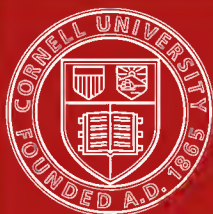


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THE TEN TRAGEDIES OF SENECA.

THE TEN TRAGEDIES
OF
SENECA

WITH NOTES

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE
AS EQUIVALENTLY AS THE IDIOMS OF BOTH
LANGUAGES PERMIT

BY

WATSON BRADSHAW, M.D., R.N.

Formerly Staff Surgeon — 1857

Χορδὰς κρέκειν οἶδεν ἀοιδός



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DEDICATED

TO MY DAUGHTER FLORENCE.

ERRATA.

ŒDIPUS.

Line	43,	read	nuda	for	first unda.
„	56,	„	questu	„	questa.
„	552,	„	amictu	„	amicto.
„	565,	„	insuper	„	insupet.
„	680,	„	status	„	flatus.
„	874,	„	Fratresque	„	Fratesque.
„	1054,	„	status	„	flatus.

AGAMEMNON.

Line	122,	read	conjuncta	for	conjuncta.
„	223,	„	captæ	„	<i>captæ.</i>

HERCULES ŒTÆUS.

Line	1204,	read	turba	for	turbo.
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Page 289, Line 27, read infernal for internal.

P R E F A C E.

L. ANNÆUS SENECA, the author of the following Tragedies, was born 6 years A.C. and was a native of Corduba in Spain. At an early age he was distinguished by his extraordinary talents, according to Lemprière, and was taught eloquence by his father, and received lessons in philosophy from the best and most celebrated Stoics of the age. He was appointed by Agrippina, the fourth wife of Claudius, as the tutor of her son Nero, who sentenced him to destroy himself, and he is said to have remarked that such a mandate was quite in harmony with the truculent character of the man, who murdered his own mother (see Octavia). I pay no sort of heed to the various aspersions that have been levelled at the character of Seneca, as a renowned poet, for the best of men in all ages have come in for their share of popular abuse and have been made the targets for the poisoned arrows of their calumniators; for further information concerning the life of Seneca, I refer my readers to Lemprière, from whose pages the foregoing remarks have been quoted. The function which I have assumed is to do the greatest justice to his tragedies, as a Translator.

I have been so long favorably impressed with the force, beauty and artistic skill as portrayed in the Tragedies of Seneca, as to be convinced that a great loss has been sustained at the hands of many who would have fully appreciated the labors of that admirable poet, presumedly because they have never been presented to the reading world in a suitable English form.

They have been translated in various continental languages within the last century, but an English reader unacquainted with such tongues would be quite at sea in

comprehending them, or of availing himself in estimating the striking beauties of that Poet. They were done in 1581 by several hands, but in very inadequate verse, as also 4 Tragedies, by Sir Edward Sherburne, in 1702, and a perusal of the latter will be an ample justification of my unmitigated objection to verse translations of any Latin or Greek author, especially if he should belong to the genus "Poet." I have done my utmost to transform these Tragedies into impressive readable English, without detracting from the original material, and as far as it is possible, when translating one language into another, owing to idiomatic difficulties. I am sanguine that they will be universally admired for their intrinsic merits, and as they have never been offered in an English form, the public, the enlightened portion too, have been kept in absolute ignorance of their dramatic pretensions. It has been a work of considerable labor, but I shall consider myself amply compensated for the same, if they are destined to afford that satisfaction to the reader, which I have every hope they will fully command at his hands, and that they will, moreover, bear reading and re-reading.

Seneca, as before stated, was appointed tutor to Nero, by Agrippina, fourth wife of Claudius Cæsar; but all the sound precepts which he had inculcated upon the mind of his pupil were entirely ignored as soon as that matricidal tyrant gained power, and he was commanded to destroy himself, on the discovery of Piso's conspiracy, and after taking poison and opening his veins to no effect, he was suffocated in a warm bath. He ranked very highly as a Poet, Moralist and Philosopher, and has bequeathed to posterity much admirable literature. His Latinity was chaste and unaffected and a reflex of his own modest and unassuming *morale*. Amongst the rest of his useful and enlightening productions, he has handed down the unsurpassable Tragedies, which form the subject of the present volume.

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HERCULES

FURENS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUNO.
HERCULES.
LYCUS.
MEGARA.

AMPHITRYON.
THESEUS.
CHORUS THEBANORUM.

ARGUMENTUM.

LYCUS a Creonte, Herculis focero, rege Thebano, propter scelera in exilium missus, absente jam Hercule apud inferos, ut inde Eurysthei jussu peteret Cerberum (ubi & Theseum in vinculis detentum, qui cum Pirithoo descenderat ad rapiendam Proserpinam, liberavit) occasionem oblatam arripit, & per seditionem Creonte cum duobus filiis cæso, regnum Thebanum occupat. Megaram Herculis uxorem ad nuptias sollicitat, abnuenti vim parat. Opportune reversus Hercules, Lycum ceterosque illius factionis, interficit. hæc tam feliciter gesta Juno non ferens immittit illi furorem, quo correptus uxorem suam cum liberis interficit. Quod ubi ad se reversus intellexit, doloris impatientia vix Amphitryonis atque Thesei precibus detentus, ne sibi mortem inferret, cum Theseo Athenas purgandus proficiscitur.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

JUNO sola.

Juno Jovis furta, pellices, nothos, Herculem autem maxime stomachatur, qui ab inferis reversus objecta infania uxorem & liberos occidit.

SOROR Tonantis (hoc enim solum mihi Nomen relictum est) semper alienum Jovem, Ac templa summi vidua deferui ætheris;

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUNO.
HERCULES.
LYCUS.
MEGARA.

AMPHITRYON.
THESEUS.
CHORUS OF THEBANS.

ARGUMENT.

Lycus, being exiled for his crimes by Creon the father-in-law of Hercules and king of Thebes, Hercules being at that time away in the Infernal Regions, whither he had gone to seek out Cerberus at the instigation of Eurystheus: here he found Theseus, who had made a descent into the regions of Pluto in company of Pirithous with the intention of carrying off Proserpine, bound in chains.—Lycus seizes his opportunity, and aided by conspirators, slays Creon together with his two sons, and usurps the Kingdom of Thebes—He then solicits Megara, the wife of Hercules, to marry him and prepares to resist any refusal on her part—Hercules, luckily returning, slays Lycus and those involved in the conspiracy. Juno, not viewing these deeds with approval, throws Hercules into a state of delirium, during a paroxysm of which he slays his own wife and children. Subsequently when he becomes restored to his senses, and owing to his intolerance of the anguish which he suffered, he was prevailed on, though with difficulty, to yield to the entreaties of Amphitryon and Theseus, not to lay violent hands on himself, and accepted the alternative of setting out for Athens in company with Theseus, with the view of atoning for his mad acts.

ACT I.

JUNO (*alone*).

Juno waxes wrath at the furtive amours of Jupiter, his concubines and bastard offspring, and is very angry about the successes of Hercules, who on his return from the Infernal Regions being thrown by Juno into a state of frenzy, slays his wife and children.

As Sister of Thundering Jove, for that distinction is the only one now remaining to me, but as widow anon, I have quitted the palatial temples of lofty Olympus, and the marriage couch of the ever faithless Jupiter and thus banishing myself, I have rendered up

Locumque, cœlo pulsa, pellicibus dedi.
 Tellus colenda est: pellices cœlum tenent 5
 Hinc, Arctos alta parte glacialis poli
 Sublime claffes sidus Argolicas agit;
 Hinc, qua tepenti vere laxatur dies,
 Tyriæ per undas vector Europæ nitet;
 Illinc, timendum ratibus ac ponto gregem 10
 Passim vagantes exferunt Atlantides.
 Ferro minaci hinc terret Orion Deos:
 Suasque Perseus aureas stellas habet.
 Hinc, clara gemini signa Tyndaridæ micant:
 Quibusque natis mobilis tellus stetit. 15
 Nec ipse tantum Bacchus, aut Bacchi parens,
 Adiere superos: ne qua pars probro vacet,
 Mundus puellæ ferta Gnoffiacæ gerit.
 Sed vetera querimur: una me dira ac fera
 Thebana nuribus sparfa tellus impiis 20
 Quoties novercam fecit? escendat licet,
 Meumque victrix teneat Alcmene locum;
 Pariterque natus astra promissa occupet;
 In cujus ortus mundus impendit diem,
 Tardusque Eoo Phœbus effulfit mari 25
 Retinere merfum iuffus Oceano jubar.
 Non sic ahibunt odia. vivaces aget
 Violentus iras animus, & sævus dolor
 Æterna bella pace sublata geret.
 Quæ bella? quidquid horridum tellus creat 30
 Inimica; quidquid pontus aut aer tulit
 Terribile, dirum, pestilens, atrox, ferum;
 Fractum atque domitum est. superat, & crefcit malis;

my quondam throne to my husband's concubines! Henceforth, the Earth must be my place of habitation, whilst those immoral tenants will possess Heaven, once my lawful abode! From one part of the sky (the Northern Heavens) that lofty constellation Arctos is guiding the Grecian fleets, as it shines in the elevated regions of the ice-cold polar firmament; in another part (the Southern Heavens) where the duration of the day is lengthened and the warming influence of the spring is experienced, Taurus (the second sign of the Zodiac) the bearer of the Tyrian captive, Europa, across the waves, is shining in all his radiance—At a greater distance off (the Eastern Heavens) the Atlantides, wandering erratically, show themselves as a group of constellations universally to be dreaded by the various crafts as they traverse the watery main, fearing the threatening tempests; Orion, yonder, too, scares the Gods themselves with his angry and flaming sword, and Perseus has in his retinue of golden stars (26) (commemorative of the shower in which Jupiter embraced his

Mother Danae). In another part of the Heavens, the Twin Tyndaridæ, Castor and Pollux, shine forth as brilliant constellations (and Juno gazing earthwards, espies the refuge land of Latona, when pursued by the Python, which became the birth-place of Apollo and Diana), for the security of which children, Delos, hitherto a floating island (tossed hither and thither by the tempestuous waves—sometimes above the water's surface and at other times submerged) became at last firmly fixed and acquired a solid foundation—(Neptune out of pity for the sufferings of Latona having struck it with his trident). Not only does Bacchus, but his mother even (Semele) consorts with the Gods above, and lest anything should be wanting to confirm all this opprobrium, the heavens ostentatiously parade the coronet of that Gnoasian wench Ariadne! But I complain, moreover, of still more chronic grievances—one too cruel and dreadful to relate: that the Theban land should so abound in infamous step-daughters, every time it has been ordained that I should be made a step-mother! It is permitted, too, that Alcmene, my triumphant rival, should ascend and usurp my very throne, whilst no less her son should eventually take possession of the promised constellation—he, at whose birth the world lost an entire day (one day short in the calendar of time), and Phœbus, having been commanded to slacken the progress of his chariot, illumined the sea with a day-star and shed his diurnal rays into the ocean's bosom! (thus there were three consecutive nights). After all this can my anger be made to cease, and will not my insulted nature give way to violent rage? and my cruel grief urge me on still more to wage perpetual warfare, all prospects of a truce being entirely out of the question! But why do I speak in that grandiose way of wars? What can possibly be brought about? For whatever horrible visitations that a hostile earth could devise, whatever the sea or air has ever brought into existence—whatever has partaken of the terrible—whatever dreadful calamities—whatsoever of a pestilential character and whatsoever has savoured of the cruel and atrocious (Juno here alludes to the Bull, the Scorpion, the Giants, the Crab, the Hydra and the Stymphalides), every thing has been disabled or subdued by Hercules—he conquers every thing in his path, and he increases in his capabilities as his obstacles become more difficult! He derives only profit from my anger, and whilst I might appear to be austere in my commands, he is simply turning my hatred into his own glorification; I have, however, fully settled the question as to his paternal origin (Jupiter) and it is I who have been throwing in his way, all this time, the opportunities

Iraque nostra fruitur : in laudes suas
 Mea vertit odia. dum nimis sæva impero, 35
 Patrem probavi : gloriæ feci locum :
 Qua Sol reducens, quaque deponens diem,
 Binos propinqua tingit Æthiopus face,
 Indomita virtus colitur ; & toto Deus
 Narratur orbe. Monstra jam defunt mihi ; 40
 Minorque labor est Herculi iussa exsequi,
 Quam mihi jubere. lætus imperia excipit.
 Quæ fera tyranni iussa violento queant
 Nocere juveni ? nempe pro telis gerit,
 Quæ timuit, & quæ fudit : armatus venit 45
 Leone & hydra Nec satis terræ patent :
 Effregit ecce limen inferni Jovis,
 Et opima victi regis ad superos refert.
 Parum est reverti : fœdus Umbrarum perit.
 Vidi ipsa, vidi nocte discussa inferum, 50
 Et Dite domito, spolia jactantem patri
 Fraternal. cur non victum & oppressum trahit
 Ipsum catenis paria sortitum Jovi ?
 Ereboque capto potitur, & reteggit Styga ?
 Patefacta ab imis Manibus retro via est, 55
 Et sacra diræ Mortis in aperto jacent.
 At ille, rupto carcere Umbrarum, ferox
 De me triumphat, & superbifica manu
 Atrum per urbes ducit Argolicas canem.
 Vivo labantem Cerbero vidi diem, 60
 Pavidumque solem : me quoque invasit tremor,
 Et terna monstri colla devicti intuens,
 Timui imperasse. Levia sed nimium queror,
 Cælo timendum est ; regna ne summa occupet,
 Qui vicit ima. sceptrâ præripit patri. 65
 Nec in astra lenta veniet, ut Bacchus, via :
 Iter ruina quæret, & vacuo volet
 Regnare mundo. Robore experto tumet,

for gaining his renown ! Wherever Phœbus rises, or wherever he sets in those regions, where he deeply tans the two Ethiopian races, with the nearness of his fierce rays (see note at end), his indomitable valor is held up as an object of veneration, indeed he is spoken of as a God, all over the Earth ! There are no monsters, no difficulties now, for him to encounter, for it is less a labor for Hercules to execute my commands, than it is for me to issue them—he undertakes his labor with an air of joy and triumph ! What truculent mandate of the tyrant Eurystheus can rebound with injury to this violent youth arising out of its execution ? For he actually re-inforces his strength with them as weapons, those very things which at first, somewhat disconcerted him, but which neverthe-

less he finally subdued—he sallies forth, forsooth, furnished with mementoes of the Nemean Lion, and the formidable Hydra. Nor is this earth considered by him, an arena sufficiently ample for his daring exploits! He breaks through the territories of Jupiter Infernus (Pluto) and afterwards brings that especial prerogative—Pluto's emblem of Power—Cerberus as a trophy from the conquered king, when he rejoins the living beings on the earth above; but his having returned from the regions of Pluto is only a trifling matter to be alluded to, for he actually violates the established agreement, as regards the exclusive dominion over the Manes, entered into with his brothers Jupiter and Neptune. I myself have seen him, positively seen him with my own eyes, after he had dispersed the darkness of the infernal regions, and after Pluto had been brought into subjection, boastingly displaying to his father the spoils which had been taken from that father's brother! Why! I wonder why he did not drag Pluto along, as well, conquered and beaten down and held in chains! the one too, who claims equal rights in his own Kingdom to those possessed by his brother in his! Holding Erebus captive, he had the Stygian Kingdom entirely in his power, and he lays bare all the mysteries thereof! And the path from the abode of the Manes towards the earth has been brought into view, and the solemn secrets of sad mortality revealed! But having burst open the prisons of the dead he savagely triumphs over me, and drags with haughty display the frightful Cerberus through the cities of Argos—I have actually seen the bright day grow dim at the sight of Cerberus, and Phœbus himself tremble at his aspect! A tremor, indeed, comes across myself, inasmuch as, casting my eyes in his direction, I have had misgivings as to my prudence in having urged on my commands respecting that three-headed monster. Yet I am complaining, now, only of trifles! But we must now be apprehensive for the safety of Heaven itself, as he who so easily subdued the Kingdom below will aspire to occupy the regions above! He will seize, in short, on his own father's sceptre! Nor will his passage towards heaven be effected so quietly as Bacchus made his. Hercules will push his way by causing the utter downfall of every obstacle that obstructs his path, and he will do his best to find the heavens deserted by the Gods and empty to his grasp! He swells out with puffed-up pride now that he has discovered his own strength and capabilities. And judging from what he has already achieved, he fancies that he can subdue heaven by his own unaided strength! It is true that he has borne the heavens above his head, nor has the difficulty of raising such an immense

Et posse cœlum viribus vinci suis	
Didicit ferendo. subdidit mundo caput,	70
Nec flexit humeros molis immensæ labor,	
Mediusque collo sedit Herculeo polus.	
Immota cervix sidera & cœlum tulit,	
Et me prementem. Quærit ad superos viam.	
Perge ira, perge, & magna meditantem opprime.	75
Congredere; manibus ipsa dilacera tuis.	
Quid tantâ mandas odia? discedant feræ:	
Ipsæ imperando fessas Eurystheus vacet.	
Titanas aulos rumpere imperium Jovis	
Emitte: Siculi veriticis laxa specum.	80
Tellus gigante Doris excusso tremens,	
Supposita monstri colla terrifici levat.	
Sublimis alias Luna concipiat feras.	
Sed vicit ista. Quæris Alcidiæ parem?	
Nemo est, nisi ipse, bella jam secum gerat.	85
Adfuit ab imo Tartari fundo excitæ	
Eumenides: ignem flammæ spargant comæ:	
Viperea sævæ verbera incutiant manus.	
I nunc, superbe, cœlitum sedes pete;	
Humana tempe, jam Styga & Manes, ferox,	90
Fugisse credis? heic tibi ostendam inferos.	
Revocabo in alta conditam caligine	
Ultra nocentum exilia discordem Deam,	
Quam munit ingens montis oppositi specus.	
Educam, & imo Ditis e regno extraham	95
Quidquid relictum est, veniat invisum Scelus,	
Suumque lambens sanguinem Impietas ferox,	
Errorque, & in se semper armatus Furor.	
Hoc hoc minifro nofter utatur dolor.	
Incipite, famulæ Ditis: ardentem incitæ	100
Concutite pinum: & agmen horrendum anguibus	
Megæra ducat; atque luctifica manu	
Vastam rogo flagrante corripiat trabem.	
Hoc agite. pœnas petite violatæ Stygis:	
Concutite pectus: acrior mentem excoquat	105

mass in the least impaired his powerful shoulders, and the sky even has rested on the middle of his immense neck; this neck, without yielding, has sustained the weight of the stars and firmament containing them, and myself pressing down as well with all my force, and yet, knowing all this, I persevere in testing his capabilities further. He is seeking the way, though, to Heaven, therefore let me persevere with my wrathful work, I say—let me still persevere, and let me stop him, who contemplates such extravagant designs—let me dispute his progress—Oh, Juno! Juno! destroy him piecemeal rather with thine own hands! Why dost thou indulge in these odious mandates? Give up all idea about the wild Beasts and

Monsters! For Eurystheus, himself will soon be tired out in enforcing other commands; let me rather send forth the Titans, who once had the audacity themselves to invade the realms of Jupiter! Lay bare, if you like, the cavernous interior of the Sicilian Vortex (*Ætna*), and the land of Doris, which already trembles with every movement of the Giant, Enceladus, will then materially relieve the pressure now exerted on the terrific monster, now lying underneath it (by being opened up, it will relieve the giant somewhat). Will lofty Phœbe think of some fresh wild Beast or new Monster hitherto unknown on this earth? No! she will say; for he has overcome them all such as I have to do with. (The Nemæan Lion, the ancients thought, fell from the Moon.) Are you, she will say, seeking for any one to come forward as the equal of Alcides? Why! there can be no one his equal, but himself, then let him in some manner or other make war with himself! Let the Eumenides (Furies) be stirred to action and appear on the scene, from the remotest depths of Tartarus, their flaming locks will scatter broadcast their hideous fires (torches) and their savage hands shall strike their viperous blows! Go, if you like, oh! thou puffed up man, and seek out the habitations of heavenly tenants, and henceforth look disdain fully upon mere human belongings, but do you really persuade yourself that you have done with the Styx and the Manes after all your ferocity! I will show you, here, on earth, things yet more terrible than ever you beheld in the regions below—I will invoke the Goddess Discord, who hides down deep in the lowest regions of darkness, beyond the prisons where the wicked are banished, and whom a huge cavern in a mountain opposite protects in solemn seclusion, and I will rake up from the domains of Pluto and the remotest parts thereof everything that is left in it of a hellish character to favor my ends! Odious crimes shall enter on the scene and raging Impiety madly lapping up its own blood (Parricidal and Fratricidal slaughter), mental wandering (hallucinations) and raving madness (this is what Juno has had in store for Hercules) which is always armed against the objects themselves that are afflicted within (in reference to the way, in which madmen are dangerous to themselves as well as to others). Oh! ye Furies, ye servile throng of Pluto's, begin with this—yes! let my angered mind turn to account this instrument of my wrath, as the means of wreaking my vengeance—hasten then and brandish the burning torches (pine-stems) and Megæra shall lead on the terror-striking troop with their horrible serpents and I require that they will, with their grief-spreading hands, seize the terror-producing torches

Quam qui caminis ignis Ætnæis furit.
 Ut possit animo captus Alcides agi,
 Magno furore percitus, nobis prius
 Infaniendum est. Juno, cur nondum furis?
 Me, me, sorores mente dejectam mea 110
 Verfate primam, facere si quidquam apparo
 Dignum noverca. jam odia muteotur mea.
 Natos reversus videat incolumes, precor,
 Manuque fortis redeat. inveni diem,
 Invifa quo nos Herculis virtus juvet: 115
 Me pariter & se vincat; & cupiat mori
 Ab iuferis reversus. heic profit mihi,
 Jove esse genitum. stabo, & ut certo exeant
 Emissa nervo tela, librabo manum:
 Regam furentis arma: pugnanti Herculi 120
 Tandem favebo. scelere perfecto, licet,
 Admittat illas genitor in cœlum manus.
 Movenda jam sunt bella; clarescit dies,
 Ortuque Titan lucidus croceo subit.

CHORUS THEBANORUM.

Chorus e Thebanis a descriptione ortus diei, magnatum curas
 studisque damnat, Herculem audacire in laboribus
 subeundis taxat, vitæ denique humilis laudat
 tranquillitatem optatque.

JAM rara micant sidera prono 125
 Languida mundo: uox victa vagos
 Contrahit ignes: luce renata
 Cogit nitidum Phosphoros agmen:
 Signum celsi glaciale poli
 Septem stellis Arcades ursæ 130
 Lucem verso temone vocant:
 Jam cæruleis evectus equis
 Titan summa prospicit Ceta:

from the burning pile—Do all this in earnest, I say, seek for adequate punishment, for the violation of the Stygian Realms. Exhaust all to that end, and for my own part, let a more ardent fire stir up my revengeful soul than anything that ever yet raged or came forth from the summits of Ætna—and in order that Alcides, stirred up

with intensest madness, shall be duly brought under my influence, methinks I should first become maddened myself! Juno! Juno! Why art thou not already at rage's height? Oh ye sisters (Furies), exercise your skill upon me, transform me, that I may be dispossessed of my ordinary (healthy) mind if I am to prepare myself for the execution of any scheme worthy of an angered step-mother!—Let my hatred even be diverted into a fresh channel—Let me then pray, that on his return Hercules may see his sons in health and safety, and may he come back to us strong in his mighty arm! I have really arrived at that day on which the odious strength of Hercules will be of assistance to me! I can tolerate his conquering me, so long as he is conquered himself as well (Juno here alludes to the slaughter of his wife and sons during his madness *in prospectu*), and may he wish when he returns from the infernal regions, for death itself! Under these circumstances, it will be a source of gain to me, that he is really the veritable son of Jupiter! I stipulate firmly, however, that the arrows which are sent forth from his bow shall be directed with a sure aim and steady nerve—I will poise his hand myself! I will preside over the movements of the raging combatant—I shall, literally, at last, be espousing the very cause of Hercules in thus inflaming his warlike spirit! And when the crime is carried out to my satisfaction (slaughtering his wife and two sons), let his father forthwith admit him into Olympus with his hands stained and reeking with their guilty work. Now then for war! Operations must begin! The light of day is beginning to show itself and bright Titan enters upon the scene, with all his nascent glory, in the saffron-tinted Eastern Horizon.

CHORUS OF THEBANS.

The Chorus of Thebans beginning with a description of the dawn of day alludes to the manners and customs of the times, condemning the pursuits and undertakings of the nobles—They reprove Hercules for his audacity in the attempting of his various labors, and finally extol and sigh for that tranquillity, which is only to be realized by leading a retired life.

BEHOLD! The stars now scarcely perceptible are shining but feebly in the setting sky, and night drawing in slowly calls together the scattered luminaries (planets). Phosphorus, too, disbands her shining retinue at the approach of the newly-born day—The

Jam Cadmeis inclyta Bacchis Aperfa die dumeta rubent:	135
Phœbique fugit reditura foror. Labor exoritur durus, & omnes Agitat curas, aperitique domos. Pastor gelida cana pruina Grege dimisso pabula carpit.	140
Ludit prato liber aperto Nondum rupta fronte juvencus. Vacuæ reparant ubera matres. Errat curfu levis incerto	145
Molli petulans hœdis in herba. Pendet summo stridula ramo, Pennaſque novo tradere foli Geſtit querulos inter nidos Thracia pellex; turbaque circa Confuſa ſonat, murmure mixto	150
Teſtata diem. carbafa ventis Credit, dubius navita vitæ, Laxos aura complente ſinus. Hic exefis pendens ſcopulis, Aut deceptos inſtruit hamos;	155
Aut ſuſpenſus ſpectat preſſa Præmia dextra. ſentit tremulum Linea piſcem.	
Hæc, innocuæ quibus eſt vitæ Tranquilla quies, & læta ſuo	160
Parvoque domus, ſpes & in agris. Turbine magno ſpes follicitæ Urbibus errant, trepidique metus. Ille ſuperbos aditus regum, Duraſque fores, expers ſomni,	165
Colit: hic nullo ſine beatus Componit opes, gazis inhians, Et congeſto pauper in auro eſt. Illum populi favor attonitum, Fluctuque magis mobile vulgus	170
Aura tumidum tollit inani: Hic clamorû rabioſa fori Jurgia vendens improbus, iras Et verba locat. Novit paucos Secura quies, qui velocis	175
Memores ævi, tempora nunquam Reditura tenent. Dum fata ſinunt,	

Arcadian Bears, with their seven stars, the Northern signposts of the distant Pole, invoke the coming light as the Chariot of Phœbus reverses its direction! Behold! Titan rises from the azure waters with his steeds refreshed thereby as he brings into view the summits of Cœta—now with welcome day—The groves scattered everywhere

display their verdancy, whilst the scene is opened with the Bacchic revels, and bright Phœbe, the sister of Phœbus, steals away only ("to repeat the story of her birth") to return to us again! Hard toil is now demanded of man, and he busies himself with his manifold concerns, and the light of day reveals the nakedness of many a homestead! The shepherd, having driven away his herds, gathers as a reserve the scanty produce, rendered cold and crisp by the hoar frost—The young bull, with its rudimentary horns (the superjacent cuticle not yet broken through) scampers with wild freedom over the open mead—The mothers deprived of their milk seek to replenish their exhausted udders—the lustful goat wanders nimbly, with uncertain destination, over the velvety sod—The Thracian nightingale (Philomela) perched on a topmost branch gives forth her plaintive notes, and longs to test her wings in sight of rising Sol, and busies herself with the affairs of her nest—in gleefully ministering to the wants of her clamorous progeny—and the confusion of the singing multitude around announces from a medley of throats the coming of bright day—The mariner, careless of the dangers incidental to his calling, confidently trusts his canvas to the winds as the breeze expands his full-set sails—Then another man, a fisherman resting on the wave-indented rock, is engaged either in baiting afresh his unsuccessful hook, or, all anxiety, beholds in mental prospect the reward of his patience already grasped in his right hand, whilst he is really only made conscious that a struggling fish is doing its best to slip away from his line! The following things are of value to a man; the tranquil quiet of an innocent life and a home which is satisfied with its modest belongings; the looking forward with hope to the fruits of his lands—anxious cares present themselves in cities in a discomposing whirl, and amidst trembling fears—and he who seeks ambitiously to approach the dwellings of kings and to enter at doors difficult of access, will assuredly bid goodbye to sleep as his reward—he who lays up, without bounds, riches as the summum bonum of happiness, panting for further wealth, is altogether a pauper, nevertheless, with all his coffers containing their accumulated gold! Popularity bewilders one man, and sets him entirely beside himself, and the ignoble herd, more fickle than the passing waves, captivate his elated imagination with their hollow applause! and surely, that man is a knavish rascal, who amidst the fierce strife of the noisy forum sells at a price, as he would merchandize, his stinging denunciations or honeyed eloquence (as the case might be) merely to gain verdicts for his litigious clients! Uninterrupted serenity is a

Vivite læti. properat curfu Vita citato, volucrique die Rota præcipitis veritur anni.	180
Duræ peragunt penfa Sorores, Nec fua retro fila revolvunt. At gens hominum fertur rapidis Obvia fati, incerta fui?	
Stygias ultro quærimus undas. Nimium, Alcide, pectore forti Properas mœftos vifere Manes. Certo veniunt ordine Parcæ. Nulli iuffo ceffare licet, Nulli fcriptum proferre diem.	185
Recipit populos urna citatos. Alium multis gloria terris. Tradat, & omneis fama per urbes Garrula laudet, cœloque parem Tollat & aftris: alius curru Sublimis eat. me mea tellus Lare fecreto tutoque tegat. Venit ad pigros cana fenectus: Humilique loco, fed certa fedet Sordida parvæ fortuna domus:	190
Alte virtus animofa cadit. Sed mœfta venit crine foluto Megara, parvum comitata gregem: Tardufque fenio graditur Alcidæ parens.	195
	200

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

MEGARA, AMPHITRYON.

Megara abfentiam Herculis deflet enumeratis ipfius ærumnis.
Lyci vim & infolentiam conqueritur. Defpondentem
animum Megaram & desperantem confolatur
Amphitryon.

MEG. **O** MAGNE Olympi rector, & mundi arbirer, 205
Jam ftatue tandem gravibus ærumnis modum,
Finemque cladi. nulla lux unquam mihi

stranger to few except those who, mindful of the fleetingness of time, pass their lives profitably, as if they can never expect them to return! Whilst the Fates permit, lead your lives with a joyful heart—Life hastens along with a quickened stride, and the revolution of the year is

only precipitated by each flying day. The obdurate Parcæ perform their allotted tasks, nor do they ever unwind the threads they have once woven; but the race of mankind at large is borne forward to meet its rapid destiny, uncertain of what that fatal urn may declare, whilst we are only seeking carelessly, as it were, the Stygian Streams! Oh! Alcides, do not with your stout heart hasten too eagerly to visit the sadness-ridden Manes! The Parcæ come on the appointed day with certain precision; it is not allowed for them to cease from their ordained task at any command, or to publish the prescribed term of life at any bidding—the fatal urn receives only those whose lots are enrolled therein—Glory attends one man in many lands, and busy fame praises throughout all the cities of the world, and raises him equally to Heaven and the Stars! Another is borne aloft in chariot triumphant. May our own land then protect us, surrounded by our own Lares and Penates in security! Grey old age quickly overtakes the weak, but moderate means in a small habitation ensures safety, and puts one out of harm's way—whilst wealth unassured in this manner, is always a doubtful possession. Sublime heroism tells heavily, when once it begins to totter—But Megara, with a look of sadness, is now approaching, her locks hanging down loosely, accompanied by her family of little ones, and the father of Hercules, Amphitryon, follows her, but with his gait rendered slow through the advances of old age.

ACT II.

MEGARA—AMPHITRYON.

Megara bewails the absence of Hercules in enumerating her troubles—she complains of the violence and insolence of Lycus. Amphitryon pities the despondent state of Megara's mind, and tenders her consolation in her despair.

MEGARA.

