we gazed on ; and when summer eve



Has tempted us to wander on the bank  
 Of glory-tinged Loch Leven, till the sea  
 Open'd beyond the mountains, and the thoughts  
 Of limitless expanse were render'd sweet  
 By crowding memories of delicious hours  
 Sooth'd by its murmur, we have own'd and bless'd  
 The Presence of Eternity and Home!

*Helen.* What shall I do?

*Hal.*

Hear me while I invoke

The spirit of one moment to attest,  
 In the great eye of love-approving Heaven,  
 We are each other's. When a fragile bark  
 Convey'd our little household to partake  
 The blessing that yet lingers o'er the shrine  
 Of desolate Iona, the faint breath  
 Of evening wafted us through cluster'd piles  
 Of gently-moulded columns, which the sea—  
 Softening from tenderest green to foam more white  
 Than snow-wreaths on a marble ridge—illumed  
 As 'twould dissolve and win them;—till a cave,  
 The glorious work of angel architects  
 Sent on commission to the sacred isle,  
 From which, as from a fountain, God's own light  
 Stream'd o'er dark Europe—in its fretted span  
 Embraced us.—Pedestals of glistening black  
 Rose, as if waiting for the airy tread  
 Of some enraptured seraph who might pause  
 To see blue Ocean through the sculptured ribs  
 Of the tall arch-way's curve, delight to lend  
 His vastness to the lovely. We were charm'd,  
 Not awe-struck;—for The Beautiful was there  
 Triumphant in its palace. As we gazed  
 Rapt and enamour'd, our small vessel struck  
 The cavern's side, and by a shock which seem'd  
 The last that we should suffer, you were thrown

Upon my neck—You clasp'd me then ; and shared  
One thought of love and heaven !

*Helen.* Am I indeed  
Faithless, yet knew it not ? my soul's perplex'd ;—  
Distracted. Whither shall it turn ?—To you !—  
Be *you* its arbiter. Of you I ask,  
In your own clear simplicity of heart,  
Did you believe me yours ?

*Hal.* Yes ; and you are :  
With this sweet token I assure you mine,  
[Places a ring on her finger.  
In sight of angels. Bless you !

*Helen.* It is done,  
I dare not, cannot, tear this ring away.

*Hal.* It but denotes what Heaven has register'd ;  
We must not pause : when will you that this pledge  
Shall be redeem'd ? To-morrow ?

*Helen.* Give me time  
To speak with—to call in my scatter'd thoughts.

*Hal.* The next day, then ?

*Helen.* Direct it as you please ;  
Would I were worthy !—pray you leave me now.

*Hal.* I go to share my blessedness with her  
Whose love you share with me ;—our mother, Helen.

[Exit HALBERT.]

*Helen.* Where am I ?—can I wake from this strange  
dream ? [Observes the ring.]

No—'tis all real—the good and brave alone  
Have power upon the spirits of the guiltless  
To raise or mar them. Oh that I had met  
All evil things—oppression—slander—hate—  
How would I have defied them !

*Enter* LADY MACDONALD.

*Lady M.*

Is it true

You have consented to wed Halbert?

*Helen.* Yes.

*Lady M.* My child, come to my heart. How's this?

You are pale  
And cold as marble.

*Helen.* You may well regard  
My purpose with distrust;—but when I take  
The noble Halbert's hand, I bid adieu  
To every recollection which might touch  
My duty to him. I shall never muse  
On childhood's pleasures, innocent no more  
For me;—shall never tread the shelter'd paths  
Which I have lately linger'd in; nor think  
Upon a soldier's glories; nor repeat  
One name—Oh never!—I am very weak,  
I did not know how weak. The Virgin aid me!

*Lady M.* She will, my lovely one.

*Helen.* I'll seek the chapel,  
If these poor limbs will bear me.—On your bosom  
I must seek strength first, mother.

*Lady M.* Weep there, child,  
And may Heaven's arms encircle you as mine! [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Tower of Halbert. Time—Noon of the Sixteenth Day.*

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Henry.* Will no one answer me?—I call in vain;—  
And must pass on without that glimpse of Helen  
I came to win. [*KENNETH crosses the stage.*  
Stay, fellow; where's my mother?

*Ken.* She is preparing for our master's wedding,  
Of which our notice has been short ; 'twas yesterday  
Appointed for to-morrow.

*Henry.* Halbert's wedding !—  
That's pleasant news, though strange ;—to think my  
brother,

My solemn brother, all this time in love !  
He has not trusted me : so I must ask  
Of you, the fair one's name.

*Ken.* Name !—surely, sir,  
It could be none but Helen Campbell.

*Henry.* Cease  
Your jesting with that name, or with my sword  
I'll try to teach you manners.

*Ken.* Jestings, sir !—  
We have little jesting here ;—although these walls  
Will ring for once, when our dear master gives them  
So kind a mistress.

*Henry.* Dare you mock me ? No !—  
I will not vent my rage on you ;—if this  
Is not a jest, tell your kind mistress,—here  
Henry Macdonald waits her !—bid her come  
And answer to him as she cares for life.

*Ken.* I'll seek her, sir.

*Henry.* Begone. [Exit KENNETH.  
Can this be true ?

Yes ; that poor knave would never dare invent  
A tale so monstrous ;—but it passes all  
My lightest comrades tell of woman's falsehood.  
How will they scoff at me—duped and despised  
By this meek mountain damsel—cast aside  
For a dull dreamer of the rocks, who dared  
To school me with his wisdom ! Wise, indeed,  
The lady has become, to leave my hopes  
Of wealth and glory for these crazy walls,

And solemn disputations. 'Tis a jest,  
I' faith a merry one!—her uncle, too,  
My captain and my friend!—Most generous brother,  
I'll mar your triumph yet.

*Enter HELEN.*

Oh, you are here!

*Helen.* Yes; on a summons couch'd in terms more harsh  
Than needful: I had come on lightest word  
That spoke your wish to see me.

*Henry.* Do you talk  
To me of harshness! Look me in the face—  
Look steadily upon me, and reply  
To one brief question.

[HENRY *seizes HELEN'S arm; she looks at him and  
turns away.*

*Henry.* No!—I need not ask it.  
Yet hold one moment; is the bridegroom here?  
I long to wish him joy.

*Helen.* Accuse him not:  
He's innocent of all.

*Henry.* Oh, doubtless! Still  
'Twas churlish not to bid me to his bridal;  
What is the happy hour?

*Helen.* Sunrise.

*Henry.* Until  
That hour, farewell.

*Helen.* Oh leave me not in scorn!  
But as you are a brave man, to the weak  
Be merciful. Although no plighted faith  
Is broken with you, I will not allow  
A base self-flattery to conceal the truth  
That I have wrong'd you—stolen delightful hours,  
And cherish'd gentle vanities, with heart  
Too joyous to revert to holy ties

Long woven, though unrecognised, which link'd  
 My destiny to Halbert's. He has shown  
 That, though I knew it not, my life is his,  
 And I have own'd his title to the hand  
 This ring enriches.

*Henry.* And for dreams like this  
 You have repell'd a soldier's love, which you,  
 And only you, could have secured—released him  
 From the sole anchor of a giddy youth,  
 (So you described it), and yourself from share  
 Of his young fortunes, and the ample dowry  
 With which your uncle would have graced them!

*Helen.* Stain not  
 The few sad moments we may spend with thought  
 So little worthy. Had my lot been cast  
 With yours, I should have cared for no success  
 Save as it made you happier; sought no pleasures  
 But the perennial gaiety your mirth  
 Had shed around me;—deem'd no travel long  
 If shared with—Hold;—Accept my last farewell;—  
 May that undaunted courage which breathes in you  
 Inspire you to attain the airiest heights  
 Of glory, and upon them carve a name  
 Resplendent to all soldiers;—yet your frankness  
 Dispel all envy from it; may your feasts,  
 Crown'd with delights, be shared by noblest friends;  
 And from your towering fortunes, may the cloud  
 Which a slight woman's wayward folly wreathed  
 Around them, in soft sunshine melt at once,  
 And, with her, be forgotten! So Heaven speed you!

[Exit HELEN.]

*Henry.* Yes; it will speed me; for she loves me still!  
 But I forget my duty;—this despatch  
 Is waited for by him who shall avenge me!

[Exit HENRY MACDONALD.]

SCENE II.—*The Quarters of Glenlyon.*

GLENLYON—LINDSAY.

*Glen.* Surely 'tis time Macdonald had return'd :  
The readiest, boldest, and most constant officer  
I ever yet promoted ;—some mischance  
Or treachery must delay him. Treachery—faugh !  
'Tis an ill word, but may import no more  
Than a safe means of justice, which rash force  
Might frustrate. Would our messenger were here !

*Lind.* Indeed time presses ; we shall bear the charge  
Of weakness for the doubt which has delay'd  
The course prescribed.

*Glen.* He was not wont to loiter.  
If the command be clear, my course is plain ;  
And yet—he comes—could I suspect he knew  
The tidings that he bears, his face would tell them.

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Glen.* How's this? your looks are wild ; have you met  
aught  
Should shake a brave man's constancy ?

*Henry.* I crave  
Your pardon ; 'tis a private grief unnerves me ;  
The lovely lady who has shared my walks,  
And, as I proudly thought, return'd the love  
She had inspired in me, at sunrise weds  
My elder brother. What of that? My duty  
Has been perform'd ;—and Duncanson's reply  
Is here. [HENRY delivers a letter to GLENLYON.

*Glen.* Thanks ;—wait within ;—refresh yourself ;—  
I'll deal with your fair rebel.

*[Exit HENRY MACDONALD.*

My hand trembles  
As it has never trembled ;—I shall mar

The seal ;— open and read the letter. —

[LINDSAY *opens and reads the letter.*] Well?

*Lind.* It is as I expected and you fear'd ;  
The order is to guard the avenues  
To-night ; and ere the morning, put in force  
The royal ordinance on the lives of all  
Below the age of seventy.

*Glen.* Would that death  
Had met me first !

*Lind.* Yet you will not withhold  
Obedience ?

*Glen.* Never ;—I am shaken now,  
But you shall find me constant to obey  
The simple law of duty :— none shall live.

*Lind.* Think of these clansmen as of rebels snared  
In treason, whom a law, disdainful forms,  
Has sentenced : it is hard to make brave soldiers  
Anticipate the headsman with their swords ;  
Yet we must do our office.

*Glen.* Be it yours  
To show the men their duty.

*Lind.* I will do  
All you may order ; but I cannot range  
The soldiers so as to prevent escape  
Through the wild passes of these mountains ; none,  
Unless familiar with the glen, can do this.

*Glen.* Call in Macdonald. [Exit LINDSAY.  
He shall plant the men :  
His present passion moulds him to our will.

*Re-enter LINDSAY and HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Glen.* [to HENRY]. There is a service I would claim  
of you,  
Which, well achieved, shall humble to your feet  
The rival who presumes to cross your wish



For my alliance, and reward your love  
With happiest fortune.

*Henry.* Let the service be

So full of peril that the chance of life  
Bears but a thousandth portion of the hope  
That death is greedy with, and I embrace it,

*Glen.* It lacks the peril you desire. This clan,  
Though crouching now to William's power, retains  
Its lion fierceness. We must tame its chiefs  
By forcing them, in abject terms, to sue  
For pardon—yield their hidden stores of arms—  
And feel themselves subdued. At dawn to-morrow  
We'll awe them to submission, by array  
Of soldiers, planted in each track, whose arms  
Shall make the glen their prison. What I seek  
Is, that at midnight, you, who know the paths,  
Would so dispose the soldiers, that no clansman  
Escape the vale—save by the eastern road,  
Which Duncanson will line;—that done, repose—  
And dream that at the sunrise you shall see  
Your daring rival suppliant, and my niece  
Your wealthy bride. Will you do this?