OH! Monarch of mighty Olympus, and arbiter of the world's destinies; by this time decree a remedy for my grievous sufferings, and vouchsafe an end to these misfortunes, for never does there arrive a day, which affords me the slightest security from one trouble or another,

Secura fulsit. finis alterius mali Gradus est futuri, protenus reduci novus Paratur hostis, antequam lætam domum	210
Contingat, aliud iussus ad bellum meat, Nec ulla requies, tempus aut ullum datur, Nisi dum iubetur: sequitur a primo statim Infesta Juno, numquid immunis fuit Infantis ætas? monstra superavit prius,	215
Quam nosse possent. gemina cristati caput Angues ferebant ora, quos contra obvius Reptavit infans; igneos serpentium Oculos remisso lumine ac placido intuens,	220
Arctos serenis vultibus nodos tulit; Et tumida tenera guttura elidens manu, Prolusit hydræ: Mænali pernix fera, Multo decorum præferens auro caput, Deprensa curfu est. maximus Nemeæ timor Gemuit lacertis pressus Herculeis leo.	225
Quid stabula memorem dira Bistonii gregis, Suisque regem pabulum armentis datum? Solitumque denis bispidum Erymanthi jugis Arcadia quater memora Mænalium fuem? Taurumque centum non levem populis metum?	230
Inter remotos gentis Hesperix greges Pastor triformis litoris Tarteffii Peremptus, acta est præda ab Occasu ultimo. Notum Cithæron pavit Oceano pecus.	235
Penetrare iussus Solis æstivi plagas, Et adusta medius regna quæ torret dies. Utrinque montes solvit abrupto objice, Et jam ruenti fecit Oceano viam.	240
Post hæc, adortus nemoris opulenti domos, Aurifera vigilis spolia serpentis tulit. Quid? sæva Lernæ monstra, numerosum malum, Non igne demum vicit, & docuit mori? Solitasque pennis condere obductis diem Petiit ab ipsis nubibus Stymphalidas?	245
Non vicit illum cælibis semper tori Regina gentis vidua Thermodontix: Nec ad omne clarum facinus audaces manus	

and the end of one calamity is only the beginning of another. From afar off, a fresh enemy prepares to enter on the scene, and before he (Alcides) reaches his welcome home, he is forthwith commanded to enter upon some fresh contest: nor is there any respite or any opportunity afforded for rest, but the brief interval between one command and that which is to follow! Implacable Juno is always in foremost pursuit! Why, I ask, was the the tender infant even allowed to be free from her resent-

ment? The two crested snakes darted at the infant's cradle, but that infant strangled them as they advanced; he had actually conquered those monsters, before he had arrived at the years of knowledge—he regarded their fiery eyes with a placid and careless gaze, bore their encircling pressure with a serene countenance and, seizing their swelling poison-charged throats with his tender infantile hands, he squeezed out their lives! Thus, as a prelude to his victory over the Hydra, he commenced his conquering career with the serpents! The swift stag of Mænalus, with his head rendered glaring with his large golden horns, was arrested in his flight by Hercules. That great terror of the forests, the Nemæan Lion, groaned aloud when pressed by the brawny arms of Hercules! What shall I say of those terrible horses of the Thracian King Diomedes or of that very king, who was delivered over for destruction to the voracity of his own cattle? Or the bristled Mænalian Boar, which ravaged the summits of Erymanthus, and was wont to cause the Arcadian Groves to quake again with his presence? Or of the Bull of Crete which was the great terror of a hundred communities and was actually brought alive into Peloponnesus; how amongst the distant flocks of the Hesperian confines, their shepherd, the three-bodied monster Geryon was slain by Hercules, and his flocks seized as spoil from the extreme West, where Cithæron subsequently fed those well-known herds near the territories of Oceanus? Hercules was commanded to penetrate countries, visited by the dreadful summer sun,—the kingdoms, where everything was absolutely burnt up, whilst the mid-day prevailed. All obstacles being broken down he actually divided mountains on both sides, and opened up a broad road for the in-rushing Ocean! After all these exploits, he gained access to the territories of the gold-laden grove (Garden of the Hesperides) and seized upon the golden spoils (apples) guarded by a watchful serpent! (one that never slept). What next? Did he not conquer by casting it into the flames, the monstrous Hydra of Lerna, that remarkable object of dread, and demonstrated that it, even, could be made to die! He then seeks out, from the clouds themselves, those noisome Stymphalidæ which were wont with their expanded wings to darken the very sky around! Nor was the Virgin Queen of the Thermodon race with her entire army of celibate women-soldiers equal to him in the contest! Nor did he deem it all an ignominious task, when, with his brave and able hands, he cleansed the stables of Augeus! But what do all these exploits now avail him? He is now with no city to defend. And the lands which have acknowledged him

Stabuli fugavit turpis Augiæ labor.	
Quid ista profunt? orbe defenso caret.	
Senfere terræ pacis auctorem suæ	250
Abeffe teiris. prosperum ac felix scelus,	
Virtus vocatur. fontibus pareot boni.	
Jus est in armis, opprimit leges timor.	
Ante ora vidi noſtra, truculenta manu	
Natos paterni cadere regni vindices :	255
Ipfamque Cadmi nobilis ſtirpem ultimam	
Occidere. vidi regium capitis decus	
Cum capite raptum. quis fatis Thebas fleat?	
Ferax Deorum terra quem dominum tremis?	
E cujus arvis, eque fœcundo ſinu	260
Striçto juventus orta cum ferro ſtetit;	
Cujusque muros natus Amphion Jove	
Struxit, canoro faxa modulatu trahens;	
In cujus urbem non ſemel Divûm parens	
Cœlo relicto venit; hæc quæ cœlites	265
Recepit, & quæ fecit, & (ſas ſit loqui)	
Fortaſſe faciet, fordido premitur jugo.	
Cadmea proles, civitaſque Amphionis,	
Quo decidiftis? tremitis ignavum exfulem,	
Suis carentem finibus, noſtris gravem?	270
Qui ſcelera terra, quique perſequitur mari,	
Ac læva juſta ſceptra confringit manu,	
Nunc ſervit abſens, fertque quæ ferri vetat:	
Tenetque Thebas exful Herculeas Lycus.	
Sed non tenebit. aderit, & pœnas petet,	275
Subituſque ad aſtra emerget: inveniat viam,	
Aut faciet. Adſis ſoſpes & remees, precor:	
Tandemque venias victor ad victam domum.	
Emerge, conjux, atque diſpulfas manu	
Abrumpe tenebras: nulla ſi retro via,	280
Iterque clauſum eſt, orbe diducto redi;	
Et quidquid atra nocte poſſeſſum latet,	
Emitte tecum. dirutis qualis jugis	
Præceps citato flumini quæreos iter,	
Quondam ſtetifti, ſciſſa cum vaſto impetu	285
Patuere Tempe. pectore impulſus tuo.	
Huc mons & illuc cecidit, & rupto aggere	
Nova cucurrit Theſſalus torrens via.	
Talis parentes, liberos, patriam petens,	

as the author of their peaceful security, now find him away from his tutelary cares! Prosperous and successful crime now receives the name of Valor! The good are now made to obey the bad! There is a recognized and lawful right awarded to arms, and very fear puts the laws in abeyance! Before my very own eyes I have seen sons cut down by merciless hands, and whose only sin had

been in the avenging the loss of their father's kingdom. I have witnessed the destruction of the last of the noble line of the House of Cadmus! and I have seen the very crown seized roughly from the august head which was wearing it, and the head itself removed with it at the same time. Who, I ask, shall weep sufficiently for what has befallen Thebes? Oh! Earth! who so easily createst Gods, of what men art thou afraid? And out of whose lands, from an equally productive origin sprang youth, who boldly stood forth with their weapons unsheathed ready for war, and of whose city Amphion, the son of Jove, laid the walls, which he easily called into his service by the enchanting melodies of his lyre—into whose city the Parent of the Gods, having quitted his heavenly abode, has come more than once; that city, which has achieved this distinction and, may I be permitted to say it, will do so again perhaps, is now oppressed with a heavy yoke! O! Offspring of Cadmus! Oh! City of Amphion! To what hast thou fallen! Dost thou tremble at the sight of a base exile, with no country that he can call his own, simply because he is a nuisance to us? whilst he, who follows up and punishes crimes committed on land as well as on sea, and breaks down the harsh rule of tyrannical kings with the strong arm of justice, is now away from us and practically a slave himself (that is, serving under Eurystheus), and is putting up at the present moment with the very things he would not permit others to suffer, if he were only present! That wretched exile, Lycus, possesses Herculean Thebes now, but he will not hold it long; Hercules will return and punish him condignly and will then make a sudden flight to the Heavens to which he will soon find a way, and if not, he will make one! I pray, spouse of mine, come back as the deliverer! Be thou present! Come at length as the salvator of a down-trodden home! Come out of that infernal abyss, consort mine, and escape from that darkness which thou hast so successfully dispelled with thy mighty arm—if there be no way easy for return and the exit is closed up, come I say if the very orb itself requires to be rent in twain to effect a passage! And if anything under the dominion of sombre Nox should lie concealed, bring it forth with thee, and as thou once stood, when thou sought thy precipitous way by swiftly flowing rivers, having first severed the very mountains which obstructed thy path!—when Tempe lay open, cut through by thy tremendous force, a mountain here forced against by thy chest—a mountain there, fell as thou proceeded, the opposing mass being all dispersed, the Thessalian streams followed in a newly

Erumpe, rerum terminos tecum efferens;	290
Et quidquid avida tot per annorum gradus	
Abfcondit ætas, redde; & oblitos fui,	
Lucifque pavidos ante te populos age.	
Indigna te fuit fpolia, fi tantum refers,	
Quantum imperatum eft. Magna fed nimium loquor,	295
Ignara noftræ fortis. Unde illum mihi,	
Quo te tuamque dexteram amplectar, diem,	
Reditufque lentos nec mei memores querar?	
Tibi, o Deorum ductor, indomiti ferent	
Centena tauri colla: tibi, frugum potens,	300
Secreta reddam facra: tibi muta fide	
Longas Eleufin tacita jaftabit faces.	
Tum reftitutas fratribus rebor meis	
Animas, & ipfum regna moderantem fua	
Florere patrem. fi qua te major tenet	305
Claufum poteftas; fequimur. aut omnes tuos	
Defende reditu fofpes; aut omnes trahe.	
Trahes, nec ullus eriget fractos Deus.	
AMPH. O focia noftri fanguinis, cafta fide	
Servans torum natoſque magnanimi Herculis,	310
Meliora mente concipe, atque animum excita.	
Aderit profecto, qualis ex omni folet	
Labore, major. MEG. Quod nimis miferi volunt,	
Hoc facile credunt. AMPH. Immo quod metuunt nimis,	
Nunquam amoveri poſſe, nec tolli putant.	315
Prona eft timori femper in pejus fides.	
MEG. Demerſus, ac deſoſſus, & toto infuper	
Oppreſſus orbe, quam viam ad ſuperos habet?	
AMPH. Quam tunc habebat, cum per arentem plagam,	
Et fluctuantes more turbati maris	320

created channel! Come forth ſuch an one as thou art, ſeeking parents, children, country! thus bringing with thee the termination of our troubles, and whatever the rapacious destructiveness of time has moved away through ſo many paſſing years reſtore! Put out of the queſtion (drive away) the Manes that have forgotten their former condition on earth, and would fear the light of day. Such ſpoils as thoſe are quite unworthy of thy prowess, do therefore only what thou art bidden, if thou doſt come back! But, perhaps, being ignorant of what our own lot may turn out to be, I am ſpeaking too volubly upon matters of ſuch grave importance! Alas! When will the day arrive on which I ſhall embrace thee, and ſhake thy right hand? nor ſhall I ever relent at thy ſlow return or fancy thou haſt forgotten me! O! Leader of the Gods! May they preſent for thy honor, as a be-

fitting sacrifice, a hundred untamed bulls whose necks have never borne the yoke! O thou Goddess, who presidest over our harvests, I will tender thee my devotion in the sacred mysteries! I will silently, with dumb reverence, lay at thy altar on Eleusis the grand and burning torch! Then I will conjure up to my imagination the souls returned to my brothers restored to me, and the fact that my parent still flourishes and rules his kingdom with mildness. If any greater power still detains thee we will be in thy wake; either as a deliverer defend us on thy return, or take us as all things are, but thou, in particular, take us under thy protection—let not another God have to extricate us from our forlorn condition!

AMPHITRYON.

O tender companion of my race, guarding with thy chaste care the couch and the infantile offspring of the mighty Hercules, think in your mind of better things, check thy angry impulses; Hercules will assuredly return reinvigorated, as he always does after everyone of his labors.

MEGARA.

Those that are miserable are apt to believe readily that which they are prone to fear the most.

AMPHITRYON.

But there is another view of the matter: some fear too much, and suppose that the sources of their alarm can neither be averted nor entirely removed. In a state of fear, the mind is always inclined to believe the worst!

MEGARA.

Sunk down, buried away, and furthermore the entire world pressing him down, by what road can he find his way back amongst the Living?

Abiit arenas; bisque difcedens fretum,
 Et bis recurrens: cumque deferta rate
 Deprensus hæsit Syrtium brevibus vadis,
 Et puppe fixa maria superavit pedes.
 MEG. Iniqua raro maximis virtutibus 325
 Fortuna parcit: nemo se tuto diu
 Periculis offerre tam crebris potest.
 Quem sæpe tranſit, caſus, aliquando invenit.
 Sed ecce fævus, ac minas vultu gerens,
 Et qualis animo eſt, talis inceſſu venit 330
 Aliena dextra ſceptra concutiens Lycus.

LYCUS, MEGARA', AMPHITRYON.

Lycus Thebis a Creonte in exilium miſſus, Hercule ad inferos
 profecto, cæſo Creonte cum filiis, quo regnum occu-
 patum ſibi firmet, Megaræ nuptias ambit,
 abnuenti vim minatur.

U
 LYC. RBIS regens opulenta Thebanæ loca,
 Et omne quidquid uberi cingit ſolo
 Obliqua Phocis, quidquid Iſmenos rigat,
 Quidquid Cithæron vertice excelſo videt, 335
 Et bina findens Iſthmos exilis freta,
 Non vetera patriæ jura poſſideo domus
 Ignavus hæres: nobiles non ſunt mihi
 Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis genus;
 Sed clara virtus. qui genus jaſtat ſuum 340
 Aliena laudat. Rapta ſed trepida manu
 Sceptra obtinentur: omnis in ferro eſt falus.
 Quod civibus tenere te invitis ſcias,
 Strictus tuetur enſis. alieno in loco
 Haud ſtabile regnum eſt. una ſed noſtras poſteſt 345
 Fundare vires, juncta regali face
 Thalamiſque Megara. ducet e genere inclyto
 Novitas colorem noſtra. non equidem reor

AMPHITRYON.

Just the same road as when he passed over the
 burning plains, and sands shifting like a troubled sea,
 that sea ebbing twice, and flowing twice, in turns, and

when he was obliged to leave his vessel, it having grounded on the low sandbanks of the Syrtes, and the craft being stuck fast, he trampled down the sea, contending successfully with his feet, and cleared a passage for himself.

MEGARA.

Unjust fate rarely shows mercy to the greatest merits, and no one can expose himself for long to frequent dangers, with impunity; an evil, which we can tide over very frequently, will sometimes land us on a rock! But behold that cruel wretch Lycus, carrying his menacing nature in the very lineaments of his visage; whatever is passing in his mind, the same is indicated faithfully in his general demeanour, and this even whilst he is dangling in his hands (carelessly as it would seem) the very sceptre, which rightfully belongs to another!

LYCUS—MEGARA—AMPHITRYON.

Lycus is ordered from Thebes into exile, by Creon—Hercules having set out for the infernal regions; and Creon with his sons being slain, Lycus establishes himself on the throne and governs the kingdom. He then seeks to marry Megara, using every stratagem, and determines to offer violence in case of refusal.

LYCUS.

As ruler of the opulent Theban territories and whatever borders upon the transversely situated Phocis with its fertile soil, whatever irrigates the Ismenian lands and whatever Cithæron looks down upon from its lofty mountain-summit, I do not regard myself by any means a contemptible inheritor of such a home with all the ancient rights appertaining to such a country;—it is true, I cannot boast of noble ancestors, or of a race celebrated for titles, but my own personal valor gives me some claim to renown—he who brags of his ancestry simply praises others, not himself! But when sceptres are taken from others, the only safety then rests in the sword of the possessor. A kingdom is not to be depended on when you are ruling in another's place! But there is one thing which can confirm my power, Megara must be joined to me by the marriage tie, and conducted by the Royal Nuptial Ceremony! And my new position will gather some glory arising from my union with a noble

Fore ut recuset, ac meos spernat toros.	
Quod si impotenti pertinax animo abnuet,	350
Stat tollere omnem penitus Herculeam domum.	
Invidia factum ac fermo popularis premet?	
Ars prima regni, posse te invidiam pati.	
Tentemus igitur: fors dedit nobis locum.	
Namque ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput	355
Velata, juxta præsides adfat Deos,	
Laterique adhæret verus Alcidae fator.	
MEG. Quidnam iste, nostri generis exitium ac lues,	
Novi parat? quid tentat? LYC. O clarum trahens	
A stirpe nomen regia, facilis mea	360
Parumper aure verba patienti excipe.	
Si æterna semper odia mortales agant,	
Nec cœptus unquam cedat ex animis furor,	
Sed arma felix teneat, infelix paret;	
Nihil relinquent bella: tum vastis ager	365
Squallebit arvis. subdita tectis face	
Altus sepultas obruet gentes cinis.	
Pacem reduci velle, victori expedit;	
Victo necesse est. particeps regno veni:	
Sociemus animos. pignus hoc fidei cape:	370
Continge dextram. quid truci vultu files?	
MEG. Egone ut parentis fanguine asperfam manum,	
Fratrumque gemina cæde contingam? prius	
Exstinguet Ortus, referet Occasus diem:	
Pax ante fida nivibus & flammis erit:	375
Et Scylla Siculum junget Aufonio latus:	
Priusque multo vicibus alternis fugax	
Euripus unda stabit Euboica piger.	
Patrem abstulisti, regna, germanos, larem,	
Patriam: quid ultra est? una res superest mihi,	380
Fratre ac parente carior, regno ac lare,	
Odium tui: quod esse cum populo mihi	
Commune doleo, pars quota ex isto mea est?	
Dominare tumidus, spiritus altos gere:	
Sequitur superbos ultor a tergo Deus	385

race! I do not imagine that such a difficulty could arise as that she should refuse my offer or that her inclination should lead her to spurn my couch! But if she is persistent with any of her impotent resistance, and denies me, I am resolved to stamp out completely root and branch all traces of the House of Hercules, although outside indignation and popular clamor might be dead against me! The first art in managing a kingdom is that you should be able to bear up against unpopularity. Let me try therefore; good fortune has thrown a kingdom in my way. And for the matter of that, although the father of Alcides sticks close to her side as she stands before

her tutelary deities, with her mourning vestments hiding up her head, what care I?

MEGARA.

What fresh devilry is Lycus devising? Is it how he shall compass the destruction of our race? What is he now attempting?

LYCUS.

O! thou, inheriting an illustrious name from thy royal ancestors, listen to me for a little with a patient ear; if mortals are always bent on cultivating eternal hatred, and fury, which, you must know, once encouraged never quits the human heart, that man is fortunate who wields the weapons necessary for his purpose; and that man so far is unlucky who has to obey, since war leaves nothing to the vanquished! Then it is that the land will present naught but untilled fields, and that bespread with the burning torch, the accumulated ashes will overwhelm the buried inhabitants! The conquered, be sure of that, are as willing for peace as it is in the interests of the conqueror to be; but this is indispensably the case as regards the vanquished! Come then as the partner of my kingdom, and let us be with our hearts united likewise. Take therefore this pledge of my serious intentions, shake this right hand of mine! Why art thou thus silent and with those cruel looks of thine, too?

MEGARA.

Shall I, dost thou think, be induced to touch even the hand of one stained with the blood of my parent and that of my brothers likewise? A double slaughter forsooth! First, let me see day utterly done away with, and night to take up its place, let there be a cordial amalgamation of the cold snows with the scorching fiery elements! And Scylla join the Sicilian lands to the Ausonian main! And first too, let me behold the streams of the Euripus, with its uncertain tides occurring so frequently, stand suddenly still and render muddy the Eubæan shores! Thou hast robbed me of my father, my kinsmen, my kingdom, my Lares and my country! What can go beyond this? One greater thing, however, is left to me, dearer to me if possible, than parent, brothers

Thebana novi regna. quid matres loquar Paffas & aufas scelera? quid geminum nefas, Mixtumque nomen conjugis, nati, patris? Quid bina fratrum castra? quid totidem rogos? Riget fuperba Tantalus luctu parens,	390
Mœftufque Phrygio manat in Sipylo lapis. Quin ipfe torvum subrigens crifta caput Illyrica Cadmus regna permenfus fuga, Longas reliquit corporis tracti notas. Hæc te manent exempla. dominare, ut lubet: Dum folita regni fata te noftri vocent.	395
LYC. Agedum, efferatas rabida voces amove: Et difce regum imperia ab Alcide pati, Ego, rapta quamvis fceptra victricis geram Dextra, regamque cuncta fine legum metu,	400
Quas arma vincunt, pauca pro caufa loquar Noftro. Cruento cecidit in bello pater; Cecidere fratres? arma non fervant modum; Nec temperari facile, nec reprimi poteft Stricti enfis ira. bella delectat cruor.	405
Sed ille regno pro fuo: nos improba Cupidine acti? quæritur belli exitus. Non caufa. Sed nunc pereat omnis memoria. Cum victor arma profuit, & victum decet Deponere odia. non ut inflexo genu	410
Regnantem adores, petimus. hoc ipfum placet, Animo ruinas quod capis magno tuas. Es rege conjux digna: fociemus toros. MEG. Gelidus per artus vadit exfangues tremor. Quod facinus aures pepulit? haud equidem horruï,	415
Cum pace rupta bellicus muros fragor Circumfonaret. pertuli intrepide omnia. Thalamos tremifco: capta nunc videor mihi. Gravent catenæ corpus, & longa fame	

Lares and kingdom, my hatred of thee! What I do grieve for, is that my grief is participated in by my own people, but nevertheless how large a share therein has fallen to my lot! Go thou on, governing with thy puffed up importance, keep up thy spirits to elevation pitch; a revenging deity is following at thy heels! I know all about the Theban kingdom, but how shall I describe the sufferings of some mothers and the dreadful deeds of which others have been guilty? Shall I speak of the two-fold crime—patricide and incest, and the name of the wife, son and father? How shall I speak of two hostile camps made up of brothers fighting against each other? What of so many funeral piles, and the behaviour of the flames? The proud parent, daughter of Tantalus, is dried up and cold with grief, and now, as a rock sheds her

tears on the Phrygian Sipylus! But Cadmus raising his threatening crest has left many deep traces of his tortuous flight, as he traversed the Illyrian plains; these records will serve as a guide for thee! Rule as thou thinkest fit, whilst the traditional destinies of our kingdom summon thee to govern!

LYCUS.

Come now, although mad with rage, put aside angry words and learn to obey the commands of kings from the example shown thee by thy own Alcides; although I wear a sceptre in my hands, which I have assumed as a conqueror, I will govern everything without any regard for the laws, over which arms always possess dominion! Shall I now say a few words in my own behalf? Thy father only fell in a bloody contest. Thy brothers did so likewise. The law of arms admits of no stereotyped fashions, and the human passions evoked by the unsheathed sword cannot be modified to our own desires, or indeed repressed in any way. Blood is the normal delight of warriors; but thy father, thou wilt say, fought for his own crown, and I only fought for the wicked desire of gaining it from him! The end of war seems to be the chief object sought for and not the cause which gave rise to it. But now all considerations are put aside, for, when the conqueror lays down his arms, it is only right that the vanquished should throw aside any useless hatred he may feel towards the conqueror; nor do we require, either, that you should worship the one holding the sceptre on bended knees. But this fact does please me that thou shouldst accept thy downfall as thou art doing, with a haughtiness of demeanour, and thus, in a manner, worthy of the consort of a king; let us share, then, the nuptial couch!

MEGARA.

A cold tremor creeps over my bloodless limbs! What revolting utterances do now assail my ears! Indeed I shuddered not, when on the approach of my departed peace, the clang of warlike arms surrounded the city on all sides—I bore it all with an intrepid spirit; but at the thought of marriage with thee I tremble indeed! I now seem to myself, verily, a slave! My very body feels already to be growing weary with chains, and thus may

Mors protrahatur lenta, non vincet fidem	420
Vis ulla nostram: moriar, Alcide, tua.	
LYC. Animosne merfus inferis conjux facit?	
MEG. Inferna tetigit, posses, ut supera assequi.	
LYC. Telluris illum pondus immensæ premit.	
MEG. Nullo premetur onere, qui cœlum tulit.	425
LYC. Cogère. MEG. Cogi qui potest, nescit mori.	
LYC. Effare, thalamis quod novis potius parem	
Regale munus? MEG. Aut tuam mortem, aut meam.	
LYC. Moriere demens? MEG. Conjugi occurram meo.	
LYC. Sceptrone nostro potior est famulus tibi?	430
MEG. Quot iste famulus tradidit reges neci!	
LYC. Cur ergo regi servit, & patitur jugum?	
MEG. Imperia dura tolle, quid virtus erit?	
LYC. Objici feris monstrosisque, virtutem putas?	
MEG. Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.	435

a slow death, protracted by chronic starvation, be my fate!
 No force shall ever change my resolution! Oh Alcides!
 I will die thine only!

LYCUS.

Does thy husband's being hidden away in the infernal
 regions inspire thee with this lofty tone?

MEGARA.

He has sought the infernal regions, that he might sooner
 seek the Gods above!

LYCUS.

The Earth's immense weight is now pressing him down.

MEGARA.

He who bore the heavens on his shoulders, is not
 pressed down by any present weight!

LYCUS.

You will be compelled by force!

MEGARA.

He knows not how to die, who yields to force!

LYCUS.

Speak, what can I prepare for you, as a regal present,
better than a fresh marriage?

MEGARA.

Either thy death or mine.

LYCUS.

Thou wilt die mad, then?

MEGARA.

I shall go to meet my husband.

LYCUS.

Slavery, then, is preferable in thy sight than to share
my sceptre?

MEGARA.

How many kings has that slave, as thou termest him,
handed over to destruction?

LYCUS.

Why then does he serve a king, and bear his yoke?

MEGARA.

Remove tyrannical commands, and what room is there
left for the display of valor?

LYCUS.

Dost thou call it valor, to throw thyself in the way of
wild beasts and monsters?

MEGARA.

It is valor to subdue that of which every one goes in dread.

LYC. Tenebræ loquentem magna Tartaræ premunt.	
MEG. Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.	
LYC. Quo patre genitus cœlitum sperat domos?	
AMPH. Miseranda conjux Herculis magni file: Partes meæ sunt, reddere Alcidiæ patrem, Genusque verum, post tot ingentis viri	440
Memoranda facta, postque pacatum manu Quodcunque Titan ortus & labens videt, Post monstra tot perdomita, post Phlegram impio	
Sparfam cruore, postque defensos Deos, Nondum liquet de patre? mentimur Jovem?	445
Junonis odio crede. LYC. Quid violas Jovem? Mortale cœlo non potest jungi genus.	
AMPH. Communis ista pluribus causa est Deis. LYC. Famulæ fuerant ante quam fierent Dei?	450
AMPH. Pastor Phœæos Delius pavit greges. LYC. Sed non per omnes exsul erravit plagas.	
AMPH. Quem profuga terra mater errante edidit. LYC. Non monstra, sævas Phœbus aut timuit feras.	
AMPH. Primus fagittas imbuit Phœbi draco.	455

LYCUS.

The shades of Tartarus prevent him from heralding forth his great deeds.

MEGARA.

The way from Earth to Heaven is not a soft and easy path.

LYCUS.

From what father must a son be born, to aspire to a heavenly home?

AMPHITRYON.

Be silent, oh! miserable spouse of Hercules, it is my mission to give up to Alcides the name of his father and his true pedigree, after so many memorable achievements of that great man; as Titan rose in his majestic glory and when he descended below the horizon Hercules saw every thing that boded destruction and pacified every thing around with his mighty arm! After the subjection of so many monsters—after the impious blood which covered the land of Phlegra following his defence of the Gods (the blood of the giants), does he not as yet, do

you suppose, become solicitous himself respecting his true paternity? Are we, do you suppose, inventing some lie regarding Jupiter? No! but thou canst believe without any misgiving in the hatred of Juno!

LYCUS.

Why dost thou insult Jupiter thus? a race of mortals cannot possibly be allied with the Gods.

AMPHITRYON.

But many of the Gods are traceable to mortal origin.

LYCUS.

But were they slaves, before they became Gods?

AMPHITRYON.

Delius (surname of Apollo) as a shepherd fed the Pheræan herds.

LYCUS.

But he did not wander about, as an exile, through every country that he traversed.

AMPHITRYON.

But it was he, whom his fugitive mother (Latona) left on a floating island (Delos).

LYCUS.

Did Phœbus fear monsters or wild beasts?

AMPHITRYON.

Phœbus had his arrows dipped from the very first in the blood of the Dragon.

LYC. Quam gravia parvus tulerit, ignoras, mala?	
AMPH. E matris utero fulmine eiectus puer, Mox fulminanti proximus patri stetit. Quid? qui gubernat astra, qui nubes quatit, Non latuit infans rupis Idææ specu?	460
Sollicita tanti pretia natales habent, Semperque magno constitit, nasci Deum.	
LYC. Quemcunque miserum videris, hominem fcias.	
AMPH. Quemcunque fortem videris, miserum neges,	
LYC. Fortem vocemus, cujus ex humeris leo Donum puellæ factus, & clava excidit, Fulfitque pictum veste Sidonia latus?	465
Fortem vocemus, cujus horrentes comæ Maduero nardo? laude qui notas manus Ad non virilem tympani movit sonum,	470
Mitra ferocem barbara frontem premens?	
AMPH. Non erubescit Bacchus effusus tenet Sparfisse crines, nec manu molli levem Vibrasse thyrsum, cum parum forti gradu Auro decorum fyrma barbarico trahit.	475
Post multa virtus opera laxari solet.	
LYC. Teuthrantis hoc fatetur everfi domus, Pecorumque ritu virginum oppressi greges. Hoc nulla Juno, nullus Euryftheus jubet: Ipsius hæc sunt opera. AMPH. Non nosti omnia.	480
Ipsius opus est, cæstibus fractus suis	

LYCUS.

Are you ignorant of the dangers undergone by Hercules, when young?

AMPHITRYON.

Out of his mother's womb the lightning cast forth the boy, and immediately that boy stood in nearest relationship to the Thunderer! What next! He who rules the firmament and shakes the heavens, till they tremble again—did he not, as an infant, lie concealed in a cave on the tide-worn Idæan rock? Such precious natiivities as that of Jupiter, always entail the most anxious considerations, and it has always necessarily amounted to a matter of great moment, to be born a God!

LYCUS.

Whatever man you may have seen and detected as capable of misery, put that man down as belonging to the race of mortals.

AMPHITRYON.

You will not acknowledge then, that a man can be miserable, when you have had the amplest proof of his being a hero!

LYCUS.

Shall we regard that man as a hero, who removes from his shoulders the Nemæan Lion's skin and presents it to a favorite wench—who lays aside his club, and adorns his side, set off with a Sidonian robe? Shall we call that man a hero whose frightful locks were made moist with greasy perfumes and with his warlike hands keeps up a gleeful tattoo, as he listens to the childish jinglings of a tambourine, or who encircles his ferocious frontispiece with the mitre of a barbarian?

AMPHITRYON.

The effeminate Bacchus was not ashamed of allowing his locks to hang down, and dangle carelessly, like some dandy gently flourishing his graceful thyrsus, whilst, with a by no means firm or masculine step, he strode along with a woman's train at his heels, ornamented with barbarian gold trimmings (such as they wear in Phrygia and Lydia)! After many conquests, you know, the most valorous enjoy relaxation and amusement!

LYCUS.

The ruined House of Eurytus bears testimony to a great deal and entire groups of virgins oppressed like so many cattle! Juno, thou knowest full well, was not at the bottom of this—There was no Eurystheus concerned in giving any command in all that business—these were entirely the acts of Alcides himself!

AMPHITRYON.

Thou art not acquainted with everything. It was certainly his work, when Eryx out of his rash challenge, to

Eryx, & Eryci junctus Antæus Libys. Et qui hospitali cæde manantes foci Bibere justum fanguinem Busiridis.	
Ipfius opus est, vulneri & ferro obuius, Mortem coactus, integer Cygnus, pati: Nec unus una Geryon victus manu	485
Eris inter istos; qui tamen nullo stupro Læfere thalamos. LYC. Quod Jovi, hoc regi licet: Jovi dedisti conjugem, regi dabis.	490
Et te magistro non novum hoc difcet nurus, Etiam viro probante, meliorem fequi. Sin copulari pertinax tædis negat; Vel ex coacta nobilem partum feram.	
MEG. Umbræ Creontis, & penates Labdaci, Et nuptiales impii Œdipodæ faces, Nunc folita noftro fata conjugio date.	495
Nunc, nunc cruentæ regis Ægypti nurus, Adefte, multo fanguine iofectæ manus: Deeft una numero Danais; explebo nefas.	500
LYC. Conjugia quoniam pervicax noftro abnuis, Regemque terras; fcepra quid poffint, fcies. Complectere aras, nullus eripiet Deus Te mihi: nec, orbe fi remolito queat	
Ad fupera victor numina Alcides vehi. Congerite filvas, templa fupplicibus fuis Injecta flagrent: conjugem & totum gregem Confumat unus igne fubjecto rofus.	505
AMPH. Hoc munus a te genitor Alcidiæ peto, Rogare quod me deceat, ut primus cadam.	510
LYC. Qui morte cunctos luere fupplicium jubet, Nefcit tyrannus efle. diverfa irroga: Miferum veta perire; felicem jube. Ego, dum cremandis trabibus accrefcit rofus, Sacro regentem maria votivo colam.	515

Hercules was worsted in the encounter with his own favorite coestus, as also the Libyan Antæus, who was handed over to the same fate and whose destiny was linked with that of Eryx! And shall I speak of the altars which dripped with the gore of bidden guests, and which altars afterwards absorbed the justly-shed blood of Busiris! This, too, was his work—the invulnerable Cynus, who defied the sword and withstood the brunt of wounds, was compelled to die by the hands of Hercules! Nor was Geryon, the triple-bodied giant, the only one that has fallen by his single unaided hand, but who, nevertheless, could not plead guilty to having violated his couch with their adulterous machinations, and you, Lycus, will be amongst the rest!

LYCUS.

What is lawful for Jupiter is permissible in a king! Thou surrendered Alcmena as a wife to Jupiter because he was a god, and thou shalt give Megara to me as a wife, because I am thy king! And she as a daughter-in-law will discover this not to be entirely a novel proceeding, following thy example, the husband, too, finding this arrangement ratified, has only to go in quest of one more worthy, but if she persistently refuses to join my couch, I will even guarantee under compulsion, that there shall yet be a royal offspring by me!

MEGARA.

Oh! the manes of Creon! Oh! the Penates of Labdacus and the incestuous nuptials of the impious Ædipus!—Come tell me of the invariable fatalities, which awaited thy betrothals! Come oh! thou cruel bride of Ægyptus the king, come show me thy hands stained with the blood of thy husbands. One of the number of the Danaïdes in the account (Hypemnestra) and I will be the one to make up the complement of the wickedness in my own person (meaning following the example that she might kill Lycus).

LYCUS.

Since thou obstinately refusest to accept my hand, thou art simply trying to terrify thy king. Dost thou know what the sceptre enables a king to do! To destroy thy altars so that no God shall snatch thee from me, nor if the orb itself were rent in twain, would Alcides the conqueror be able to be carried to the Gods above with the entire forests massed together, and the temples with their worshippers thrown in, there shall form one grand conflagration and one huge pile set into a blaze shall turn into cinders, parent and children!

AMPHITRYON.

Oh father of Alcides, I seek the privilege to demand that which becomes me, that is, may I die first.

LYCUS.

He who orders every one to expiate his crimes with death indiscriminately, scarcely understands what the essence of power really is; ask therefore for something different. To compel, for instance, the miserable to live with the view of acquiring happiness I, whilst the burning pile grows larger and larger, with the combustibles for the destruction of the temples, will subscribe my worship to the God of the seas, and observe the sacred vows which I have registered.

AMPH. Proh numinum vis fumma, proh cœlestium
 Rector parenfque, cujus excuffis tremunt
 Humana telis, impiam regis feri
 Compefce dextram. Quid Deos frustra precor?
 Ubicunque es, audi, nate. Cur fubito labant 520
 Agitata motu templa? cur mugit folum?
 Infernus imo fonuit e fundo fragor.
 Audimur: en, en fonitus Herculei gradus.

CHORUS THEBANORUM.

Actoris partes Chorus officiumque viriliter defendit, precibus
 Amphitryonis aspirans Herculis reditum vovet,
 idque arguit Orphei exemplo.

O FORTUNA viris invida fortibus,
 Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis! 525
 Euryftheus facili regnet in otio:
 Alcmena genitus bella per omnia
 Monftris exagitet cœliferam manum:
 Serpentis refecet colla feracia:
 Deceptis referat mala fororibus, 530
 Cum fomno dederit pervigiles genas
 Pomis divitibus præpofitus draco.
 Intravit Scythiæ multivagas domos,
 Et gentes patriis fedibus hospitas:
 Calcavitque freti terga rigentia, 535
 Et mutis tacitum litoribus mare.
 Illic dura carent æquora fluctibus;
 Et, qua plena rates carbafa tenderant,
 Intonfis teritur femita Sarmatis.
 Stat pontus vicibus mobilis annuis, 540
 Navem nunc facilis, nunc equitem pati.
 Illic quæ viduis gentibus imperat,
 Aurato religans ilia balteo,
 Detraxit fpolium nobile corpori,
 Et peltam, & nivei vincula pectoris, 545
 Victorem pofito fufpiciens genu.
 Qua fpe præcipites actus ad inferos,
 Audax ire vias irremeabiles,
 Vidifti Siculæ regna Proferpinæ?
 Illic nulla Noto, nulla Favonio 550
 Confurgunt tumidis fluctibus æquora.
 Non illic geminum Tyndaridæ genus

AMPHITRYON.

Oh! Chief sovereign of the Gods! Oh, the Ruler and
 Parent of Heaven's inhabitants, at whose missiles all
 human things tremble, arrest the impious right arm of
 this ferocious king! Why do I entreat the Gods in vain?

And wherever thou art, Oh! Son!—Why do the temples trembling with motion suddenly totter?—Why is the earth in a state of tremulousness? An infernal crash sounds too, now as if coming from the lowermost depths! We are heard! it is—it is certainly the sound of footsteps announcing the arrival of Hercules!

CHORUS OF THEBANS.

The chorus valiantly espouses the parts of the actors and their performance, and joining in the solicitations of Amphitryon, prays for the relief of Hercules and evinces it in imitation of Orpheus.