*Henry.*

I will.

*Enter DRUMMOND.*

*Drum.* I come to ask if I shall bid the band  
Attend you at the feast.

*Glen.* What feast?

*Lind.* The banquet

Mac Ian gives to-day:—the hour is near.

*Glen.* A banquet! that is terrible.

*Lind.* [*Apart to GLENLYON.*] Be wary;

Eyes are upon us.

[*Aloud.*] You will send the band;

All we can do should grace our visit.

*Glen.* [to DRUMMOND]. You may retire. Yes: [Exit DRUMMOND.]

*Glen.* [to HENRY]. At dawn I will attend  
Your bridal; 'twill be yours. At this night's feast  
Beware that by no word or look you hint  
The midnight duty or the morning's hope:  
Be calm—as I am. [Exit GLENLYON and LINDSAY.]

*Henry* [Alone]. How shall I subdue  
The mantling sense of victory which laughs  
And dances in my spirit? He who dash'd  
My good sword from my grasp shall feel he stands  
Before his master; chidden as I was,  
And, for a moment, silenced, I shall rain  
Pardon and life on him who would have stolen  
The mistress of my soul! She's mine! She's mine!  
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Terrace before Halbert's Tower.

Enter LADY MACDONALD and HALBERT.

*Hal.* Is she so pensive still!

*Lady M.* Alas! in vain  
I watch to see some gleam of pleasure light  
Her mournful eyes. Save that her fingers ply  
The needle constantly, as if they wrought  
From habit of sweet motion, you might doubt  
If in her statue-like and silent beauty  
The life of this world stirr'd.

*Hal.* If Henry broke  
Upon her suddenly, his harsh demeanour  
Might drive the colour from her cheeks, and scare  
Her thoughts from their repose.

*Lady M.* I cannot hope it;  
She has been more serene since then. Before,  
She would pursue her work with restless hand;

Leave it and pace the room ; sit down and sigh,  
 As if her heart were breaking ; wring her hands ;  
 And then—as finding strength to chase some image  
 That madden'd her away,—toss back her head,  
 And smiling, urge her needle with more speed  
 Than at the first. But since she spoke with Henry  
 She has been calm, though sad, as one beyond  
 The reach of fear or hope ; who saw her course,  
 And was resign'd to follow it.

*Hal.* Resign'd !

Is that my sum of happiness ? To hold,  
 As in a tyrant's grasp, a lovely form  
 Subdued by its own gentleness, yet know  
 That the celestial mind defies the power  
 Of finest bonds,—and from the winning smile  
 In which fond custom wreathes the face, escapes  
 To scenes long past, or for a distant voice  
 Waits listening ! I have held the gaoler's lot  
 Far heavier than his captive's ; yet how light  
 His chains to those I must inflict and bear !

*Lady M.* You wrong my lovely daughter ; when she  
 weds,  
 Each wish, each hope, each fancy which might dim  
 The brightness of her constancy, will fly  
 For ever. Her affections have been toss'd,  
 But not perverted ; as the water keeps  
 Its crystal beauty in its bed of rock,  
 Though vex'd by winds which from a cloudless sky  
 Sweeps o'er high mountain tarns, her soul perplex'd  
 By contrary emotions, caught no taint,  
 Sunk or uplifted, but will settle, bright  
 As not a breath had wreath'd it. She will prove  
 With all her soul a true wife to you, Halbert,  
 Though not a blithe one.

*Hal.* Do you not believe

She will be happy soon?

*Lady M.* She will be tranquil ;  
But if you ask me if she will enjoy  
The happiness for which her nature's framed,  
I cannot veil my fears.

*Hal.* What should I do?  
I have known fearful heart-struggles ; but this  
Makes all seem nothing.

*Lady M.* There is in your soul  
A noble purpose.

*Hal.* Must I give up all,  
And yet live on? No human hope remains  
For me if this be blasted. With the fall  
Of the great objects which my youth revered,  
I lost all power to mingle in the strifes  
Of this new-modell'd world. I cannot taste  
The sweet resources Heaven, in grace, provides  
For love-lorn manhood ; thirst of fame in me  
Is quench'd ; society's miscall'd delights  
Would fret me into madness ; and bright war,  
The glorious refuge of despair, would seem  
A slaughterous and a mercenary trade  
To one who has no country. If I act  
The thought which fills your bosom, I must live  
Loveless and hopeless. Can you ask it, mother?

*Lady M.* I cannot ask it. But I saw in you  
High resolution gathering, while I spoke  
Of Helen's present state, and what I fear  
'Twill be when—

*Hal.* [*stopping her*]. Speak no more. It shall not be ;  
I will make ready for the sacrifice.

*Lady M.* My noble son ! Let me embrace you, proud  
As never Roman mother in the arms  
Of her crown'd hero. Shall I speak to Helen?

*Hal.* No—not for worlds—I cannot utter yet

The irrevocable word. It may be still  
That you misjudge her ;—or that she mistakes  
Her heart's true feeling. I will wait the morn.

*Enter ALASTER MACDONALD.*

*Alas.* My father sends me with a gracious message  
Which I rejoice to bear, though it confess  
A fault in him ; he offers you his hand,  
With frank confession he has done you wrong,  
And claims your presence at the feast he gives  
To-day to Argyle's officers.

*Hal.* Dear cousin,  
I am most happy in Mac Ian's love,  
And will with earnest duty answer it ;  
But I entreat him to excuse me now,  
For I am busy with sick thoughts ; unfit  
For high festivity.

*Alas.* I know you hate,  
As I do, this submission ; but 'tis done ;  
No courtesies can make it deeper. Hark !

*[Distant music heard.]*

The guests assemble now.

*Hal.* That music breathes  
As when I heard it first ;—in lively strain  
It vibrates on the ear, but on my soul  
Falls like a dirge. Some awful doom awaits  
Our race, and thus through sounds of this world speaks  
To the mind's ear. I will avert or share it.  
Yes ;—I attend you. Mother, you will watch  
Your precious charge as if on every glance  
A life depended ? I am sure you will.

*[Exit LADY MACDONALD.]*

Now, Alaster, I am ready for your feast.

*[Exeunt HALBERT and ALASTER.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Mac Ian's House.—A Banquet.*

MAC IAN, ANGUS, DONALD, JOHN MACDONALD, GLENLYON, LINDSAY, HENRY MACDONALD, Officers of *Argyle's regiment, and Clansmen, seated.*

*Mac I.* [*rising*]. Once more I thank you for the grace  
you pay

To a fallen chief, whose name and title live  
As shadows of the past ; but who can taste  
A comfort in his downfall, while brave men  
Show, by their courteous action, they preserve  
Respect for what he has been. Let us drink  
A health to those you serve ;—the Majesties  
Of England ; whom to death I had withstood,  
Had hope for James's cause remain'd ; but whom,  
That hope extinguish'd, I will frankly serve.  
Rise, clansmen ! Drink to William and his Queen,  
To whom we owe our duty.

*Glen.* We esteem  
The pledge at its just value.

*Mac I.* I perceive  
Your thoughts still wrong me. Stoutly have I fought  
Upon King James's side ; but with Dundee  
His cause expired. I felt it when he fell,  
Lifting his arm to wave these clansmen on,  
To make his triumph sure. The menial slave,  
The household traitor, who, with felon hand,  
Stole then his noble life, destroy'd, in him,  
A line of monarchs. While the tangled woods  
Of Killikrankie rang with shrill delight  
Of our victorious Highlanders, I knew  
That we were conquer'd ; and I sheathed my sword  
For ever.

*Angus* [*apart to DONALD*]. Do you mark him !  
*Donald.* Yes ; his life

Casts out its dying flash. He is doom'd.

*Glen.*

You wrong

Your gallant comrades ; surely loss of one  
Might be supplied.

*Mac I.*

Not of a man like him.

'Tis not in multitudes of common minds  
That by contagious impulses are sway'd,  
Like rushes in the wind, a mighty cause  
Can live ; but in the master mind of one  
Who sways them. Sooner would these glorious hills,  
If crushed to powder, with their atoms guard  
Our glens, than million clansmen fill the place  
Of such a chief. Would I had died with him !  
No more of this ; fill me some wine.

[*Drinks.*

*Enter ALASTER and HALBERT.*

Your leave

One moment.

[*MAC IAN comes to HALBERT, and takes his hand.*

*Mac I.*

Halbert, I lack words to thank

This kindness as I ought.

*Hal.*

It is deep joy

For me to know I am at peace with all,  
And, most of all, with you.

*Mac I.*

'Tis very strange :

I am amazed how I could doubt your faith ;  
A film is passing from my soul, that leaves  
All clear within its vision. Take your place.

[*HALBERT and ALASTER sit on the opposite side of  
the hall to GLENLYON and LINDSAY.*

*Mac I.*

[*resuming his seat*]. Your pardon. Let us  
drain another cup

To our chief guest, Glenlyon ; frank in war,  
And generous in alliance.

*Hal.*

[*to ALASTER*]. Watch him now ;

He changes ; see—his very lips are pale ;—  
I will unmask him.

*Alas.*

Pray forbear.

*Glen.*

Accept

A soldier's thanks.

*Hal.* [to ALASTER.] His voice is choked—look  
now—

Do you not see him shiver ?

*Alas.*

It is but fancy ;

How can he hope to see us fall more low

Than he has sunk us ?

*Mac I.* [to GLENLYON]. You must pledge me  
now ;—

Wine to Glenlyon.

[GLENLYON rises—takes the cup—puts it to his lips  
—and hastily returns it.

*Hal.*

He does not taste the wine,

He dares not taste it. Hold me not.

[Breaking from ALASTER.

Glenlyon !

Why did you put aside the untasted cup ?

Why did you change and glare ? Why is your heart—

Your hollow heart—shivering and shrinking now ?

Look on him, friends ! Mac Ian !—Angus !—Donald !—

John !—Alaster ! Does some infernal charm

Delude you, that you rise not ?

[To GLENLYON]. Answer me !

What fiendish thought was yours when you withdrew

That goblet from your lips ?

*Lind.*

Who's this that dares

Insult Glenlyon ?

*Hal.*

Parasite, I speak not

To such as you ! Behold him now ! He's silent.

*Lind.* In scorn.

[To GLENLYON]. You will not deign to make reply



To this coarse brawler? Let us hence.

*Glen.* [addressing MAC IAN.] Farewell!

You cannot curb the rudeness of your followers,  
Nor I endure it. [GLENLYON and LINDSAY retiring.]

*Hal.* Let them not depart;

Not for myself I speak,—for I shall find

No time so fit to die; but for your wives—

Your sires—your babes—your all. Glenlyon! turn,

If you have so much nature as to look

The thing you dare.

*Glen.* [turning]. Be brief in your demand.

What is your pleasure?

*Hal.* That you spend three minutes

With me in the cold moonlight;—arm'd;—alone.

*Glen.* With you—a conquer'd rebel?

*Mac I.* [holding HALBERT]. He's a guest

Beneath this roof's protection.

*Hal.* Let him claim

Its shelter if he dare, and I will kneel

And he shall trample on me.

*Lind.* [to GLENLYON]. Come away!

*Alas.* Dear Halbert, do not risk a life so dear

As yours is to my father.

*Hal.* Risk my life—

Dost see him? There is that within his breast

Would paralyse his arm, and make his knees

Tremble, and bid the stubborn soldier fall

Half slain without the steel;— [To GLENLYON.]

I charge on you

Black treason—what I know not yet—but feel;

Will you confess, or meet me?

*Lind.* Do not answer.

*Glen.* I meet you!—Talk to me of treason!—me

Who bear the lawful orders of a king;

To whom you are a traitor;—whom your race,

With all the hatred of their savage thoughts,  
 Abjure;—but he shall curb them—they shall feel  
 His power is here. Your worthless life, rash fool,  
 To-night I spare;—but if again we meet,  
 It shall be as you wish, for death.

[*Exeunt* GLENLYON, &c.]

*Hal.* It shall.

*Mac I.* [*to* HALBERT]. I thank your generous courage,  
 but I look

With wonder on your passion.

*Hal.* What! does nothing

Whisper of peril to you?

*Mac I.* No—my heart

Is jocund;—stripp'd of glory, power, and name,  
 We shall be all united and at peace.

*Hal.* Heaven grant it!

*Alas.* I would rather die to-morrow,

If I might choose, than hold the sweetest home  
 At England's mercy.

*Hal.* My brave cousin! Blessings

In life and death be with you.

*Mac I.* Come away;

This sadness will infect us. There's my hand  
 And my heart with it.

*Alas.* And mine too.

*John.* And mine.

*Mac I.* Farewell;—no strife shall separate us more.

[*Exeunt* MAC IAN, ALASTER, and JOHN.]

*Hal.* That's well!— *Sees* HENRY.

My brother here?—he wakes my soul  
 To its own sufferings. Yet we must not part thus.  
 Brother!

*Henry.* What would you with me?

*Hal.* I would know

We part to-night as brothers should; you think

That you have cause to blame me : wait awhile,  
And you may judge me better.

*Henry.* Blame you?—No—  
Not I—except that you forgot to bid  
Your brother to your bridal. He'll make bold  
To go unbidden.

*Hal.* Fail not ;—you may find  
A blessing there you will be grateful for,

*Henry* [*Aside*]. Can he suspect my purpose?—Oh, no  
doubt

You have deserved all gratitude ;—and there  
Will crown your favours.

*Hal.* I *will* take your hand ;  
It trembles.

*Henry.* No ;—or if it shakes,—the night  
Chills bitterly. It will be firm to-morrow.

[*Exit* HENRY MACDONALD.]

*Hal.* To-morrow !—that will settle all—I'll seek  
My mother now ; if she is still assured  
That Helen loves—I cannot bear the thought—  
Silence and darkness teach me to endure it !

[*Exit* HALBERT MACDONALD.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chapel adjoining Halbert's Tower, partly  
in ruins, in which is seen the Tomb of Halbert's  
Father.—Morning just breaking.*

*Enter* HALBERT MACDONALD.

*Hal.* The hour approaches when my life's last hope  
Will be extinguish'd ; it is quivering now  
Upon the verge of darkness ;—yet I feel  
No pang—no throb. My spirit is serene,

As if prepared to cleave celestial air  
To passionless delights—this calm within me  
Has something awful.

*Enter LADY MACDONALD.*

*Hal.* Mother, wish me joy.

*Lady M.* Joy, Halbert?—

*Hal.* Yes ;—of victory achieved  
O'er the last passion which can ever rack  
My bosom. I can bear to ask you now,  
If any change in Helen raises doubt  
How she will answer, when—I am not quite arm'd  
As I have boasted.

*Lady M.* No ;—she scarcely raised  
Her head, until her work—a bridal robe—  
Hung dazzling on her arm ; as then she sought  
Her chamber, I impress'd one solemn kiss  
Upon her icy brow : then as aroused  
From stupor by poor sympathy, she threw  
Her arms around my neck ; and whispering low,  
But piercingly, conjured me to keep watch  
Upon her thinkings, lest one erring wish  
Should rise to mar her duty to her lord.

*Hal.* I ask no more, till in this holy place  
Her soul shall answer mine ; too well I know  
The issue ; yet I shrink not, nor repine.

*Lady M.* Your calmness frightens me ; you think of  
death.

*Hal.* But as a thing to sigh for, not to seek ;  
I never will forsake you for the grave,  
Till Heaven dismiss me thither. Has she slept ?

*Lady M.* I know not ; but her chamber has been still,  
Until, on notice of the priest arrived  
She sent to pray the guidance of his arm  
To lead her to this place.

*Hal.* The priest arrived !  
 Oh what a world of happiness these words  
 Should indicate. It opens now to show  
 Its glories melting into air. They come—  
 Her step is heavy ; may the heart that sways it  
 Go lighter hence !

*Enter the Priest, leading HELEN, in bridal attire.*

*Hal.* [*meeting them*]. Before a solemn change  
 Shall pass on our condition, let me claim  
 One kiss, in memory of the wintry paths  
 Which we have walked with purity of heart  
 And heaven-ward aspect ;—should death take us now,  
 It had no terrors. [*Kisses HELEN'S forehead.*

*Priest.* Sir, your words are sad  
 For such an hour. Shall we begin the service ?

*Hal.* We wait my brother's presence.

*Helen.* Oh not his !  
 I am quite ready ; let the rite proceed.

*Enter HENRY MACDONALD.*

*Hal.* You are most welcome ;—we have waited for you.

*Henry.* [*looking eagerly round*]. Your pardon ; all are  
 not assembled yet.

Where is Glenlyon ?

*Hal.* Who ?

*Henry.* The lady's uncle.

He has, no doubt, approved her choice, and means  
 To grace the ceremonial. You will wait  
 His coming ?

*Hal.* He resign'd this lovely one  
 To those who knew her worth ; he shall not now  
 Infest the roof that shelters her.

*Henry* [*Aside*]. All lost !

What can detain him ?

*Priest.* Shall the rite proceed?

*Hal.* I have a few momentous words to speak  
Before the rites begin ;—to you, fair Helen,  
I must address them ; but I pray my brother,  
Whom they touch nearly, to attend.

*Henry.* I listen.

*Hal.* How, through sad years, the consecrated joy  
Which seems to wait me at this hour, has dawn'd  
And brighten'd, from its first uncertain rays  
Along the rugged pathway of a life  
Else unadorn'd, my passion-fevered speech  
Has shown ;—nor less divine the vision glows  
Now it stands clear before me, and invites  
To mingle heaven with earth. You cannot doubt it.

*Helen.* Never ;—I only wish I could deserve  
A love like yours.

*Hal.* Yet ere I grasp this dream,  
And make its phantoms real ;—within these walls  
By both revered ; where side by side we knelt  
In infantine humility, and faith  
No question ruffled ; where your spirit sought  
To cast from its pure mirror, each faint cloud  
Which jocund thoughts might breathe, or nicest fear  
Imagine to o'erspread it ;—at the tomb  
Of him who watches o'er his trembling son,  
At this dread crisis of his fate ;—I ask you—  
Explore your heart ; and if you find a wish  
That glances at another fortune, speak it !

*Helen.* Have mercy on me !

*Hal.* You have seen me chafed  
By passion worse than aimless in a soul  
Whose destinies are fashion'd by a Power  
Wise, bountiful, resistless ;—and the words  
Such frenzy dashes with its foam might seem  
To urge that one unlike myself must prove

Unfit for your affection. Hear me now,  
 When calmer reason governs me! There stands  
 One near to me in blood; a soldier, valiant,  
 And raised above all baseness; in the bloom  
 And gladness of his youth; who loves you—not  
 Perchance as I do—but who loves you well;—  
 You are a soldier's child;—your noble heart  
 May from most natural impulse turn to one  
 Endow'd and graced as he is;—if I read  
 Your wish aright;—I'll join this hand with his,—  
 As freely as I would relinquish life  
 To succour yours.

*Helen* [*sinking on her knee before HALBERT*]. Heaven  
 bless you!

*Hal.* [*raising HELEN*]. 'Tis enough;  
 Now let me draw this ring away—'tis done—  
 You'll let me wear it for a little time—  
 A very little time? Come, Henry,—take  
 This hand, with the deep blessing of a man  
 Whose all is given with it.

[*Takes HENRY'S hand to join it to HELEN'S*. HENRY  
*stands abstracted.*

*Hal.* You are cold—  
 Your thoughts are far away:—a blackness spreads  
 Across your face; speak to us!

*Helen.* He is stricken  
 With wonder at your goodness. Henry; Love!  
 Join me to bless your brother.

*Henry.* Will no bolt  
 From Heaven fall on this head!

*Helen.* His senses wander,  
 Scared at this sudden happiness;—anon  
 All will be well. [*Grasps his arm.*

*Henry.* Oh never!—do not gaze  
 Upon me;—Helen, touch me not;—fly all.

*Hal.* Wherefore? From whom?

*Henry.* O God! I cannot tell it.

[*A confused cry heard far in the Valley below.*]

*Hal.* What cry is that!

*Lady M.* The shrieks of death arise.

*Henry.* Not death!

*Enter ANGUS.*

*Angus.* Fly for your lives; our cherish'd guests  
Have fall'n upon the clansmen wrapp'd in sleep  
With murderous swords; and burning hovels light  
Their slaughterous way.

*Henry.* 'Tis false.

*Angus.* False! Hark! Behold!

[*Another cry heard more distinctly from the Valley,  
and the glare of distant fire seen.*]

*Henry.* O misery! I meant not this.

*Hal.* You!

*Enter ALASTER MACDONALD, wounded.*

*Alas.* Cousin—

Halbert—I've struggled through the ranks of death  
Dying to cry for justice. A few moments—  
And my poor life expended, you will bear  
The Chieftain's sword.

*Hal.* Where is your father?

*Alas.* Slain.

*Hal.* And John?

*Alas.* Both murder'd in their sleep. I cry  
For justice on the head of him who ranged  
The assassins. Hear me! I would kneel indeed,  
But my joints stiffen.

*Hal.* Where's the traitor?

*Alas.* [*looking round, sees HENRY and exclaims*],  
There!



*[Falls lifeless into the arms of the Priest, who bears him out.]*

*Hal.* My most unhappy brother!

*Priest [returning].* He has pass'd.

*Hal.* And I am chief! This is the fatal hour  
That Moina saw.

*[ANGUS and Attendants kneel to HALBERT.]*

Ancestral shades, I see

You beckon in yon flame. Let me sit here;  
The grave will serve. Where does the doom'd man stand?

*Henry.* Here! Chief of the Macdonalds, let my blood  
Atone my crime—it was not this—I meant  
But your disgrace. How little did I know  
The heart I meant to grieve! Strike! vindicate  
The ancient power, which perishes while thus  
I pray to be its victim. Do you hear?

*[Renewed cries from the Valley.]*

Release me from these cries; give me one look  
Of love, and end me.

*Hal.* Will none plead for him?

*Helen.* It was for me. *[To LADY MACDONALD.]*

Plead for your son.

*Lady M.*

I plead

For him who, plotting infamy, has brought  
Death on our race! All things around me plead  
Against him; and that wail is fraught with shrieks  
Of mothers, who, with death's convulsions, strive  
In vain to shield their infants—such as he  
Was once—as innocent, as blithe, as fair.  
O Henry! Henry! could I die for you!

*[LADY MACDONALD falls on his neck. Another cry heard. She starts away. HELEN sinks on her knees beside the tomb.]*

*Henry.* I'm ready.

*Hal.* There!—without.

*Henry.* I'll wait you there.

*Hal.* Will Heaven vouchsafe no refuge?

[*As he raises his arms in supplication, a shot strikes him; he falls.*

That is well.

Mercy, Most Merciful!—I am absolved.

*Enter GLENLYON.*

*Glen.* Am I too late? My niece—

*Helen.* Away! away!

*Henry* [*rushing on GLENLYON*]. Die, murderer!