OH! Fortune jealous of the brave, what unequal lots do you award to the deserving? Eurystheus may continue his reign, in uninterrupted tranquillity. The son of Alcmena in all his encounters will only exercise his heaven-lifting hands upon horrible monsters, he may cut off the heads of the Hydra as they continue to reappear—he may tell the story of the golden apples, which he took from the disappointed Hesperides (sisters) when the dragon, set to guard them, abandoned its watchful eyes, to a heavy sleep! He penetrated amongst the wandering tribes of Scythia, and races who appeared like strangers even in their own lands, he has trampled on the frozen surface of the seas, and the shores thereof giving forth no sound. (The waters being frozen, no waves could flow.) And where sailing crafts had stretched out full-set sails, the paths are now traversed by the chariots of the hirsute Sarmatian (who lets his hair and beard grow undisturbed as a symbol of Liberty.) The sea mobile one portion of the year is frozen during the other. (Following the seasons.) At one time affording scope for the floating crafts, at another, doing duty for the mounted traveller.—There, she who commands the haughty Amazons, engirdling her loins with her golden belt, detaches this noble ornament from her person, and the shield which she carries and the gorgeous chains which hang down over her snow-white bosom, gazing venerationly at the conqueror on her bended knees. By what encouraging hopes was Hercules inspired, when he descended to the bottomless steeps of the infernal regions, daring to traverse, as he did, along the path, whence notoriously, no return is ever looked for! Hast thou ever contemplated in thy mind's eye, the Kingdom of Sicilian Proserpine. (Pluto carried her off from Sicily.) There, no Southerly winds do blow, there the sea surges with no swollen waves, at the advent of welcome Zephyrs.—There the guiding light of Twin Tyndaridæ (Castor and Pollux)

Succurrunt timidis fœdera navibus. Stat nigro pelagus gurgite languidum; Et, cum Mors avidis pallida dentibus Gentes innumeras Manibus intulit, Uno tot populi remige transeunt. Evincas utinam jura feræ Stygis, Parcarumque colos non revocabiles!	555
Heic, qui rex populis pluribus imperat, Bello cum peteres Nestoream Pylon, Tecum conferuit pestiferas manus, Telum tergemina cuspide præferens: Effugit tenui vulnere faucius, Et mortis dominus pertimuit mori.	560
Fatum rumpe manu: tristibus inferis Prospectus pateat lucis, & invius Limes det faciles ad superos vias. Immites potuit flectere cantibus Umbrarum dominos, & prece supplici Orpheus, Eurydicen dum repetit suam.	565
Quæ silvas, & aves faxaque traxerat Ars, quæ præbuerat fluminibus moras; Ad cujus sonitum constiterant feræ; Mulcet non solitis vocibus inferos, Et furdis resonat clarius in locis.	570
Deflent Eurydicen Threiciæ nurus, Deflent & lacrimis difficiles Dei; Et qui fronte nimis crimina tetrica Quærunt, ac veteres excutiunt reos, Flentes Eurydicen Juridici sedent.	575
Tandem mortis, ait, vincimur, arbiter: Evade ad superos; lege tamen data: Tu post terga tui perge viri comes; Tu non ante tuam respice conjugem, Quam cum clara Deos obtulerit dies, Spartanique aderit janua Tænari.	580
Odit verus amor, nec patitur, moras. Munus, dum properat cernere, perdidit. Quæ vinci potuit regia cantibus, Hæc vinci poterit regia viribus.	585
	590

ACTUS TERTIUS.

HERCULES.

Solem ceterosque Deos precatur veniam Hercules, quod
jussus Cerberum superis invivum traxerit.

O LUCIS alme rector, & cœli decus,
Qui alterna curru spatia flammifero ambiens,

offers no aid to the timid mariner!—The sea, there, stands
stagnant like some black gulf—and when pale Mors with

her devouring grasp, conducts her countless victims to join the Manes, the numberless passengers pass over piloted by a solitary steersman (Charon)!—I wish that you could break down the unrelenting laws of cruel Styx, and that the distaff of the Parcæ might be deprived of its mission. Here again, when you went to war against Nestorian Pylos, the King Pluto who rules over the numberless Manes, turned his pestiferous hands against thee, carrying in his advance, his three-pointed lance and when suffering only from a slight wound he fled, and the proud president of Mors was afraid to die himself!—Break through the decrees of fate with thy strong arm, let the prospect of approaching light show itself to those dark abodes, and may those impassable ways offer a ready passage to places above! Orpheus was wont to subdue the implacable rulers of the Manes, with his melodious incantations and humble prayers, when he sought for his Eurydice; he whose lyre enchanted the woods, the feathered creation and the very rocks which hitherto had arrested the flow of rivers—at whose notes, the wild beasts stood amazed! He soothed the infernal inhabitants, with sounds to which they were quite unaccustomed, where indeed all was dread silence! for his lyre sounded even with more mellifluous clearness where silence prevailed. The daughters of Thrace bewailed the loss of Eurydice, and the Gods who are not much addicted to tears wept also! At last! that arbiter of Death exclaims, “We are conquered!” Go thou back to the regions above, but with this understanding, that thou, Eurydice, accompanied by thy husband, shall walk behind him, and thou, Orpheus, shall not turn thy eyes to gaze behind thee, before the light of day appears, which the Gods will have afforded and the portals of Spartan Tænarus shall be opened! True love hates and does not brook delay, and whilst Orpheus in his eagerness to look back at his spouse, lets go his chance and violates his vow, and Eurydice disappears. What a royal mind could be constrained to do by the force of harmonious sounds, that same royal mind could be fully subdued backed up by the strength of a Hero like Hercules!

ACT III.

HERCULES.

Hercules asks for the pardon of Phœbus, and the rest of the Gods, that although having been commanded, he had dragged the hateful Cerberus to the regions above.

Oh! beneficent Ruler of the Light and Ornament of Heaven, who in describing thy circuit in thy flame-bearing chariot showest thy illustrious countenance

Illustre lætis exferis terris caput, Da, Phœbe, veniam, si quid illicitum tui Videre vultus. iussus in lucem extuli	595
Arcana mundi. tuque cœlestūm arbiter Parentisque, visus fulmine opposito tege; Et tu secundo maria qui scepro regis, Imas pete undas. quifquis ex alto aspicit	600
Terrena, facie pollui metuens nova, Aciem reflectat, oraque in cœlum erigat, Portenta fugiens, hoc nefas cernant duo, Quæ advexit, & quæ iussit. In pœnas meas, Atque in labores non fati terræ patent.	605
Junonis odio vidi inaccessa omnibus, Ignota Phœbo; quæque deterior polus Obscura diro spatia concessit Jovi. Et si placerent tertiæ fortis loca, Regnare potui: noctis æternæ chaos,	610
Et nocte quiddam gravius, & tristes Deos, Et fata vici, morte contempta redii. Quid restat aliud? vidi & ostendi inferos. Da, si quid ultra est. tam diu pateris manus Cessare nostras, Juno? quid vinci jubes?	615
Sed templa quare miles infestus tenet? Limenque sacrum terror armorum obidet?	

MEGARA, AMPHITRYON, HERCULES,
THESEUS.

Herculem reducem gratatur Amphitryon. illi quærenti narrat,
quo in loco res sint. dum Hercules proficiscitur ad
occidendum Lycum, Theseus rogatus ab
Amphitryone exponit, quæ apud
inferos gesserit Hercules.

UTRUMNE visus vota decipiunt meos?
An ille domitor orbis, & Grajūm decus,
Tristi silentem nubilo liquit domum?
Estne ille natus? membra lætitia stupent.
O nate! certa & fera Thebarum falus!
Teneone in auras editum; an vana fruor
Deceptus umbra? tune es? agnosco toros,

620

to each hemisphere alternately and sheddest the splendour of thy rays upon the gladsome earth! Oh! Phœbus, grant me thy pardon, if what has been revealed to the eyes of mortals has been brought into thy sight — obeying my orders, I have drawn forth the hidden secrets of the regions below; and oh! thou arbiter and parent of celes-

tial subjects (Jupiter), protect my mortal gaze, from the lightning to which it is exposed; and thou, the Ruler of the seas (Neptune), with thy sceptre, which is the second in rank, hie thee to the lowermost oceanic depths; whosoever on high beholds the things on earth, and fears being defiled by the visage of this newly imported monster, let him cast aside his apprehensions; by averting his gaze, and raising his face towards Heaven, avoid all mental association with monsters! There are two, however, who may indulge in viewing it, he who carried it forth, and she, who gave the orders for it to be done. And as if there were not sufficient on this earth, to be turned towards my punishment and increase my labors, I have seen, owing to Juno's persecuting hatred, things unknown to Phœbus himself, and those obscure regions in space, which the Antarctic pole gives up to the dominion of that cruel Pluto (called also Jupiter Dirus); if it had suited my fancy to have accepted the lot of a Triumvir I could have taken Pluto's place and ruled myself in that third kingdom! I have overcome the chaos of Eternal Night and something more terrible than night—both the cruel Gods and the Fates themselves! I return as the very conqueror of Death itself! What is there now for me to do? I have seen and made known the secrets of Hell; tell me, if there can be anything beyond all this? How long, Juno, wilt thou permit my hands to cease from such labors? What art thou now ordering to be conquered by me, Juno? Why does the terrifying soldier mount guard at the portals of thy temples? And why does the clang of arms with the natural dread of military weapons take possession of their sacred thresholds? (Detering the worshippers from entering them, out of fear.)

MEGARA—AMPHITRYON—HERCULES—
THESEUS.

AMPHITRYON.

WHICH is it? Is it the realization of my fondest desire, or merely some passing phantasy playing tricks with my distorted vision? Is it the conqueror of the world, and the proud ornament of the Grecian race? Has he really quitted the dark abodes of the Manes, where all is solemn silence? Whence has he sprung? Is this my son? My very limbs and senses are overpowered with joy! Oh my son, thou tardy but not the less certain salvator of unhappy Thebes! Do I merely seem to be holding on to thee in the air, or art thou really Hercules in the flesh again? Or is it, that I

Humerosque, & alto nobilem trunco manum.	625
HERC. Unde iste, genitor, squallor, & lugubribus Amicta conjux? unde tam fœdo obfûti Pœdare nati? quæ domum clades gravat?	
AMPH. Socer est peremtus: regna possedit Lycus; Natos, parentem, conjugem leto petit.	630
HERC. Ingrata tellus, nemo ad Herculeæ domus Auxilia venit? vidit hoc tantum nefas Defensus orbis? cur diem questu tero? Mactetur hostis. THES. Hanc ferat virtus notam, Fiatque fummus hostis Alcidiæ Lycus?	635
Ad bauriendum sanguinem inimicum feror. HERC. Thefeu, resiste: ne qua vis subita ingruat, Me bella poscunt. differ amplexus parens, Conjuxque differ: nuntiet Diti Lycus	
Me jam rediffe. THES. Flebilem ex oculis fuga Regina vultum: tuque nato sospite Lacrimas cadentes reprime: si novi Herculem, Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit: Lentum est, dabit; dat: hoc quoque est lentum; dedit.	640
AMPH. Votum secundet, qui potest, nostrum Deus, Rebusque lapsis adfit. O magni comes Magnanime nati, pande virtutum ordinem: Quam longa mœstos ducat ad Manes via; Ut vincla tulerit dura Tartareus canis.	645
THES. Memorare cogis acta, securæ quoque Horrenda menti: vix adhuc certa est fides Vitalis auræ: torpet acies luminum, Hebetesque visus vix diem infuetum ferunt.	650

am under the influence of some spell or ridiculous Ghost? Art thou Hercules? I recognize thy brawny muscles, thy massive shoulders and those formidable arms, with which thou alone couldst wield that enormous club thou art now carrying!

HERCULES.

Oh! my father, How have all these lugubrious surroundings been brought about? And my wife, too, attired in mourning habiliments! How is that my children are covered with dirt and clad in filthy rags? What dreadful calamity oppresses my home?

AMPHITRYON.

Thy father-in-law is slain—Lycus has possessed himself of the Kingdom and he is seeking to take the lives of thy children, thy father and thy wife!

HERCULES.

Ungrateful Earth! Has no one come to the aid of the oppressed home of Hercules? And has that orb, which I have defended, looked on at such atrocious crimes with indifference? But why should I lose time in empty complaints? The enemy must be sacrificed!

THESEUS.

Will thy acknowledged valor permit of such a report, and that Lycus is to be honored and magnified, and to be held up as a most important enemy of Alcides? No! I am the one destined to shed his hostile blood!

HERCULES.

Stop, Theseus! Let there be no sudden attack made by thee! Matters require me to do all the fighting part of this business. Defer your embraces for the present, oh! my parent, and my wife defer them too, I pray! Let Lycus himself make it known to Pluto, that I have returned!

THESEUS.

Oh Queen! banish that doleful expression from thy eyes, and do thou with thy son, here in safety, repress those falling tears. If I know any thing of Hercules, Lycus will suffer due punishment for the slaughter of Creon; to say, he will be punished is a dull idea! he is being punished! that too is an inadequate conception, as to his deserts! Death was too good for him!

AMPHITRYON.

Our propitious Deity, who is able to do it, will favor our prayers, and will be present in this, our affliction! oh! magnanimous comrade of my illustrious son, place before me some description of his valorous deeds; tell me by what tedious route he went, in order to reach those sorrowful Manes in the regions below! and how the dog of Tartarus was made to submit to that terrific force, that must have been brought to bear in order to effect his subjection!

THESEUS.

Thou art really forcing me to relate scenes, and acts, which are heart-rending, even to a mind that is freed from all apprehension of danger—I have now scarcely any confidence in myself, even whilst I am breathing the invigorating air of mother earth, once more—The keenness of my vision is obscured, and my weakness of sight is such, that I tolerate with difficulty the unaccustomed light of day!

AMPH. Pervince, Theseu, quidquid alto in pectore
 Remanet pavoris; neve te fructu optimo 655
 Frauda laborum. quæ fuit durum pati,
 Meminisse dulce est. fare casus horridos.
 THES. Fas omne mundi, teque dominantem precor
 Regno capaci; teque, quam tota irrita
 Quæfivit Ætua mater; ut jura abdita 660
 Et operata terris, liceat impune eloqui.
 Spartana tellus nobile attollit jugum,
 Denſ ubi æquor Tænarus filvis premit:
 Heic ora solvit Ditis invisi domus,
 Hiatque rupes alta, & immenso specu 665
 Ingens vorago faucibus vastis patet,
 Latumque pandit omnibus populis iter.
 Non cæca tenebris incipit primo via:
 Tenuis relictae lucis a tergo nitior.
 Fulgorque dubius folis afflicti cadit, 670
 Et ludit aciem. nocte sic mixta solet
 Præbere lumen primus aut serus dies
 Hinc ampla vacuis spatia laxantur locis,
 In quæ omne merſum pereat humanum genus.
 Nec ire labor est, ipſa deducit via: 675
 Ut sæpe puppes æstus invitas rapit;
 Sic pronus aer urget atque avidum chaos:
 Gradumque retro flectere haud unquam ſinunt
 Umbræ tepaces. intus immenſi ſinus
 Placido quieta labitur Lethe vado, 680
 Demittique curas: neve remeandi amplius
 Pateat facultas, ſtetibus multis gravem
 Involvit amnem. qualis incerta vagus
 Mæander unda ludit, & cedit ſibi,
 Inſtatque; dubius, litus an fontem petat. 685
 Palus inertis fœda Cocyti jacet;
 Hic vultur, illic luſtifer bubo gemit,
 Omenque trifte reſonat infauſtæ ſtrigis;

AMPHITRYON.

Stifle, Theseus, whatever fears may still be lurking in
 the recesses of thy magnanimous soul and do not deny
 thyself the fullest heart-felt joy, at the happy result
 of thy labors. What has been hard to endure is
 sometimes pleasing to remember! even to speak of the
 most dreadful misfortunes!

THESEUS.

I entreat all the recognized deities of the skies above,
 and I pray thee, Pluto, who rulest paramount in thy
 capacious Kingdom, and thee, Proserpine for whom thy

mother sought and how vainly in the territories of Ætna, (Proserpine had been carried off by Pluto, whilst collecting flowers) that I may be permitted, without a vote of censure for speaking of the powers hidden, and mysteries shut up in the lower regions of the earth—The land of Sparta boasts of a famous mountain, where Tænarus overhangs the sea, with its dense forests and casts a shade on the waters beneath. Here the domains of relentless Pluto point out a passage and the lofty jutting promontory gapes with a wide aperture, and a huge gulf bearing down to an immense cavern, opens, as it were, its voracious, terrible throat and lays bare that broad way traversed by the numerous peoples of this earth, on their road to the regions below. At first, the path only begins to grow dull from the comparative darkness, a slight glimmer of light only remaining behind, which is shed by the more oblique solar rays, but these rays, at length, lose all pretensions to brightness when puzzled Phœbus contends in vain with the circumambient medium (a modified twilight) and which deceives the vision as regards range and accuracy, just as that light does, which is the result of night intermingling with the light of early Dawn or expiring Day!—(The Poet here alludes to that short interval, the very incipient stage, when Phœbus and Phœbe are changing their chariots—but identifies his twilight as permanent with that which is only sadder and short-lived!) Thus then with this admixture of night, the rising and setting day, doles out its modicum of illumination.—Here, immense spaces are set free in various directions, in which all the human race merging thereto are destined to perish! Nor is it a difficult task to enter there, the path itself conducts you, and as the furious tides divert the unwilling steersman, as he struggles with his craft, so with an irresistible air and devouring gloom, they are urged on in their downward course as the grasping shades never permit a retrograde step to be taken—Within, silent Lethe flows, with a placid stream, in an extensively circuitous course, and removes all human cares, nor is there my possibility left open for a return, for Lethe diffuses herself, as a river with numberless windings, just as the wandering Meander sports, with her precarious streams she yields to her own uncertainty, knowing not whether to approach the shore or return to the great, great sea!—Here are the foul marshy shores of the sluggish Cocytus—here the vulture—there the common owl gives forth its plaintive cry, and the air resounds with the sad notes of that disaster-foreboding bird, the screech-owl!—The black leaves on the dusky branches hanging from the yew trees round about, are horrible to behold,

Horrent opaca fronde nigrantes comæ, Taxo imminente; quam tenet fegnīs Sopor,	690
Fameſque moeſta tabido riĉtu jacens; Pudorque ſerus conſcios vultus tegit: Metus, Pavorque, Funus, & frendens Dolor, Aterque Lectus ſequitur, & Morbus tremens, Et cincta ferro Bella: in extremo abditā	695
Iners Senectus adjuvat baculo gradum. AMPH. Eſtne aliqua tellus Cereris aut Bacchi ferax? THES. Non prata viridi læta facie germinant; Nec adulta leni fluctuat Zephyro fegeſ; Non ulla ramos ſilva pomiferos habet:	700
Sterilis profundi vaſtitaſ ſquallet foli, Et cœda tellus torpet æterno ſitu; Rerumque mœſtus finis & mundi ultima: Immotus aer hæret; & pigro fedet Nox atra mundo. cuncta mœrore horrida,	705
Ipfaque morte pejor eſt Mortis locus. AMPH. Quid, ille opaca qui regit ſceptro loca, Qua fede poſitus temperat populos leves? THES. Eſt in reſeſſu Tartari obſcuro locus, Quem gravibus umbris ſpiſſa caligo alligat.	710
A fonte diſcors manat hinc uno latex: Alter, quieto ſimilis, (hunc jurant Dei) Tacente ſacram devehens fluvio Styga: At hic tumultu rapitur ingenti ferox, Et ſaxa fluctu volvit Acheron inviuſ	715
Renavigari. cingitur duplici vado Adverſa Ditiſ regia, atque ingens domus Umbrante luco tegitur: hic vaſto ſpecu Pendent tyranni limina: hoc umbris iter; Hæc porta regni, campus hanc circa jacet,	720
In quo ſuperbo digeri vultu ſedens	

those trees which poſſeſs the power of inducing unhealthy ſluggiſh ſleep—there, ſad hunger is portrayed with its gaping jaws—tardy remorse depicted on the guilty viſage fear—miſgiving—death—gnaſhing pain—and dire grief bringing up the train of Evils, trembling diſeaſe and war, with the ſword in hand; and amongſt the laſt, hidden away amongſt the throng, feeble old age aſſiſting itſelf along, propped up with its helping ſtaff!

AMPHITRYON.

Is any fruitful land to be ſeen, producing corn or wine?

THESEUS.

There are no rejoicing meads—no semblance of germination—nothing having any pretensions to verdure, nor does the ripe corn float in the Zephyr's breeze—no orchards containing trees with fruit-laden branches. The sterile expansiveness of the earth below is hideous to behold, and the foul soil is actually torpid from its never-changing condition (stagnation). There, is experienced some idea of the sorrowful end of things and the finale of all else mundane! There, the air itself stands in a dead, dead calm, and perpetual black night settles down in this sorrowful region—all things are rendered horrible in their aspect of grief, and the abode of Mors is more appalling than Death itself!

AMPHITRYON.

Tell me about him who governs those dark abodes subject to his sceptre. On what sort of a throne does he ensconce himself, who rules over such helpless timid subjects?

THESEUS.

There is a spot in the obscure recesses of Tartarus, which thickest darkness confines within still more horrible blackness! Here, from this one source is a double, but yet one representing two different streams, one similar to the quiet river to which it leads, directing with its silent course, the sacred Styx; this is the river, by which the Gods are wont to swear—The other is the Acheron, but this fierce river is hurried onwards with tremendous roaring sounds and carries away huge rocks, with its impetuosity, rendering itself impassable either to or fro! The Palace of Pluto opposite is surrounded by a double ford, and the huge habitation is hedged in by a shady grove! Here, at the mouth of an immense cave, hang down tremendous rocks, forming the roof of the threshold of the Tyrant Pluto—This, too, is the way to the Manes, this is the gate of his Kingdom. Around this, lies a vast plain in which, sitting with a proud visage, he receives and arranges about the souls, as soon as they arrive.

Animas recentes. dira majestas Deo, Frons torva; fratrum quæ tamen speciem gerat, Gentisque tantæ: vultus est illi Jovis, Sed fulminantis. magna pars regni trucidis	725
Eft ipse dominus; cujus aspectum timet, Quidquid timetur. AMPH. Verane est fama, inferis Tam fera reddi jura, & oblitos fui Sceleris nocentes debitas pœnas dare?	730
Quis iste veri rector, atque æqui arbiter? THES. Non unus alta sede quæfitor fedens Judicia trepidis fera fortitur reis. Aditur illo Gnoffius Minos foro; Rhadamantus illo; Thetidis hoc audit focer.	735
Quod quisque fecit, patitur: auctorem scelus Repetit, suoque premitur exemplo nocens. Vidi cruentos carcere includi duces, Et impotentis terga plebeja manu Scindi tyranni. Quisquis est placide potens, Dominusque vitæ fervat innocuas manus,	740
Et incruentum mitis imperium regit, Animæque parcit; longa permenfus diu Felicis ævi spatia, vel cœlum petit, Vel læta felix nemoris Elyfii loca, Judex futurus. Sanguine humano abftine.	745
Quicunque regnas. scelera taxantur modo Majore veftra. AMPH. Certus inclusos tenet Locus nocentes? utque fert fama, impios Supplicia vinculis sæva perpetuis domant? THES. Rapitur volucris tortus Ixion rota. Cervice faxum grande Sifyphia fedet.	750

There is a dreadful look of majesty in the God, a cruel face, which, nevertheless, bears the resemblance of his brothers, Jupiter and Neptune, and plainly suggestive of his godly origin—The countenance is that of Jupiter's, but only that look which Jupiter puts on, when hurling his lightnings!—A great part of this relentless Kingdom is the Ruler himself, whose very aspect terrifies whatsoever is susceptible of fear!

AMPHITRYON.

Is the report true that the laws are tardily and unjustly administered in the regions below, and that those criminals who have forgotten their crimes receive punishment

nevertheless, which would have been justly owing to them? Who is this Judge who seeks for the truth, and who, the dispenser of Justice?

THESEUS.

Not one judge only sits on the lofty judgment seat, and passes his sentences upon the trembling prisoners. In that court sits the Gnosian Minos; in another Rhadamanthus, the father-in-law of Thetis, hears cases too, and each criminal suffers for the offences which he has committed. The crime is traced to the author and the guilty one is chastised according to his acts—I have seen blood-thirsty Kings shut up in dungeons, and the back of the cowardly tyrant cut and slashed by one of the lowest rabble! Whoever rules with moderation and restrains his hands from committing injustice, as the arbiter of the lives and destinies of others, and reigns with mildness, avoiding the unjust shedding of blood, and who is sparing of the lives of his subjects, having thus passed through an extended period of a happy career, is either a candidate for Heaven, or is happy in the thought of enjoying some gladdening refuge in the Groves of Elysium! Such a man as that, for example, is reserved to act as the judge of mankind; and whoever thou art, who reignest above all, abstain from the shedding of human blood, for thy crimes are only punished in a more severe manner, if thou dost so!

AMPHITRYON.

Does an appointed place hold the guilty, as prisoners? and as report goes, do they utterly crush out the spirits of the offenders for their cruel sins, by loading them with perpetual chains?

THESEUS.

There, that wretched Ixion—the father of the Centaurs, is caught up, and spun round on a swiftly rotating wheel which never stops in its whirling! An enormous rock, in another place, perpetually rests on the head of Sisyphus! One old man (Tantalus) eagerly chases the water in mid-stream, and it recedes from him, just as he is

In amne medio faucibus ficcis senex Sectatur undas; abluit mentum latex; Fidemque cum jam sæpe decepto dedit, Perit unda in ore; poma destituunt famem.	755
Præbet volucris Tityos æternas dapes. Urnaeque frustra Danaides plenas gerunt. Errant furentes impiæ Cadmeides. Terretque mentas avida Phineas avis.	
AMPH. Nunc ede nati nobilem pugna mei. Patruī volentis munus, an spoliū refert?	760
THES. Ferale tardis imminet saxum vadis, Stupent ubi undæ, fegne torpescit fretum: Hunc servat amnem cultu & aspectu horridus, Pavidosque Manes squallidus gestat senex;	765
Impexa pendet barba, deformem sinum Nodus coerces, concavæ lucent genæ, Regit ipse conto portitor longo ratem: Hic onere vacuam litori puppim applicans Repetebat umbras; poscit Alcides viam,	770
Cedente turba: dirus exclamat Charon, Quo pergis audax? fiste properantem gradum. Non passus ullas natus Alcmena moras, Ipso coactum navitam conto domat, Scanditque puppem. cymba populorum capax	775
Succubuit uni. fedit, & gravior ratis Utrinque Lethen latere titubanti bibit. Tunc victa trepidant monstra, Centauri truces, Lapithæque multo in bella succens mero.	
Stygiæ paludis ultimos querens sinus, Fœcunda mergit capita Lernæus labos.	780
Post hæc avari Ditis apparet domus: Hic sævus umbras territat Stygius canis, Qui trina vasto capita concutiens sono Regnum tuetur: fordidum tabo caput	785
Lambunt colubræ: viperis-horrent jubæ: Longuæque torta sibilat cauda draco;	

advancing towards it with his parched throat; the water merely moistens his chin and as often as he believes he has secured it he is only baffled in his expectations, and it escapes from his lips, just as the apples which he is sighing to obtain, fail to reach his mouth and relieve his gnawing hunger! Tityus, again, only supplies constant food for a vulture, that is perpetually feasting its appetite on his liver and intestines! The daughters of Danæus labor in vain to fill the urns, and the cruel daughters of Cadmus, Ino and Autonoë, are wandering to and fro, raving mad—and a voracious cruel Harpy perpetually disturbs the repasts of Phineus!

AMPHITRYON.

Now tell me all about this glorious struggle of my son (with Cerberus); does he allude to it as a token of regard from his Uncle (Pluto); or does he speak of it merely as one of the spoils of war?

THESEUS.

A dismal-looking rock overhangs the tardy stream; the water on all sides in this part of the Styx is more or less quiescent, but here the channel is slow and sluggish, and here a dirty old man, horrid to behold as regards his appearance and manner, takes charge of this portion of the river, and pilots the trembling Manes from one part of the stream to another—his uncombed beard hangs down, and a careless bandage keeps together around his person his slovenly garments, his hollow cheeks are flushed and he, as the sole ferryman, guides his craft with a long pole—Here, steering his craft on its backward journey, without a passenger, he seeks the shore again for a fresh cargo. Alcides demands a passage across—a crowd of terrified Manes make way for him; the dreadful Charon shouts out: "Where art thou going, bold man? Stay thy hurrying progress." Not brooking any delay or interruption, the Son of Alcmena, with a blow from his own pole quails the obstinate old waterman, and jumps into the craft, but this said craft unaccustomed to accommodate so many passengers at a time, sinks quite low with the weight of one! that one Hercules! He sits down and the frail craft being so much more loaded than with its ordinary freight, rolls from side to side and ships the Stygian water, as it flows over the gunwale! Then the vanquished monsters are all in a tremble, the cruel Centaurs, and the dastardly Lapithæ who never ventured upon a battle, unless duly primed with plenty of wine! And the Hydra of Lerna itself seeks some of the distant recesses of the Stygian Marsh, and in a state of trepidation, submerges its repullulating head! After all this the habitation of the avaricious Pluto comes in sight and here it is, that the cruel monster, the Dog Cerberus, terrifies the Manes excessively,—and it is this said monster, which with its three heads and a bark like thunder itself, guards these Stygian realms of Pluto—snakes lick his head, foul with the rankest poison, and the crests of those vipers are horrifying to behold, and a long dragon with its tortuous tail hisses savagely, its anger being on a par with its ugliness, as it suspected

Par ira formæ. fenfit ut motus pedum, Attollit hirtas angue vibrato comas, Miffumque captat aure fubrecta fonum,	790
Sentire & umbras folitus. ut proprior ftetit Jove natus, antro fedit incertus canis, Et uterque timuit. ecce, latratu gravi Loca muta terret, fibilat totes minax Serpens per amos: vocis horrendæ fragor	795
Per ora miffus teroa felices quoque Exterret umbras. folvit a læva feros Tunc ipfe rictus, & Cleonæum caput Opponit, ac fe tegmine ingenti clepit: Victrice magnum dextera robur gerens,	800
Huc nunc & illuc verbere affiduo rotat, Ingeminat ictus. domitus infregit minas, Et cuncta laffus capita fubmiffit canis, Antroque toto ceffit. extimuit fedens Uterque folio dominus, & duci jubet:	805
Me quoque petenti munus Alcidæ dedit. Tunc gravia monftri colla permulcens manu Adamante texto vincit. oblitus fui Cufos opaci pervigil regni canis	810
Componit aures timidus; & patiens trahi, Herumque faffus, ore fubmiffio obfequens Utrumque cauda pulfat anguifera latus Poftquam eft ad oras Tænari ventum, & nitor Percuffit oculos lucis ignotæ, novos	815
Refumit animos vioctus, & vaffas furens Quaffat catenas: pene victorem abftulit, Pronumque retro vexit, & movit gradu. Tunc & meas refpexit Alcides manus: Geminis uterque viribus tractum canem	820
Ira furentem, & bella tentantem irrita, Intulimus orbi. vidit ut clarum æthera, Et pura nitidi fpatia confpexit poli, Oborta nox eft, lumina in terram dedit, Compreffit oculos, & diem invifum expulit, Aciemque retro flexit, atque omni petiit	825
Cervice terram: tum fub Herculea caput Abfcondit umbra. Denfa fed læto venit Clamore turba, frontibus laurum gerens, Magnique meritas Herculis laudes canit.	

the foud of approaching footsteps; the dragon moving in a vibratory manner, Cerberus bristles up his shaggy locks and endeavours with fubverted ear to catch the foud fo novel to him, being accuftomed only to the gentle timid tread of the Manes! As the fon of Jupiter ftood up, the Dog crouched in his den, with his confidence fomewhat shaken, and the pair of them feem fcafed at

each other's presence! When, behold! he suddenly startles the silent place; the dragon hissing menacingly, whilst Cerberus shakes his very sides with the prodigious efforts he had made, and at last a horrible crashing sound sent forth simultaneously from his three heads, frightens the Manes also; then Hercules, removes the Nemean Lion's skin from his shoulders, and winds it round the fierce jaws of Cerberus, and with that huge covering serving as a buckler, Hercules protects himself at the same time.— Hercules, then carrying in his conquering right hand his formidable club, whirls it round right and left, dealing blows incessantly. Cerberus groans again at the reception of these blows, and being cowed abandons his menacing attitude, and the Dog droops his three heads, in token of submission and gives up the possession of his den! The dual Potentates, Pluto and Proserpine, sitting on their throne, were utterly scared, and ordered Cerberus, to be led away, and myself to be delivered up to Alcides, who demanded my release, as an offering of submission! Then, Hercules, stroking the hideous neck of the monster, secured it with a chain of adamantine strength, and that watch-dog, the guardian of the dark kingdom, drooped his ears timidly and suffered himself to be led away, and acknowledging his conquering master with a down-trodden look, he submissively flaps his sides with his dragon-mounted tail! After this, we neared the entrance of Tænarus, and the glare of the approaching light, altogether unknown to him, troubled his eyesight, and although bound as he was, he began to evince symptoms of his old ferocity, and furious at his imprisonment rattled his chains defiantly—in fact, he nearly got the better of the conqueror and succeeded in urging him backwards in a headlong manner and began to accelerate his pace, thinking that he had gained his liberty, and then Alcides summoned my aid to the rescue, and each of us putting out our united strength, and dragging on the monster in a towering rage at having made so futile an attempt to cope with us for the mastery, we at length brought him to Mother Earth! And as he beheld the clear atmosphere around, and as he stared at the luminous portions of the beautiful sky, for his night was over, and he now had only the upper earth to look upon, he closed his eyes, and avoided the painful sight of day, as he averted his gaze! He then bent his three heads towards the ground and crouched himself behind Hercules, to shade himself from its influence. Then came onward a dense throng with the loudest shouts of joy, wearing laurel wreaths around their foreheads, and thereupon began to chant forth, the gloriously earned deeds of the mighty Hercules!

CHORUS THEBANORUM.

Chorus Herculis victoriam ex inferis reportatam canit, & cæteras illius laudes admiscet.

N ATUS Eurystheus properante partu,	830
Jufferat mundi penetrare fundum:	
Deerat hoc solum numero laborum,	
Tertiæ regem spoliare fortis.	
Aufus est cæcos aditus inire,	
Ducit ad Manes via qua remotos	835
Triftis, & silva metuenda nigra,	
Sed frequens magna comitante turba.	
Quantus incedit populus per urbes	
Ad novi ludos avidus theatri:	
Quantus Eleum ruit ad Tonantem,	840
Quinta cum sacrum revocavit ætas:	
Quanta, cum longæ redit hora noctis	
Crefcere & somnos cupiens quietos	
Libra, Phœbeos tenet æqua currus:	
Turba secretam Cererem frequentat,	845
Et citi tectis properant relictis	
Attici noctem celebrare myftæ:	
Tanta per campos agitur filentes	
Turba: pars tarda gradiens fenccta,	
Triftis, & longa fatiate vita:	850
Pars adhuc currit melioris ævi,	
Virgines nondum thalamis jugatæ,	
Et comis nondum positis ephebi,	
Matris & nomen modo doctus infans:	
His datum folis, minus ut timerent,	855
Igne prælato relevare noctem.	
Cæteri vadunt per opaca triftis:	
Qualis est nobis animus, remota	
Luce, cum mœstus sibi quisque sentit	
Obrutum tota caput esse terra.	860
Stat chaos denfum, tenebræque turpes,	
Et color noctis malus, ac filentis	
Otium mundi, vacuæque nubes.	
Sera nos illo referat fenectus.	

CHORUS OF THEBANS.

The Chorus sings of the victory of Hercules gained in the infernal regions, and includes the praises of the hero.