*Lady M.* [*stops his arm*]. Let him live. Glenlyon,  
I pray you may have life stretch'd out beyond  
The common span of mortals, to endure  
The curse of Glencoe cleaving to your soul.

*Helen.* Amen!

*Glen.* It is upon me, yet I will preserve you.

*Hal.* Leave us to die.

*Enter DRUMMOND.*

*Drum.* I seek Glenlyon here.

The eastern pass is open; Duncanson  
Has not arrived: that way the clansmen fly.

*Glen.* Heaven speed them! [*Exit GLENLYON.*

*Henry.* Then will I oppose this breast  
To the pursuing demons, till I win  
The death I thirst for. [*Exit HENRY.*

*Helen.* Henry! [*Sinks on the ground.*

*Hal.* There is comfort;

Raise me to clasp my mother. You will pray  
For Henry;—and will find a child in her  
Whom mercy spares this moment. [*To the Priest.*  
To your charge

I leave the gathering of my scanty fortune,  
Which will provide a refuge for these sad ones

In some small convent, where they'll weep out life,  
Will you do this?

*Priest.* I will.

*Hal.* Bless you! I mark

The face which gazed in pity on my rage  
Beside my father's death-bed :—'tis subdued—  
Hush'd—conquer'd—pardon'd—and I die in peace.

[*Dies.*





SONNETS.



# SONNETS.

I.

EVENING SERVICE.

PERFORMED BY DR. VALFY AT READING SCHOOL.

THERE is a holy magic in that tone,  
Can wake from Memory's selectest cell  
The hour when first upon my heart it fell  
Like dew from Heaven :—the years that since have flown  
Seem airy dreams ;—yet not of self alone  
Those sacred strains are eloquent ;—they tell  
Of numbers temper'd by their simple spell  
In boyhood's unreflecting prime to own  
Their kindred with their fellows—best of lore !—  
Who to this spot, as Persians to the East,  
Turn reverential thoughts from every shore  
Which holds them ; nor forbear till life hath ceased  
With child-like love a blessing to implore  
On thee, mild Charity's unspotted Priest !

II.

THE FORBURY, AT READING.

VISITED ON A MISTY EVENING IN AUTUMN.

SOFT uplands, that in boyhood's earliest days  
Seem'd mountain-like and distant, fain once more  
Would I behold you ! but the autumn hoar  
Hath veil'd your pensive groves in evening haze ;  
Yet must I wait till on my searching gaze

Your outline lives—more dear than if ye wore  
 An April sunset's consecrating rays—  
 For, even thus the images of yore  
 Which ye awaken glide from misty years  
 Dream-like and solemn, and but half unfold  
 Their tale of glorious hopes, religious fears,  
 And visionary schemes of giant mould ;  
 Whose dimmest trace the world-worn heart reveres,  
 And, with love's grasping weakness, strives to hold.

## III.

ON HEARING THE SHOUTS OF THE PEOPLE AT THE  
 READING ELECTION IN THE SUMMER 1826,  
 AT A DISTANCE.

HARK ! from the distant town the long acclaim  
 On the charm'd silence of the evening breaks  
 With startling interruption ;—yet it wakes  
 Thought of that voice of never-dying fame  
 Which on my boyish meditation came  
*Here*, at an hour like this ;—my soul partakes  
 A moment's gloom, that yon fierce contest slakes  
 Its thirst of high emprise and glorious aim :  
 Yet wherefore ? Feelings that from heaven are shed  
 Into these tenements of flesh, ally  
 Themselves to earthly passions, lest, unfed  
 By warmth of human sympathies, they die ;  
 And shall—earth's fondest aspirations dead—  
 Fulfil their first and noblest prophecy.

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## IV.

## VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF READING.

FROM TILEHURST, AT THE CLOSE OF THE SAME ELECTION.

Too long have I regarded thee, fair vale,  
 But as a scene of struggle which denies  
 All pensive joy ; and now with childhood's eyes  
 In old tranquillity, I bid thee hail ;  
 And welcome to my soul thy own sweet gale,  
 Which wakes from loveliest woods the melodies  
 Of long-lost fancy—Never may there fail  
 Within thy circlet, spirits born to rise  
 In honour—whether won by Freedom rude  
 In her old Spartan majesty, or wrought  
 With partial, yet no base regard, to brood  
 O'er usages by time with sweetness fraught ;  
 Be thou their glory-tinted solitude,  
 The cradle and the home of generous thought !

## V.

## TO THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER,

IN RECOLLECTION OF THE BANKS OF THE SAME RIVER AT  
CAVERSHAM, NEAR READING.

WITH no cold admiration do I gaze  
 Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless stream !  
 But home-sick fancy kindles with the beam  
 That on thy lucid bosom faintly plays ;  
 And glides delighted through thy crystal ways,  
 Till on her eye those wave-fed poplars gleam,  
 Beneath whose shade her first ethereal maze  
 She fashion'd ; where she traced in clearest dream  
 Thy mirror'd course of wood-enshrined repose  
 Besprent with island haunts of spirits bright ;

And widening on—till, at the vision's close,  
 Great London, only then a name of might  
 For childish thought to build on, proudly rose  
 A rock-throned city clad in heavenly light.

## VI.

## TO THE SAME RIVER.

I MAY not emulate their lofty aim,  
 Who, in divine imagination, bold,  
 With mighty hills and streams communion hold,  
 As living friends ; and scarce I dare to claim  
 Acquaintance with thee in thy scenes of fame,  
 Wealthiest of Rivers ! though in days of old  
 I loved thee where thy waters sylvan roll'd,  
 And in some sense would deem thee yet the same.  
 So love perversely cleaves to some old mate  
 Estranged by fortune ; in his very pride  
 Seems lifted ; waxes in his greatness great ;  
 And silent hails the lot it prophesied,—  
 Content to think in manhood's palmy state  
 Some lingering traces of the child abide.

## VII.

## TO MR. MACREADY,

ON HIS PERFORMANCE OF WERNER, IN LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY  
 OF THAT NAME.

O LEARNED in Affection's thousand ways !  
 I thought thy art had proved its happiest power,  
 When thou didst bend above the opening flower  
 Of sweet Virginia's beauty, and with praise  
 Measured in words but fineless in the gaze  
 Of the proud sire, her gentle secret won :  
 Or when the Patriot Archer's hardy Son  
 Was school'd by doting sternness for the hour

Of glorious peril ; but the just designs  
 Were ready ; now thy soul's affections glow  
 By thy own genius train'd, through frigid lines,  
 And make a scorner's bloodless fancy show,  
 When love disdain'd round its cold idol twines,  
 How mighty are its weakness and its woe !

## VIII.

## FAME—THE SYMBOL AND PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

THE names that slow Oblivion have defied,  
 And passionate Ambition's wildest shocks  
 Stand in lone grandeur, like eternal rocks,  
 To cast broad shadows o'er the silent tide  
 Of Time's unebbing flood, whose waters glide,  
 To ponderous darkness from their secret spring,  
 And, bearing on each transitory thing,  
 Leave those old monuments in loneliest pride,  
 There stand they—fortresses upreared by man,  
 Whose earthly frame is mortal ; symbols high  
 Of power unchanging,—thought that cannot die ;  
 Proofs that our nature is not of a span,  
 But of immortal essence, and allied  
 To life and joy and love unperishing.

## IX.

## TO MR. MACREADY,

## ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD ;

## IN RECOLLECTION OF HIS PERFORMANCE OF VIRGINIUS.

THERE is no father, who, with swimming eyes,  
 Has seen thee present life and passion lend  
 To scenes by simple-hearted Poet penn'd,  
 Depicting household love in Roman guise,  
 Which, breathed through ancient forms, in freshness vies  
 With love of yesterday, who does not send

A greeting to thee as a cherish'd friend,  
 Now thy own heart acknowledges the ties  
 Which skill, forestalling Nature, made thee guess  
 With finest apprehension, and commend  
 To tearful crowds ;—yet while the sweet excess  
 Of joy that thou hast passion'd forth, shall fill  
 Thy soul with all it dream'd of happiness,  
 May Fear and Grief remain Art's Fictions still !

## X.

TO CHARLES DICKENS,  
 ON HIS "OLIVER TWIST."

NOT only with the Author's happiest praise  
 Thy work should be rewarded ; 'tis akin  
 To DEEDS of men, who, scorning ease to win  
 A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze  
 Which heedless ages spread around the ways  
 Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin ;  
 Content to listen to the wildest din  
 Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze,  
 So they may earn the power which intercedes  
 With the bright world and melts it ; for within  
 Wan Childhood's squalid haunts, where basest needs  
 Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call  
 An angel face with patient sweetness pleads  
 For infant suffering to the heart of all.

## XI.

TO MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE,  
 ON HER APPROACHING RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.  
 [DECEMBER, 1842.]

IF Time has doom'd the triumphs of thy race  
 With loss of thee—the youngest and the last—

To take majestic station in the Past,  
 We thank thee that thy fleeting hours embrace  
 Some hint of all their glories ;—bid us trace  
 In thy proud action the unconquer'd will  
 Of the great Roman ; own once more a thrill  
 Akin to that which blanch'd the childish face  
 At Siddons' whisper ; bless the honest grace  
 Which the true heart of chivalry should still  
 Shed o'er thy Father's brow ;—consol'd that all  
 Thus waning into memory, grow more sweet,  
 And make their last expression musical,  
 To live while any heart they hush shall beat.

## XII.

ON THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDSWORTH  
 AT OXFORD.

OH never did a mighty truth prevail  
 With such felicities of place and time,  
 As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime  
 From the full heart of England's Youth, to hail  
 Her once neglected bard, within the pale  
 Of Learning's fairest Citadel ! That voice,  
 In which the Future thunders bids rejoice  
 Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail  
 To bless with love as deep as life, the name  
 Thus welcomed ;—who, in happy silence, share  
 The triumph ; while their fondest musings claim  
 Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air,  
 That to their long-loved Poet's spirit bear  
 A Nation's promise of undying fame.

## XIII.

## THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

THE fame of those pure bards whose fancies lie  
 Like glorious clouds in summer's calmest even,  
 Fringing the western skirts of darkening Heaven,  
 And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,  
 Awakes no voice of thunder, which may vie  
 With mighty chiefs' renown ;—from ages gone,  
 In low undying strain, it lengthens on,  
 Earth's greenest solitudes with joy to fill,—  
 Felt breathing in the silence of the sky,  
 Or trembling in the gush of new-born rill,  
 Or whispering o'er the lake's undimpled breast ;  
 Yet blest to live when trumpet notes are still,  
 To wake a pulse of earth-born ecstasy  
 In the deep bosom of eternal rest.

## XIV.

## ETON COLLEGE.

SURVEYED AFTER LEAVING A SON AT SCHOOL FOR THE  
FIRST TIME.

HOW often have I fix'd a stranger's gaze  
 On yon fam'd turrets, clad in light as fair  
 As this sweet evening lends, and felt the air  
 Of Learning that from calm of ancient days  
 Breathes round them ever ! Now to me they wear  
 Hues drawn from dearer thought ; the radiant haze  
 That mantles them grows thick with fondest care,  
 And its slant sunbeams flicker like the praise  
 Youth wins from wisdom ;—for in yon retreats  
 One little student's heart expectant beats  
 With blood of mine ;—O God ! vouchsafe him power,  
 When I am dust, to stand on this sweet place,  
 And, through the vista of long years, embrace  
 With cloudless soul this first Etonian hour !

## LINES

WRITTEN AT THE NEEDLES HOTEL, ALUM BAY, ISLE OF  
WIGHT, AFTER A WEEK SPENT AT THAT PLACE.

How simple in their grandeur are the forms  
That constitute this picture! Nature grants  
Scarce more than sternest cynic might desire—  
Earth, Sea, and Sky, and hardly lends to each  
Variety of colour; yet the soul  
Asks nothing fairer than the scene it grasps  
And makes its own for ever! From the gate  
Of this home-featur'd Inn, which nestling cleaves  
To its own shelf among the downs, begirt  
With trees which lift no branches to defy  
The fury of the storm, but crouch in love  
Round the low snow-white walls whence they receive  
More shelter than they lend,—the heart-sooth'd guest  
Views a furze-dotted common, on each side  
Wreath'd into waving eminences, cloth'd  
Above the furze with scanty green, in front  
Indented sharply to admit the sea,  
Spread thence in softest blue—to which a gorge  
Sinking within the valley's deepening green  
Invites by grassy path; the Eastern down  
Swelling with pride into the waters, shows  
Its sward-tipp'd precipice of radiant white,  
And claims the dazzling peak beneath its brow  
Part of its ancient bulk, which hints the strength  
Of those fam'd Pinnacles that still withstand  
The conquering waves, as fortresses maintain'd  
By death-devoted troops, hold out awhile  
After the game of war is lost, to prove

The virtue of the conquer'd.—Here are scarce  
Four colours for the painter ; yet the charm  
Which permanence, 'mid worldly change, confers  
Is felt, if ever, here ; for he who loves  
To bid this scene refresh his inward eye  
When far away, may feel it keeping still  
The very aspect that it wore for him,  
Scarce chang'd by Time or Season : Autumn finds  
Scant boughs on which the lustre of decay  
May tremble fondly ; Storms may rage in vain  
Above the clumps of sturdy furze, which stand  
The Forest of the Fairies ; Twilight grey  
Finds in the landscape's stern and simple forms  
Nought to conceal ; the Moon, although she cast  
Upon the element she sways a track  
Like that which slanted through young Jacob's sleep  
From heaven to earth, and flutter'd at the soul  
Of Shadow's mighty Painter, who thence drew  
Hints of a glory beyond shape, reveals  
The clear-cut framework of the sea and downs  
Shelving to gloom, as unperplex'd with threads  
Of pallid light, as when the summer's noon  
Bathes them in sunshine ; and the giant cliffs  
Scarce veiling more their lines of flint that run  
Like veins of moveless blue through their bleak sides,  
In moonlight than in day, shall tower as now,  
(Save when some moss's slender stain shall break  
Into the samphire's yellow in mid air,  
To tempt some trembling life) until the eyes  
Which gaze in childhood on them shall be dim.

Yet deem not that these sober forms are all  
That Nature here provides, although she frames  
These in one lasting picture for the heart.  
Within the foldings of the coast she breathes  
Hues of fantastic beauty. Thread the gorge,



And, turning on the beach, while the low sea  
 Spread out in mirror'd gentleness, allows  
 A path along the curving edge, behold  
 Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints  
 Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures  
 The orient gardens where Aladdin pluck'd  
 Jewels for fruit no fable,—as if earth,  
 Provok'd to emulate the rainbow's gauds  
 In lasting mould, had snatch'd its floating hues  
 And fix'd them here ; for never o'er the bay  
 Flew a celestial arch of brighter grace  
 Than the gay coast exhibits ; here the cliff  
 Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream  
 Of Tiber wafted ; then with softer shades  
 Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon  
 With pink as delicate as Autumn's rose  
 Wears on its scattering leaves ; anon the shore  
 Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stain'd  
 With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,  
 Light pinnacles rise taper : further yet  
 Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil  
 Of purpled crimson,—while bright streaks of red  
 Start out in gleam-like tint, to tell of veins  
 Which the slow-winning sea, in distant times,  
 Shall bear to unborn gazers.

If this scene

Grow too fantastic for thy pensive thought,  
 Climb either swelling down, and gaze with joy  
 On the blue ocean, pour'd around the heights,  
 As it embraced the wonders of that shield  
 Which the vow'd Friend of slain Patroclus wore,  
 To grace his fated valour ; nor disdain  
 The quiet of the vale, though not endow'd  
 With such luxurious beauty as the coast  
 Of Undercliff embosoms ;—'mid those lines

Of scanty foliage, thoughtful lanes and paths,  
And cottage roofs, find shelter ; the blue stream,  
That with its brief vein almost threads the isle,  
Flows blest with two grey towers, beneath whose shade  
The village life sleeps trustfully,—whose rites  
Touch the old weather-harden'd fisher's heart  
With child-like softness, and shall teach the boy  
Who kneels, a sturdy grandson, at his side,  
When his frail boat amidst the breakers pants,  
To cast the anchor of a Christian hope  
In an unrippled haven. Then rejoice,  
That in remotest point of this sweet isle,  
Which with fond mimicry combines each shape  
Of the Great Land that, by the ancient bond  
(Sea-parted once, and sea-united now),  
Binds her in unity—a Spirit breathes  
On cliff, and tower, and valley, by the side  
Of cottage-fire, and the low grass-grown grave,  
Of home on English earth, and Home in Heaven !

*October 18, 1843*

## VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF A CHILD NAMED AFTER CHARLES LAMB,  
WHO DIED AT BRIGHTON, 30TH DECEMBER, 1835,  
AGED SIX YEARS.\*

OUR gentle Charles has pass d away  
From Earth's short bondage free,  
And left to us its leaden day  
And mist-enshrouded sea.

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\* The child who bore the name of Charles Lamb, and shared largely in his affections, survived him just a year—Lamb's death having taken place on the 27th December 1834. He had been taken to Brighton in the hope of restoration from mild sea air, and at first seemed revived by its influence; but severe weather set in, our hopes withered, and he sank, leaving us the consolation of a most beautiful image in his death—a lighting-up and ennobling the face at the last, which I cannot consent to refer to mere physical causes. The thoughts expressed in these verses—if they deserve the name—were suggested at the time when we lost him; but I could not then find the heart to attempt putting them into rhyme, notwithstanding the opinion of the nurse who watched his patient decay, "That Master Charles ought to have verses written upon him;" and have only just accomplished her wish. From a similar feeling I abstained from publishing among Lamb's Letters the following little note, on his being informed of the use I had made of his name; but I have a pleasure (scarcely melancholy) in adding it now.

"DEAR T—,

"You could not have told me of a more friendly thing than you have been doing. I am proud of my namesake. I shall take care never to do any dirty action—pick pockets, or anyhow get myself hang'd, for fear of reflecting ignominy upon your young Crisom. I have now a motive to be good. I shall not omni-moriar, my name borne down the black gulf of

Here, by the restless ocean's side,  
 Sweet hours of hope have flown,  
 When first the triumph of its tide  
 Seem'd omen of our own.

That eager joy the sea-breeze gave,  
 When first it raised his hair,  
 Sunk with each day's retiring wave,  
 Beyond the reach of prayer.

The sun-blink that through drizzling mist,  
 To flickering hope akin,  
 Far waves with feeble fondness kiss'd,  
 No smile as faint can win ;

Yet not in vain with radiance weak  
 The heavenly stranger gleams—  
 Not of the world it lights to speak,  
 But that from whence it streams.

That world our patient sufferer sought,  
 Serene with pitying eyes,  
 As if his mounting Spirit caught  
 The wisdom of the skies.

oblivion. I shall survive in eleven letters—five more than Cæsar. Possibly I shall come to be knighted, or more—

SIR C. L. TALFOURD, Bt.

Yet hath it an authorist's twang with it, which will wear out with my name for poetry. Give him a smile from me till I see him. If you do not drop down before, some day in the week after next I will come and take one night's lodging with you, if convenient, before you go hence. You shall name it. We are in town, *tamen speciali gratiâ*, but by no arrangement can get near you. Believe us both, with the greatest regards, yours and Mrs. Talfourd's,

“CHARLES LAMB—PHILO-TALFOURD.

“I come as near it as I can.”

With boundless love it look'd abroad  
For one bright moment given,  
Shone with a loveliness that aw'd,  
And quiver'd into Heaven.

A year made slow by care and toil  
Has pac'd its weary round,  
Since Death's enrich'd with kindred spoil  
The snow-clad, frost-ribb'd ground.

Then LAMB, with whose endearing name  
Our boy we proudly grac'd,  
Shrank from the warmth of sweeter fame  
Than ever Bard embrac'd.

Still 'twas a mournful joy to think  
Our darling might supply,  
For years on earth, a living link  
To name that cannot die.

And though such fancy gleam no more  
On earthly sorrow's night,  
Truth's nobler torch unveils the shore  
Which lends to both its light.

The nurseling there that hand may take  
None ever grasp'd in vain,  
And smiles of well-known sweetness wake,  
Without their tinge of pain.

Though 'twixt the Child and childlike Bard  
Late seem'd distinction wide,  
They now may trace, in Heaven's regard,  
How near they were allied.

Within the infant's ample brow  
Blythe fancies lay unfurl'd,  
Which all uncrush'd may open now  
To charm a sinless world.

Though the soft spirit of those eyes  
Might ne'er with Lamb's compete—  
Ne'er sparkle with a wit as wise,  
Or melt in tears, as sweet,

That calm and unforgotten look  
A kindred love reveals,  
With his who never friend forsook,  
Or hurt a thing that feels.

In thought profound, in wildest glee,  
In sorrow's lengthening range,  
His guileless soul of infancy  
Endur'd no spot or change.

From traits of each our love receives  
For comfort nobler scope ;  
While light which childlike genius leaves  
Confirms the infant's hope :

And in that hope with sweetness fraught  
Be aching hearts beguil'd,  
To blend in one delightful thought  
The Poet and the Child.

APPENDIX.





## APPENDIX.

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### ADDITION TO THE NOTICE OF DR. VALPY, PREFIXED TO "ION."

*Presentation of Plate by Dr. Valpy's Scholars, on the Jubilee  
of his Mastership, October 19, 1830.*

THERE is a striking comparison, in one of our old plays, of Life "to a storm, hurrying us from our friends," which is painfully justified by the scattering of those to whom Doctor Valpy's memory was most dear, in the few years which have elapsed since I was compelled to substitute a prefatory notice of the dead for a grateful dedication to the living. Mr. Baron Bolland, his first and favourite pupil, whose advancement he fondly and proudly observed, has closed his earthly career of learning, of kindness, and of honour. The members of Doctor Valpy's large family, who were accustomed to gather around him at the scenes of festivity, now settled in various parts of the country, no longer form the group from which the widening circle of his friends expanded, and meet them no more. The School-Meetings, in which the sentiment of the past early blended with present enjoyment and distant hope, and which deepened in interest as the recollections of each festival enriched its successor, are fled; and many of those who attended them to the last are gone, or are engrossed with the cares of busy life. Still, among those of us who survive, the remembrance of these delightful hours, and of him who gladdened them, continue unimpaired, only rendered more solemn by the successive removals of those who shared them with us, and the mist of years that has thick-

ened around them. For their sakes, I would fain ask the indulgence of uninterested readers, when I seek to preserve from oblivion the occurrences of one of our last meetings, for such little life as may be permitted to these slight productions.