EURYSTHEUS, who owing to the jealousy of Juno, was born two months before the natural period of uterogestation, ordered Hercules to penetrate into the

lower parts of the world, one of his labors, this was the one wanting to deprive Pluto of his kingdom, his third share of the universe. He did venture to enter that sombre entrance, where the mournful paths lead to the far-off Manes, and where there was a dark forest greatly to be dreaded, but frequented by a large crowd, being constantly recruited by fresh arrivals, as they are about to descend into those regions, just indeed, as large concourses of people in the cities anxious to witness some new play or other entertainment rush out together. Just as they hurry impetuously, too, to the fêtes of the Thunderer held at Elis, when the fifth summer renews the Olympian celebrations; just as when the long hours of night return and Libra, eager to increase the hours of quiet repose, drives the chariot of Phœbus at an equal distance from either hemisphere. (That is, makes the day and night each of twelve hours' duration.) A large assemblage at such a time attends the secret ceremonies of Ceres, and the Attic Priests hasten with all speed from their deserted homesteads to celebrate the night. So great then, and just on such a scale, is the crowd that wends its way across the silent plains towards the Infernal Regions, some hobbling along bent down by sheer old age, mournful and tired out of the length of life—others, younger, run nimbly enough to this rendezvous.—virgins not yet yoked to the marriage bed, and youthful striplings with their locks, as yet, of no studied fashion, and not consecrated to any deity! and the infant which has only just learned to say "Mother"; but thus is conceded to them exclusively, and in order that they should fear the darkness less, a torch or light of some sort is carried in front of them, to dispel the fear of such darkness! The rest pass on sadly enough through the black night, and such is the state of mind with all of us, when the light is taken away; it is then that each one feels sad within himself, and is disposed to think that he has the entire weight of the earth pressing down on his head! There is then presented to the mind, an idea of Immovable Dense Chaos and profoundest darkness and the hideous appearance of black night, added to this, some idea of the absolute quiescence of the silent world, where no speech is heard, and where rainless vapor, mock resemblances only, serve to represent clouds! May old age be tardy in conducting us thither! No one arrives there too late, and when once he does arrive he can never expect to return! What can please mankind to hasten on to such an appalling fate? All this crowd wandering from every land will pass on to join the Manes, and serve as additional layers in the Stagnant Cocytus! Oh! Mors! Everything is gathering itself up for thy final

Nemo ad id fero venit, unde nunquam, Cum semel venit. potuit reverti.	865
Quid juvat durum properare fatum? Omnis hæc magnis vaga turba terris Ibit ad Manes, facietque inerti Vela Cocyto. tibi crescit omne,	870
Et quod Occafus videt, & quod Ortus: Parce venturis; tibi, Mors, paramur: Sis licet segnīs, properamus ipſi. Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, carpit.	875
Thebis læta dies adest: Aras tangite ſupplices, Pingues cædite victimas: Permixtæ maribus nurus Solemnes agitent choros:	880
Ceffent depoſito jugo Arvi fertilis incolæ. Pax eſt Herculea manu Auroram inter & Heſperum: Et qua ſol medium tenens Umbras corporibus negat,	885
Quodcunq; alluitur ſolum Longo Tethyos ambitu, Alcidæ domuit labor. Tranſvectus vada Tartari Pacatis redit inferis.	890
Jam nullus ſupereſt timor: Nil ultra jacet inferos. Stantes ſacrificus comas Dilecta tege populo.	

ACTUS QUARTUS.

HERCULES, THESEUS, AMPHITRYON,
MEGARA.

Hercules a cæde Lyci reverſus advocatis Diis ſacra facturus in
furorem vertitur, & ὑπὸ μανιάδος νόσου τὰς φρένας
διαſτραφεῖς ſuam uxorem cum liberis occidit,
deinde in fomnum labitur.

U
HERC. LTRICE dextra ſuſus adverſo Lycus
Terram cecidit ore: tum quiſquis comes
Fuerat tyranni, jacuit & pœnæ comes.

895

grasp, what the rising of Phoebus brings into view, and what his setting hides from the sight, be sparing to those who must come to thee eventually! Oh! Mors! we are preparing for thee, be slow in claiming us; we are fast hastening to our doom! and the first hour that gave us "life" was labelled "Death"! The joyful Day of Thebes has arrived, and as suppliants, all of you greet with your wavering hands the sacred altars. Slay the fat victims; and young women joining yourselves with the young men, swell the solemn choir and join in the reverential song and dance! (Dancing was practised as a religious ceremony in the temples, not like that of the roystering bacchanalian reveller, but a solemn dance performed with devout and graceful movements of the body.) Let the husbandman till the fertile fields, and laying aside the plough, cease from his toilsome labor! By the strong arm of Hercules, Aurora and Hesperus have been made tranquil—those who sleep at night, and those who work by day, and where the sun at Mid-day refuses to poor mortals a protecting shade from his scorching rays! The labors of Hercules have subdued every obstacle in existence, wherever the soil is bathed by the sea (Tethys, the wife of Oceanus) in its long circuitous course! The infernal regions having been brought into subjection, Hercules has been conveyed to us over the streams of Tartarus. No fear remains to us now—there is now nothing, beyond the regions below, to rob us of our tranquillity! And thou, Priest of the Gods! crown thy locks, erect with saintly fear, with the Poplar wreath, held so dear to our immortal Hercules!

ACT IV.

HERCULES—THESEUS—AMPHITRYON— MEGARA.

Hercules having returned after the slaughter of Lycus, as he is about to offer sacrifices to the Gods whom he has invoked, becomes mad and under the influence of his madness, acute delirium supervenes, he kills his wife and children, then he falls into a deep sleep!

HERCULES.

Lycus killed by my avenging right hand falls with his face to the earth, then every companion of the tyrant, and everyone who was an accessory in his guilt lies prostrate also. Now, as conqueror, I will offer sacrifices to my Father, and the rest of the Gods, and I

Nunc sacra patri victor & superis feram, Cæsisque meritas victimis aras colam.	
Te, te, laborum focia & adjutrix, precor,	900
Belligera Pallas, cujus in læva ciet Ægis feroces ore saxifico minas Adfuit Lycurgi domitor & rubri maris, Tectam virenti cupidem thyrso gerens:	
Geminumque numen, Phœbus & Phœbi soror,	905
Soror fagittis aptior, Phœbus lyræ; Fraterque quisquis incolit cœlum meus, Non ex noverca frater; huc appellite Greges opimos. quidquid Indorum feges, Arabesque odoris quidquid arboribus legunt,	910
Conferti in aras; pinguis exundet vapor. Populea nostras arbor exornet comas: Te ramus oleæ frondi gentili tegat, Thefeu. Tonantem nostra adorabit manus: Tu conditores urbis, & silvestria	915
Trucis antra Zethi, nobilis Dircen aquæ, Laremque regis advenæ Tyrium coles. Date tura flammis. AMPH. Nate, manantes prius Manus cruenta cæde & hostili expia.	
HERC. Utinam cruorem capitis invisi Deis Libare possim, gratior nullus liquor Tinxisset aras: victima haud ulla amplior Potest, magisque opima mactari Jovi, Quam rex iniquus. AMPH. Finit genitor tuos	920
Opta labores: detur aliquando otium,	925
Quiesque seffis. HERC. Ipse concipiam preces Jove meque dignas. Ster suo cœlum loco, Tellusque & æther: astra inoffensus agant Æterna curfus: alta pax gentes alat:	
Ferrum omne teneat ruris innocui labor: Ensesque lateant: nulla tempestas fretum Violenta turbet: nullus irato Jove Exfiliat ignis: nullus hiberna nive Nutritus agros amnis everfos trahat: Venena cessent: nulla nocituro gravis	930
Succo tumescat herba: non sævi ac truces Regnent tyranni. Si quod etiamnum est scelus	935

will worship at the altars so well deserving of the victims slain by me. I adjure thee, oh! warlike Pallas! who hast been my aid and abettor, who with Ægis in thy left hand mounted with the head of the Gorgon, dartest forth its ferocious menacing glances from its stone-converting visage—the Conqueror of Lycurgus and the Red sea and the distant Indies, is present bearing his spear bound round with the verdant ivy; the twin deity, Phœbus and the sister of Phœbus (Phœbe), the sister renowned for her skill with the bow, and Phœbus for proficiency on the

harp; whosoever of my brothers, who are denizens of the celestial abodes, not brothers, indeed, as from my step-mother's side (Juno)—bring hither the fattest cattle—whatever fruitful produce from the far Indies—and whatever the wandering Arabs can cull from their fragrant shrubs, heap them up liberally on the altar—let redolent fumes therefrom ascend towards heaven. I will adorn my own locks with the poplar, and thou, Theseus, shalt wear on thy head a branch of olive from the city of Minerva; my especial privilege shall be to offer my homage to Jupiter Tonans; thou shalt pay reverence to the founder of the city, and the sylvan caves of the Truculent Zethus, the celebrated fountain of Dirce, and the household gods brought hither by Cadmus, the Tyrian king—Throw plenty of incense upon the joyous flames!

AMPHITRYON.

Oh! my son! first of all, atone for having steeped thy hands in the blood of thy enemy! (Lycus)

HERCULES.

I would offer, as a libation to the Gods, the blood of that wicked tyrant, for nothing that takes a fluid form could have besprinkled the altar more satisfactorily; no other victim could possibly have been more equal to the occasion, and surely no more glorious an object could be sacrificed to Jupiter, than an iniquitous king!

AMPHITRYON.

Would that my son should now pray that his labors might cease; at all events, let a little respite be afforded to thee, and rest from thy fatigue!

HERCULES.

I myself will devise entreaties worthy of Jupiter and consistent with my own dignity; for example, let the heavens above, the earth beneath and the very atmosphere around stand exactly as they are; let the constellations pursue their eternal courses uninterrupted, let permanent peace reign amongst the nations. Let iron be used only in the operation of cultivating the soil, away with swords! Let them lie for ever hidden from sight! Let no violent storms disturb the tranquil surface of the ocean! No lightning dart forth from the hand of angry Jupiter! Let no river swollen by the melting of the winter's snows,

Latura tellus, properet; & si quod parat Monstrum, meum fit. Sed quid hoc? medium diem Cinxere tenebræ: Phœbus obscuro meat	940
Sine nube vultu, quis diem retro fugat, Agitque in ortus? unde nox atrum caput Ignota profert? unde tot stellæ polum Impleat diurnæ? primus en nofter labor Cœli refulget parte non minima Leo,	945
Iraque totus fervet, & morsus parat; Jam rapiet aliquod fidus: ingenti minax Stat ore, & ignes, efflat, & rutila jubam Cervice jactat: quidquid autumnus gravis, Hiemisque gelido frigida spatia refert,	950
Uno impetu tranfiliat: & verni petet Frangetque Tauri colla. AMPH. Quod fubitum hoc malum est? Quo, nate, vultus huc & huc acres refers? Acieque falsum turbida cœlum vides?	
HERC. Perdomita tellus, tumida cefferunt freta, Inferna nostros regna fenfere impetus: Immune cœlum est; dignus Alcidæ labor. In alta mundi spatia fublimis ferar: Petatur æther, astra promittit pater. Quid si negaret? non capit terra Herculem,	960
Tandemque fuperis reddit. en ultro vocat Omnis Deorum cœtus, & laxat fores, Una vetante. recipis, & referas polum? An contumacis januam mundi traho? Dubitatur etiam? vincla Saturno exuam, Contraque patris impii regnum impotens Avum resolvam. Bella Titanes parent Me duce furentes: faxa cum filvis feram, Rapiamque dextra plena Centauris juga.	965
Jam monte gemino limitem ad fuperos agam. Videat sub Offa Pelion Chiron fuum: In cœlum Olympus tertio pofitus gradu Perveniet, aut mittetur. AMPH. Infandos procul	970

swamp the lands or injure the harvests, as they pursue their ordinary course! Let plants, which yield their poisonous juices dwindle into harmless weeds! Let not the luxuriant herbage be charged with injurious sap! Let cruel and bloody tyrants cease to rule! And if there be any, even now, wickedness to be perpetrated upon the Earth, or whatever monster else is in preparation, let mine be the hand to deal with it, and let it come on without delay! (The madness of Hercules is now beginning to show itself.) But what is this? darkness has appeared at mid-day; Phœbus is gliding along with an obscured countenance, although no cloud is apparent! Who is driving the day back and sending it on again to the

East? Why does the unaccountable night show its black presence? Why do so many stars make themselves seen in the heavens? Behold the Lion, my first labor shines forth and over no small space in the Heavenly tract, and is growing quite excited, boiling over with anger and prepares to open his jaws! Now he will make an attack upon some star or other! There he is menacing with his enormous visage and he is breathing out flames and brightens up again that mane of his, as he jerks it back on his neck, and he will leap over in one bound the stars in the middle of the Zodiac, which preside over the destinies of fruitful autumn, and the cold winter in icy spaces and will make for and break the neck of Taurus, which brings back the spring!

AMPHITRYON.

What is this sudden calamity? Why, my son, dost thou cast such savage looks? first here, then there? Dost thou see any imaginary sky with thy disturbed visual organs?

HERCULES.

The Earth has been conquered—the seas have ceased to rage, the infernal regions have felt my power, Heaven is safe—that is a task worthy of Alcides; I shall be borne through the elevated regions of space to the sublime Heaven—let me seek my proper place in the sky, my father promised to make me a constellation! But what if he should refuse? the Earth is not capable of holding me and she must therefore hand me to the regions above, my proper place! Behold! the entire community of the Gods willingly invite me to join them, and receive me with open doors; and only one dissentient, Juno, put her veto to the arrangement—Receive me and unlock the portals of Olympus, Juno, or I shall have to force the gates of the haughty Heavens! Is that even a matter for hesitation? Then I will let loose the chains that bind down Saturn, and liberate the Grandfather, who waged a futile war against my cruel father, and when the Titans have prepared themselves for battle they will rejoice in me as their leader; I will pile up huge rocks and forests together, will root up with my powerful hands the Thesalian mountains thickly inhabited by the Centaurs, and thus I shall be able with the double mountain assisting my progress to carve my way to the Gods! Chiron will then see his Pelion under Ossa—Olympus on the top of all will serve as a third ladder, and I shall be able to leap to Heaven, or I shall be high enough to spring up to it!

Averte sensus: pectoris sani parum, Magni tamen, compesce dementem impetum.	975
HERC. Quid hoc? gigantes arma pestiferi movent: Profugit umbras Tityos, ac lacerum gereos Et inane pectus, quam prope a cælo stetit? Labat Cithæron, alta Pallene tremit, Macetumque Tempe. rapuit hic Piodi juga:	980
Hic rapuit Ceten. sævit horrendum Mimas. Flammifera Erinnyis verbere excusso sonat, Rogisque adustas propius ac propius fudes In ora tendit. sæva Tisiphone caput Serpentibus vallata, post raptum canem	985
Portam vacantem clausit opposita face. Sed ecce proles regis inimici latet, Lyci nefandum semen. invisio patri Hæc dextra jam vos reddet. excutiat leves Nervus sagittas. tela sic mitti decet	990
Herculea. AMPH. Quo se cæcus impegit furor? Vastum coactis flexit arcum cornibus, Pharetramque solvit. stridet emissa impetu Arundo. medio spiculum collo fugit Vulnere relicto. HERC. Ceteram prolem eruam,	995
Omnisque latebras. quid moror? majus mihi Bellum Mycenis restat: ut Cyclopea Everfa manibus saxa nostris concidant, Huc eat & illuc aula disjecto objice, Rumpatque posteis. columen impulfum labet.	1000
Perlucet omnis regia, hic video abditum Natum scelesti patris. AMPH. En, blandas manus Ad genua tendens, voce miseranda rogat Scelus nefandum, triste, & aspectu horridum, Dextra precante rapuit, & circa furens	1005
Bis ter rotatum misit: ast illi caput Sonuit; cerebro tecta disperso madent. At misera parvum protegens natum sinu Megara, furenti similis e latebris fugit.	

AMPHITRYON.

Pray lay aside those impious thoughts, the outpourings no doubt of a magnanimous soul! There is, however, little sanity in such ravings! Check therefore this mad impetuosity!

HERCULES.

What do I see yonder? Ah! the destructive Giants are taking up arms against the Gods. Tityus has effected his escape from the Manes, and carrying about with him an inside mangled and gnawed away! Ah! how nearly he once reached Heaven! The Bæotian Cithæron is tottering, lofty Pallene trembles and Macetum, too, hitherto a "Tempe" in its serenity, is convulsed with dread! One of the Titans

has gained the summit of Pindus, and another has got possession of Ceta! That hideous Mimas is beside himself with rage! Erinnyes with her flaming torches smacks her scourging whips with sonorous ferocity, and approaches nearer and nearer to my face with her flaming fires, whilst she feeds the burning pile with fuel, and savage Tisiphone with her head wreathed with serpents, who, after Cerberus had been captured, guarded the door that was then left unprotected, and with her threatening torch preventing any egress from the dark prison! But see! look! there lies hidden the offspring of my enemy the king—the accursed seed of Lycus—but this hand shall forthwith send thee on to thy hateful father, my strong arm shall shoot forth the nimble arrows! It is for just such a desirable object as this, that the darts of a Hercules should be employed!

AMPHITRYON.

Why does such blind rage take possession of Hercules? There! he has bent his strong bow with all his might and sent the arrow on its fatal mission, the deadly reed whizzes again from the force with which it was shot forth. Ah! the point has passed through the middle of the neck of one of his own children, and the arrow is still sticking in the wound!

HERCULES.

I will destroy the rest of the offspring, and demolish utterly their places of concealment; why should I delay? A more important war awaits my presence at Mycenæ, that the walls raised by the Cyclopes shall fall overturned by my hands. Here is a palace! and there a vain obstacle. The bolts and bars being cast aside, the doors shall be burst open, and the pillars supporting it shall fall headlong. All the palace is visible by the Light of Day—I see hidden there the second son of that wicked father!

AMPHITRYON (*to Theseus*).

Behold! Theseus! the little child stretching forth its hands and asking for mercy with a piteous cry! What relentless crime, heart-rending and horrible to have to witness! He seizes the right hand imploring for mercy, and Hercules cruelly whirls his little son round and round twice or thrice, and dashes it to the ground—the head of the little son sounded on the stone floor, and the walls were moistened with the scattered brains! But unhappy Megara, who had been nursing the younger of the sons in her bosom, fled at the same time from the place of concealment, Hercules supposing she was Juno.

HERC. Licet Tonantis profuga condaris finu, Petet undecunque temet hæc dextra, & feret.	1010
AMPH. Quo misera pergis? quam fugam, aut latebram petis? Nullus salutis Hercule inferno est locus: Amplectere ipsum potius, & blanda prece Lenire tenta. MEG. Parce jam, conjux, precor,	1015
Agnosce Megaram; natus hic vultus tuos, Habitufque reddit: cernis, ut tendat manus? HERC. Teneo novercam: sequere, da pœnas mihi, Jugoque pressum libera turpi Jovem. Sed ante matrem parvulum hoc monstrum occidat.	1020
MEG. Quo tendis amens? sanguinem fundes tuum? AMPH. Pavefactus infans igneo vultu patris Perit ante vulnus: spiritum eripuit timor. In conjugem nunc clava libratur gravis, Perfregit ossa: corpori trurco caput	1025
Abest, nec usquam est. cernere hoc audes nimis Vivax senectus? si piget luctus, habes Mortem paratam. pectus in tela indue; Vel stipitem istum cæde monstrorum illum Converte. salum ac nomini turpem tuo Remove parentem, ne tuæ laudi obstrepat.	1030
THES. Quo te ipse, senior, obvium morti ingeris? Quo pergis amens? profuge, & obtectus late, Unumque manibus aufer Herculeis scelus. HERC. Bene habet: pudendi regis excisa est domus.	1035
Tibi hunc dicatum, maximi conjux Jovis, Gregem cecidi. vota perfolvi iubens Te digna: & Argos victimas alias dabit. AMPH. Nondum litasti, nate: consumma sacrum. Stat, ecce, ad aras hostia, expectat manum	1040
Cervice prona præbeo, occurro, iusequor: Macta. Quid hoc est? errat acies luminum, Vivusque mœror hebetat. An video Herculis	

HERCULES.

(Still supposing Megara to be Juno.) You may flee for an asylum into the very arms of Jupiter, but this right hand of mine shall search thee out and wrest thee even from his very embrace!

AMPHITRYON.

Where art thou going, oh! unfortunate Megara? what place of exile, what hiding-place shalt thou seek? There is absolutely no place of security, no means of escape from outraged Hercules; embrace him rather and try to soften his wrath with humble and winning entreaties!

MEGARA.

Spare me, husband, I now implore thee, recognize thy own dear Megara; the child possesses thy very counten-

ance over again—thy very second self! See how the child stretches forth its hands!

HERCULES.

No! I am holding my step-mother (Juno); follow and receive thy punishment at my hands, and liberate Jupiter from such a hateful yoke; but before I kill thee let me put this little monster out of the way.

MEGARA.

What are thou doing, madman?—thou art sacrificing thy own flesh and blood!

AMPHITRYON.

The infant is already dead—indeed was frightened to death by the fiery looks of its father, long before it was wounded by the arrow! Fear snatched away its life! His heavy club is poised above his wife, and he breaks her bones with his blow! Her head is detached from her body and cannot be found in its entire state—it has been smashed to pieces! Oh! for my tenacious old age, thou darest too much even to think of such a sight—If my grief bears me down, death is ready to thy hand, select this breast of mine for thy arrows, or turn against me that club of thine stained with the slaughter of the monsters; put away thy supposed father and rid thy name of one so lowly, lest my doleful utterances should sully thy triumphs!

THESEUS.

Why in thy old age, shouldst thou court death for thyself in this way? Where art thou going, imprudent man? Flee, and hidden far away, deprive the hands of Hercules of this one crime at all events!

HERCULES.

It is well the race of this shameless usurper is now extinct—To thee, oh spouse of glorious Jupiter, I have dedicated the victims which I have sacrificed to thee with joy; thou art worthy of them! And Argos shall yet afford others for thee!

AMPHITRYON.

Thou hast not yet sacrificed any. Oh son! finish thy offerings—Behold! a sacrifice now stands before the altar and awaits thy hand with lowered head, it waits for a mortal below. I am here,—Amphitryon,—I am approaching thee, I persist in my appeal: strike—sacrifice me! What do I see at this moment! the eyes of Hercules are growing dim, and grief weakens his vision! Do I not see the hand of Hercules trembling? A lethargic sleep

Manus trementes? vultus in fomnum cadit,
 Et fessa cervix capite submisso labat; 1045
 Flexo genu jam totus ad terram ruit:
 Ut caesa filvis ornus, aut portus mari
 Datura moles. vivis? an leto dedit
 Idem, tuos qui misit ad mortem, furor?
 Sopor est, reciprocos spiritus motus agit, 1050
 Detur quieti tempus, ut fomno gravi
 Vis victa morbi pectus oppressum levat.
 Removete, famuli, tela, ne repetat furens.

CHORUS THEBANORUM.

Deos, fidera, & elementa, quæ lymphatis, lunaticis, & mente
 captis dominantur in luctum, commiserationem & auxi-
 lium Herculis Chorus advocat; fomnum, qui furorem
 sedare solet, precatur, ut gravi fopore pressum
 Herculem menti restituat, pueros denique
 caecos desset

LUGEAT æther, magnusque parens
 Ætheris alti, tellusque ferax 1055
 Et vaga ponti mobilis unda.
 Tuque ante omnes, qui per terras,
 Tractusque maris fundis radios,
 Noctemque fugas ore decoro, 1060
 Fervide Titan. obitus pariter
 Tecum Alcides vidit & ortus,
 Novitque tuas utraque domos.
 Solvite tantis animum monstris;
 Solvite, superi: rectam in melius 1065
 Flectite mentem. tuque o domitor,
 Somne, malorum, requies animi,
 Pars humanæ melior vitæ,
 Volucer, matris genus Astrææ,
 Frater duræ languide Mortis,
 Veris miscens falsa, futuri 1070
 Certus, & idem pessimus auctor:
 Pater o rerum, portus vitæ,
 Lucis requies, noctisque comes,
 Qui par regi famuloque venis,
 Placidus fessum lenisque fovens: 1075

seizes his eyelids and his wearied head falls towards his chest, and now, with his knees giving away, he falls bodily upon the earth, thoroughly overcome by exhaustion! in the same way as the ash, when it is felled in the forest, or as a mass of stone is thrown into the water to serve as a pier or a protection from the sea. (Amphitryon

approaches him.) Art thou alive, son? or has the same rage handed thee over to death, thou who hast sent so many, so many of thy own flesh and blood to that bourne? No! it is sleep! his respiration is being carried on—the movements of his thorax show inspiration and expiration! Let him then be given up to rest, so that the severity of his disease may be overcome by a heavy sleep, and slumber calm down his agitated nerves! Here! Attendants! remove all dangerous weapons, lest he may wake furious again!

CHORUS OF THEBANS.

The Chorus invokes the Deities, the Stars and the Elements, which exercise influence over the lymphatic (victims of severe fright), the lunatic (absolute madness), and those otherwise of unsound mind, to join in the general grief and implores commiseration and help for Hercules: the Chorus prays for that slumber which is wont to allay madness, and that by being thrown into a profound sleep, he may be restored to reason—it likewise pours forth a lament for the death of his boys!

MAY the firmament mourn, and the mighty Parent of the lofty heavens, and the fruitful earth and thou Deity of the wandering waves of the rolling sea (Neptune) and thou (Phœbus) above all these, who sheddest the rays over thy ocean tracts, and with thy glorious presence drivest away dull night, for Alcides has been with thee, accompanied thee in thy progress, both when thou hast disappeared below the Horizon to illumine another part of the world—he is familiar with both thy retreats! Oh! release his disordered mind from so many monstrous delusions. Oh! ye Gods above! liberate his imprisoned mind train his mental impressions into a more healthy channel, and thou, oh! Somnus! the dissipator of sensorial disturbance, the donor of tranquil thought and the better portion of human life (namely sleep)—Oh! winged Somnus, claiming Astræa for his maternal descent, Oh! thou gentle brother of implacable Mors! mingling the mental conceptions—the possible with the impossible—sometimes in the form of enlightening impressions revealing the truth, sometimes keeping back from our knowledge evils which are impending! Oh thou father of Nature, the refuge of life, the repose of day and the welcome companion of night, who comest alike to visit the Monarch and the slave, kind to the weary, cherishing and mild! Thou inculcatest upon the human mind, naturally fearful of dissolution some idea of that long sleep, which awaits us

Pavidum leti genus humanum Cogis longam discere mortem: Preme devictum torpore gravi. Sopor indomitos alliget artus; Nec torva prius pectora linquat,	1080
Quam mens repetat pristina cursum. En, fufus humi sæva feroci Corde volutat fomnia. nondum est Tanti peffis superata mali: Clavæque gravi laffum folitus	1085
Mandare caput, quærit vacua Pondera dextra, motu jaçtans Brachia vano: nec adhuc omnes Expulit æffus. fed, ut ingenti Vexata Noto fervat longos	1090
Unda tumultus, & jam vento Ceffante tumet. pelle infanos Fluctus animi. redeat pietas, Virtufque viro: vel fit potius Mens vefano concita motu;	1095
Error cæcus, qua cæpit, eat. Solut te jam præffare potest Furor infontem. Proxima puris Sors est manibus, nefcire nefas. Nunc Herculeis percuffa fonent	1100
Pectora palmis: mundum folitos Ferre lacertos verbera pulfent Victrice manu: gemitus vaftos Audiant æther, audiat atri Regina poli, vaftiffque ferox	1105
Qui colla gerit vinçta catenis, Imo latitans Cerberus antro. Refonet mœffo clamore chaos, Lateque patens unda profundii, Et, qui melius tua tela tamen	1110
Senferat, aer. Pectora tantis obfessa malis Non funt icçu ferienda levi: Uno plançtu tria regna fonent. Et tu collo decus ac telum	1115
Sufpenfa diu fortis arundo, Pharetræque graves, date sæva fero Verbera tergo: cædant humeros Robora fortes, ftipecque potens Duris oneret pectora nodis:	1120
Plangant tantos arma dolores.	

all—Death! Confine then Alcides with the chains of lethargic fopor, let Somnus bind down his invincible limbs, nor let his furious brain be deprived of the foporific agent, till his mind regains its ftrength and acquires a

healthy train of thought! Behold him now, stretched upon the ground, he is tossing about disturbed by hideous dreams, not as yet in any way is this frightful visitation mitigated; accustomed to rest his head on his ponderous club, he tries to seize it in vain with his right hand, swaying his arms to and fro with his fruitless endeavours; nor has he got rid of his anger entirely, for as the sea, stirred up by the force of the tempestuous south wind, retains for some time its disturbed condition, and even when the wind ceases to blow, it retains an angry attitude! Oh! drive away the tumultuous waves from the mind of Alcides, let his former piety and submissive virtue return to the miserable man! Or, would it not be better, that he should retain his present disordered intellect, stirred up with mad passions, and his blind irresponsible delirium continue, as it commenced?—for this madness alone can entitle him to be considered free from guilt. The next virtue probably to that of possessing hands that have not yet been polluted by crime of any sort, is to be in a happy state of ignorance that they have been so contaminated! Now this huge breast of Hercules resounds with the blows with which he strikes it! How he belabors his arms, those arms which were wont to sustain the weight of the heavens. How his sonorous groans will reach to the sky, and the queen of the black universe will likewise hear them, and the fierce Cerberus that still wears the huge chains on his conquered neck, barking aloud from his low cave. How sombre Chaos will resound with his lugubrious shouts! how the broad waters of the vasty deep, and lastly the air itself will feel the disturbance which had much better have been by his arrows as of old! (alluding to the Stymphalides.) A breast besieged by so many inward commotions, connected with so much wickedness committed, must not be visited by light blows! How the three Kingdoms (Heaven, Earth and Hell) resound simultaneously with the piteous cries! And thou, oh! arrow! so long triumphant and suspended from his neck as an ornament, as well as a vehicle of force, and you, the heavily armed quivers, strike implacably thy cruel master on his savage back! Let him punish his own powerful shoulders with his own great strength, and let his mighty club with its rough knots punish his own body! Let his shoulders wince again with the intensity of the pain inflicted on himself. And you, children, who never have been able to follow the track of your noble parent, yet tyrant Kings will be avenged by this cruel blow—you, who had not yet acquired grace in your bodily movements in the Grecian Palæstra (wrestling-place)—you that were not formidable opponents

Non vos patriæ laudis comites,
 Ulti sævo vulnere reges;
 Non Argiva membra palæstra
 Flectere docti, fortes cæstu, 1125
 Fortesque manu; jam tamen ausi
 Telum Scythici leve coryti
 Missum certa librare manu,
 Tutosque fuga figere cervos,
 Nondumque feræ terga jubatæ; 1130
 Ite ad Stygios umbræ portus,
 Ite innocuæ, quas in primo
 Limine vitæ scelus oppreffit
 Patriusque furor: ite insaufum
 Genus, o pueri, noti per iter 1135
 Triste laboris: ite, iratos
 Vifite reges.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

HERCULES, AMPHITRYON, THESEUS.

Hercules experrectus & menti restitutus, postquam suos a se interfectos comperisset, manus sibi inferre parat: patris precibus victus sibi parcat, Athenasque Thesei consilio purgandus proficiscitur.

Quis hic locus? quæ regio? quæ mundi plaga?
 Ubi sum? sub ortu folis, an sub cardine
 Glacialis Ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris 1140
 Extrema tellus bunc dat Oceano modum?
 Quas trahimus auras? quod solum fesso subest?
 Certe redimus. unde prostrata domo
 Video cruenta corpora? an nondum exiit
 Simulacra mens inferna? post reditus quoque 1145
 Oberrat oculos turba feralis meos.
 Pudet fateri. paveo: nescio quod mihi,
 Nescio quod animus grande præfagit malum.
 Ubi est parens? ubi illa natorum grege
 Animosa conjux? cur latus lævum vacat 1150
 Spolio leonis? quonam abiit tegimen meum,
 Idemque somno mollis Herculeo torus?
 Ubi tela? ubi arcus? arma quis vivo mihi
 Detrabere potuit? spolia quis tanta abstulit?
 Ipsumque quis non Herculis somnum horruit? 1155

with the cœstus, but who already had attempted to hurl forth will a firm hand the light arrow, the dart of the Scythian, and to strike the stag which seeks its safety in flight, but had not yet attempted the same on the back

of the Maned Lion! Go to the Stygian refuge, to the shades below, go, innocent victims, whom the wickedness and madness of a father have sacrificed at the very threshold of life. Go, unlucky progeny—Oh! Boys! go by the sad path, made known to us all by your father's labor, go and join the indignant rulers (Pluto and Proserpine) of the sombre Empire!

ACT V.

HERCULES—AMPHITRYON—THESEUS.

Hercules wakes, with his mind restored, and learns that he has killed his own children. He prepares to lay hands on himself, but prevailed on, by the entreaties of his father, he refrains from suicide, and at the suggestion of Theseus, he starts for Athens, and undergoes the ordeal of atonement.

HERCULES.

WHAT place is this? What country? What region of the Globe? Where am I? Am I at the extremities of the East, where Phœbus starts on his journey, or under the sky of the Icy Bear? Whether that land which stretches out to the sea of Hesperia and affords thereby a boundary of the Ocean? What air am I breathing? What ground is supporting my weary body? I surely have returned to Thebes—How is it that I behold bloody carcasses lying about on the floors of the Palace? Or have I not yet got rid of the infernal spectres, which have been haunting my imagination? Since my return from Hell, the mournful Ghosts are perpetually before my eyes! I am ashamed to confess it—I know not what has come to me, I cannot guess, of what terrible calamity my troubled mind is warning me! Where is my Parent? Where is that wife of mine, so enraged about her young children? Why is my left shoulder deprived of the Nemæan lion's skin? Where has that defensive covering disappeared and which has served me as a soft bed, when in the arms of gentle sleep? Where are my arrows? Where is my bow? Who could dare to take away my arms, whilst any life remained in me? Who could have carried off so heavy a trophy, as my club? Who is there that has not dreaded Hercules, even when he was asleep? It will please me to meet my proud conqueror—yes! indeed it will be a pleasure! Arise, thou Conqueror, before

Libet meum videre victorem, libet. Exfurge, victor, quem novum cœlo pater Genuit relicto: cujus in sætu fletit Nox longior, quam nostra. quod cerno nefas? Nati cruenta cæde confecti jacent:	1160
Perempta conjux. quis Lycus regnum obtinet? Quis tanta Thebis scelera moliri ausus est, Hercule reverto? quisquis Ismeni loca, Actæa quisquis arva, qui gemino mari Pulsata Pelopis regna Dardanii colis,	1165
Succurre, sævæ cladis auctorem indica. Ruat ira in omnes. hostis est, quisquis mihi Non monstrat hostem. victor Alcidæ lates? Procede: seu tu vindicas currus truces Thracis cruenti, sive Geryonæ pecus,	1170
Libyæve dominos: nulla pugnandi mora est. En nudus adfeto, vel meis armis licet Petas inermem. cur meos Theseus fugit Paterque vultus? ora cur condunt sua? Differte fletus. quis meos dederit neci	1175
Omnes simul, profare: quid, genitor, files? At tu ede, Theseu; sed tua, Theseu, sîde. Uterque tacitus ora pudibunda obtegit; Furtimque lacrimas fundit. in tantis malis Quid est pudendum? numquid Argivæ impotens	1180
Dominator urbis? numquid infestum Lyci Pereuntis agmen clade nos tanta obruit? Per, te, meorum facinorum laudem precor, Genitor, tuique nominis semper mihi Numen secundum; fare, quis fudit domum?	1185
Cui præda jacui? AMPH. Tacita sic abeant mala. HERC. Ut inultus ego sim? AMPH. Sæpe vindicta obsuit. HERC. Quisquamne segnîs tanta toleravit mala? AMPH. Majora quisquis timuit. HERC. His etiam, pater, Quidquam timeri majus aut gravius potest?	1190

him whose father begat him quite unexpectedly, when he quitted heaven on one of his peregrinations, and at whose nativity, the night was rendered more prolonged than it is now-a-day! Lo! what signs of wickedness do I now behold? My sons are lying there struck down by some bloody slaughterer's hand! My wife too slain! I wonder what new Lycus now holds the reigns of government! What man has dared to attempt such murderous deeds, in this, my Thebes? even, too, after I, Hercules, have come back! Whoever dwelleth in the plains of Ismenus—Whosoever tilleth the fields of Attica—Whoever thou art, who dwellest in the Kingdom of Dardanian Pelops, whose shores are washed by the waves of two seas, help me—disclose to me the author of this savage

slaughter! Let my fullest measure of wrath fall on all! He is my enemy, who knows and does not point out to me the greatest of my enemies! Where hidest thou, thou Conqueror of Alcides? Come forth whether thou art avenging the bloody King of Thrace (Diomedes), who was devoured by the very horses that dragged his chariot, or to avenge Geryon, whose flocks, I took, from him, or the two kings of Libya! There admits of no delay, in my preparing for battle! But here I am, unarmed—or is it that it is sought to come upon me in a defenceless condition? Why do Theseus and my father avoid my very gaze? Why do they bury their faces? Away with useless weeping! Let me be informed; who has handed over to cruel death my all—my wife, my sons? Why, my Father, art thou silent? But thou, Theseus, tell me on thy sacred honor, in which I repose so much confidence. Behold! they both hide their confused faces in silence, and tears, difficult to restrain, are shed by each of them; but why is there all this reserve, in the midst of such a category of crimes? Whether, tell me, is it the impotent ruler of the city of Argos, or is it the odious race of Lycus, that has overwhelmed me with so much slaughter? I beseech thee, my Father, for thy approval of my actions of one possessing my name, and one which has always ranked with me as second only Pray, speak, who has ruined my home, to whose vengeance have I fallen a prey?