The completion of the fiftieth year of Doctor Valpy's Mastership of Reading School, which he was about to resign into the hands of his youngest son, afforded an opportunity to his pupils of embodying their sentiments of grateful affection in a substantial form, which could not be lost. A splendid service of plate had, many years before, been presented to the lovely and excellent wife of whom death had long deprived him; and the precedent was now followed, under still more affecting circumstances, in honour of the survivor. The subscription, limited to a guinea, had been filled by more than two hundred and fifty of his old scholars; and long after the completion of their purpose, other subscriptions arrived from distant parts of the world, which the intelligence had reached, too late to enable the subscribers to express their wish in time to share in the gift before it was presented. The central piece of plate—a beautiful copy of the most beautiful of all vases, "The Warwick"—bore the following inscription:—*To the Rev. Richard Valpy, D.D., who for the long space of Fifty Years presided over Reading School, distinguished for his piety and learning, this testimony of respect and affection was presented by his grateful Scholars, on the 19th October 1830.* The time fixed for the presentation was the close of one of those Triennial Visitations of the school, which had been so often illustrated by a representation of Greek tragedy, unrivalled for correctness of costume, sweetness of enunciation, and graceful simplicity of action; but which was now to be marked by a reality of interest more deep, and to be followed by recollections yet more sacred. Mr. Baron Bolland had been selected by the Committee managing the subscription to present the Testimonial, and most readily acquiesced in their wishes, but was detained by domestic circumstances in a distant part of the country; and, having cherished to the last possible moment the hope of performing his delightful duty, was obliged to resign it. Under these circumstances, I was so fortunate as to be requested to supply his place, and to be honoured by the opportunity of feebly expressing sentiments every one present knew to be the

simple truth. The School-room, which Dr. Valpy had erected out of his own funds, was the scene of the breakfast and presentation, at which nearly two hundred persons were seated, exclusive of the real school-boys, who occupied their own desks, lining the room. The plate was exhibited on the desk at which the Master had presided for the last half-century; and as soon as the company had assembled, was presented to Dr. Valpy in the following Address, which, with the Reply, I copy from the Reading Newspapers of the following Saturday.

“In the absence of your distinguished Scholar, who should have been the organ of our sentiments to-day, but who has been detained in a distant part of the country, I have been suddenly called to the high and unmerited honour of representing that large body of your pupils who now offer to you this little token of their affection and gratitude. In this pleasure there are more than 250 sharers—men scattered through different parts of this and other countries, but all acknowledging one home of their early hopes, loves, and joys, to which their thoughts have often delightedly reverted, and to which they have themselves been ever welcomed with boundless hospitality and unfailing kindness;—men of ages varying through a large portion of human life, yet all alike young in the vivid perception of the happy days they spent under your care;—men of far different avocations and degrees of this world’s wealth and esteem, but all equal in that great treasure of imperishable recollection, over which its changes have no power, and in those principles of integrity and honour which have been instilled into them *here*;—of opinions various as those of freemen will become in a free country, on the greatest subjects of inquiry, but all animated by one sentiment of regard for the institution in which they were fostered, and for him who has raised and adorned it through fifty years. In your kind and partial eyes—ever used to look indulgently on our imperfect performances—this gift, we well know, will not be esteemed lightly; but we offer it with an almost painful sense how inadequate it is to betoken our feelings towards you, and how powerless are all words to express them. If in any place we should feel the insufficiency of language to convey our thoughts and wishes, how must this sense press upon our minds in the place where I have the pleasure to address you? *Here* all around has a silent eloquence beyond that of

words ; every old familiar object has a speech and a language the years long past are rushing by us,—

‘ And more than echoes talk along the walls.’

“ *Here* have your peaceful successes been achieved ; *here* have we shared in the blessings of an education in which learning and charity met together ; *here* have our minds been led along, not the straight and barren ‘march of intellect,’ but its easy, varied, and delightful journey ; *here* have we listened (on how many Sabbath evenings !) to precepts which the virtues and labours of the week exemplified, and which fell upon the hearts of joyous and unthinking boyhood in tones fit to awaken its first sympathy with human infirmity and sorrow. *Here* we hail and welcome you on the close of fifty years of toils on which the seal of time is already set ; and we rejoice to believe that *here* that system of instruction, in which the charities of life are interwoven, will yet long be vital, as administered by one who is endeared to us by a double tie, as our schoolfellow and your son ; who has emulated your learning and your fame ; and who, we trust, through many years, will *here* impart to others those lessons which he has learned so well, and infuse into our children and children’s children the principles and feelings which he, together with us, has derived from his father !

“ And now, dear and honoured Master, accept this offering with our earnest wishes and prayers that you may yet long be spared to us ! As your season of labour has been protracted beyond the usual period in which man is called to work, so may your season of repose be long and happy ! Long, very long, may you live to enjoy the store of triumphant recollections that your life has gathered ! Long, very long, may you live to share in our successes and to rejoice in our joy ! Long, very long, may you exult in the consciousness that you have done as much good, that you have diffused as much happiness, and, allow me to add, that you have excited as much veneration and love, as any individual of your time ! May God preserve and bless you ! ”

Doctor Valpy replied as follows :—

“ Great griefs are silent—so are great joys. There are occasions on which the remembrance of friends snatched from us recurs with fresh bitterness. Some years ago a similar tribute

was paid to that dear saint in heaven, my lamented wife. If ever there was a woman adored by all who knew her, it was this object of my affection. I appeal to you, who knew her, whether I have overcharged this picture. If spirits have any sense of what is passing below, that blessed spirit is now hovering over you, whom she loved. I do not know that I can prove that spirits of departed friends are sensible of our actions, but it is an idea from which I have gained much comfort in many a trying hour. I heartily wish those husbands and wives who hear me may never feel such a privation until they reach a ripened age. I cannot accept this tribute of your affection without sensations such as no language I have ever learned can describe. My pilgrimage has been accompanied with many thorns, and illumined with some few flowers; but this is the fairest flower, the brightest rose, that has ever adorned my path. I cannot say more. You say this is a tribute of your gratitude; but on the present occasion the debt of gratitude becomes due, not from you to me, but from me to you."



## NOTE TO THE ATHENIAN CAPTIVE.— PAGE 193.

On the final exit of ISMENE, the original play thus proceeded to its close:—

*Iph.* Since no opposing voice of oracle  
Confutes her sentence, it must be fulfilled.  
Advance, and bind the victim.

*Tho.* Hold, for mercy!  
A moment! Gods, who hover o'er our council,  
Ye cannot look upon this and be silent!  
Corinthians, ye have known him from a child;  
Behold him now. Upon his forehead Heaven  
Hath set a living seal of innocence,  
Which should outspoke a thousand vices—feign'd  
It may be—while the unspotted soul, that speaks  
In nature's honest signs, shall find an answer  
In every honest heart? Ye are silent. Then  
I turn to ye, Athenians. Countrymen!  
Whom I have led to conquest—*Masters here,*  
Draw your keen swords, and teach the conquered justice.  
[Athenians *advance.*

*Iph.* Forbear!

*Tho.* Deliver, then, your prisoner, my charge:  
Let me confer with him apart from all.  
I'll answer for his life's blood with mine own.

*Iph.* Corinthians! we will give the Athenian way;  
He speaks with power that is not of the earth.  
Fate struggles into light—let us retire.

[*Exeunt all but HYLUS and THOAS.*

*Hyl.* Thoas, thou wilt not let Creusa think  
Her brother guilty?

*Tho.* Would that for myself  
I might implore like grace! but that I fear  
Thou canst not grant. I have another suit  
For that which thou canst give.

*Hyl.* What boon can I,  
In these my numbered minutes, grant to thee?  
What canst thou ask? Forgetfulness? Alas!  
I have no power.

*Tho.* Yes; in the boon I ask  
That blessing is included. 'Tis a thing  
Which I must shortly taste, a thing I thirst for:

But it will have no sweetness and no worth,  
Unless it come from thee.

*Hyl.* What is it?

*Tho.* Death.  
*Hyl.* I know that one of us must die. The lot  
Hath fallen on me; and it is best. My life  
Is that of a slight stripling; thine is rich  
In promises of greatness.

*Tho.* No: most worthless—  
For it is tainted. Had my soul been base  
From nature, I might win a conqueror's wreath  
Still in the field; but noble as it was,  
It shivers at the shadow of its crime,  
And shuts itself from this world;—in another  
It may expand unsoil'd. Behold this steel,  
Which thy brave kindness left me; it is red  
From the paternal fountain whence thou drew  
The blood that circles in thy veins; receive it,  
And sheath it here! [*kneels*]. The gods require a life  
For his, and mine alone can justly pay  
The forfeit.

*Hyl.* Mine will satisfy.

*Tho.* No, Hyllus;  
So paid, 'twill bring upon thy native Corinth  
A double curse. For there is none so deadly  
As that of guiltless blood, poured out by men  
In the high name of justice. Think, oh think,  
What torture will be mine, when pestilence  
Lays waste thy city; when Creusa wails  
For her slain brother, and the burning truth  
Lives ever in my vision; oh, be just!  
Be merciful, and send the dagger home!

*Hyl.* I may not stain Jove's temple with thy blood.

*Tho.* [*rising*]. Thou art right; thou art right. There is a  
fitter spot.  
Walk with me to the grove, in whose recess  
Thy father's ashes are inurn'd; where still  
His shade is waiting unavenged, and calls  
His son to his last duty.

*Hyl.* I will go.

*Tho.* 'Tis well. Now may I grasp thy hand again,  
And taste thy generous friend-ship; for I feel  
The stain of blood already passing from me,  
As though the sacrifice were past. May'st thou  
And she, whom thou wilt cherish with such love  
As brothers rarely feel, live happy.

*Hyl.* Never!

[*Exeunt*].

SCENE II.—*The outside of the Funereal Grove.**Enter two Corinthian Soldiers.**1st Cor. Sol.* Comrade, hast thou heard tidings from the temple?*2nd Cor. Sol.* None since the crowd withdrew from it and left  
The prince and the Athenian leader there;  
But these may tell us more.*Enter two Athenian Soldiers.**1st Cor. Sol.* Can you inform us  
How the strange conference, between our prince  
And him who led you, ended?*1st Ath. Sol.* They have left  
The fane together, and have bent their way  
To the thick grove which holds the urn of Creon;  
Take heed no evil happen to our chief,  
Or we will make a wilderness of Corinth.*1st Cor. Sol.* This is the grove. They must have enter'd it  
On the west side. Ye need not fear—the prince  
Was without arms, and Thoas, in the might  
Of corporal strength, o'ermatches him. Hast heard  
Aught of the queen?*2nd Cor. Sol.* Here comes the priest.—Dost know*Enter IPHITUS.*

Whither the queen hath wander'd?

*Iph.* From the fane  
Where she in madness had denounc'd a youth  
Whom I believe most innocent, she pac'd  
The city, with a step so firm and brow  
So resolute, that none dar'd stay her course  
By deed or question. To the mournful glen,  
Which, if hush'd rumours are believ'd, she lov'd  
Strangely to linger in, she bent her way!  
Its depth was clear,—the poisonous vapour slept  
Within its frightful home. From a tall crag,  
Whence none could stop her, I beheld her pass  
To the detested cavern; at its entrance  
She paused an instant, cast a mournful look  
Upon the sun just setting; toss'd her arms  
Wildly towards heaven, then drew them to her breast,  
In act as if she press'd an infant there;  
And, as her eye, uplifted, caught a glimpse  
Of those who might prevent her, backward drew  
Into the cave, whose deadly vapours wreath'd  
Her form grown spectral. So she faded hence,  
Where none dare ever tread to seek for that  
Which was Ismene!



Enter CREUSA.

*Cre.* Where is Hyllus! where's  
The Athenian chief? I hear they left the fane  
Together—they are gone to mortal conflict,—  
I'm sure on't.—Iphitus, thou art Jove's priest;  
Haste with me, and prevent them! [*A groan from the wood.*  
Heard ye that?

It is too late for succour. I will go,  
Though sights of horror blast me!

*Iph.* Lady, thou  
Wilt be distracted.

*Cre.* No; there is no refuge  
In madness for a wretchedness like mine!  
Away! away! Hold back,—I pass alone.

*Iph.* Let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The interior of the Funereal Grove.*

*The Urn of CREON. The Knife bloody on its Pedestal. On one side THOAS, wounded; on the other, HYLUS, with face averted, and covered with his hands.*

*Tho.* I bless thee! do not mourn; it was well done—  
Speak kindly of me as thou canst, to her—  
Thy sister.

Enter PENTHEUS and Athenian Soldiers.

*Pen.* Have I come too late?

*Tho.* No, Pentheus,  
In happy time.

*Pen.* Alas! but to avenge thee.

*Tho.* Friend, there is nothing to avenge; this death  
Was yielded to my prayer. Thou may'st guess well  
Why I have courted it. My brief command  
Will now devolve on thee; but I would make  
A treaty with this youth, whom I now hail  
As King of Corinth. 'Twill be short, but sealed  
With blood:—that the Athenian troops retire,  
Laden with the rich spoils they have achiev'd,  
And leave his reign in peace. Wilt thou consent? [*To HYLUS.*]

*Hyl.* Alas! I must.

*Tho.* And, Pentheus, thou wilt see  
Our part fulfilled?

*Pen.* Thy wish shall be obeyed.

Enter CREUSA, followed by IPHITUS, and others.

*Cre.* Ha! Thoas wounded! first and only love!  
Oh, cruel, cruel brother! never more  
Be called by that dear title.

*Tho.* Hold, Creusa,  
 I will not purchase a last ecstasy  
 By such disunion. Hear me! and Corinthians,  
 Attend! My death is just. 'Tis I who slew  
 Your king!—with what excuse of circumstance  
 You will hereafter gather from the prince,  
 Whose noble tongue will speak too gently of me.  
 Pentheus, thy hand; convey these poor remains  
 To that fair city I have lov'd so well;  
 Her glories dawn upon me now, more clear  
 Than I have ever seen them in the dreams  
 Which have enrich'd my little life! O Athens! [Dies.

*Hyl.* Sister!  
*Cre.* Forgive me, brother.  
[She falls on his breast, and bursts into tears.

*Hyl.* Weep there; 'tis thy home.  
 Fate, which has stricken us so young, and made  
 Our regal state so dismal, leaves this joy—  
 That we shall cleave together to the grave.

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### NOTES TO GLENCOE.

*"Frank disdain  
 Of dull existence, which had faintly glean'd,  
 Like yonder Serpent river, through dark rocks  
 Which bury it."—Page 235.*

The Serpent River is a rapid mountain stream on the north side of Loch Leven, which, after a fall of about twenty feet, rushes through a series of overhanging rocks, like natural arches, through which the rapid water below can be scarcely discerned.

*"No broad lake  
 Studded with island woods, which make the soul  
 Effeminate with richness, like the scenes  
 In which the baffled Campbells hid their shame,  
 And scorn'd their distant foes."—Page 236.*

These lines refer to the charge which the enemies of the Campbells used to urge against them, that when beaten from the borders of Loch Finne, they found shelter on the shores and in the islands of Loch Awe, and defied their foes to follow them, by the proverb, "It is a far cry to Loch Awe." Perhaps Loch Awe embraces or borders on the most lovely scenery in the Highlands, and Glencoe is embedded in that which is the most sublime.

*"We were charm'd,  
Not awe-struck;—for The Beautiful was there  
Triumphant in its palace."—Page 253.*

In seeking to embody in this passage the author's impression of the Cave of Fingal, in Staffa, he is aware that it differs from that which all the descriptions he has read of the same scene convey. All suggest far greater dimensions—a hollow far more vast and awful, but less exquisite in beauty, than to his eye the reality justifies. "Compared to this (it has been said) what are the cathedra's or the palaces built by men?—mere models or playthings;—imitative or diminutive as his works will always be when compared with those of nature." According to the author's recollection, the cave would be more fitly compared to a narrow aisle of a great cathedral, fashioned with nicest art, and embellished with the most florid sculpture, than represented as something immeasurably greater than the cathedral itself; and the actual admeasurement of the cave will rather accord with this impression, than with that which is more popular. The height of the top of the arch above the water at mean tide is sixty-six feet; the breadth at the entrance forty-two feet; whence it contracts during its length of two hundred and twenty-seven feet, until at the extremity it is only twenty-two feet in width; and the roof descends in nearly the same proportion. When it is further recollected that even this width is narrowed to the eye by the row of exquisite columns which continue on the northern side, and along which the adventurer may step, and that a slight bend about half-way breaks its uniformity, perhaps he will be pardoned for thinking that there has been much exaggeration in attributing the grandeur which arises from space and gloom to this wonderful cavern. On the other hand, justice has not been done—indeed, never can be done by words—to the fairy loveliness of the scene,—the delicate colour of the water,—the grace of the columns,—the elegance of the arched roof, and the blue serenity of the distant sea, as seen from beneath it.

*"The order is to guard the avenues  
To-night; and ere the morning, put in force  
The Royal ordinance on the lives of all  
Below the age of seventy."—Page 260.*

Sir Walter Scott's narrative of the massacre:—

Mac Iaa of Glencoe (this was the patronymic title of the chief of this clan) was a man of a stately and venerable person and aspect. He possessed both courage and sagacity, and was accustomed to be listened to by the neighbouring chieftains, and to take a lead in their deliberations. Mac Iaa had been

deeply engaged both in the campaign of Killiecrankie, and in that which followed under General Buchan; and when the insurgent Highland chiefs held a meeting with the Earl of Breadalbane, at a place called Auchallader, in the month of July 1691, for the purpose of arranging an armistice, Mac Ian was present with the rest, and, it is said, taxed Breadalbane with the design of retaining a part of the money lodged in his hands for the pacification of the Highlands. The Earl retorted with vehemence, and charged Mac Ian with a theft of cattle, committed upon some of his lands by a party from Glencoe. Other causes of offence took place, in which old feuds were called to recollection; and Mac Ian was repeatedly heard to say, he dreaded mischief from no man so much as from the Earl of Breadalbane. Yet this unhappy chief was rash enough to stand out to the last moment, and decline to take advantage of King William's indemnity, till the time appointed by the proclamation was well-nigh expired.

The displeasure of the Earl of Breadalbane seems speedily to have communicated itself to the Master of Stair, who, in his correspondence with Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, then commanding in the Highlands, expresses the greatest resentment against Mac Ian of Glencoe, for having, by his interference, marred the bargain between Breadalbane and the Highland chiefs. Accordingly, in a letter of 3rd December, the Secretary intimated that Government was determined to destroy utterly some of the clans, in order to terrify the others, and he hoped that, by standing out and refusing to submit under the indemnity, the Mac Donalds of Glencoe would fall into the net,—which meant that they would afford a pretext for their extirpation. This letter is dated a month before the time limited by the indemnity; so long did these bloody thoughts occupy the mind of this unprincipled statesman.

Ere the term of mercy expired, however, Mac Ian's own apprehensions, or the advice of friends, dictated to him the necessity of submitting to the same conditions which others had embraced, and he went with his principal followers to take the oath of allegiance to King William. This was a very brief space before the 1st of January, when, by the terms of the proclamation, the opportunity of claiming the indemnity was to expire. Mac Ian was, therefore, much alarmed to find that Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, to whom he tendered his oath of allegiance, had no power to receive it, being a military, and not a civil officer. Colonel Hill, however, sympathised with the distress and even tears of the old chieftain, and gave him a letter to Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas, Sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him to receive the "lost sheep," and administer the oath to him, that he might have the advantage of the indemnity, though so late in claiming it.

Mac Ian hastened from Fort William to Inverary, without even turning aside to his own house, though he passed within a mile of it. But the roads, always very bad, were now rendered almost impassable by a storm of snow; so that, with all the speed the unfortunate chieftain could exert, the fatal 1st of January was past before he reached Inverary.

The Sheriff, however, seeing that Mac Ian had complied with the spirit of the statute, in tendering his submission within the given period, under the sincere, though mistaken belief, that he was applying to the person ordered to receive it; and considering also, that, but for the tempestuous weather, it would after all have been offered in presence of the proper law-officer, did not hesitate to administer the oath of allegiance, and sent off an express to the Privy Council, containing an attestation of Mac Ian's having taken the oaths, and a full explanation of the circumstances which had delayed his doing so until the lapse of the appointed period. The Sheriff also wrote to Colonel Hill what he had done, and requested that he would take care that Glencoe should not be annoyed by any military parties until the pleasure of the Council should be known, which he could not doubt would be favourable.

Mac Ian, therefore, returned to his own house, and resided there, as he supposed, in safety, under the protection of the Government to which he had sworn allegiance. That he might merit this protection, he convoked his clan, acquainted them with his submission, and commanded them to live peaceably, and give no cause of offence, under pain of his displeasure.

In the meantime, the vindictive Secretary of State had procured orders from his sovereign respecting the measures to be followed with such of the chiefs as should not have taken the oaths within the term prescribed. The first of these orders, dated 11th January, contained peremptory directions for military execution, by fire and sword, against all who should not have made their submission within the time appointed. It was, however, provided, in order to avoid driving them to desperation, that there was still to remain a power of granting mercy to those clans who, even after the time was past, should still come in and submit themselves. Such were the terms of the first royal warrant, in which Glencoe was not expressly named.

It seems afterwards to have occurred to Stair, that Glencoe and his tribe would be sheltered under this mitigation of the intended severities, since he had already come in and tendered his allegiance, without waiting for the menace of military force. A second set of instructions were, therefore, made out on the 16th January. These held out the same indulgence to other clans, who should submit themselves at the very last hour (a hypocritical pretext, for there existed none which stood in such

a predicament), but they closed the gate of mercy against the devoted Mac Ian, who had already done all that was required of others. The words are remarkable:—"As for Mac Ian of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves."

You will remark the hypocritical clemency and real cruelty of these instructions, which profess a readiness to extend mercy to those who needed it not (for all the other Highlanders had submitted within the limited time), and deny it to Glencoe, the only man who had not been able literally to comply with the proclamation, though, in all fair construction, he had done what it required.

Under what pretence or colouring King William's authority was obtained for such cruel instructions, it would be in vain to inquire. The Sheriff of Argyle's letter had never been produced before the Council; and the certificate of Mac Ian's having taken the oath was blotted out, and, in the Scottish phrase, deleted from the books of the Privy Council. It seems probable, therefore, that the fact of that chief's submission was altogether concealed from the King, and that he was held out in the light of a desperate and incorrigible leader of banditti, who was the main obstacle to the peace of the Highlands; but if we admit that William acted under such misrepresentations, deep blame will still attach to him for rashly issuing orders of an import so dreadful. It is remarkable that these fatal instructions are both superscribed and subscribed by the King himself, whereas, in most state papers, the sovereign only superscribes, and they are countersigned by the Secretary of State, who is answerable for their tenor; a responsibility which Stair, on that occasion, was not probably ambitious of claiming.

The Secretary's letters to the military officers, directing the mode of executing the King's orders, betray the deep and savage interest which he took personally in their tenor, and his desire that the bloody measure should be as general as possible. He dwelt in these letters upon the proper time and season for cutting off the devoted tribe. "The winter," he said, "is the only season in which the Highlanders cannot elude us, or carry their wives, children, and cattle to the mountains. They cannot escape you; for what human constitution can then endure to be long out of house? This is the proper season to maul them, in the long dark nights." He could not suppress his joy that Glencoe had not come in within the term prescribed; and expresses his hearty wishes that others had followed the same course. He assured the soldiers that their powers should be ample; and he exacted from them proportional exertions. He entreated that the thieving tribe of Glencoe might be *rooted out* in earnest; and he was at pains to explain a phrase which

is in itself terribly significant. He gave directions for securing every pass by which the victims could escape, and warned the soldiers that it were better to leave the thing unattempted, than fail to do it to purpose. "To plunder their lands, or drive off their cattle, would," say his letters, "be only to render them desperate; they must be all slaughtered, and the manner of execution must be sure, secret, and effectual."