AMPHITRYON.

Let those deeds be remembered only in silence!

HERCULES.

That I may be unrevenged, dost thou mean?

AMPHITRYON.

Vengeance has often proved an obstacle to its cherisher!

HERCULES.

What man has ever tolerated such wickedness with composure?

AMPHITRYON.

The man, who has feared that greater misfortunes are in store for him.

HERCULES.

Oh! my father, what greater or more dreadful calamities could be devised than these, in order to inspire fear?

AMPH. Cladis tuæ pars ista, quam noſti, quota eſt?	
HERC. Miferere, genitor: ſupplices tendo manus.	
Quid hoc? manus refugit. hic errat ſcelus.	
Unde hic cruor? quid illa puerili madens	
Arundo leto, tinctâ Lernæa nece?	1195
Jam tela video noſtra, non quæro manum.	
Quis potuit arcum flectere? aut quæ dextera	
Sintare nervum vix recedentem mihi?	
Ad vos revertor: genitor, hoc noſtrum eſt ſcelus?	
Tacuere; noſtrum eſt. AMPH. Luctus eſt iſtic tuus;	1200
Crimen novercæ. caſus hic culpa caret.	
HERC. Nunc parte ab omni, genitor, iratus tona,	
Oblite noſtri: vindica fera manu	
Saltem nepotes: ſtelliger mundus ſonet,	
Flammas & hic & ille jaculetur polus:	1205
Rupes ligatum Caſpiæ corpus trahant,	
Atque ales avida. cur Promethei vacant	
Scopuli? paretur vertice immenſo feras	
Volucresque paſcens Caucaſi abruptum latus,	
Nudumque ſilvis, quæ pontum Scythen	1210
Symplegas arctat, hinc & hinc vinctas manus	
Diſtendat alto: cumque revocata vice	
In ſe coibunt ſaxa, quæ in cælum exprimunt	
Actis utrinque rupibus medium mare,	
Ego inquieta montium jaceam mora.	1215
Quin ſtructum acervans nemore congeſto aggerem,	
Cruore corpus impio ſparſum cremo?	
Sic, ſic agendum eſt: inferis reddam Herculem.	
AMPH. Nondum tumultu pectus attonito caret.	
Mutavit iras: quodque habet proprium furor,	1220
In ſe ipſe ſævit. HERC. Dira Furiarum loca	
Et iuferorum carcer, & fonti plaga	
Decreta turbæ, & ſi quod exilium latet	
Ulterius Erebo, Cerbero ignotum & mihi,	
Huc me abde tellus: Tartari ad finem ultimum	1225

AMPHITRYON.

Thoſe paſſages in thy own miſfortunes which thou haſt actually experienced, do they not furniſh but feeble episodes in the chapter of diſaſters?

HERCULES.

Pity me, father, I will extend my ſuppliant hands. What do I ſee? He actually refuſes my proffered palms, for in theſe hands reſts the wickedneſs of crime; whence comes all this blood? How comes it that the arrow, ſtained with the blood of the ſlaughtered Lernæan Hydra is ſtill wet with the gore of the murdered children? I recognise at once, my own arrow, I do not require to

search for the hand that shot it forth, for who is there, that could bend my bow? Or what right hand could have drawn the string, which I could only do with difficulty? I appeal again to you, Oh Father! Is this indeed my crime? There is no answer! It is mine!

AMPHITRYON.

In this lamentable matter, the grieving part is thine, the criminal portion, that of thy step-mother; this calamity is not remotely traceable to thy culpability.

HERCULES.

Oh! irate father (Jupiter), send forth thy thunder in every direction, think not of my misfortunes, vindicate the slaughter of thy grandsons, at least, although the visitation may be slow in its arrival! Let the starry firmament resound with thy thunders, and the sky, here, there, everywhere be filled with thy lightnings; let my body be chained to one of the rocks of Taurus, and the greedy vulture feed on my carcass, why should the rock of Prometheus be vacant now? Let there be appropriated for my punishment, a spot on the abrupt mountain-side of Caucasus, where no verdure prevails, and where the summer affords a place of refuge for wild beasts and birds of prey. And the rugged Symplegades, which contract the entrance of the Euxine Sea, shall widen the channel, with a hand of mine bound to each of them from above, and when those mobile rocks, approach each other (their movements are alternate) and drive upwards towards the sky the intervening waves, the rocks beating them on either side, I shall act as an obstacle to their mutual contact! Or shall I pile up and set fire to a huge mound from the thick groves, and consume with the flames my body, besmeared with sinful blood! So well! let this be done thus, and I will return as "Hercules Secundus" to the shades below!

AMPHITRYON

The mind of Hercules is not freed from tumultuous thoughts, but his anger has only assumed another phase.

HERCULES.

If there be any dreadful spot, amongst the imprisoned lower regions and the abode of the Furies, or a place set apart for the guiltiest of mortals—and if there be any more distant place of exile in Erebus, not known to Cerberus and myself—there let me hide myself away from this Earth! I will go and abide in the extremest boundaries of Tartarus! Oh! my too savage disposition!

Manfurus ibo. pectus o nimium ferum!	
Quis vos per omnem, liberi, sparfos domum	
Deflere digne poterit? hic durus malis	
Lacrimare vultus nescit. Huc ensem date;	
Date huc fagittas; stipitem huc vastum date.	1230
Tibi tela frangam nostra; tibi nostros, puer,	
Rumpemus arcus, ac tuis fipes gravis	
Ardebit umbris: ipsa Lernæis frequens	
Phaetra telis in tuos ibit rogos.	
Dent arma pœnas: vos quoque infaustas meis	1235
Cremabo telis, o novercales manus.	
THES. Quis nomen unquam sceleris errori addidit?	
HERC. Sæpe error ingens sceleris obtinuit locum.	
THES. Nunc Hercule opus est. perfer hanc molem mali.	
HERC. Non sic furore cessit exinctus pudor,	1240
Populos ut omnes impio aspectu fugem.	
Arma, arma, Theseu, flagito propere mihi	
Subtracta reddi. fana si mens est mihi,	
Referte manibus tela: si remanet furor,	
Pater, recede. mortis inveniam viam.	1245
AMPH. Per sancta generis sacra, per jus nominis	
Utrumque nostri, sive me altorem vocas,	
Seu tu parentem; perque venerandos piis	
Canos, senectæ parce defertæ, precor,	
Annisque fessis: unicum lapæ domus	1250
Firmamen, unum lumen afflicto malis	
Temet reserva. nullus ex te contigit	
Fructus laborum. semper aut dubium mare,	
Aut monstra timui. quisquis in toto furit	
Rex sævus orbe. manibus, aut aris nocens,	1255
A me timetur. semper absentis pater	
Fructum tui, tactumque & aspectum peto.	
HERC. Cur animam in ista luce detineam amplius,	
Morerque, nihil est: cuncta jam amisi bona:	
Mentem, arma, famam, conjugem, natos, manus;	1260

Who could bewail, oh! my children, sufficiently at the sight of my dear ones scattered about on the floor of the Palace. This harsh visage of mine, hardened by misfortune, knows not how to familiarize itself with tears! Here! give me my sword! hand me hither my arrows, bring along my redoubtable club. (Looking first at one son and then at the other.) For thee, I will break my arrows; for thee, my boys, I will snap my bow in two—and this formidable weapon (the club) shall burn for thy infanticidal death, and the quiver filled with the Lernæan arrows shall be handed over to the funeral pile! Let my deadly weapons suffer their turn of destruction! I will burn them also with the fatal arrows! But oh! ye awful instruments of a step-mother's persecution!

THESEUS.

Whoever adds to an error, intentionally, invests such error with the odium of a crime.

HERCULES.

An error of magnitude oftentimes acquires the stigma of wickedness!

THESEUS.

Now we stand in need of toleration on the part of Hercules; bear patiently this load of misfortune!

HERCULES.

My pride and dignity have not to such an extent been stamped out, by my delirious attack, that I should drive everyone away from beholding my wicked presence! Nay! Theseus! My arms! I demand that my arms which have been taken away, shall be given up forthwith; if my mind be in a sound state, hand me my arrows, if my delirium still continues, Oh Father, get out of my path, I will find an easy way of seeking my death!

AMPHITRYON

By the sacred mystery of thy descent, by that respect which is due to me and my name! Whether thou callest me, parent, or simply look upon me, as having merely brought thee up, and by these hoary locks, always revered by good men, I pray thee spare my declining years, and my old age, bereft of earthly consolation; thou one prop of a fallen dynasty; afford me some ray of compassion for my misfortunes which I share with thee. None of the results of thy glorious deeds have been transferred from thee to myself, for I have held the treacherous sea in great dread, as well as monsters of every sort, and even whatever cruel king, that rages in any part of the world, that stains his hands with the blood of others, or pollutes the sacred altars with human sacrifices, is held by me in the greatest fear; but as thy father, I have looked forward with joyful hope, to thy successful exploits, and to hail thy presence and behold thy visage!

HERCULES

Why should I wish to pass my life any longer in the light of day? Why should I hesitate about it? There is no reason for it. I have already lost my possessions, my mind,—my arms,—my reputation,—my wife,—my children.—The glory of my exploits!—Even my madness,

Etiam furorem. nemo polluto queat
 Animo mederi: morte sanandum est scelus.
 AMPH. Perimes parentem? HERC. Facere ne possim, occidam.
 AMPH. Genitore coram? HERC. Cernere hunc docui nefas.
 AMPH. Memoranda potius omnibus facta intuens, 1265
 Unius a te criminis veniam pete.
 HERC. Veniam dabit sibi ipse, qui nulli dedit?
 Laudanda feci iustus, hoc unum meum est.
 Succurre, genitor, five te pietas movet,
 Seu triste fatum, five violatæ decus 1270
 Virtutis: effer arma; vincatur mea
 Fortuna dextra. THES. Sunt quidem patriæ preces
 Satis efficaces. sed tamen nostro quoque
 Movere fletu. ferge, & adversa impetu
 Perfringe solito: nunc tuum nulli imparem 1275
 Animum malo resume. nunc magna tibi
 Virtute agendum est: Herculem irasci veta.
 HERC. Si vivo, feci scelera: si morior, tuli.
 Purgare terras propero: jamdudum mibi
 Monstrum impium, sævumque & immite, ac ferum 1280
 Oberrat: agedum, dextra, conare aggredi
 Ingens opus; labore biffeno amplius.
 Ignave, cessas? fortis in pueros modo,
 Pavidasque matres? arma nisi dantur mihi,
 Aut omne Pindi Thracis excindam nemus, 1285
 Bacchique lucos, & Cithæronis juga
 Mecum cremabo: tota cum domibus suis,
 Dominisque recta, cum Deis templa omnibus
 Thebana supra corpus excipiam meum,
 Atque urbe versa condar. & si fortibus 1290
 Leve pondus humeris mœnia immiffa incident,
 Septemque opertus non satis portis premar,
 Onus omne, media parte quod mundi fedet,
 Dirimitque superos, in meum vertam caput.

during which interval I was at all events free from self-reproach! No one with his mind thus contaminated can ever expect to be cured. No! my crime must be healed by the one remedy—Death!

AMPHITRYON.

Dost thou wish to kill thy parent?

HERCULES.

Lest I might do so. I will kill myself.

AMPHITRYON.

What! before the very eyes of thy father?

HERCULES.

I have learned to know the extent of my crimes, with my own eyes!

AMPHITRYON.

Instead of taking heed of exploits, remembered by all of us—seek forgiveness, for the great crime done by thy hands!

HERCULES.

Shall I crave for pardon for myself, who have never vouchsafed it to others? Under commands, I have done things to be praised, but this one deed is my own, very own doing! Help me, Father, whether thy affection leads thee to do so, or my sad condition, or the honor of that valor, which I have tarnished! Bring me forth my arms! With my own right hand, shall my triumphant destiny be determined—by my own death!

THESEUS.

Thy father's entreaties indeed, are sufficiently touching, but thou wilt surely be moved a little by my weeping solicitations.—Exert thyself, Hercules! with thy accustomed energy of character.—Now pray resume the courage, which thou hast always shown when confronted by every danger; now do let this great bravery, be shown by thee; now say to thyself: "Hercules, check thy angry feelings!"

HERCULES.

If I live, I have committed crimes and am a criminal— if I put an end to my life, I shall certainly escape my wretchedness—I shall hasten to clear myself out from this Earth—an impious monster, cruel, fierce, indomitable monster wanders about perpetually in my person! Come to my aid, Oh! my right hand! endeavour that a great work shall be accomplished, greater than any of my twelve labors! Why, Hercules, dost thou hesitate thus cowardly? Is thy valor only levelled against poor inoffensive children and timid mothers? Unless my arms be given up to me, I will cut down to the ground every grove on the Thracian Pindus, the groves of Bacchus, and every tree which throws a shade on lofty Cithæron, and they shall burn with myself, one grand conflagration! I will overthrow the entire city of Thebes, every homestead with its inmates, masters and families, and the Theban temples with the Gods contained in them, and I will be buried with the ruins pressing down on my body; and if the city, falling on my shoulders, should prove too light a weight, and if covered thus, I should not be sufficiently crushed by the seven gates, I will turn down on my head, all the superincumbent weight which resides in that space which separates the Gods above from those in the infernal regions!

AMPH. Reddo arma. HERC. Vox est digna genitore Herculis.	1295
Hoc en peremptus spiculo cecidit puer.	
AMPH. Hoc, Juno, telum manibus emisit tuis.	
HERC. Hoc nunc ego utar. AMPH. Ecce, quam miserum metu	
Cor palpitat, corpusque follicitum serit.	
HERC. Aptata arundo est. AMPH. Ecce, jam facies scélus	1300
Volens, scienſque. pande, quid fieri jubes?	
Nihil rogamus: noster in tuto est dolor.	
Natum potes servare tu solus mihi,	
Eripere nec tu. maximum evasi metum.	
Miserum haud potes me facere, felicem potes.	1305
Sic statue, quidquid statuis, ut causam tuam	
Famamque in arcto stare & ancipiti facias.	
Aut vivis, aut occidis. hanc animam levem,	
Fessamque senio, nec minus quassam malis,	
In ore primo teneo, tam tarde patri	1310
Vitam dat aliquis? non feram ulterius moram,	
Letale ferro pectus impresso induam:	
Hic, hic jacebit Hercules fani scelus.	
HERC. Jam parce, genitor, parce; jam revoca manum.	
Succumbe, virtus, perfer imperium patris.	1315
Eat ad labores hic quoque Herculeos labor;	
Vivamus. artus alleva afflicto solo,	
Theſeu, parentis: dextra contactus pios	
Scelerata refugit. AMPH. Hanc manum amplector libens:	
Hac nixus ibo, pectori hanc ægro admovens	1320
Pellam dolores. HERC. Quem locum profugus petam?	
Ubi me recondam? quave tellure obruam:	
Quis Tanais, aut quis Nilus, aut quis Perſica	
Violentus unda Tigris, aut Rhenus ferox,	
Tagufve Ibera turbidus gaza fluens,	1325

AMPHITRYON.

I surrender thee thy arms.

HERCULES.

Those words are worthy of the father of Hercules—
Behold! this is the one, whose deadly point killed my child!

AMPHITRYON.

Nay! say rather, this was the one shot forth by thy
hands through Juno's jealous wrath.

HERCULES.

I will use, then, this very arrow!

AMPHITRYON.

Listen to me, my heart palpitates with fear and beats
tumultuously against the walls of my chest!

HERCULES.

The arrow is already armed and ready!

AMPHITRYON.

Listen again, I implore thee; how anxious thy face appears to commit crime, and knowing it to be such, tell me, why art thou so ready to do all this? I ask for nothing—My misery is past recall! Thou, alone, hast it in thy power to preserve me, my son, therefore tear not thyself away—I have got over my worst fears, it is out of thy power to make me more miserable, but thou canst give me some degree of happiness. Therefore determine what thy intentions are, for thou must be convinced that thy exploits and thy fame will rest on a slender and equivocal foundation; thou either livest thyself or thou slayest me! I merely hold my life, my breath within my nostrils, this feeble vitality worn down by old age, but not less irksome, through my misfortunes! Does a son hesitate, whether his own father shall live or die? I will bear delay no longer, and I will myself, thrust this penetrating sword into my mortal bosom! Here (pointing to his chest) shall this deed declare the crime of Hercules restored to reason!

HERCULES.

Oh! spare me, father, spare me, withhold at once thy threatening hand—let me be the one to yield with all my valor—let me bow to the will of a father! This victory must indeed be ranked greater than any of my former exploits! Let us all live! Theseus, raise my father with his afflicted frame, from the ground, and the contact of his affectionate embrace will banish all traces of evil designs, when my right hand is joined with his!

AMPHITRYON.

I cheerfully lay hold of thy hand, I shall go forth leaning on confidence, and when I draw it towards my oppressed heart, I shall be able to drive away my sorrows!

HERCULES.

What place of exile shall I seek in my retreat? where shall I hide myself? or in what land shall I bury my sorrows? What Tanaïs, or what Nile, or what streams of the Persian Tigris or rough Rhine, or muddy Tagus, which flows along carrying in suspension its golden sands! which one of those rivers can wash my hands of my

Abluere dextram poterit? Arctoum licet
 Mæotis in me gelida transfundat mare,
 Et tota Tethys per meas currat manus,
 Hærebit altum facinus. in quas impius
 Terras recedes? Ortum, an Occafum petes? 1330
 Ubique notus perdidit exfilio locum.
 Me refugit orbis. aftra tranfverfos agunt
 Obliqua curfus: ipfe Titan Cerberum
 Meliore vultu vidit. o fidum caput,
 Thefeu, latebram quære longinquam, abditam. 1335
 Quoniamque femper fceleris alieni arbiter
 Amas nocentes, gratiam meritis refer
 Vicemque noftris: redde me infernis, precor,
 Umbris reductum, meque fubjectum tuis
 Reftitue vinclis. ille me abfcondet locus. 1340
 Sed & ille novit. THEŒ. Noſtra te tellus manet.
 Illic folutam cæde Gradivus manum
 Reftituet armis. illa te, Alcida, vocat,
 Facere innocentes terra quæ fuperos folet.

crime? Will it be better! that the cold Mæotis of Arctos, should pour its waters over me, for if the entire sea were passed over these hands, the deep disgrace would still be there, therefore into what lands shall I, an impious exile, vanish at last? Shall I seek the East or the West? Known everywhere, I have no place left to me for my exile. This orb avoids me. The stars themselves looking at me, askance, and performing their circuits so as to avoid me. Titan, himself, now regards Cerberus with a more favorable eye! Oh my faithful confidant, Theseus, suggest some lurking-place far, far away, for my concealment! And since, like a judge adjudicating upon the crimes of others, thou dealest leniently towards the guilty, (alluding to Theseus faithfully assisting Pirithous) award me a good turn, which I think that I deserve at thy hands! (alluding to his having liberated Theseus from the rock to which he was chained.) I pray thee, conduct me back to the Infernal Regions, and load me with chains, with which thou wert once bound, that place will serve to hide me! But what am I saying now? That place already only knows me too well!

THESEUS.

My own land remains to thee—Mars shall yet restore to thee military glory, when thou hast purged thyself of this crime of slaughter—The Earth, Alcides, invokes thee to repair to that land (Athens) which expiates and renders even the Gods themselves innocent! (This is said satirically about the Gods!)

THYESTES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THYESTES.
ATREUS.
TANTALUS,
MEGÆRA.
PLISTHENES THYESTIS F.

CHORUS SENUM MYCENÆORUM.
TANTALUS THYESTIS F. } Mutæ
ALIUS THYESTIS F. } personæ.
SATELLES, NUNTIUS.

ARGUMENTUM.

ALTERNIS annis regnandi vices pacti Atreus & Thyestes, Pelopis ex Hippodamia filii, Argis imperabant. Thyestes, adjuvante Aërope fratris uxore, quam in adulterium pellexerat, aureum arietem, in cujus possessione erat fatum regni, amovet, & male conficius in exsilium abit. Atreus, evasisse dolens, missis suis filiis velle se in gratiam redire simulat, oblata regni parte reditum illi suadet & persuadet. Tres Thyestis liberos, quos obsides acceperat, ad aras immolatos, partim affos, partim elixos patri nescienti epulandos apponit, mixtumque vino cruorem illi præbet. sub finem nefandi convivii (quod Sol, ne videret, refugit) capita illi & manus filiorum ostendit, quaque dapes absumferit, narrat, insultans fratris luctui, dolori, & imprecationibus.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

UMBRA TANTALI, MEGÆRA.

Adducitur ab inferis Tantalus a Furia, cogiturque miscere nefaria odia inter suos ex Pelope nepotes Atreum & Thyestum.

TANT. **Q**UIS me inferorum fede ab infausta extrahit,
Avido fugaces ore captantem cibos?
Quis male Deorum Tantalosivas domos
Ostendit iterum? pejus inventum est siti
Arente in undis aliquid, & pejus fame 5
Hiante semper? Sisyphi numquid lapis
Gestandus humeris lubricus nostris venit?
Aut membra celeri differens cursu rota?
Aut pœna Tityi, qui specu vasto patens
Visceribus atras pascit effosis aves; 10
Et nocte reparans, quidquid amisit die,
Plenum recenti pabulum monstro jacet?
In quod malum transcribor? o quisquis nova
Supplicia functis durus umbrarum arbiter
Disponis, adde, si quid ad pœnas potes, 15
Quod ipse custos carceris diri horreat,
Quod moestus Acheron paveat, ad cujus metum

(DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THYESTES.		CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF
ATREUS.		MYCENÆ.
TANTALUS.		TANTALUS, AND ANOTHER
MEGÆRA.		SON OF THYESTES, silent
PLISTHENES, SON, OF		members.
THYESTES.		GUARD, MESSENGER.

ARGUMENT.

Atreus and Thyestes, the sons of Pelops by Hippodamia, governed their kingdom, every other year, having agreed to rule by turns. Thyestes, with the assistance of his brother's wife, Aërope, whom he enticed to commit adultery, makes away with the golden ram. The fate of the Kingdom hanging on the possession thereof, and conscious of his guilt, he goes away into exile. Atreus, angry that he should have thus escaped his vengeance, pretends that he will restore him to favor, if he will send his sons as hostages; he persuades him to return and offers him his share of the kingdom again, and he persists in this persuasion. He has the three sons received as hostages sacrificed, and serves them up as a feast, part of them roasted, and part boiled, to the unsuspecting parents, and Atreus hands Thyestes wine mixed with their blood. Towards the end of the feast (from which Phœbus has fled, lest he should witness it) Atreus shows him the heads and hands of his sons, and tells him that they were the feast of which he had partaken, jeering at his brother's disgust, grief and curses.

ACT I.

THE GHOST OF TANTALUS—MEGÆRA.

Tantalus is brought from Hell by the Fury (Megæra), and he is compelled to foster the wicked enmity between his grandsons, Atreus and Thyestes, and the sons of Pelops.

TANTALUS.

WHO has drawn me forth from my miserable abode in Tartarus, where my food was snatched away, as it neared my hungry mouth? which of the Gods has spitefully summoned Tantalus to see the abodes of the living again? Has any new punishment been dis-

Nos quoque tremamus. quære: jam noſtra fubit
 E ſtirpe turba, quæ ſuum vincat genus,
 Ac me innocentem faciat, & inaufa audeat. 20
 Regione quidquid impia ceſſat loci,
 Complebo. nunquam ſtante Pelopeia domo
 Minos vacabit. MEG. Perge, deteſtabilis
 Umbra, & penateis impioſ furiis age.
 Certetur omni ſcelere, & alterna vice 25
 Stringantur enſes. ne ſit irarum modus,
 Pudorve. mentes cæcus inſtiget furor.
 Rabies parentum duret, & longum nefas
 Eat in nepotes. nec vacet cuiquam vetus
 Odiſſe crimen, ſemper oriatur novum, 30
 Nec unum in uno: dumque punitur ſcelus,
 Creſcat. ſuperbis fratribus regna excidant,
 Repetantque profugos: dubia violentæ domus
 Fortuna reges inter incertos labet.
 Miſer ex potente fiat, ex miſero potens;
 Fluctuque regnum caſus affiduo ferat. 35
 Ob ſcelera pulſi, dum dabit patriam Deus,
 In ſcelera redeant: ſintque tam inviſi omnibus,
 Quam ſibi. nihil ſit, ira quod vetitum putet.
 Fratrem expaveſcat frater, & natum parens, 40
 Natuſque patrem: liberi pereant male;
 Pejus tamen naſcantur: immineat viro
 Infeſta conjux. bella trans pontum vehant:
 Effuſus omnes irriget terras cruor;
 Supraque magnos gentium exfullet duces 45
 Libido victrix. impia ſtuprum in domo
 Leviffimum ſit. fratris & fas, & fides,

covered more horrible than dying with burning thirſt
 and with water, too, around me, and within my reach, or
 worſe even than inſatiable hunger with nothing to
 appeaſe its pangſ. I wonder whether the ſlippery ſtone
 of Siſyphuſ is intended to be worn on my ſhoulders, or
 the wheel of Ixion to whirl my limbs round and round
 with its rapid motion; or doeſ the puniſhment of Tityuſ
 await me, whoſe lot it waſ, to provide food, aſ he lay
 expoſed in a huge cave, for the horrible birdſ of prey,
 which pecked away at hiſ entrailſ, and only to make up
 at night what he loſt in the day, and he lieſ there, only
 waiting to afford a full repaſt for ſome freſh arrival, ſome
 bird of prey! To what freſh torment am I to be handed
 over? Oh! Whatever relentless judge thou art, who
 diſpenſeſt the lawſ of the Manes; why layeſt thou aſide
 the old puniſhmentſ already undergone to impoſe freſh
 oneſ? And if thou canſt, add to my puniſhment what

the guardian of the most cruel prison would quail to think of, at what tristful Acheron would even tremble, at the fear of whom all we unfortunate Manes are wont to wince again! Seek for some thing! Now, forsooth, there starts up a tribe springing from my race, which makes me to feel like an innocent individual in comparison, and a race that has the audacity to do things that I could never have conceived (in my most vivid imagination). Whatever place presents itself in the regions of the condemned, I will fill up the vacancy. Minos, the judge of Hell, will never be without employment so long as the race of Pelops lasts.

MEG. Come on, thou despicable Ghost, and stir up this criminal abode, with the very rage of the Furies; let them engage in strife, with every venomous determination, and let the sword be perpetually at work with one, or the other; let there be no bounds to their animosity, and the blindest rage inflame their hearts. Let the mad wrath of the parents continue and let it descend for ever to their distant offspring, and lest ancient crimes should lose their stinging remembrances, and become more endurable, let a fresh one crop up, but not one only, but one doubled in its severity! And whilst their crimes are being punished, let matters get worse, and let the kingdom fall from the hands of the proud brothers, only to be reclaimed by them, as exiles and rivals! The doubtful chances of a divided and belligerent dynasty will oscillate between the bewildered kings, and thus a miserable man, may become a man of power, and a man of power reduced to misery, and he who holds the kingdom will be constantly harassed by event following event, as it were in a continuous flow—driven away on account of their crimes, let them return to a land of crimes, so long as the Gods vouchsafe to them a country to live in, and let them be, if possible, as hateful to themselves as they are to others—let there be nothing which their rage may seek to deem themselves forbidden to do. Let brother intimidate brother—parent, son—and son, parent—and let their children perish a miserable death! Let children be born under worse conditions, incestuous parentage! (Brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, mother and son, father and daughter!) Let an enraged wife be a source of danger to a husband, and that she may, through such a cause, lead on to wars beyond the seas, (Agamemnon and Menelaus, sent to recapture Helen,) and that blood shall be made to irrigate every land! Let triumphant lust be made to triumph over illustrious chiefs, (Chryseis and Cassandra,) who yield to its power. Let adultery be but a very trivial

Jusque omne pereat. non fit a vestrīs malis
 Immune cœlum. cum micant stellæ polo,
 Flammæque fervant debitum mundo decus;
 Nox atra fiat, excidat cœlo dies. 50
 Misce penateis: odia, cædes, funera
 Arceffe, & imple Tantalo totam domum.
 Ornetur altum columen, & lauro fores
 Lætæ virecant; dignus adventu tuo 55
 Splendescat ignis. Thraciam fiat nefas
 Majore numero. dextra cur patruī vacat?
 Nondum Thyestes liberos deflet suos?
 Ecquando tollet ignibus jam subditis
 Spumante ahenō? membra per partes eant 60
 Discerpta: patrios polluat sanguis focos:
 Epulæ instruantur, non novi sceleris tibi
 Conviva venies; liberum dedimus diem,
 Tuamque ad istas solvimus menfas famem.
 Jejunia exple. mixtus in Bacchum cruor 65
 Spectante te potetur. inveni dapes,
 Quas ipse fugeres. Siste. quo præceps ruis?
 TANT. Ad stagna, & amnes, & recedentes aquas,
 Labrifque ab ipsīs arboris plenæ fugas,
 Abire in atrum carceris liceat mei 70
 Cubile: liceat, si parum videor miser,
 Mutare ripas: alveo medius tuo
 Phlegethon relinquer, igneo cinctus freto.
 Quicumque pœnas lege fatorum datas
 Fati juberis: quisquis exeso jaces 75
 Pavidus sub antro, jamque venturi times
 Montis ruinam: quisquis avidorum feros
 Rictus leonum, & dira Furiarum agmina
 Implicitus horres: quisquis immiffas faces.
 Semiustus abigis, Tantali vocem excipe 80
 Properantis ad vos: credite experto mihi,
 Amate pœnas, quando continget mihi
 Effugere superos? MEG. Ante perturbā domum,

consideration with them in their wicked palace! Let the binding confidence between brothers, every friendship, every trust and all that is holy and sacred amongst kindred be trampled on—defied! And let heaven itself claim no immunity from the effects of thy crimes! Why do the stars shine in the heavens? why does their light continue its task of giving ornament to the world? As a matter of right? No! let night be rendered as black as possible, let no daylight emanate from the heavens! Let us throw the household Gods into disorder; bring about enmities, slaughters, deaths! Let the entire palace be filled with and reveal the presence of Tantalus! Let

lofty pillars be embellished, and let the joyous portals be laden and made verdant with the laurel. Let there be a blaze of illuminations, worthy of celebrating the arrival! Let the Thracian tragedy, one victim be acted over again but on a larger scale! (Three victims.) Why should an Uncle claim the privilege of withholding his co-operation? Does not Thyestes bewail his sons yet? Why does he hang back so long? The flames already beneath the caldron, are fetching up the foam! Let the separated limbs break up into pieces! Their blood shall defile the paternal hearth! The feast will now be prepared, nor wilt thou arrive to witness a scene of crime, to which thou canst be any stranger—thou shalt have a day set apart for thy special enjoyment, and thou shalt thoroughly satisfy thy hungry cravings, with the viands prepared at thy meals—fill then thy empty interior, and blood mixed with wine, shall be quaffed in thy very presence; I have arranged this feast, and pray, why dost thou refuse to partake of it?—Stop, please; whither art thou rushing so hurriedly?

TANT. Back to the stagnant pools, the noisome rivers, the ebbing streams, back to the trees laden with fruit which recedes from my lips, as soon as it is approached; it is surely permissible for me to return to the sombre resting place of my quondam prison! Then, if I am only rendered a little less miserable thereby, let the river be transferred to other banks more trying! Oh Phlegethon! let me be thrown into the middle of thy streams, flowing with fiery waves! and thou, whatsoever thou art, who art commanded by the inexorable decrees of Fate to undergo punishment awarded—whoever crouches panic-stricken in a cave rotten with destroying time; dost thou already dread the fall of the mountain which threatens to come down upon thee with a crash; whoever there is that dreads the savage roarings of the lion, and, entangled, shrinks before the scourging whips of the assembled Furies,—whoever, half-burnt, flies from the vengeful torches, as they are dealt forth in rapid succession: listen to the words of Tantalus, who is fast hastening to join thee; believe in me, an experienced sufferer, and learn to appreciate thy punishments, with a thankful spirit. Ah! I wonder when my luck will arrive to escape from these regions above!

MEG. Before we discuss other matters, put the palace into thorough confusion, and bring the heralds of coming war with thee, and the disasters connected with the sword, in

Inferque tecum prœlia, & ferri malum Regibus amorem: concute infano ferum	85
Pectus tumultu. TANT. Me pati pœnas decet, Non esse pœnam: mittor, ut dirus vapor Tellure rupta, vel gravem populis luem Sparfura pestis, ducam in horrendum nefas	
Avus nepotes. Magne Divorum parens, Nofterque, quamvis pudeat; ingenti licet Taxata pœna lingua crucietur loquax; Nec hoc tacebo: moneo, ne sacra manus Violate cœde, neve furiali malo Aspergite aras. stabo, & arcebo scelus.	90
Quid ora terres verbere, & tortos ferox Minaris angues? quid famem infixam intimis Agitus medullis? flagrant incensum fiti Cor, & perustis flamma vîceribus micat. Sequor.	95
MEG. Hunc, o, furorem divide in totam domum. Sic, sic ferantur, & fuum infenû invicem Sitiant cruorem: fenfit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit. Actum est abunde. gradere ad infernos fpecus,	100
Annemque notum: jam tuum mœstæ pedem Terræ gravantur. cernis, ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linquat; ut ripæ vacent; Ventusque raras igneus nubes ferat? Pallefcit omnis arbor, ac nudus fctet Fugiente pomo ramus; & qui fuctibus Illinc propinquis Ifthmos atque illinc fremit, Vicina gracili dividens terra vada, Longe remotos latus exaudit fonos.	105
Jam Lerna retro cefcit, & Phoronides Latuere venæ: nec fuas profert sacer Alpheos undas, & Cithæronis juga Stant parte nulla cana depofita nive, Timentque veterem nobiles Argi fitim. En ipse Titan dubitat, an jubeat fequi, Cogatque habenis ire periturum diem.	110
	115
	120

which kings do so delight, and perplex their truculent minds with the wildest and most tumultuous passions!

TANT. It is my especial province to suffer punishment, and not promote myself to inflict it upon others. I am summoned then, that a pestilential vapor should issue forth for the opening of the earth, created by my exit, or as a plague to diffuse its deadly contagion amongst mankind! And that I, as a grandfather, shall be the means of urging my grandchildren to perpetrate the most horrible wickedness! Oh! Great parent of the Gods! although, I blush

to declare my paternity, is it necessary that my tongue, already visited with a great punishment for my past loquacity be further doomed to silence? I shall not, however, be silent over this matter. I shall conjure my grandsons not to violate the sacred altars, with their hands reeking with slaughter, and not to besprinkle them with the blood of their victims, under the evil instigation of the wicked furies (addressing Megæra); I shall be in attendance and will stop this sanguinary work—why dost thou attempt to frighten me with thy scourging whips and savagely threaten me with thy wriggling serpents? Why dost thou revive the hunger already searching out the very marrow of my bones? Why increase the thirst, which now burns up my inside, and the flames that play about my scorched entrails?—after all I suppose I shall have to comply! I comply then!

MEG. The fury that now possesses thee, spread it over the entire palace, for as thou thirstest for water so let others be brought into a similar craving condition, and so raging with thirst, that they shall crave for each other's blood, out of very hatred! The palace already has been aware of thy approach, and completely shudders at thy wicked proximity! Everything is abundantly provided for, go now to thy infernal cave, and the river thou knowest so well, already the sad Earth is oppressed with thy footsteps! Dost thou not see, how the very streams return to their springs, so that the river-banks are forsaken? and now a fiery wind bears onward the dried-up clouds, every tree grows pale (loses its verdancy) and there stands with its branches denuded of the fruit, which falls off, and the Isthmus (Corinth) which keeps up a constant roaring here and there with the near waves of the two seas, which it divides with its narrow strip of land, now only listens to the far-off waves, from the waters, that have receded from its banks! Now the sources of the Lerna are dried up, and the streams of Inachus (Phoronides) have quite disappeared. Nor does the sacred Alpheus pour forth its waters any more—And the summits of Cithæron present no white anywhere, the snow having disappeared, and the noble people of Argos fear a return of the drought with which they were afflicted once before; and Titan himself is in doubt whether he shall command the day to follow in due course, or whether he shall keep back the horses of the sun, tightly reined, and not to enter upon another day which he fancies, he will not be able to carry through!

CHORUS.

Chorus ex fenibus Mycenæis vel Argivis constans (Argos enim cum Mycenis confundunt poetæ) Deos urbium in Peloponneso præfides, ut mala & scelera in domo Pelopis concepta & imminencia prohibeant avertantque, precatur. & Tantali impium facinus ac pœnam canit.

ARGOS de Superis si quis Achaicum,
 Pisæisque domos curribus inclitas:
 Isthmi si quis amat regna Corinthii,
 Et portus geminos, & mare diffidens: 125
 Si quis Taygeti conspicuas nives,
 Quas, cum Sarmaticus tempore frigido
 In fummis Boreas composuit jugis,
 Æstas veliferis solvit Etefiis:
 Quem tangit gelido flumine lucidus 130
 Alpheos, stadio notus Olympico:
 Advertat placidum numen, & arceat
 Alternas scelerum, ne redeant, vices;
 Neu succedat avo deterior nepos;
 Et major placeat culpa minoribus. 135
 Tandem lassâ feris exuat impetus
 Sicci progenies impia Tantalî.
 Peccatum fatis est. fas valuit nihil,
 Aut commune nefas, proditus occidit
 Deceptor domini Myrtilus, & fide 140
 Vectus, qua tulerat, nobile reddidit
 Mutato pelagus nomine. notior
 Nulla est Ioniis fabula navibus.
 Exceptus gladio parvulus impio
 Dum currit patrium natus ad osculum, 145
 Immatura focus victima concidit:
 Divisusque tua est, Tantale, dextera,
 Mensas ut strueres hospitibus Deis:
 Hos æterna fames prosequitur cibos,
 Hos æternâ fitis: nec dapibus feris 150
 Decerni potuit pœna decentior.
 Stat lusus vacuo gutture Tantalus,
 Impendat capiti plurima noxiô

CHORUS.

The Chorus, consisting of the old men of Mycenæ and Argos, (for the poets often confounded Argos with Mycenæ) invokes the presiding deities of the cities in Peloponnesus, that they will prevent and avert the wickedness and crimes, that are hatching in the Palace of Pelops, and which are now imminent, and chants of the impious crimes of Tantalus.

IF any tutelar deity, amongst the gods above, who cherishes any affectionate regard for Achæan Argos, or if the noble race of Pisa, who celebrate the Olympian Games with their emulating chariots; if there be any, who look with favor on the Corinthian Isthmus, with its double harbours, and the two seas which it separates; if any admiring tutelar god, who sees from afar, the magnificent snows mantling the summits of Taygetus, which the Scythian Boreas has furnished during the winter season, and which the ensuing summer's sun melts, and renders the path easy for navigators with their sailing ships, as the Etesian winds spring up. (These periodical north-east winds were always continuous, like our trade winds.) Is there a Deity whom the bright Alpheus with its cooling streams claims as a friendly protector, the place, too, so noted for its race-course and Olympian Games! look down, oh! that kind deity, and interpose, lest such crimes, as have already been committed aforetime, should be repeated!—let not a grandson succeed to the throne possibly worse than his grandfather, nor that greater crimes may suit the inclinations of the younger successors!—At length, may the impious progeny of thirsting Tantalus, wearied out, abandon their ferocious violence; enough crime has already been committed—the law, hitherto of no avail, has been trampled on, and all the ordinary offences of mankind have been wickedly surpassed! And Myrtilus, the treacherous betrayer of his master, fell betrayed like that master, and was carried off with the same treacherous intentions, which he had manifested towards Œnomaus, and being thrown into the sea by Pelops, rendered that sea famous, its name being changed from its former one. (Pelops having thrown him into the sea, instead of carrying out his promise, that he should be a sharer in the favors of Hippodamia.) No legend is better known to the Ionian mariners, than this. Thy own little offspring, Pelops, fell by thy impious sword, oh! thou, Tantalus! just as he was merrily tripping along to receive a father's caress, that tender victim died at the altar, and was carved up by thy own hand, that thou might (with his flesh) supply the feast, which thou servedst up for the Gods, whom thou invitedst as thy guests! (To test the divinity of the Gods, but they all abstained, except Ceres!) Eternal hunger awaited thee, after this meal and eternal thirst, as the part price of this repast! Nor could a more worthy punishment have been decreed in token of such a diabolical feast! Tantalus continues to be baffled in his vain efforts, to satisfy his empty throat! Many a tempting prize hangs over his sickly head, more fugitive than the Phinæan vultures! Here and

Phineis avibus præda fugacior: Hinc illinc gravidis frondibus incubat	155
Et curvata fuis fœtibus, ac tremens Alludit patulis arbor hiatibus: Hæc, quamvis avidus, neq̄ patiens moræ, Deceptus toties tangere negligit, Obliquatque oculos, oraque comprimit,	160
Inclusisque famem dentibus alligat: Sed tunc divitias omne nemus suas Demittit propius, pomaque defuper Infultant foliis mitia languidis, Accenduntque famem, quæ jubet irritas	165
Exercere manus: has ubi protulit, Et falli libuit, totus in arduum Autumnus rapitur, silvaque mobilis. Instat deinde sitis non levior fame; Qua cum percaluit sanguis, & igneis	170
Exarsit facibus, stat miser obvios Fluctus ore vocans, quos profugus latex Avertit, sterili deficiens vado, Conantemque sequi, deserit. hic bibit Altum de rapido gurgite pulverem.	175

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

ATREUS, SATELLES.

Atreus, ulciscendi fratrem certus, de vindictæ ratione cum Satellite deliberat, quem honesta consulentem non audit, impiam tandem & infandam ultionis rationem excogitat.

I GNAVE, iners, enervis, & (quod maximum Probrum tyranno rebus in fummis reor) Inulte, post tot scelera, post fratris dolos Fasque omne ruptum, questibus vanis agis Iratu Atreus? fremere jam totus tuis	180
Debebat armis orbis, & geminum mare Utrinque classes agere: jam flammis agros Lucere & urbes decuit; ac strictum undique Micare ferrum. tota sub nostro fonet Argolica tellus equite: non silvæ tegant	185

there a tree droops downwards, with its heavily laden boughs, bending again with the weight of its fruit, and swaying to and fro, plays the part of tempter with its patulous openings—Although hungry and impatient of delay, he fails to reach them, being disappointed as often as he makes the attempt—he averts his eyes, and closes

his mouth, trying to stifle his hunger, by closing his teeth, by shutting it in, as it were! But then every grove lowers its rich and luscious fruit (wealth), nearer and nearer, and the ripe apples leap about friskily above his head surrounded by the leaves languidly yielding to their capers, and they excite his hunger more and more and this urges him to make futile efforts to seize them with his hands, that when he has held these forth in vain, he seems reconciled to such frequent disappointments, and the entire autumn during which this fruitless task is exacted, passes away, and with it, disappears the gracefulness of the groves; and now comes a thirst, not lighter to be borne than the hunger already endured, thirst which when the blood grows hotter, burns him up, as it were with an inward fire; he stands then miserably invoking the streams to approach his parched up mouth, but which the receding river diverts, leaving nothing but its empty bed, whenever he attempts to get near it, and he swallows merely the sand, which lies at the bottom of the rapid stream!

ACT II.

ATREUS — THE GUARD.

Atreus consults with his guard, having determined to wreak his revenge on his brother, as to the best mode of carrying out his vengeance, to whom, however, he will not listen, as the guard advises him only to do what is right, and at length he decides on an impious and horrible plan of executing such revenge.

ATREUS.

OH, sluggish, aimless, pusillanimous soul of mine (and what I suppose to be most contemptible in a king, the consummation of every other shortcoming), unrevenged, after so much wickedness, after the treachery of a brother, and every law human and divine trampled upon! why dost thou, Atreus, exercise thy angry spirit with vain and meaningless complaints? But the whole of Argos ought at this moment to be resounding with the din of thy arms, and every warship muster and be afloat in the two seas; by this time, it might be expected, too, that the fields and cities were blazing with the conflagrations thou hast set up, and the drawn sword flashing on all sides; all the Argolic land should be

Hofsem, nec altis montium structæ jugis Arces. reliâctis bellicum totus canat Populis Mycenis. quifquis invifum caput Tegit ac tuerur, clade funefta occidat. Hæc ipfa pollens incliti Pelopis domus	190
Ruat vel in me, dummodo in fratrem ruat. Age, anime, fac, quod nulla pofteritas probet; Sed nulla taceat. aliquid audendum eft nefas Atrox, cruentum; tale, quod frater meus Suum effe mallet. fcelera non ulcifceris, Nifi vincis. & quid effe tam sævum poteft, Quod fuperet illum? numquid abjectus jacet? Numquid fecundis patitur in rebus modum, Fæffis quietem? novi ego ingenium viri Indocile: flecti non poteft, frangi poteft.	195
Proin antequam fe firmet, aut vires paret, Petatur ultro; ne quiefcentem petat. Ant perdet, aut peribit. in medio eft fcelus Pofitum occupanti. SAT. Fama te populi nihil Adverfa terret? ATR. Maximum hoc regni bonum eft, Quod facta domini cogitur populus fui Tam ferre, quam laudare. SAT. Quos cogit metus Laudare, eofdem reddit inimicos metus. At qui favoris gloriam veri petit, Animo magis, quam voce, laudari volet.	200
ATR. Laus vera & humili sæpe contingit viro: Non nifi potenti falfa. quod nolunt, velint. SAT. Rex velit honefta; nemo non eadem volet. ATR. Ubicunque tantum honefta dominanti licent, Precario regnatur. SAT. Ubi non eft pudor, Nec cura juris, fanâctitas, pietas, fides; Inftabile regnum eft. ATR. Sanâctitas, pietas fides, Privata bona funt: qua juvat, reges eant. SAT. Nefas nocere vel malo fratri puta.	210
	215

sounding again with the stamping hoofs of thy cavalry. Let not the forests afford a retreat for the enemy, or fortifications constructed on the lofty summits of mountains—leaving Mycenæ behind, let all my subjects sound the trumpet of war. Whosoever has protected or countenanced this hateful brother of mine, the powerful following of the illustrious dynasty of Pelops, shall slay with merciful slaughter! Let every living man rush upon me, even provided he serves my brother in a similar manner! Come, soul of mine! Do what no posterity would hail as proper! but what in sooth, they may never forget—Some atrocious bloody deed must be done, which my brother would rather be done by himself against me, but it is impossible thoroughly to revenge wickedness unless thou surpassest it in degree! but lo! what savage deed, in

fact, can be done which could daunt that man's atrocity? I wonder whether he is a man that will die away quietly, whether he is the sort of man to bear prosperity in a reasonable frame of mind, or whether he can show calmness in adversity? I have always detected in him, a certain indomitableness of character; he is a man not to be bent! he must be broken! therefore, before he has time to gather up his strength or prepare for opposition, he must be sought out at once, lest indeed he should seek to find me in a state of unpreparedness— Either he will kill me or he will perish by my hand, the crime is so finely balanced between us, that he will win, who is the foremost in its perpetration!

GU. Surely no murmurings—no false rumours amongst thy subjects is disturbing thy peace of mind.

ATR. The chief charm of a kingdom amounts to this, that the subjects of the master are compelled rather to do the bidding of their ruler than to be called upon, necessarily to applaud their deeds!

GU. The fear which compels others to praise thee only makes such fear more hostile (in its character), but he who seeks the glory arising out of genuine applause, must be willing to be lauded in spirit, rather than in vocal demonstrativeness.

ATR. Genuine praise often falls to the lot of a humble man; false flattery is a tribute paid only to the powerful. The law with kings is, the people must be willing to do what they do not regard with satisfaction.

GU. When a king wishes for nothing but what is just, no one desires anything more.

ATR. Wherever honesty is the only thing looked for in a king, such a king's sceptre is in a very precarious state.

GU. Where there is no moderation, no regard for the laws' probity, no religion, and no confidence, such a kingdom rests on a most unstable foundation.

ATR. Religion, probity, good faith are the attributes of their private possessors—kings say, do and command just as they think proper.

GU. It is not right to injure anybody, nor right even to dream of such a thing, where a brother is concerned.

ATR. Fas est in illo, quidquid in fratre est nefas. Quid enim reliquit crimine intactum? aut ubi Sceleri pepercit? conjugem stupro abstulit, Regnumque furto: specimen antiquum imperii Fraude est adeptus; fraude turbavit domum. Est Pelopis altis nobile in stabulis pecus,	220 225
Arcanus aries, ductor opulenti gregis; Cujus per omne corpus effuso coma Dependet auro; cuius e tergo novi Aurata reges sceptrata Tantalici gerunt; Possessor hujus regnat: hunc cunctæ domus Fortuna sequitur. tuta seposita sacer In parte carpit prata, quæ claudit lapis, Fatale faxeo pascuum muro tegens; Hunc, facinus ingens ausus, affumta in scelus Conforte nostri perfidus thalami avehit:	 230 235
Hinc omne cladis mutæ fluxit malum. Per regna trepidus exsul erravi mea: Pars nulla generis tuta ab insidiis vacat. Corrupta conjux, imperii quæssa est fides, Domus ægra, dubius sanguis: est certi nihil, Nisi frater hostis. quid stupes? tandem incipe, Animoque fume Tantalum, & Pelopem aspice: Ad hæc manus exempla poscuntur meæ. Profare, dirum qua caput matrem via.	 240 245
SAT. Ferro peremptus spiritum inimicum exspuat. ATR. De fine pœnæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo. Perimat tyrannus lenis. in regno meo Mors impetratur. SAT. Nulla te pietas movet? ATR. Excede, pietas; (si modo nostra in domo Unquam fuisti) dira Furiarum cohors, Discorsque Erinnyes veniat, & geminas faces Megæra quatiens, non fatis magno meum Ardet furore pectus: impleri juvat Majore monstro. SAT. Quid novi rabidus struis?	 250

ATR. Whatsoever has been unlawful in my brother towards me, is only justice on my part to recriminate. What has he left to be done, but what is already stamped with the seal of crime? or when has he spared crime? He has robbed me of my wife by his adultery, and stolen my kingdom (into the bargain). He has fraudulently possessed himself of the traditional emblem of our dynasty, and he has brought about endless disaster upon our royal house! There is in the royal mews of Pelops, a noble wool-bearing animal, a mysterious Ram, the bell-wether of an illustrious flock, whose dense fleece hangs down over its entire body, and profusely loaded with gold, and from whose back the wool is taken, which adorns the golden sceptre, which every newly-appointed

king of the house of Tantalus dons, when he ascends the throne. The possessor of this valuable heir-loom is the man who rules the kingdom; the destinies of the house, therefore, are indissolubly connected with it. This sacred animal, therefore, in a spot set apart for that object, is allowed to browse without molestation in a soft meadow, which a stone wall shuts in, protecting with its stony defence, the feeding ground of this golden ram, which directs the fate of the kingdom. My brother has been so daring, in his unparalleled wickedness, that he has perfidiously carried it away, my wife being accessory to this deed, as well as being a partner in his guilt, that of fouling my marriage bed! Hence, every misfortune which has befallen me has been intermingled with the results of this terrible blow. Throughout my own kingdom, I have tramped as a trembling outcast! Not a single part of that kingdom, claims exemption from the traces of her insidious treatment! With a dishonored wife, the strength of my authority crushed, my lineage impaired, my very offspring of doubtful paternity: is there—can there be anything of which I can now be certain, except that it is the hostility of Thyestes? Why, then, Atreus, why shouldst thou hesitate as to what thou shouldst do? Begin at once, inoculate thy mind with some of the temper of Tantalus, and seek out Pelops as a fitting model for thy operations, they are properly requisitioned (in thy case). But say, Atreus, how wilt thou immolate that dreadful monster?

GU. I suppose, thou meanest, that his death by the sword will be the only means of effectually rooting out finally and for ever his hostile spirit towards thyself.

ATR. Thou wishest to speak of the mode of his punishment—death. I wish to discuss the punishment itself, which I shall carry out. It is only a meek sort of king, who merely kills in my kingdom, simple death is a luxury sought after!

GU. Does no piety rule thy heart?

ATR. Get away with thee! Religion indeed! If thou hast never been in our house, thou shalt enter now! The dreadful troop of Furies—harsh Erinnyes will be there, and Megæra, shaking in her hand torches, doubled on my account. My breast does not sufficiently burn with the great rage within me, it would please me to be filled with greater monstrosities!

GU. What new idea does thy infuriated mind present to thy thoughts?

ATR. Nil quod capiat affueti modum.	255
Nullum relinquam facinus; & nullum est fatis.	
SAT. Ferrum? ATR. Parum est. SAT. Quid ignis? ATR. Etiamnum parum est.	
SAT. Quonam ergo telo tantus utetur dotor?	
ATR. Ipso Thyeste. SAT. Majus hoc ira est malum.	
ATR. Fateor. tumultus pectora attonitus quatit, Penitusque volvit: rapior, & quo nescio; Sed rapior. imo mugit e fundo solum; Tonat dies ferenus; ac totis domus Ut fracta tectis crepuit; & moti lares Vertere vultum: fiat hoc, fiat nefas,	260
Quod, Dii, timetis. SAT. Facere quid tandem paras?	
ATR. Nescio quid animus majus, & solito amplius, Supraque fines moris humani tumet, Infatque pigris manibus: haud, quid sit, scio: Sed grande quiddam est ita sit; hoc, anime, occupa.	265
Dignum est Thyeste facinus, & dignum Atreo. Uterque faciat. vidit infandas domus Odrysiã mensas. fateor; immane est scelus, Sed occupatum: majus hoc aliquid dolor Inveniet. animum Daulis inspira parens, Sororque. causa est similis. assiste, & manum Impelle nostram: liberos avidus pater Gaudensque laceret, & suos artus edat. Bene est. abunde est. hic placet poenæ modus Tantisper. ubinam est? tam diu cur innocens Versatur Atreus? tota jam ante oculos meos Imago cædis errat; ingesta orbitas In ora patris. anime, quid rursus times? Et ante rem subfidis? audendum est, age: Quod est in isto scelere præcipuum nefas,	170
	275
	280
	285

ATR. Nothing, which takes the shape of ordinary hatred, I will leave no crime out of my calculations, and not one appears sufficient for me.

GU. There's the sword, thou knowest, the fashionable weapon!

ATR. That is a miserable contrivance.

GU. What instrument of destruction, therefore, will thy anger allow thee to employ?

ATR. Thyestes! Himself!

GU. But that crime, would even be greater than any mere outburst of fury.

ATR. I confess thus much: but the most unaccountable tumults convulse my soul, and reverse the very spirit

within me—I am carried away, I know not whither, but I am led on irresistibly! The very earth seems to groan from its lowest depths, and although the day is serene enough, yet thunder is heard in the skies, and my very abode cracks and creaks, as if its roof were broken down, and about to tumble upon me, and my very household gods in an excited state, turn away their looks from me; but let my determination be carried out—let it, if it be a crime, be duly executed! What! Oh ye gods above! Are ye scared at my resolves?

GU. What then art thou ready to do, after all?

ATR. I know not exactly, what impels my mind with surging thoughts so much and so much more than ordinarily, beyond the bounds of all human ideas, but here I am, with my hands slow to move! I know not, how it will succeed, but so far as I have dwelt upon it, it appears to me a magnificent conception. Come, I shall think it over studiously, the crime of Thyestes is really deserving of it, and it does credit to the mind of Atreus. Thus each of us will perform a part. The palace of the Thracian King has been the scene of serving up, aforetime, a most repulsive repast! I acknowledge frankly—it is a most rascally deed, but it has been done before by others! But, nevertheless, my resentment must discover something yet more severe. Let me be inspired with resolution, as an emulous imitator of that Daulian prototype Progne (of Tereus memory), and may that sister Philomela assist me and encourage my project, as our cause is very similar. (Atreus is seeking to imitate and to look up to Daulis, as a child would to a parent, and personifies "Daulis" as a parent!) A hungry father shall with a smiling face cut up into dainty morsels, his own children, and partake of them at his repast! This is well! This is a brilliant conception! For the present, then, this mode of punishing Thyestes, suits me exactly! But where am I? But why does Atreus hesitate in his mind without promptly carrying out his designs? The entire picture of this contemplated carnage already flits across my vision! I can see in my mind's eye, the very children of whom he has been deprived, being devoured by their own father! O! for this resolution of mine. Why do I shrink back again from my task, and actually hang fire before the matter is taken in hand? Let me take courage then, the thing must be set about! And Thyestes himself will carry out, what will be the most abominable part of this criminal drama (eating his own offspring). What a parade of wholesale childlessness to exhibit before the eyes of a bereaved parent!

Hoc ipse faciet. SAT. Sed quibus captus dolis, Nostros dabit perductus in laqueos pedem? Inimica credit cuncta. ATR. Non poterat capi, Nisi capere vellet. regna nunc sperat mea:	
Hac spe minanti fulmen occurret Jovi:	290
Hac spe subibit gurgitis tumidi minas; Dubiumque Lybycæ Syrtis intrabit fretum; Hac spe, quod esse maximum retur malum, Fratrem videbit. SAT. Quis fidem pacis dabit? Cui tanta credet? ATR. Credula est spes improba.	295
Natis tamen mandata, quæ patruo ferant, Dabimus: relictis exsul hospitium vagus Regno ut miserias mutet, atque Argos regat Ex parte dominus, si nimis durus preces Spernet Thyestes; liberos ejus rudes,	300
Malisque fessos gravibus, & faciles capi, Præcommovebunt. hinc vetus regni furor, Illinc egestas triftis, hinc dorus labor, Quamvis rigentem tot malis subigent virum.	
SAT. Jam tempus illi fecit ærumnas leves.	305
ATR. Erras: malorum sensus accreuit die. Leve est miserias ferre, perferre est grave. SAT. Alios ministros consilii triftis lege: Pejora juvenes facile præcepta audiunt: In patre facient, quidquid in patruo doces.	310
Sæpe in magistrum scelera redierunt sua. ATR. Ut nemo doceat fraudis & sceleris vias, Regnum docebit. ne mali finant?	
Nascuntur istud. quod vocas sævum, asperum.	
Agique dire credis, & nimium impie,	315
Fortasse & illic agitur. SAT. Hanc fraudem scient Nati parari? ATR. Tacita tam rudibus fides Non est in annis, detegent forsitan dolos. Tacere multis dicitur vitæ malis.	

GU. But by what devices is he to be entrapped?
How will he be brought to wend his approach into our
toils? He will view everything with distrust!

ATR. 'Tis true, he cannot be allured, unless he is willing
to be allured to serve his own purpose; but now, thou
knowest, he hopes to gain my kingdom from me, and
he is buoyed up with this desire. He would face the
threatening lightning of Jove himself, urged on by such
a hope,—he would brave the perils of the Libyan Syrtis,
or still further, what he would regard otherwise as the
direst of all earthly misfortunes, he would actually face
me, his brother!

GU. Who will convey to him the flag of truce? Whom
will he trust, who promises such unlikely things?

ATR. Wicked hope is generally credulous: however, we will send a message, by my sons, which they shall convey to their uncle, to inquire whether he would not change his present condition of an outcast, wandering from his own kingdom, and from the miseries of his deserted home, and reign as ruler in part over Argos. If Thyestes himself obdurately spurns their entreaties, these representations will encourage his clownish sons, worn out by their grievous sufferings, and they will be more easy to be cajoled! Whereupon, his insane desire to rule again will prevail over everything, for there must be, where he is, sad privation and hence great distress, although these latter alone would suffice to tame down an ordinary mind unhardened by so much wickedness!

GU. Time surely has enabled him to bear his troubles with some sort of resignation!

ATR. Thou art mistaken, he feels his sufferings increasing daily; it is easy, I admit, to bear misery, but to have to look forward to nothing else, is much worse!

GU. Do select other instruments for this woeful project, than thy own sons: young people give too ready an ear to worse counsels probably: they may act as regards thee, their father, just in the same way as thou art instructing them to act towards an uncle, so often is it that one's evil deeds recoil upon the authors thereof!

ATR. When any one is unable to understand the 'ins' and 'outs' of frauds and crimes, he that rules can very soon enlighten him. Dost thou feel alarmed lest men should be made wicked? Nonsense! It is born in them! I know what thou thinkest of me—that I am cruel, harsh, and desirous that everything should savor of severity, and this done, sometimes, with too little reverence for the gods; but thy chances are that at this very moment Thyestes is getting up some plot against me!

GU. Will not thy sons soon detect that thy plan is nothing but a fraud; besides thou canst not expect, at their tender age, that any secret will be undivulged; perhaps they might pretend that they were not being deceived. To learn the full value of silence is only learned, sometimes, after fighting with evils and misfortunes arising out of the too free use of the tongue! and canst thou really suppose that thou canst hoodwink those whom thou simply employest to deceive others? Whether they do not often act quite opposite to thy views, as regards being wilful accomplices in thy crimes, and thy guilt!

SAT. Ipsofne, per quos fallere alium cogitas,	320
Falles, ut ipsi crimine & culpa vacent?	
ATR. Quid enim est neceffe liberos sceleri meo	
Inferere? per nos odia se nostra explicant.	
Male agis, recedis, anime: si parcis tuis,	
Parces & illi: confilii Agamemnon mei	325
Sciens minifter fiat, & patri sciens	
Menelaus adfit. prolis iucertæ fides	
Ex hoc petatur scelere. bella abnuunt,	
Et gerere nolunt odia; si patrum vocant;	
Pater est. eatur. multa fed trepidus folet	330
Detegere vultus; magna nolentem quoque	
Confilia produnt: nefciant, quantæ rei	
Fiant miniftri. nostra tu cæpta occulte.	
SAT. Haud fum monendus. ifta noftro in pectore	
Fides timorque, fed magis claudet fides.	335

CHORUS.

A diffidiis fratrum, qui ad tempus minas componunt, fumpta
occafione, Chorus regum ambitionem taxat, quis vere
rex fit docet, vitam denique latentem collaudat.

T ANDEM regia nobilis,	
Antiqui genus Inachi,	
Fratrum composuit minas.	
Quis vos exagitat furor,	
Alternis dare fanguinem,	340
Et sceptrum scelere aggredi?	
Nescitis cupidi arcium,	
Regnum quo jaceat loco.	
Regem non faciunt opes,	
Non veftis Tyræ color,	345
Non frontis nota regiæ,	
Non auro nitidæ fores.	
Rex est, qui posuit metus,	
Et diri mala pectoris:	
Quem non ambitio impotens,	350
Et nunquam stabilis favor	
Vulgi præcipitis movet.	
Non quidquid fodit Occidens;	
Aut unda Tagus aurea	

ATR. Why is it even necessary to mix up my children with this wickedness? Cannot my hatred work out its ends through my own agency? Thou art playing me false, soul of mine, thou art flinching—if thou sparest thy children, thou art sparing thyself! And Agamemnon shall know of, and be an instrument in, my scheme, and Mene-

laus too, shall be at his father's commands and be made acquainted with my project! Out of all this proposed combination of wickedness too, any notion of mine respecting the uncertainty of their birth (as to legitimacy) will be cleared up: if they refuse to advocate war, and are willing to endorse and carry out my hatred; if they speak of me as "Uncle"; then Thyestes is their father! Let us go on, but a troubled countenance is apt to betray the secrets of the mind, and will lay bare any unwillingness, they may entertain to join in the execution of projects of such importance! Let them therefore be in ignorance of the nature of the enterprise, in which they will be co-operators, and let me conceal my real intentions!

GU. This advice is superfluous to me, as thou must be aware. Thou knowest that thou possessest my fidelity and my only apprehensions are entirely as regards thy interests! But my fidelity, above all, will suffice to bury thy secrets in my innermost bosom!

CHORUS.

An opportunity is taken advantage of, and is drawn from the feud, between the brothers, who keep down their anger for a time; when the Chorus reproves the ambition of rulers, and points out what a true king should be, and lastly sings in praise of the amenities of a retired life.

AT length the noble house of Inachus, that ancient lineage, has seen the rancorous feud of the brothers calmed down; what fury agitates thy breasts, that thou shouldst have carried on such mutual carnage, merely to gain a sceptre, wading to it in crime! Thou art ignorant. Thou who art greedy of attaining power, of what does a kingdom really consist? Riches do not constitute a king, nor gaudy vestments dyed with Tyrian hues, nor the blazing crown on a royal head, nor gorgeous ceilings (of a palace) shining with their rich gilding. That man, though, is a king, who assuages all those fears (and suspicions) so common with rulers, and drives forth from his mind all his own evil passions, whom weak ambition fails to inflate, and whom the unreliable applause of the unthinking herd does not affect—he who covets not what is due out of the mines of the Hesperian West, or what the golden waters of the Tagus yield from its

Claro devehit alveo:	355
Non quidquid Libycis terit	
Fervens area messibus.	
Quem non concutiet cadens	
Obliqui via fulminis:	
Non Eurus rapiens mare;	360
Aut fævo rabidus freto	
Ventosi tumor Adriæ:	
Quem non lancea militis,	
Non strictus domuit chalybs:	
Qui tuto positus loco,	365
Infra se videt omnia:	
Occurritque suo libens	
Fato: nec queritur mori.	
Reges conveniant licet,	
Qui sparsos agitant Dahæ;	370
Qui rubri vada litoris,	
Et gemmis mare lucidum	
Late sanguineum tenent:	
Aut qui Caspia fortibus	
Recludunt juga Sarmatis.	375
Certet, Danubii vadum	
Audet qui pedes ingredi;	
At quocunque loco jacent	
Seres vellere nobiles;	
Mens regnum bona possidet.	380
Nil ullis opus est equis;	
Nil armis, & inertibus	
Telis, quæ procul ingerit	
Parthus, cum simulat fugas:	
Admotis nihil est opus	385
Urbes sternere machinis,	
Longe saxa rotantibus.	
Rex est, qui metuit nihil.	
Rex est, qui cupiet nihil.	
Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat.	390
Stet, quicunque volet, potens	
Aulæ culmine lubrico:	
Me dulcis faturet quies.	
Obscuro positus loco,	
Leni perfruar otio.	395
Nullis nota Quiritibus	
Ætas per tacitum fluat.	
Sic cum transferint mei	
Nullo cum strepitu dies,	
Plebeius moriar fenex.	400
Illi mors gravis incubat,	
Qui notus nimis omnibus,	
Ignotus moritur sibi.	

auriferous sands, and who covets not all the abundant grain of the Libyan harvests, threshed out on the heated floors (made warm by the continued trampling of the oxen used for that purpose). That man, whom a passing flash of lightning, seen at a distance, would not drive out of his wits, nor the sea disturbed by easterly gales, nor the swelling waves which suddenly break forth in the dangerous straits of the stormy Adriatic. Whom the lance of the furious soldier, nor the drawn sword has not held in pusillanimous subjection; who, placed on a secure throne, watches everything beneath him with serenity and willingly bows to his lot, nor needs not to desire death! (as a relief to his earthly troubles.) Let kings join themselves in vain against such a man! Those who lead the wandering Daci, those who hold in subjection, the borders of the Red Sea, and the sea in many places looking red, as it were with bright gems; nor those upon the Caspian mountain ridges, at the approach of the brave Sarmatians, and may they contend against him, who with intrepid steps advance upon the glassy Danube (frozen) and wherever the Seres are found, renowned for their particular thread (silk) they bring from that far-off country—A king, with a proper mind and disposition holds his kingdom securely—there is no need of armed horsemen—no need of the sword, and the darts, which the Parthian shoots forth at a distance, whilst he is pretending flight. No need! of battering rams to lay cities in ruins, nor for machines being employed in rolling onwards enormous rocks! He is a king, who fears nothing—he is a king who desires nothing unjustly; and this is the sort of royalty, which he bestows upon himself! Any man, who likes, can reign, powerful often, with a tottering roof to his palace! May sweet tranquillity satisfy us, and pitched in some obscure nook let us enjoy thoroughly our luxurious ease! Let our lives glide along silently, our very existence not known to the Quirites (Citizens), so that when our days have passed away, undisturbed by the carking cares of life, we shall die, like any other old individuals, ignored and uncared for! Death lies heavily on the man, who dies unknown by himself, but too much known by the rest of mankind!

ACTUS TERTIUS.

THYESTES, PLISTHENES,
TANTALUS junior & } Mutæ personæ.
FRATER tertius.

Thyesti fratre Atreo per filios Atrei revocato, redeuntique in patriam, non sine diffidentia ac mente malum præfagiente, revertendi fiduciam addunt filii fui.

O PTATA patriæ tecta, & Argolicas opes,
 Miserisque summum ac maximum exfulibus bonum, 405
 Tactum foli natalis, & patrios Deos
 (Si sunt tamen Dii) cerno; Cyclopum facras
 Turres, labore majus bumano decus,
 Celebrata juveni stadia, per quæ nobilis
 Palmam paterno non semel curru tuli 410
 Occurret Argos, populus occurret frequens;
 Sed nempe & Atreus. repete silvestres fugas,
 Saltusque denfos potius, & mixtam feris
 Similemque vitam, clarus hic regni nitor
 Fulgore non est quod oculos falso auferat. 415
 Cum quod datur spectabis, & dantem aspice.
 Modo inter illa, quæ putant cuncti aspera.
 Fortis fui, lætusque: nunc contra in metus.
 Revolvor: animus hæret, ac retro cupit
 Corpus referre: moveo nolentem gradum. 420
 PLIST. Pigro (quid hoc est?) genitor incesu stupet,
 Vultumque versat, seque in incerto tenet.
 THY. Quid, anime, pendes? quidve consilium diu
 Tam facile torques? rebus incertissimis,
 Fratri atque regno credis? ac metuis mala 425
 Jam victa, jam mansueta? & ærumnas fugis
 Bene collocatas? esse jam miserum juvat.
 Reflecte gressum, dum licet, teque eripe.
 PLIST. Quæ causâ cogit, genitor, a patria gradum
 Referre viva? cur bonis tantis unum 430
 Subducis? ira frater abjecta redit;
 Partemque regni reddit: & laceræ domus
 Componit artus, teque restituit tibi.