These instructions, such as have been rarely penned in a Christian country, were sent to Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort William, who, greatly surprised and grieved at their tenor, endeavoured for some time to evade the execution of them. At length, obliged by his situation to render obedience to the King's commands, he transmitted the orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, directing him to take four hundred men of a Highland regiment belonging to the Earl of Argyle, and fulfil the royal mandate. Thus, to make what was intended yet worse, if possible, than it was in its whole tenor, the perpetration of this cruelty was committed to soldiers, who were not only the countrymen of the proscribed, but the near neighbours, and some of them the close connexions of the Mac Donalds of Glencoe. This is the more necessary to be remembered because the massacre has unjustly been said to have been committed by English troops. The course of the bloody deed was as follows:—

Before the end of January, a party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, approached Glencoe. Mac Ian's sons went out to meet them with a body of men, to demand whether they came as friends or foes. The officer replied, that they came as friends, being sent to take up their quarters for a short time in Glencoe, in order to relieve the garrison of Fort William, which was crowded with soldiers. On this they were welcomed with all the hospitality which the chief and his followers had the means of extending to them, and they resided for fifteen days amongst the unsuspecting Mac Donalds, in the exchange of every species of kindness and civility. That the laws of domestic affection might be violated at the same time with those of humanity and hospitality, you are to understand that Alaster Mac Donald, one of the sons of Mac Ian, was married to a niece of Glenlyon, who commanded the party of soldiers. It appears also, that the intended cruelty was to be exercised upon defenceless men; for the Mac Donalds, though afraid of no other ill-treatment from their military guests, had supposed it possible the soldiers might have a commission to disarm them, and therefore had sent their weapons to a distance, where they might be out of reach of seizure.

Glenlyon's party had remained in Glencoe for fourteen or fifteen days, when he received orders from his commanding

officer, Major Duncanson, expressed in a manner which shows him to have been the worthy agent of the cruel Secretary. They were sent in conformity with orders of the same date, transmitted to Duncanson by Hamilton, directing that all the Mac Donalds, under seventy years of age, were to be cut off, and that the *Government was not to be troubled with prisoners.* Duncanson's orders to Glenlyon were as follows:—

“You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do on no account escape your hands; you are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at four in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party. But if I do not come to you at four, you are not to tarry for me, but fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cut off root and branch. See that this be put into execution without either fear or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King or Government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting that you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand,  
“ROBERT DUNCANSON.”

This order was dated 12th February, and addressed, “For their Majesties' service, to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon.”

This letter reached Glenlyon soon after it was written; and he lost no time in carrying the dreadful mandate into execution. In the interval, he did not abstain from any of those acts of familiarity which had lulled asleep the suspicions of his victims. He took his morning draught, as had been his practice every day since he came to the glen, at the house of Alaster Mac Donald, Mac Ian's second son, who was married to his (Glenlyon's) niece. He and two of his officers named Lindsay, accepted an invitation to dinner from Mac Ian himself, for the following day, on which they had determined he should never see the sun rise. To complete the sum of treachery, Glenlyon played at cards, in his own quarters, with the sons of Mac Ian, John and Alaster, both of whom were also destined for slaughter.

About four o'clock, in the morning of 13th February, the scene of blood began. A party, commanded by one of the Lindsays, came to Mac Ian's house and knocked for admittance, which was at once given. Lindsay, one of the expected guests at the family meal of the day, commanded this party, who instantly shot Mac Ian dead by his own bedside, as he was in the act of dressing himself, and giving orders for refreshments



to be provided for his fatal visitors. His aged wife was stripped by the savage soldiery, who, at the same time, drew off the gold rings from her fingers with their teeth. She died the next day, distracted with grief, and the brutal treatment she had received. Several domestics and clansmen were killed at the same place.

The two sons of the aged chieftain had not been altogether so confident as their father respecting the peaceful and friendly purpose of their guests. They observed, on the evening preceding the massacre, that the sentinels were doubled, and the main guard strengthened. John, the elder brother, had even overheard the soldiers muttering amongst themselves, that they cared not about fighting the men of the glen fairly, but did not like the nature of the service they were engaged in; while others consoled themselves with the military logic, that their officers must be answerable for the orders given, they having no choice save to obey them. Alarmed with what had been thus observed and heard, the young men hastened to Glenlyon's quarters, where they found that officer and his men preparing their arms. On questioning him about these suspicious appearances, Glenlyon accounted for them by a story that he was bound on an expedition against some of Gengarry's men; and alluding to the circumstance of their alliance, which made his own cruelty more detestable, he added, "If anything evil had been intended, would I not have told Alaster and my niece?"

Reassured by this communication, the young men retired to rest, but were speedily awakened by an old domestic, who called on the two brothers to rise and fly for their lives. "Is it time for you," he said, "to be sleeping, when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" Thus roused, they hurried out in great terror, and heard throughout the glen, wherever there was a place of human habitation, the shouts of the murderers, the reports of the muskets, the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. By their perfect knowledge of the scarce accessible cliffs amongst which they dwelt, they were enabled to escape observation, and fled to the southern access of the glen.

Meantime, the work of death proceeded with as little remorse as Stair himself could have desired. Even the slight mitigation of their orders respecting those above seventy years, was disregarded by the soldiery in their indiscriminate thirst for blood, and several very aged and bedridden persons were slain amongst others. At the hamlet where Glenlyon had his own quarters, nine men, including his landlord, were bound and shot like felons; and one of them, Mac Donald of Auchintriaten, had General Hill's passport in his pocket at the time. A fine lad of twenty had, by some glimpse of compassion on

the part of the soldiers, been spared, when one Captain Drummond came up, and demanding why the orders were transgressed in that particular, caused him instantly to be put to death. A boy, of five or six years old, clung to Glenlyon's knees, entreating for mercy, and offering to become his servant for life, if he would spare him. Glenlyon was moved; but the same Drummond stabbed the child with his dirk, while he was in this agony of supplication.

At a place called Auchnaion, one Barber, a sergeant, with a party of soldiers, fired on a group of nine Mac Donalds, as they were assembled round their morning fire, and killed four of them. The owner of the house, a brother of the slain Auchinriaten, escaped unhurt, and expressed a wish to be put to death rather in the open air than within the house. "For your bread which I have eaten," answered Barber, "I will grant the request." Mac Donald was dragged to the door accordingly; but he was an active man, and when the soldiers were presenting their firelocks to shoot him, he cast his plaid over their faces, and taking advantage of the confusion, broke from them, and escaped up the glen.

The alarm being now general, many other persons, male and female, attempted their escape in the same manner as the two sons of Mac Ian and the person last mentioned. Flying from their burning huts, and from their murderous visitors, the half-naked fugitives committed themselves to a winter morning of darkness, snow, and storm, amidst a wilderness the most savage in the West Highlands, having a bloody death behind them, and before them tempest, famine, and desolation. Bewildered in the snow-wreaths, several sank to rise no more. But the severities of the storm were tender mercies compared to the cruelty of their persecutors. The great fall of snow, which proved fatal to several of the fugitives, was the means of saving the remnant that escaped. Major Duncanson, agreeably to the plan expressed in his orders to Glenlyon, had not failed to put himself in motion, with four hundred men on the evening preceding the slaughter; and, had he reached the eastern passes out of Glencoe by four in the morning, as he calculated, he must have intercepted and destroyed all those who took that only way of escape from Glenlyon and his followers. But as this reinforcement arrived so late as eleven in the forenoon, they found no Mac Donald alive in Glencoe, save an old man of eighty, whom they slew; and after burning such houses as were yet unconsumed, they collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison of Fort William.

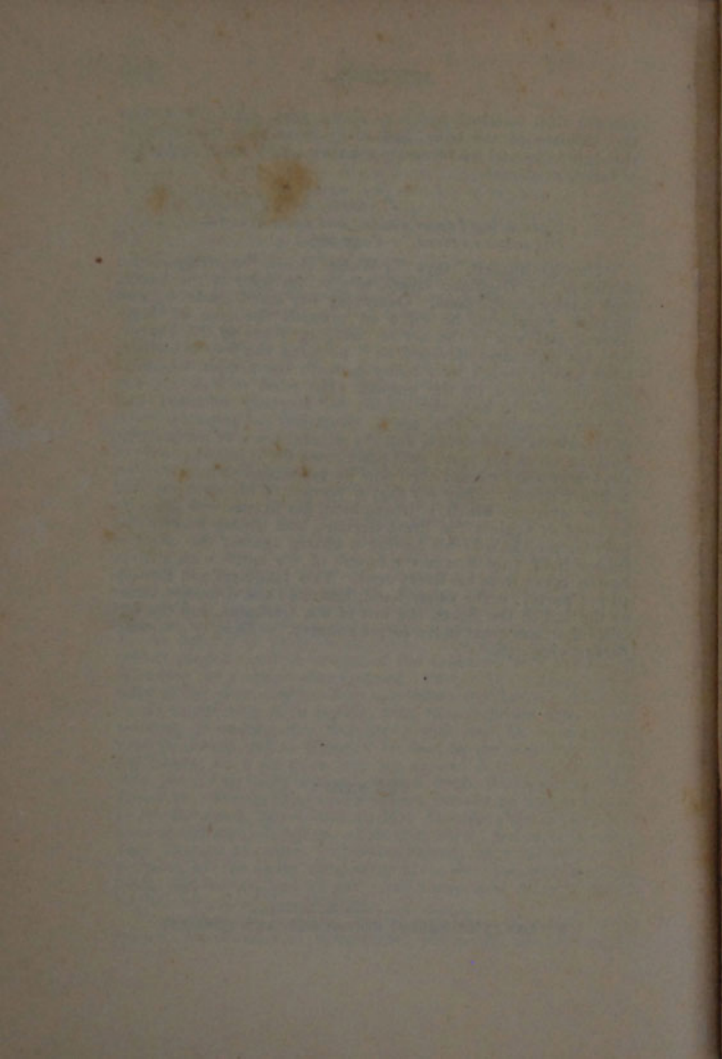
Thus ended this horrible deed of massacre. The number of persons murdered was thirty-eight; those who escaped might

amount to a hundred and fifty males, who, with the women and children of the tribe, had to fly more than twelve miles through rocks and wildernesses ere they could reach any place of safety or shelter.

*"Stoutly have I fought  
Upon King James's side; but with Dundee  
His cause expired."—Page 266.*

"Dundee himself," says Sir Walter Scott, "contrary to the advice of the Highland chiefs, was in the front of the battle, and fatally conspicuous. Observing the stand made by two English regiments, he galloped towards the clan of Macdonald, and was in the act of bringing them to the charge, with his right arm elevated, as if pointing the way to victory, when he was struck by a bullet beneath the armpit, where he was unprotected by the cuirass. He tried to ride on, but being unable to keep the saddle, fell mortally wounded, and died in the course of that night. Such was the general opinion of his talents and courage, and the general sense of the peculiar crisis at which his death took place, that the common people of the low country cannot even now be persuaded that he died an ordinary death. They say that a servant of his own, shocked at the severities which, if triumphant, his master was likely to accomplish against the Presbyterians, and giving way to the popular prejudice of his having a charm against the effect of leaden balls, shot him in the tumult of the battle with a silver button taken from his livery coat. The Jacobites and Episcopalian party, on the other hand, lamented the deceased victor as the last of the Scots, the last of the Grahams, and the last of all that was great in his native country."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. 56.

THE END



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