ACT III.

THYESTES — PLISTHENES.

TANTALUS, (the younger), and the } *Mute*
 third brother. } *Personages.*

Thyestes being recalled by his brother Atreus, through his sons, returns to his country, not, however, without distrust, and a mind foreshadowing disaster—his sons are tendered as hostages, that he will so return.

THYESTES.

OH! welcome habitations of my native land, and oh! wealthy Argos! at last, I see you again, and what is the greatest and most deeply felt boon to a miserable exile, I feel the contact of my natal soil, and the Gods of my Fathers, (if any are gods at the present time) the sacred towers of the Cyclopes—glorious structures, which never could have been built by ordinary human agency. The race-course so celebrated when I was young, on which I have more than once honorably earned the palm of victory in the paternal chariot! All Argos will be out to meet me, and the crowding populace will rush to see me, but Atreus will be with them! Ah! let me seek the woods again, which serve at least as a retreat, or the dense forests of the wild beasts! It is not this dazzling splendour of a kingdom, that can entirely blink my vision as to the falseness of its brightness, when I look around, at what is given to me, and when I behold the donor! I have usually had a courageous heart, and I have felt joyful to a great degree, even when mixed up with many things, that every one else would regard as rough in the extreme. Now, quite the contrary, my mind is in a whirl of dread, and my very soul recoils, and I wish to take myself back again! I even move along with an unwilling step!

PLIS. What is this, father mine, thou art faltering with thy gait feeble, withal! Thou shiftest thy face about perplexedly, and seemest quite distrustful of thyself!

THY. Oh! My soul! Why am I wavering? Why should I torture myself so long, about a matter which is simple? But yet, can I place any confidence in matters teeming with uncertainties, my brother and the kingdom? Do I still fear evils, which are already overcome, am I already tamed down? And shall I fly from troubles, which have been removed. Does it not suit my inclination to be miserable now? Let me turn back my steps, whilst I can snatch myself away! •

PLIS. What reason, father mine, compels thee to turn back from thy country only just visited again? Why dost thou withdraw thy heart aside? thou art returning as a brother, and receiving a part of the kingdom and to set in order the distracting elements of the dynasty, and thy brother gives thee to thyself again, so to speak!

THY. <i>Causam timoris, ipse quam ignoro, exigis.</i>	
<i>Nihil timendum video; sed timeo tamen.</i>	435
<i>Placet ire: pigris membra sed genibus labant,</i>	
<i>Alioque, quam quo nitor, abductus feror.</i>	
<i>Sic concitatam remige & velo ratem</i>	
<i>ftus, refiftens remigi & velo, refert.</i>	
PLIST. <i>Evince, quidquid obftat, & mentem impedit;</i>	440
<i>Reducemque quanta præmia expectent, vide.</i>	
<i>Pater, potes regnare. THY. Cum poffim mori?</i>	
PLIST. <i>Summa est potestas. THY. Nulla, fi cupias nihil.</i>	
PLIST. <i>Natis relinques. THY. Non capit regnum duos.</i>	
PLIST. <i>Mifer effe mavult, effe qui felix potest?</i>	445
THY. <i>Mihi crede, falſis magna nominibus placent.</i>	
<i>Fruſtra timentur dura. dum excelfus fteti,</i>	
<i>Nunquam pavere deſtiti, atque ipſum mei</i>	
<i>Ferrum timere lateris. o, quantum bonum eſt,</i>	
<i>Obſtare nulli! capere ſecuras dapes</i>	450
<i>Humi jacentem! ſcelera non iſtrant caſas,</i>	
<i>Tutusque menſa capitur anguſta cibus.</i>	
<i>Venenum in auro bibitur. expertus loquor,</i>	
<i>Malam bonæ præferre fortuoam licet.</i>	
<i>Non vertice alti montis impoſitam domum,</i>	455
<i>Et eminentem civitas humilis tremiſ;</i>	
<i>Nec fulget altis ſplendidum tectis ebur;</i>	
<i>Somnoſque non defendit excubitor meos:</i>	
<i>Non claſſibus piſcamer, & retro mare</i>	
<i>Jaſta fugam mole; non ventrem improbum</i>	460
<i>Alimus tributo gentium; nullus mihi</i>	
<i>Ultra Getas metatur & Parthos ager:</i>	
<i>Non thure colimur; nec meæ, excluſo love,</i>	
<i>Ornantur aræ: nulla culminibus meis</i>	
<i>Impoſita nutat ſilva; nec fumant manu</i>	465
<i>Succenſa multa ſtagna: nec fomno dies,</i>	
<i>Bacchoque nox jungenda pervigili datur.</i>	
<i>Sed non ſimemur. tuta ſine telo eſt domus;</i>	
<i>Rebuſque parvis alta præſtatur quies.</i>	
<i>Immane regnum eſt, poſſe ſine regno pati.</i>	470

THY. Thou aſkeſt me the cauſe of my dread, which I myſelf cannot explain. I ſee nothing to fear, but yet I have my apprehenſions, at all events, I ſhould like to go—My whole body ſeems to give way with my tottering knees, and I am literally being dragged away, to another place, from that, which I am ſtriving to reach, juſt in fact, as the adverſe tide drives back the craft urged on by the rower and the ſails, and reſiſts the combined efforts of both.

PLIS. Overcome whatever troubles thy mind or hinders thy reſolution, thou readily ſeeſt, what ample reward will crown thy expectations, now that thou haſt come back. Oh! Father! thou canſt well afford to reign.

THY. Yes! When I am on the death-roll!

PLIS. Thy power, as a king, will be omnipotent.

THY. None at all to one, to whom it is a matter of indifference.

PLIS. Thou canst transmit it to thy sons.

THY. A throne only requires one occupant.

PLIS. He who thinks he cannot be happy, would prefer to be wretched then, dost thou mean?

THY. Rely on me, grand things only tickle the imagination under the assumed proportions of imposingness; poverty, after all, is not so distressing as it is represented; when I sat on the throne, I was in a perpetual state of dread, and feared that a sword was continually about to enter my side, Oh! what a desirable thing it is, to be able to take things as they come—for a man to enjoy his food in security, even when lying on the ground! Great crimes do not usually abound in the humble cot, and one's food is appreciated, and although served on a small table, there is security with it. Poison is drunk out of the golden goblet! I speak from experience, it is a more acceptable choice, to prefer an indifferent lot—before a favorable one uncertain in its duration. The humble low-lying hamlet, exists in much greater serenity than the denizens of a mansion, with all its majesty erected on the summit of some lofty mountain! Neither does the chaste ivory shine on the lofty ceilings for me, nor does a watchful sentry mount guard, to protect me during my slumber! I do not use entire fleets, for the purpose of catching fish, nor do I endeavour to keep the sea back, by constructing piers, or driving enormous piles. I do not fill my voracious stomach at the expense of the people. No land is at my disposal beyond what the Getæ and Parthians make use of. I am not worshipped with incense, nor are my altars adorned, and Jupiter disregarded! No forest trees are planted on my elevated terraces, waving to and fro; nor many dried up lakes, set on fire with great labor by the hand of man! I do not give up my entire day to sleep, nor are my nights spent in protracted Bacchanalian carousals! But I am, nevertheless, free from inquietude, my house is safe without defensive weapons, and quiet of the most desirable kind extends to all the smaller details of my life! To be able to bear life contentedly without a kingdom, represents to my mind a kingdom vast indeed!

PLIST. Nec abnuendum est, si dat imperium Deus.	
THY. Nec appetendum. PLIST. Frater, ut regnes, rogat.	
THY. Rogat? timendum est. errat hic aliquis dolus.	
PLIST. Redire pietas, unde submota est, folet:	
Reparatque vires justus amissas amor	475
THY. Amat Thyesten frater? æthereas prius	
Perfundet Arctos pontus; & Siculi rapax	
Consistit æstus unda, & Ionio feges	
Matura pelago furget; & lucem dabit	
Nox atra terris: ante cum flammis aquæ,	480
Cum morte vita, cum mari ventus fidem	
Fœdusque jungent. PLIST. Quam tamen fraudum times?	
THY. Omnem. timori quem meo statuam modum?	
Tantum potest, quantum odit. PLIST. In te quid potest?	
THY. Pro me nihil jam metuo: vos facitis mihi	485
Atrea timendum. PLIST. Decipi captus times?	
Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.	
THY. Eatur: unum genitor hoc testor tamen,	
Ego vos sequor, non duco. PLIST. Respiciet Deus	
Bene cogitata. perge non dubio gradu.	490

A T R E U S, T H Y E S T E S,
T A N T A L U S F. & } Mutæ personæ.
T E R T I U S frater

Tacite sibi applaudit Atreus irretitum fratrem, cui obviam procedit,
& simulata in gratiam reditione eum circumvenit.

PLAGIS tenetur clusa dispositis fera.
Et ipsum, & una generis invisi indolem
Junctam parenti cerno. jam tuto in loco
Verfantur odia: venit in nostras manus
Tandem Thyestes; venit, & totus quidem. 495

PLIS. But we should not decline to accept it, if a deity bestows it on us.

THY. Nor does it become us, to hanker after it.

PLIS. Thy brother invites thee to reign.

THY. But why does he so ask? that is the very reason I fear, some snare is mixed up with this!

PLIS. Fraternal love often returns when it has only disappeared for a time, and an affection of this natural character soon makes up for former defection.

THY. Will Atreus ever love Thyestes again? I think it is more likely that the Polar stars will swoop down from the heavens and hide themselves in the broad ocean-depths, or that the impetuous waters of the Sicilian straits should calm down suddenly, or the growing corn to ripen, submerged in the Ionian seas. One would rather expect to see sombre Nox, lighting up the Earth, instead of Phœbus, or to see water mixing kindly with fire. Life itself fraternizing, amicably, cheek by jowl, with bitter Mors, or for the winds to enter into some anomalous arrangement, and treaty of peace, with the ocean waves!

PLIS. What fraud, then, dost thou fear?

THY. Every fear, in fact; what bounds can I set on my fear? As great as is his power, so is his hatred of me!

PLIS. What can he do to thee?

THY. For myself I entertain no fears; thou art the object of my fears as regards Atreus!

PLIS. Dost thou fear being taken prisoner? It is somewhat slow work, to begin to fear mischief only when danger is far advanced.

THY. Let things take their course, let us go! At least, my son, I pledge my confidence in this idea, by saying, I follow thee, but I am not leading thee to this business!

PLIS. May the Gods bless thee for having decided so considerately. Come on, father mine, and advance with the step of confidence.

ATREUS—THYESTES—PLISTHENES.

TANTALUS, SON, and the THIRD BROTHER.	}	<i>Mute personages.</i>
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ATREUS.

LIKE some wild beast, Thyestes is at last in my power, entangled by the toils that have been laid for his capture; and as I behold him, side by side, with his hateful offspring, I detect the look of the parent clearly reproduced in the physiognomies of the sons. Now my revenge must be planned in a safe manner; at last, Thyestes has fallen into my hands, and not only does he

Vix tempero animo, vix dolor frenos capit.	
Sic, cum feras vestigat, & longo sagax	
Loro tenetur Umber, ac presso vias	
Scrutator ore; dum procul lento fuem	
Odore sentit, parat, & tacito locum	500
Rostro pererrat: præda cum propior fuit,	
Cervice tota pugnat, & gemitu vocat	
Dominum morantem, seque retinenti eripit.	
Cum spirat ira sanguinem, nescit tegi.	
Tamen tegatur. aspice, ut multo gravis	505
Squallore vultus obruat mœstos coma:	
Quam fæda jaceat barba. præstatur fides.	
Fratrem juvat videre: complexus mihi	
Redde expetitos. quidquid irarum fuit,	
Transferit. ex hoc sanguis ac pietas die	510
Colantur: animis odia damnata excidant.	
THY. Diluere possem cuncta, nisi talis fores.	
Sed fateor, Atreu, fateor, admisi omnia	
Quæ credidisti. pessimam causam meam	
Hodierna pietas fecit. est prorsus nocens,	515
Quicumque visus tam bono fratri est nocens.	
Lacrimis agendum est: supplicem primus vides.	
Hæc te precantur pedibus intactæ manus.	
Ponatur omnis ira, & ex animo tumor	
Erafus abeat: obsides fidei accipe	520
Hos innocentes. ATR. Frater, a genibus manus	
Aufer, meosque potius amplexus pete.	
Vos quoque, fenum præsidia, tot juvenes, meo	
Pendete collo, squallidam vestem exue,	
Oculisque nostris parce, & ornatus cape	525
Pares meis; lætusque fraterni imperii	
Capeffe partem. major hæc laus est mea,	
Fratri paternum reddere iocolumi decus.	
Habere regnum, casus est: virtus, dare.	
THY. Dii paria, frater, pretia pro tantis tibi	530
Meritis rependant. regiam capitis notam	

appear, but his sons too, a regular family party! I can scarcely preserve my equanimity, and it is with great difficulty, that I can keep my anger in subjugation! Just as when the blood-hound is on the track, and is then being held in by a leather strap, at the same time that he is following up that track, with his nose pressing the ground, and is obedient, whilst he is detecting the boar's whereabouts with a feeble scent at a distance only, and wanders here, wanders there silently; but when his quarry draws nearer, he strains away at the collar, and sets up a loud bark, as if he would remind his master of his being kept back, and forthwith breaks away from the hand that held him! So when an angry man has made

up his mind to spill the blood of an enemy, he knows not how to dissemble his intentions, but, however, in my particular case, they must be effectually concealed! (Aside.) Behold Thyestes! how his locks covered with dirt, hide up that woeful countenance of his—how hideous too, his beard appears! (Approaching.) Let our mutual oaths, Thyestes, be respected. It delights me to see thee, brother mine. Come, give me the long desired embrace; whatsoever ill-feeling has existed between us, henceforth let bye-gones be bye-gones! From this day forth, let the love of kindred and bonds of fraternal friendship be for ever cultivated by both of us. Let any lingering ill-will be dismissed from our minds, as too odious to be countenanced.

THY. I could explain away everything satisfactorily, even if thou didst not meet me in the kind spirit thou art now showing. But I do confess, Atreus, I must confess the truth of everything thou hast given me credit for. This day's noble conduct on thy part, has only aggravated my offences in my own eyes—That man would be hopelessly bad, who could feel anything but amicably, towards a brother who has evinced towards me so much consideration—I really cannot refrain from shedding tears! First thou must regard me as thy suppliant, and with these hands I now embrace thee on bended knees, knees that have never genuflected to mortal man before—Let all traces of animosity be rooted out—let all uprisings of anger be kindled for ever; here, Atreus, receive these sons of mine as hostages of my good faith and sincerity!

ATR. Brother mine, remove thy hands from my knees, seek rather the brotherly embrace; and you, so many youths (addressing the sons) as the natural guardians of our advancing years, hang down with your arms round my neck! Remove thy squalid apparel, Thyestes, and spare me the pain of beholding them any more, and put on these, they are identical with those I am wearing myself, and take likewise as a joyful pleasure to me, half of the kingdom with them! The preponderance of glory in this matter is certainly in my favor, the honor, indeed, of restoring a kingdom to a brother who has returned to me in safety, from cruel exile. To hold a kingdom is a matter of chance, but to give one, an act of virtue!

THY. Oh may the Gods reward thee with similar benefits, oh! my brother! to those which thou art now so lavishly showering down upon me, but do let my present squalor decline to exchange itself for that diadem, with which

Squallor recusat noster, & sceptrum manus Infaulta refugit, liceat in media mihi Latere turba. ATR. Recipit hoc regnum duos.	
THY. Meum esse credo, quidquid est, frater, tuum.	535
ATR. Quis influentis dona fortunæ abnuit?	
THY. Expertus est quicumque, quam facile effluant.	
ANR. Fratrem potiri gloria ingenti vetas?	
THY. Tua jam peracta gloria est, restat mea. Respuere certum est regna consilium mihi.	540
ATR. Meam relinquam, nisi tuam partem accipis.	
THY. Accipio. regni nomen impositi feram: Sed jura & arma servient mecum tibi.	
ATR. Imposita capiti vincla venerando gere. Ego destinatas victimas Superis dabo.	545

CHORUS.

Interviens actui præcedenti Chorus Atrei collaudat pietatem,
quæ similitates & diffidia fratrum composuit, non
fecus ac serenitas tempestatem secuta.

C REDAT hoc quisquam? ferus ille & acer, Nec potens mentis, truculentus Atreus, Fratris aspectu stupefactus hæsit. Nulla vis major pietate vera est. Jurgia externis inimica durant,	550
Quos amor verus tenuit, tenebit, Ira cum magnis agitata causis Gratiam rupit, cecinitque bellum; Cum leves frenis sonuere turmæ, Fulsit hinc illinc agitatus ensis;	555
Quem movet crebro furibundus ictu Sanguinem Mavors cupiens recentem; Opprimit ferrum, manibusque junctis Ducit ad pacem pietas negantes.	
Otium tanto subitum e tumultu Quis Deus fecit? modo per Mycenæ	560

thou art now proposing to dignify my head, and permit these unlucky hands of mine to be excused the task of carrying the sceptre! Let me rather go and hide myself away, amongst the busy crowd of mankind!

ATR. The kingdom is large enough for two.

THY. What brother! am I to be made to believe that to be mine which I know so well to be thine?

ATR. Why dost thou refuse the gifts of Fortune as they come to thee?

THY. Whoever has had any experiences in such matters, must know how easily they may be lost to one!

ATR. Dost thou stand in my way then, brother mine, of gaining for myself great glory?

THY. Thy glory has already been acquired, it is mine that is waiting to be arrived at; but my own resolution is made up—namely, to refuse the crown!

ATR. I will give mine up altogether, unless thou wilt accept a share.

THY. I agree, I will bear the title of king, which thou hast granted me, but thou shalt have authority over my subjects, my armies and myself.

ATR. Place on thy venerable head the diadem which awaits to be placed there—I will offer to the Gods the victims, which I have promised them!

CHORUS.

The Chorus is entering into the spirit of the preceding act, praises the fraternal affection of Atreus, which has put aside the hatred and differences between the brothers, in much such a way as the calm which follows the storm, serves to illustrate.

WHO would credit it? Here is Atreus, that fierce, cruel, relentless man, actually loses his presence of mind, and appears perfectly dazed at the sight of his brother! Nothing, after all, is stronger than the affection arising out of blood-relationship—whilst feuds carried on by those who are aliens in blood, only grow more inveterate by time! When anger brought about by grievous events, caused the rupture between these brothers, the cry of war was heard! When the skirmishing light horsemen were on the move, amidst much champing of bits; here, there, everywhere, the naked sword flashed as it was flourished about, by ardent warriors, whom fierce Mars urges on, as with repeated onslaught, the rival combatants seek out for fresh slaughter. At length fraternal affection puts aside the sword of revenge, and draws them together with their hands clasped in friendship, once hostile!—Now reconciled! What propitious Deity has brought about such tranquillity out of so much disquiet? Only quite lately the sound of arms was rife throughout Mycenæ, in the heat of civil war—Pale, distracted

Arma civilis crepuere belli. Pallidæ natos tenuere matres; Uxor armato timuit marito, Cum manum invitus sequeretur enſis, Sordibus pacis vitio quietæ.	565
Ille labentes renovare muros; Hic ſitu quaſſas ſtabilire turres; Ferreis portas cohibere clauſtris Ille certabat; paviduſque pinnis Anxiæ noctis vigil incubabat.	570
Pejor eſt bello timor ipſe belli. Jam minæ ſævi cecidere ferri; Jam filet murmur grave clafficorum; Jam tacet ſtridor litui ſtreptentis; Alta pax urbi recovata lætæ eſt.	575
Sic ubi ex alto tumuere fluctus, Brutium Coro feriente pontum, Scylla pulſatis reſonat cavernis, Ac mare in portu timuere nautæ, Quod rapax hauſtum revomit Charybdis; Et ferus Cyclops metuit parentem Rupe ſerventis reſidens in Ætnæ, Ne ſuperfuſis violeſtur undis	580
Ignis æternis reſonans caminis; Et putat mergi ſua poſſe pauper Regne Laërtes, Ithaca tremente. Si ſuæ ventis cecidere vires, Mitius ſtagno pelagus recumbit; Alta quæ navis timuit fecare	585
Hinc & hinc fuſis ſpatioſa velis, Strata ludenti patuere cymbæ: Et vacat merſos numerare piſces; Hic ubi ingenti modo ſub procella Cyclades pontum timuere motæ.	590
Nulla ſors longa eſt: dolor ac voluptas Invicem cedunt. brevior voluptas. Ima permittat levis hora ſummis. Ille, qui donat diadema fronti, Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes, Cujus ad nutum poſuere bella Medus, & Phœbi propioris Indus, Et Dææ Parthis equitem minati; Anxius ſceptrum tenet, & moventes Cuncta divinat metuitque caſus	595
Mobiles rerum, dubiumque tempus. Vos, quibus rector maris atque terræ Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ,	605

mothers preſſed their babes to their boſoms—wives went in fear for the fate of their huſbands, armed for the fray, whiſt the ſword was held by a regretful hand, (and

which before being taken up) had become rusty from long disuse in the preceding times of peace! Now, the whilom warrior, on one side, seeks to repair the ruined city; now the warrior of the opposite faction is busy in rehabilitating the shattered towers, and who quite lately, endeavoured to fortify his portals with iron bars, and in a state of trepidation, behind the niched battlements, as the sentinel watched during the anxious hours of night! Thus the fear of war is sometimes more terrifying than the actual battle. Now the terrors of the sword have passed away, and the sound of the shrill war trumpet is silenced, and profound peace is restored to the rejoicing city of Mycenæ! So where the North-West wind blows violently over the sea of Apulia, the waves swell up from the lowest depths, and Scylla emits a roaring response, as they beat in upon the caverns, and the seafarers dread the seas in their very ports, which the angry Charybdis receives and ejects again with terrible force—and the fierce Cyclops who inhabits the mountains of Ætna, dreads his parent's approach (Neptune) lest his forges, the fire with its noisy wrath, in those everlasting flames should be extinguished by the seas pouring down upon them; and Laërtes, of mean resources, every moment thinks that his little kingdom, will be swallowed by the watery element; whilst Ithaca trembles, too, lest the violence of the sea should overcome its powers of resistance, whilst the waters surrounding it rest as quiet as a mill-pond at ordinary times; in the main seas, whose waves the vessel fears to cut through, with its sails set, the smaller boats sail about playfully, when the sea has calmed down, and it is possible to count the very fish swimming about here, where not long ago, the Cyclades tremblingly feared the sea, when a terrific storm, a storm of unusual violence, raged around them! No condition of matter rests long in the same state; even pain and pleasure visit us by turns, inconstant. Fortune changes the venue from the most lofty situation and substitutes one very much lower. He that graces his head with the diadem, and before whom, the peoples tremble on bended knees, at whose nod the Medæ lays down his arms, and the Indian, a nearer neighbour of Phœbus, (more easterly) and the Daci terrified at the Parthian horsemen, with anxious fear that the king holds the sceptre, and he foreshadows all things, and learns to dread the shifting and capricious tides of precarious Fortune and the uncertainty with which they arrive. Thou, therefore, to whom the ruler of the sea and earth has given the power of deciding life or death, hide away thy proud and inflated air; whatever an inferior fears at thy hands, thy superior,

Ponite inflatos tumidosque vultus:
 Quidquid a vobis minor extimefcit. 610
 Major hoc vobis dominus minatur.
 Omne fub regno graviore regnum eft.
 Quem dies vidit veniens fuperbum,
 Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
 Nemo confidat nimium fecundis; 615
 Nemo defperet meliora lapfis.
 Mifcet hæc illis, prohibetque Clotho
 Stare fortunam. rotat omne fatum.
 Nemo tamen Divos habuit faventeis,
 Craftinum ut poffit fibi polliceri. 620
 Res Deus noftras celeri citatas
 Turbine verfat.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

NUNTIUS, CHORUS.

Crudele Atræi facinus & epulas nefandas, in quibus apponebantur
 Thyeftræ fui liberi, digna, quæ ex oculis fpectatorum fublata
 intus gererentur, narrat nuntii facundia præfens.

QUIS me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet,
 NUNT. Atræque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas
 Eripiat oculis? o domus, Pelopi quoque 625
 Et Tantalò pudenda: CHOR. Quid portas novi?
 NUNT. Quænam ifta regio eft, Argos & Sparte pios
 Sortita fratres? & maris gemini premens
 Fauces Corinthos? an feris Ifter fugam
 Præbens Alanis? an fub æterna nive 630
 Hyrcana tellus? an vagi paffim Scythæ?
 Quis hic nefandi eft confcius monftri locus?
 CHOR. Effare: & iftud pande, quodcunque eft malum.
 NUNT. Si ftererit animus, fi metu corpus rigens
 Remittet artus. hæret in vultu trucis ; 635
 Imago facti. ferte me infanæ procul
 Illo procellæ; ferte, quo fertur dies

acting as thy master, threatens thee. Every kingdom must
 yield to one of greater power, and the man thou feest
 proud and tyrannical at the early part of the day, may
 be feen at night subdued and laid low. Let no man
 crow too much in his profperity, let no one give way too
 much in his adverfity, let him take things as they occur,

thankfully. Clotho forbids by virtue of her calling, anything to stand still; she is constantly rotating the fate of every mortal. No one has ever yet found the Gods so propitious that he can with certainty promise himself anything as for to-morrow. The God that rules all things, from his rapidly rotating wheel, rolls forth our destinies exactly as they are pre-ordered!

ACT IV.

MESSENGER — CHORUS.

A Messenger who was present, reports the cruel deed of Atreus, and how his own children were served up to Thyestes at the wicked feast, and eloquently describes those matters, which were very properly concealed from the eyes of spectators within the house.

MESSENGER.

WHAT whirlwind will transport me headlong into the air and envelop me in some sombre cloud, that my vision may be spared to witness such revolting crimes? Oh! The Dynasty! at which Pelops and Tantalus even would be abashed!

CHOR. What news dost thou bring?

MESS. In what region of the Earth am I? Is it Argos, or is it Sparta, the country of these two affectionate brothers? Or is it Corinth, whose straits are between two seas? Or is it on the borders of the Danube, which favors the savage Alani? Or the land of Hyrcania, with its eternal snows? Or am I amongst the wandering Scythians? Or what place can it be, that is the scene of wickedness too horrible to be mentioned?

CHOR. Speak out, man, and tell us what the wickedness is, whatever it may be.

MESS. I will, when I can collect my mental faculties, my mind is in a sort of standstill, and when my stiffened limbs congealed with horror, begin to thaw! The sight of the dreadful deed is still before my eyes! Oh! Wild hurricanes transport me far, far from such a scene of horror! Let me be conveyed somewhere, unvisited by the light of day!

Hinc raptus. CHOR. Animos gravius incertos tenes. Quid sit, quod horres, ede, & auctorem indica.	
Non quæro, quis sit, sed uter. effare ocius.	640
NUNT. In arce summa Pelopeæ pars est domus Conversa ad Austros; cujus extremum latus Æquale monti crescit, atque urbem premit, Et contumacem regibus populum suis	
Habet sub ictu: fulget hic turbæ capax Immane tectum, cujus auratas trabes Variis columnæ uobiles maculis ferunt. Post ista vulgo nota, quæ populi colunt, In multa dives spatia discedit domus.	645
Arcana in imo regio secessu patet, Alta vetustum valle comescens nemus, Penetrabile regni. nulla qua lætos solet Præbere ramos arbor, aut ferro coli:	650
Sed taxus, & cupressus, & nigra ilice Obscura nutat silva; quam supra eminens Despectat alte quercus, & vincit nemus.	655
Hinc auspicari regna Tantalidæ solent, Hinc petere lapsis rebus & dubiis opem, Affixa inhærent dona. vocales tubæ, Fractique currus, spolia Myrtoï maris,	660
Victæque falsis axibus pendent rotæ, Et omne gentis facinus: hoc Phrygius loco Fixus tiaras Pelopis; hic præda hostium, Et de triumpho picta barbarico chlamys.	
Fons stat sub umbra tristis, & nigra piger Hæret palude. talis est diræ Stygis Deformis unda, quæ facit cælo fidem.	665
Hic nocte cæca gemere ferales Deos, Fama est: catenis lucus excussis sonat, Ululantque Manes. Quidquid audire est metus, Illic videtur. errat antiquis vetus	670
Emissa bustis turba, & insulant loco Majora notis monstra. Quin tota solet Micare flamma silva, & excelsæ trabes Ardent sine igne. sæpe latratu nemus	675
Trino remugit: sæpe simulacris domus Attonita magnis. nec dies fedat metum. Nox propria luco est, & superstitio inferum In luce media regnat. Hinc orantibus Responsa dantur certa, cum ingenti sono	680

CHOR. Thou art keeping our minds, in considerable uncertainty which is very trying. What can it be? at what art thou in such a state of fright? Speak out, and tell us the cause—tell us the author of the crime! We do not ask thee simply, who did it, but which of the two brothers was it. Speak, man, speak quickly!

MESS. There is on the highest fortress of the palace of Pelops a frontage, having a southern aspect, whose extreme side rises to a mountainous height, almost, and overlooks the city, and from its menacing appearance, not only holds the recalcitrant rabble in awe of their kings, but enables them also to deal more effectual blows upon revolters below! In this palace is a huge saloon capable of holding large crowds of people (who flock thither for various purposes), where noble porphyry columns support the gilded roof; behind these, and quite open to the public who may assemble there, the sumptuous palace is divided off into numerous departments, but there is another hall, the Sanctuary of the Palace which is visible only at the farthest end, a mysterious retreat, a time-honored grove in a deep valley, concealing it from the vulgar gaze, this is the royal sanctum, where no trees afford their cheerful umbrage, and where the pruning-knife finds no employment!—but the yew, the cypress, and the obscure foliage, rendered more so by the sombre ilex, wave listlessly at the undulations of the circumambient air, upon all of which a lofty oak looks down from on high, and rules the grove with its majestic imposingness. Here the descendants of Tantalus repair to consult about their respective destinies—here to invoke aid, when their affairs are in doubt or danger—Numerous spoils hang about, sonorous trumpets, broken chariots, spoils and amongst them (an especial curio) the relics of that one fished out from the sea of Myrtilus, and the disabled wheels are suspended from their treacherous axles—in fact, traces of every phase of human wickedness. In one place, is seen the Phrygian Tiara of Pelops himself; in another, the accumulated rapine taken from sundry conquered enemies—an embroidered cloak represented some triumph or other over some barbarian foe! A lugubrious fountain is observed under the shadow of this wood, and the water remains steeped in a black marsh, just such a marsh in appearance, as the terror-striking Styx, which renders inviolable the oaths sworn to by the Gods. It is reported here, that the funereal deities set up their groans in the dead of the obscure night, and the entire grove becomes convulsed with the clanking of chains, and when the Manes commence their howlings! Whatever it is it is terrifying to hear, but when it is brought into actual view, a crowd of aged spectres emerging from their ancient tombs begin to wander about, and monsters of greater magnitude than any conception could picture, leap about with mocking laughter! But suddenly, the entire wood seems to burst into flames, and the lofty trees look as if ignited, but none

Laxantur adyto fata, & immugit specus Vocem Deo solvente. Quo postquam furens Intravit Atreus, liberos fratris trahens, Ornantur aræ. qui queat digne eloqui?	
Post terga juvenum nobiles revocat manus, Et mæsta vitta capita purpurea ligat:	685
Non thura defunt, non facer Bacchi liquor. Tangenſve falſa victimam culter mola. Servatur omnis ordo, ne tantum nefas Non rite fiat. CHOR. Quis manum ferro admovet?	690
NUNT. Ipſe eſt ſacerdos. ipſe funeſta prece Letale carmen ore violento canit. Stat ipſe ad aras. ipſe devotos neci Contrôtat, & componit, & ferro admovet. Attendit ipſe, nulla pars ſacri perit.	695
Lucus tremiſcit. tota ſuccuſſo ſolo Nutavit aula, dubia, quo pondus daret, Ac fluctuanti ſimilis. e lævo æthere Atrum cucurrit limitem fidus trahens. Libata in ignes vina mutato fluunt	700
Cruenta Baccho. regium capiti decus Bis terque lapſum eſt, flevit in templis ebur. Movere cunctos monſtra: ſed ſolus ſibi Immotus Atreus conſtat, atque ultro Deos Terret minantes. jamque dimiſſa mora	705
Affluit aris, torvum & obliquum intuens. Jejuna ſilvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvenecos tigris erravit duos, Utriuſque prædæ cupida, quo primos ferat	
Incerta morſus, ſeſctit huc rictus ſuos, Illo reſeſctit, & famem dubiam tenet; Sic dirus Atreus capita devota impiæ Speculatur iræ. quem prius mactet ſibi, Dubitat; ſecunda deinde quem cæde immolet.	710
Nec intereſt: ſed dubitat. & ſævum ſcelus	715

of the consuming results of positive ignition following that phenomenon—Oftentimes, the grove resounds with loud barking, as if coming from three throats simultaneously (Cerberus-like), and very often the palace is haunted with enormous and terrifying ghosts! Nor does the light of day, when it arrives, allay one's fright—for night is the peculiar feature of this grove, and superstitious alarms take a firm hold of the imagination, even in broad daylight! Here responses are given to earnest supplicants upon which they can depend, for from a wide entrance, with a loud sound the decrees are pronounced, and the cavern groans again, whilst the judicial Deity is delivering his sentence! Into this place we see furious Atreus enter, dragging with him the children of Thyestes, and

the altar is duly spread out with the sacrificial paraphernalia. Oh! how can what I saw be adequately described? He then proceeds to bind the noble hands of the young princes behind their backs, and he winds round their unfortunate heads a purple bandage (blindfolding them). And frankincense is not wanting, nor the sacred liquor of Bacchus (wine). Nor is the sacrificial meal forgotten, as the knife is applied to the victims—every formality is rigidly observed, lest the enormity of the crime should be robbed of any of its ceremonial importance.

CHOR. Who applied the fatal sword, what hand?

MESS. The presiding priest, Atreus himself was there; he chants forth some funeral hymn from his horrible larynx, at the same time that he accompanies it with impious prayers. He himself stands in front of the altar, he alone manipulates upon those that are doomed for sacrifice, arranges their position and applies the sword! He is in full presence and no minutæ of the wicked ceremony are omitted; the grove trembles, the palace totters with the shock that disturbs the earth, and appears as if it were uncertain where it should deposit itself, if condemned to fall. On the left side of the heavens, a star is seen shooting forth, tracing its passage with a black streak—and the wine which is used so freely in the sacrifice, mixes with the blood of the victims! and thus Bacchus is made to assume a new character! The regal bauble on the head of Atreus (the diadem) fell off two or three times, the very ivory in the temples shed tears. This monstrous deed moved the entire world convulsively, but Atreus, collected in his mind, is alone true to himself, and what is more, actually terrifies the angry gods (with his audacity) and then, without any delay, he leaps upon the altar, looking savage, with his eyes rolling from side to side, and as the famished tiger of the jungle on the borders of the Ganges, hesitates upon which of the two bulls he shall fasten, whilst he longs only to seize them both at once, but pauses, as to which he shall insert his deadly fangs, hither he bends his greedy jaws—thither he draws them back, and actually holds aloof his voracity in this doubting mood! So dreadful Atreus, speculates as to the victims which he has sacrificed to his impious wrath—He cannot make up his mind, within himself, as to which he shall immolate the first, then he wonders, whether he shall sacrifice the one intended for slaughter “number one” and substitute in its place that which he had marked as “number two”—not that it was a matter which concerned him much, but only that he had doubted,

Juvat ordinare. CHOR. Quem tamen ferro occupat?	
NUNT. Primus locus (ne deesse pietatem putes)	
Avo dicatur; Tantalus prima hostia est.	
CHOR. Quo juvenis animo, quo tulit vultu necem?	
NUNT. Stetit fui securus, & non est preces	720
Perire frustra passus: ast illi ferus	
In vulnere enfem abscondit, & penitus premens	
Jugulo manum commisit. educto stetit	
Ferro cadaver: cumque dubitasset diu	
Hac parte, an illa caderet, in patrum cadit.	725
Tunc ille ad aras Pliithenem sævus trahit,	
Adicitque fratri: colla percussa amputat.	
Cervicæ cæsa truncus in pronum ruit:	
Querulum cucurrit murmure incerto caput.	
CHOR. Quid deinde gemina cæde perfunctis facit?	730
Puerone parcit; an scelus sceleri ingerit?	
NUNT. Silva jubatus qualis Armenia leo	
In cæde multa victor ærmento incubat,	
Cruore rictus madidus, & pulsa fame	
Non ponit iras; hinc & hinc tauros premens	735
Vitulis minatur, dente jam lasso piger:	
Non aliter Atreus sævit, atque ira rumet,	
Ferrumque gemina cæde perfusum tenens,	
Oblitus in quem rueret, infesta manu	
Exegit ultra corpus. at pueri statim	740
Pectore receptus ensis, in tergo exfistit.	
Cadit ille, & aras sanguine extinguens suo,	
Per utrumque vulnus moritur. CHOR. O sævum scelus!	
NUNT. Exhorruistis? hæcenus sistat nefas,	
Pius est. CHOR. An ultra majus aut atrocius	745
Natura recipit? NUNT. Sceleris hunc finem putas?	
Gradus est. CHOR. Quid ultra potuit? abjecit feris	
Lanianda forsân corpora, atque igne arcuit.	

and he felt a sort of pleasure in doing such an alarming deed with some regard to arrangement!

CHOR. Which of the sons found occupation for the sword first?

MESS. The first place was dedicated to the Grandfather, Tantalus. (Thou dost not suppose that he was entirely wanting in family reverence.) Tantalus was his first victim (because his name was Tantalus).

CHOR. What was the demeanour of the youth? with what courage did he meet his death?

MESS. He stood with great firmness, and confidence in himself, as if he were not willing that any entreaties he might make should pass unheeded, but Atreus, remorseless with pent-up rage, seized with his hand the neck of his

victim, and holding it tightly he stabbed him with the sword, which he thrust into the wound as far as the hilt, and when the weapon was withdrawn, the body stood upright for several seconds, as it were, doubting for a long time, whether it should fall here or there; it then fell upon the Uncle. Then with unabated wrath he drags Plisthenes towards the altar and places him by the side of his brother, he severs his head from his body with a well-directed blow—his headless trunk falls to the earth, and the head gives forth something like a mumbling, undefinable whispering!

CHOR. What did he do after he had finished with this double slaughter? did he not spare one of the boys? Oh! What crime upon crime, he has heaped up!

MESS. As the maned lion of the Armenian forest contemplates with satisfaction his triumphs over the herds and flocks, after much slaughter, his jaws still dripping with their blood, although his hunger is fully appeased, does not lay aside his savage nature! From all sides he terrifies the bulls, whilst he is chasing the calves, although his teeth are tired out, with their recent dental labors! Not unlike this, Atreus maintains his rage at its maximum, and fairly swells with his wrath, and still holding his sword, sprinkled with the blood of his nephews, not knowing whither he was rushing—He evidently was thirsting with his cruel hand, for another victim, and darting upon the third son, he forthwith stabbed him in the chest, and the sword, passing through his body, emerged at the back—He falls, and his blood extinguished the fire at the altar—he thus dies from his double wound! (wound at point of entry and that made by its exit.)

CHOR. Oh! What horrible wickedness!

MESS. Why art thou so horrified? if the crime rested at this point, the piety of Atreus would have been an established fact?

CHOR. Can human nature, dost thou tell us, devise anything more cruel or more atrocious (than what thou hast told us)?

MESS. Now, dost thou suppose, that what I have related is the finale of my story? it is only a link in the chain.

CHOR. What more could he do, we ask, perhaps it is, that he has handed over the bodies to be devoured by the wild beasts, and has deprived them of the ceremonial flames of the funeral pile (that is dishonoring their remains).

NUNT. Utioam arcuiffet, ne tegat functos humus,
 Ne folvat ignis! avibus epulandos licet 750
 Ferifque trifte pabulum fævus trahat;
 Votum eft fub hoc, quod effe fupplicium folet.
 Pater infepultos fpectet. o nullo fcelus
 Credibile in ævo, quodque pofteritas neget!
 Erepta vivis exta pectoribus tremunt, 755
 Spirantque venæ, corque adhuc pavidum falit.
 At ille fibras tractat, ac fata infpicit;
 Et adhuc caleotes vifcerum venas notat.
 Poftquam hoftiæ placuere, fecurus vacat
 Jam fratris epulis. ipfe divifum fecat 760
 In membra corpus; amputat trunco tenus
 Humeros patentes, & lacertorum moras;
 Denudat artus dirus, atque offa amputat:
 Tantum ora fervat, & datas fidei manus.
 Hæc verubus hærent vifcera, & lentis data 765
 Stillant caminis: illa flammatus latex,
 Querente ahenò, jaçtat: impofitas dapes
 Tranfluit ignis, inque trepidantes focos
 Bis ter regeftus, & pati juffus moram,
 Invitus ardet. ftridet in verubus jecur. 770
 Nec facile dicam, corpora an flammæ magis
 Gemuere. piceus ignis in fumos abit:
 Et ipfe fumus triftis, ac nebula gravis,
 Non rectus exit, feque in excelfum levans,
 Ipfos penates nube deformi obfidet. 775
 O Phœbe patiens, fugeris retro licet,
 Medioque ruptum merferis cœlo diem,
 Sero occidifti. lancinat natos pater,
 Artufque mandit ore funefto fuos.

MESS. Oh! I wish that he had thus interposed his veto and had ordered that the earth should cover their remains and that fire should not destroy them! then it would have been possible that they would have been feasted on by the birds of prey, or have attracted the wild animals to the triftful repaft! But the point desired to be arrived at in all this, was that what was always considered a great punishment, should now be allowed to transpire! (What pleasure to Atreus) that the father should gaze on the unburied remains of his sons! Oh! Atrocity not yet accredited, of any time, past or present, so bad indeed, that pofterity will never believe it to have been done! The entrails quiver, they are torn out of the bodies, only juft dead, and the muscular coat of the veins (arteries) still acts (with the blood oozing) and the hearts as yet only having been quivering (as the result of the first impression of fear) now give a sudden leap! But Atreus carefully turns the entrails about, and seeking to invoke

the Fates, he examines critically for some clue, as to what their divination might reveal; he observes, that those viscera are still retaining some amount of animal heat, and soon after, he satisfies his judgment, that the sacrifices offered up were pleasing to the Deities, and persuaded himself, that the augury boded success, and that the brother's feast was now only anxiously, waiting for the human remains to perform their part of the business! He then cut up the body into pieces, amputated the prominent parts from the shoulder, and the fleshy portions from the arms, from the ligamentous attachments, which connected them with the body, with unshaken nerves! He strips off the flesh from the various limbs, and chops up the different bones,—he keeps back the heads, however, and those very hands, which had once signalized their confidence in him (the hand-shake)! The viscera with some other portions hang on the spit, and what escapes during the roasting drips slowly down from the stove—the remainder, received into the hissing caldron, (which seemed to utter tones of remonstrance at the monstrosity of the deed) is soon tossed about by the impetuosity of the boiling water—the fire, in jerking flames leaped in disgust about the terrible feast, which was placed above it, and threw itself two or three times upon the trembling altars (but was kept down, by the weight of the caldron) and being thus constrained temporarily by some inscrutable impulse, to submit to such an interruption, begins to burn again, but in a very surly mood! (The Poet here personifies the Element "Fire" [Prosopopœia] and suggests its unwillingness, as an universal purifier, to lend its assistance, to such an overt act of contamination.) The liver, however, of the victims transfixd on the spit, crackled with a sound ominous and weirdish! and to speak the real truth, I cannot tell thee, the sound which groaned the more, the bodies or the flames! The fire, becoming as black as pitch, passes off in dense fumes, and the mournful smoke, as a heavy cloud, does not ascend, but hovers around the altar, and oppresses the Penates themselves, with its abnormal blackness and density, O! patient Phoebus, it would have been merciful, if thou hadst expunged this day out of the calendar of time, and immured it, unseen in the middle of the Heavens! Thou hast disappeared below the Horizon, only too late! The father, Thyestes, carves up his own sons, served up on the platter and chews with a relish, in his unfortunate mouth, his own offspring. His appearance is smart, with his locks extravagantly anointed with perfumed grease, but he feels rather oppressed (qualmish) with the wine, with which he has washed down his own flesh and blood!

Nitet fluente madidus unguento comam, 780
 Gravisque vino: sæpe præclusæ cibum
 Tenuere fauces. in malis unum hoc tuis
 Bonum est, Thyesta, quod mala ignoras tua.
 Sed & hoc peribit, verterit currus licet,
 Sibi ipse Titan obvinum ducens iter; 785
 Tenebrisque facinus obruat tetrum novis
 Nox missa ab ortu tempore alieno gravis;
 Tamen videndum est. tota patefient mala.

CHORUS.

Videns Chorus solem retrocedere obstupescit, veritus, ne dissoluta
 mundi machina omnia in antiquum chaos recidant.

Quo terrarum superumque parens,
 Cujus ad ortus noctis opacæ 790
 Decus omne fugit, quo vertis iter,
 Medioque diem perdis Olympo?
 Cur, Phœbe, tuos rapis aspectus?
 Nondum feræ nuntius horæ
 Nocturna vocat lumina vesper: 795
 Nondum Hesperia flexura rotæ
 Jubet emeritos solvere currus:
 Nondum in noctem vergente die
 Tertia misit buccina signum:
 Stupet ad subitæ tempora cœnæ 800
 Nondum fessis bubus arator:
 Quid te ætherio pepulit cursu?
 Quæ causa tuos limite certo
 Dejecit equos? numquid aperto
 Carcere Ditis victi tentant 805
 Bella gigantes? numquid Tityos
 Pectore fesso renovat veteres
 Sancius iras? num rejecto
 Latus explicuit monte Typhoeus?
 Numquid fruitur via Phlegræos 810
 Alta per hostes? & Thessalicum
 Thresea premitur pelion Ossa?
 Solitæ mundi periere vices:
 Nihil Occasus, nihil Ortus erit.
 Stupet, Eoos affueta Deo 815

Frequently during the meal, his throat seems to rebel and refuse a passage to the wicked viands, but there was one redeeming feature, one favorable point, connected with all this wickedness, oh! Thyestes! and it was this, thy ignorance of what was being done! But even this?

remaining consolation will soon disappear. It was possible, that Phœbus himself could have reversed his chariot, and changed his course to an opposite direction, and thus have buried this cruel crime in darkness, such has never been known, before—the darkness of a night, issuing from the Palace of the glorious Orient, at an opposite hour, would be awful; however, we shall all see, all these crimes will one day be known to thee.

CHORUS.

The Chorus observing the going down of the Sun, become alarmed, fearing lest the whole fabric of the universe, dissolved into fragments, should lapse into eternal chaos.

OH, where, oh thou parent of the Earth and chief of the Gods above, at whose rising, all the luminous accessories of opaque night disappear, where dost thou direct thy way. Why hidest thou a day in the middle of Olympus? Why, oh Phœbus! dost thou avert thy face? Not as yet does Vesperus, the herald of approaching night summon the stars to thy dark celestial vaults! Not as yet surely does thy declining course on the Hesperian track (the far West) induce thee to unyoke the steeds of thy chariot, which have finished their diurnal duties efficiently! Not as yet has the third trumpet sounded the signal of day verging onwards towards night (third part of the day). The ploughman with his oxen not yet tired out, is wonder-struck at his supper-time arriving with such unlooked-for suddenness! What has driven thee away, from thy æthereal path? What has diverted the horses of Phœbus from their regular rounds? We wonder whether the giants, their prisons in the realms of Pluto being burst open, are warring against the Gods again? Or if Tityus with his inside worn out by the rapacious vultures is impotently renewing any of his ancient animosities? Whether Typhœus has released himself from the mountain which has been pressing him down? Or is there a road being built up high for Phlegræan Giants to renew their attempts on the Gods? Or is it Thracian Ossa being pressed down on Thessalian Pelion? The harmonious system of the universe seems upside down! There never will be again the regular rising and setting of Phœbus. Aurora, the harbinger of dewy morn, is at her wits' end with this disturbed system of illumination of her kingdom, accustomed as she is to hand over the horses of the Sun to Phœbus himself, for

Tradere frenos, genitrix primæ Rofcida lucis, perverfa fui Lumina regni. nefcit feffos Tingere currus, nec fumantes Sudore jufbas mergere ponto	820
Ipfe infueto novus hofpicio Sol auroram videt occiduus, Tenebraſque jubet furgere, nondum Noctē parata. non ſuccedunt Aſtra, nec ullo micat igne polus:	825
Nec Luna graves digerit umbras. Sed quidquid id eſt, utinam nox fit! Trepidant, trepidant pectora magno Percuſſa metu, ne fatali Cuncta ruina quaſſata labent:	830
Iterumque Deos homineſque premat Deforme chaos: iterum terras, Et mare & ignes, & vaga picti Sidera mundi Natura tegat. Non æternæ facis exortu	835
Dux aſtrorum ſecula ducens Dabit æſtatis brumæque notas. Non Phœbeis obvia flammis Demet Nocti Luna timores, Vincetque fui fratris habenas,	840
Curvo brevius limite currens. Ibit in unum congeſta ſinum Turba Deorum. Hic, qui ſacris pervius aſtris Secat obliquo tramite zonas,	845
Flectens longos Signifer annos, Lapſa videbit ſidera labens. Hic, qui nondum vere benigno Reddit Zephyro vela tepenti, Aries præceps ibit in undas,	850
Per quas pavidam vexerat Hellen. Hic, qui nitido Taurus cornu Præfert Hyadas, ſecum Geminos Trahet, & curvi brachia Cancri. Leo ſtammiſiferis æſtibus ardens	855
Iterum e cœlo cadet Herculeus. Cadet in terras Virgo relictaſ; Juſtæque cadent pondera Libræ; Secumque trahent Scorpion acrem. Et, qui nervo tenet Æmonio	860
Pennata fenex ſpicula Chiron, Rupto perdet ſpicula nervo. Pigram referens hiemem gelidus Cadet Ægoceros, frangetque tuam, Quisquis eſ, Urnam. tecum excedent	865
Ultima cœli ſidera Piſces. Monſtraque nunquam perfuſa mari	

she knows not how to dip the already weary steeds, nor how to immerge their manes foaming with sweat, in the refreshing sea. Sol himself about to set, unexpectedly finds Aurora installed in an unaccustomed quarter (his) and he commands the darkness to appear; Nox, not as yet, prepared to obey, no stars show themselves, nor does the sky afford a glimpse of anything approximating light, nor does Phœbe dissipate any of this awful gloom! Whatever can all this mean? Would that real night might show itself!—They tremble, and their minds are struck down with intense fear, lest every conceivable thing should be involved, and lapse shattered in one fatal ruin and that again, inexplicable chaos should overwhelm both the Gods, and mankind, and again render undistinguishable, the Earth, the Seas, and the fiery element, and nature hide the wandering planets, and the stars of the painted heavens.—Nor will the ruler of the stars, Sol, when he rises, directing the seasons with his eternal torches ever afford us again any clearly defined Summer and Winter! Nor will Phœbe, who reflects the light of Phœbus, ever remove the fears inspired by night (darkness) and following a shorter course from her curved tracks, will disregard the government of her brother, as she is traversing the oblique paths of the Zodiac, (that is, her revolution being shorter, she cannot keep a regular pace with the Sun, and the accumulated crowds of Gods [constellations] will merge into one gulf). This Zodiac, formed of constellations, which courses amongst the sacred stars divides the Zones in its oblique transit, varying the length of the years, detaching itself from the celestial group will witness the fate of the rest of the fallen stars. This Aries, who at the return of Spring, not as yet gives navigators the blessings of the genial Zephyrs to employ their sails—will fall precipitately into the waters, that ocean over which aforesaid he transported the timid Helle! This Taurus, who supports the Hyades on his golden horns, will drag down with him the Gemini and Cancer with his curved claws. The Nemæan Leo, burnt up with the flammigerous heat will fall again from his celestial habitat. Virgo will fall upon the lands; she formerly left behind, disgusted with the wickedness of mankind—and the Libræ (the balance), those punctilious arrangers of day and night, will drag down with them the venomous Scorpion, and aged Chiron, who drives the winged arrows from his Thessalian bow, shall see that bow broken and his arrows dispersed. Cold Capricorn (who frightened the very Giants with his ugliness) shall tumble, bringing back his tedious winter, and whoever thou art, Aquarius, Deucalion, Cecrops, Hylas or Ganymede,

Merget condens omnia Gurgēs.
 Et qui medias dividit Urfas,
 Fluminis instar, lubricus Anguis: 870
 Magnoque minor juncta Draconi
 Frigida duro Cynofura gelu:
 Custosque sui tardus plauftri
 Jam non stabilis ruet Arctophylax.
 Nos e tanto vifi populo 875
 Digni, premeret quos everfo
 Cardine mundus.
 In nos ætas ultima venit.
 O nos dura forte creatos,
 Seu perdidimus folem miseri, 880
 Sive expulimus! Abeant questus.
 Discede, timor. Vitæ est avidus,
 Quifquis non vult, mundo secum
 Pereunte, mori.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

A T R E U S.

Exfultans impius Atræus nefariam de fratre vindictam sibi
 gratulatur, dirifque appofitis dapibus de natorum
 fanguine præbendo deliberat.

ÆQUALIS aftris gradior, & cunctos super 885
 Altum superbo vertice attingens polum.
 Nunc decora regni teneo, nunc folium potris.
 Dimitto fuperos: fumma votorum attigi.
 Bene eft; jam fat eft etiam mibi.
 Sed cur fatif fit? pergam, & implebo patrem 890
 Funere fuorum: ne quod obftaret pudor,
 Dies receffit. perge, dum cœlum vacat.
 Utinam quidem tenere fugientes Deos
 Poffem, & coactos trahere, ut ultricem dapem
 Omnes viderent! quod fat eft, videat pater 895
 Etiam die nolente difcutiam tibi
 Tenebras, miferiæ sub quibus latitant tuæ.
 Nimis diu conviva fecuro jacet
 Hilarique vultu, jam fatif menfis datum eft,
 Satisfque Baccho. fobrio tanta ad mala 900

will break thy urn with thee, and the Pisces disappear, the last constellation of the Zodiac! and those monsters, which have never been in contact with the sea, shall be swallowed up by the Great Gulf, the sea which hides all things, and the Serpent slippery and as large as a river,

which divides the two Bears, and the Cynosure, bitterly cold with its severe frost, and small comparatively, is joined with the great dragon, and Arctophylax (Boötes), the slow driver of his waggon, already not very firm in his position shall fall also from the heavens. And we, miserable mortals out of all the numerous peoples of the world, are thought to be deserving of such a fate, that fate will overwhelm us all—the very hinges of the universe being broken (the seasons being scattered). We have arrived at our last stage of time, oh, miserable! that we should have ever been created for such a hard lot, whether we have lost the Sun without our own faults, or whether we have driven away that Sun by our own crimes! But away with useless wailings, away with fruitless fears, —we are fond of life, but who would not wish to die, if the world would only perish with him!

ACT V.

ATREUS.

Wicked Atreus crowingly congratulates himself on his cruel revenge towards his brother, and deliberates on the dreadful feast, which had been prepared, and the serving up of the blood of the sons of Thyestes.

I WALK abroad now, on an equality with the deified stars, and am attaining with my proud head, the highest pinnacles, a place in the lofty heavens, as it were, looking down upon all the mortal world below me at my feet! I am in possession of the regalia of power, and the throne of my father—I must now dismiss from my mind the Gods above. I have reached the summit of my desires, thus so far is good and appears even ample, already it looks enough for me, but what shall I say it will be later on? I shall persevere with my revenge, and I will cause the father to partake to repletion of his own offspring, and lest by any means misgivings should prevail, fortunately the day-time has passed away—push on, I say, whilst the heavens are void of light! I wish, indeed, that I could prevent the Gods from retiring, and keep them, here, even against their will, that they might all witness this revengeful entertainment! What would be enough now, however, for the present, is denied me. That I must see the father face to face, even if day-light be denied me, at all events, I will banish the mental darkness from him and under which his

Opus est Thyeste. turba famularis fores
 Templi relaxa; festa patefiat domus
 Libet videre, capita natorum intuens
 Quos det colores, verba quæ primus dolor
 Effundat, aut ut spiritu expulso stupens 905
 Corpus rigeſcat. fructus hic operis mei eſt.
 Miſerum videro nolo, fed dum fit miſer.
 Aperta multa teſta collucent face.
 Reſupinus ipſe purpura atque auro incubat,
 Vino gravatum fulciens læva caput. 910
 Eructat. o me cœlitum excelſiſſimum,
 Regumque regem! vota tranſcendi mea.
 Satur eſt, capaci ducit argento merum.
 Ne parce potu, reſtat etiamnum cruor
 Tot hoſtiarum. veteris hunc Bacchi color 915
 Abſcondet, hoc hæc menſa claudatur ſcypho.
 Mixtum fuorum ſanguinem genitor bibat;
 Meum bibiſſet, ecce jam cantus ciet,
 Feſtaſque voces, nec fatiſ menti imperat.

T H Y E S T E S.

Thyeſtis epulantis cantus: quo invitat ſe ad lætitiã, quam
 tamen mens ejus præſaga mali non admittit.

PECTORA longis hebetata malis, 920
 Jam ſollicitas ponite curas.
 Fugiat mœror, fugiatque pavor.
 Fugiat trepidi comes exſilii
 Triftis egeſtas, rebusque gravis
 Pudor afflictiſ. magis unde cadas, 925
 Quam quo, refert. magnum, ex alto
 Culmine lapſum, ſtabilem in plano
 Figere greſſum: magnum, ingenti
 Strage malorum preſſum, fracti
 Pondera regni non inflexa 930
 Cervice pati; nec degenerem
 Victumque malis, reſctum impoſitas
 Ferre ruinas, fed jam sævi

miseries are now concealed from himſelf. Thyeſtes, thou art poſing for much too long a time, as a gueſt with a contented and merry countenance, thou haſt taken by this time enough of the ſolid viands and drunk quite enough wine; it is neceſſary that Thyeſtes ſhould be in his ſober ſenſes to feel his miſery properly! Come, all ye ſervants, open every door of the palace, I wiſh the place to put on a feſtive look, I wonder what ſort of a viſage he will have, whether it will be pale or red with ſurpriſe! What words will convey his firſt cries of grief,

or whether his breath will be taken away with astonishment, or his body become rigid with the shock, when he beholds the heads of his three sons! This is the reward of my labor. I do not enjoy so much seeing him miserable, but the pleasure to me is to watch him whilst it is being brought about. The open porches are lighted up with a profusion of lamps, and Thyestes lies down effeminately on the purple couches ornamented with gold, and supporting his head now growing heavy (with the repast) with his left hand, and amidst frequent hiccuping and eructations, he exclaims! "I think, oh! I think myself nobler than any of the folks in heaven, I feel a very king of kings. I have transcended my wildest, desires!" He has made a heavy repast, and he drinks his wine out of a silver goblet! Don't be sparing with the wine, as yet there remains plenty of the blood yielded by the three victims, the color of the old wine will soon disguise it. This repast will be suitably wound up with the contents of this jug—the father shall drink the blood of his children mixed with it. He would have drunk mine (with gusto). Listen, he is now indulging in little snatches of songs, and utters merry remarks, nor does he seem to me to have full command over his senses!

THYESTES.

The song of Thyestes at the feast, where he gives himself up to merriment, although his inner mind foresees some mischief looming in the future, which is not quite in keeping with such jollity.

O H! soul of mine! recently soured by chronic misfortunes, now lay aside anxious care, let grief vanish, and fear leave me for ever, let sad privation, the twin sister of trembling exile, and disgrace heavy with troubles forsake me; it concerns a man more from what height he may fall, than the place he may reach, as the result of such a fall, but it is a great point when a man of importance falls from a lofty eminence to be able at the very least, to place his feet firmly on the ground; it is a great thing, too, for a man to bear up with a head not bowed down, and the weight and cares of a kingdom, broken up and divided and himself overwhelmed with the direst disasters, quite as much as it is, for a man faint-hearted and subdued by misfortunes, to bear with some amount of equanimity, the fresh reverses which have befallen him. But let me banish the dark shadow of my former cruel fate, and dismiss the memory of the miserable portion of my life, and let a joyful countenance reflect itself on my present

Nubila fati pelle, ac miseri Temporis omnes dimitte notas:	935
Redeant vultus ad læta boni. Veterem ex animo mitte Thyesten. Proprium hoc miseros sequitur vitium, Nunquam rebus credere lætis.	
Redeat felix Fortuna licet,	940
Tamen afflictos gaudere piget Quid me revocas, festumque vetas Celebrare diem? quid flere jubes. Nulla furgens dolor ex causa?	
Quis me prohibet flore recenti Vincere comam? prohibet, prohibet.	945
Vernæ capiti fluxere rosæ; Pinguî madidus crinis amomo Inter fubitos stetit horrores; Imber vultu nolente cadit.	950
Venit in medias voces gemitus; Mœror lacrimas amat assuetas. Flendi miseris dira cupido est. Libet infaustos mittere questus.	
Libet & Tyrio saturas ostro Rumpere vestes. ululare libet. Mittit luctus signa futuri Mens, ante sui præfaga mali.	955
Instat nautis fera tempestas, Cum sine vento tranquilla tument.	960
Quos tibi luctus, quosve tumultus Fingis demens? credula præsta Pectora fratri. jam quidquid id est, Vel sine causa, vel fero times. Nolo infelix; sed vagus intra Terror oberrat; fubitos fundunt Oculi fletus, nec causa subest.	965
Dolor, an metus est? an habet lacrimas Magna voluptas?	

ATREUS, THYESTES.

Atreus, festivitatem simulans, fratrem ad poculum invitat. Cupienti illi videre liberos; quo plenius gauderet, ostendit capita & palmas, & quid actum sit aperit; hinc dolor, ira, convicia, execrationes ortæ.

FESTUM diem, germane, consensu pari
CELEBREMUS: hic est, scepra qui firmet mea, 970
Solidamque pacis alliget certæ fidem.

lucky position. Let Thyestes, as he is now, cease to be Thyestes of the past! This peculiar fault always characterizes the miserable, that they lose all faith in the possibilities of prosperity, let fortune return to me whilst in a happy

mood, although it would distress me to ignore the sufferings of the afflicted. Dame Fortune, why dost thou recall me, or why shouldst thou object to my celebrating this auspicious day? Why shouldst thou bid me to weep when grief springs out of nothing within my knowledge? What should prevent me from encircling my locks with flowers of recent date? There is a reason why! This much is against it, the roses of spring once fell from my crown, (alluding to his coronation roses). My hair, although besmeared with perfumed grease (an unguent scented with the amomum), is still prone to stand on end amidst sudden terrors, and the tears trickle down my unwilling face, (not willing to betray the weakness which gives rise to them,) irrepressible sighs interrupt my utterance, grief delights in tears to which it is no stranger (as a relief to pent-up sorrow). Over the miserable the desire to weep assumes an imperious sway—surely, I am at liberty to indulge in my tristful lamentations—surely, again, I can liberate myself from my present gorgeous apparel. Thrice dyed with the Tyrian purple—surely, if I think fit, I may be allowed to fill the air with my groans! My mind inspires me with a warning of coming grief, foretelling some calamity, some sad presentiment! A violent storm often overhangs the mariner, even whilst the deadest of calms prevail over the surface of the ocean, with no appearance of wind! Ah! but what grief am I insanelly picturing to my mind, or what racking thoughts are taking possession of me? Shall I let my trustful heart go forth to my brother? But whatever is it? Either only the fabric of my own imagination, or that it appears, late in the day, to begin to cultivate fear! I am, however, unwilling to make myself miserable, but still, a vague alarm hovers within my breast, my eyes pour forth tears on a sudden, nor does the cause of such tears show itself in any definite form! Is it then merely sorrow, or is it my fear? Which is it? But is not excessive joy sometimes accompanied with tears?

A T R E U S — T H Y E S T E S .

Atreus feigning hilarity, invites his brother to partake of the wine, and in order that he might rejoice more fully of seeing his children; on asking for them, Atreus shows him their heads and hands, and tells him all that had been done, hence arises an outburst of grief, anger, reproaches, and curses!

A T R E U S .

OH my brother, let us with mutual cordiality, celebrate this auspicious day! This is the day, that shall strengthen the security of my sceptre, and establish a solid guarantee between us of inviolable peace!

THY. Satis dapis me, nec minus Bacchi tenet. Augere cumulus hic voluptatem petest, Si cum Meis gaudere felici datur.	975
ATR. Heic esse natos crede in amplexu patris. Heic sunt, eruntque; nulla pars prolis tuæ Tibi subtrahetur: ora, quæ exoptas, dabo, Totumque turba jam sua implebo patrem.	980
Satiaberis, ne metue: nunc mixti meis, Jucundæ mensæ sacra juvenilis colunt. Sed accientur. poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho. THY. Capio fraternæ dapis Donum. paternis vina libentur Deis, Tunc hauriantur. Sed quid hoc? non vult manus Parere: crefcit pondus, & dextram gravat.	985
Admotus ipfis Bacchus a labris fugit, Circaque rictus ore decepto effluit. En, ipfa trepido mensa subfultit folo. Vix lucet ignis. ipse quin æther gravis Inter diem noctemque desertus stupet.	990
Quid hoc? magis magisque concuffi labant Convexa cœli: spiffior densis coit Caligo tenebris, noxque se in noctem abdidit. Fugit omne sidus. quidquid est, fratri, precor, Natifque parcat; omnes in vile hoc caput Abeat procella. redde jam natos mihi.	995
ATR. Reddam, & tibi illos nullus eripiet dies. THY. Quis hic tumultus viscera exagitat mea? Quid tremuit intus? sentio impatiens onus, Meumque gemitu non meo pectus gemit.	1000
Adeste, nati, genitor infelix vocat: Adeste; visis fugiet hic vobis dolor. Unde obloquuntur? ATR. Expedi amplexus, pater. Venère. natos ecquid agnoscis tuos?	1005
THY. Agnosco fratrem. fustines tantum nefas Gestare, tellus? non ad infernam Styga Te nosque mergis? rupta & ingenti via	

THY. Thou hast feasted me to satiety, nor hast thou been niggardly with the wine. This overflowing hospitality will afford me still greater pleasure, if it be permitted me, already happy, to share that felicity with my children.

ATR. Hearken to me, believe me for a certainty that thy sons are practically at this moment in the arms of their father—there they are and will remain! No portion of thy offspring shall be withheld from thee! I will duly present to thee the faces of thy children! I shall fully account for every one of them, to a father so solicitous too, about his progeny! Thou shalt be satisfied, do not fear: at this minute, in the presence of my own children,

they are contributing to the delightful ceremonies of the juvenile feast! But they shall be sent for; in the mean time, take up this goblet, the goblet of our ancestors! drink copiously of the wine it contains!

THY. I accept the bestowal of this fraternal feast, but let the wine be first offered to our paternal gods, then I will drink what is left (lifting it to his mouth). But what is this? My hand refuses to obey my will, the weight of it seems to increase, and completely tires out my right hand, and the wine strives to recede from my lips and flows away from my disappointed mouth and disperses itself around my jaws! Behold! the table too, is losing its steadiness on the trembling floor! The lamps are scarcely yielding any light! And more than that, the oppressed sky itself is growing dazed, deserted as it is, by the sun, moon and stars, during the interregnum between day and night.—But what is this? The heavens shaken more and more, appear to totter, the darkness unites with darkness still blacker, and the night hides itself away in a night more intense in its blackness! Every star has vanished! Whatever is it, I pray, spare my brother and my children. O ye Gods! let the whole brunt of the tempest fall upon my head only! Now, Atreus, restore to me my sons!

ATR. I will restore them to thee, and no great length of time shall elapse before I do so.

THY. What is this disturbance, which is agitating my inside? How I do tremble internally! I feel a load, which I cannot bear—my chest is moaning, with a moaning that surely cannot be my own. Come to me, my sons, thy unhappy father calls thee—Oh! Come! this uneasy feeling will vanish, when I behold thee! Whence come their voices?

ATR. Get ready to embrace them, (Here Atreus returns and shows Thyestes the children's heads) father thou! They have come, thou seest! Whether or not, dost thou not, at this moment, recognize, that they are thy sons, whose moaning thou art now hearing!

THY. I recognize thee! my brother, as always impious and cruel! Oh! Earth! how canst thou permit thyself to bear such abominable wickedness? Why dost thou not plunge thyself and us into the infernal Styx? Why! that great gulf being opened, dost thou not snatch away the kingdom and the king along with it, and consign us to the

Ad chaos inane regna cum rege abripis?	
Non tota ab imo tecta convellens folo	1010
Vertis Mycenæ? stare circa Tantalum,	
Avofque noftros, fi quis intra Tartara eft,	
Uterque jam debuimus. hinc compagibus	
Et hinc revulfis huc tuam immani linu	
Demitte vallem, noſque deſoſſos tege	1015
Acheronte toto: noxiæ ſupra caput	
Animæ vagentur noſtrum, & ardenti freto	
Phlegethon arenas igneus tortas agens,	
Exitia ſupra noſtra violentus fluat.	
Immota tellus pondus ignavum jaces?	1020
Fugere Superi. ATR. At accipe hos potius libens	
Diu expetitos, nulla per fratrem eſt mora,	
Fruere: oſcularè: divide amplexus tribus.	
THY. Hoc foedus? hæc eſt gratia? hæc fratris fides?	
Sic odia ponis? non peto, incolumes pater	1025
Natos ut habeam: ſcelere quod ſalvo dari	
Odioque poſſit, frater hoc fratrem rogo,	
Sepelire liceat. redde, quod cernas ſtatim	
Uri. nihil te genitor habiturus rogo,	
Sed perditurus. ATR. Quidquid e natis tuis	1030
Supereſt, habebis: quodque non ſupereſt, habes.	
THY. Utrumne fævis pabulum alitibus jacent?	
An belluis ſervantur? an paſcunt feras?	
ATR. Epulatus ipſe eſt impia natos dape.	
THY. Hoc eſt Deos quod puduit! hoc egit diem	1035
Adverſum in ortus! quas miſer voces dabo,	
Queſtuſque quos? quæ verba ſufficient mihi?	
Abſciſſa cerno capita, & avallaſ manus,	
Et rupta fractis cruribus veſtigia.	
Hoc eſt, quod avidus capere non potuit pater.	1040
Volvuntur intus viſcera, & clauſum nefas	
Sine exitu luſtatur, & quærit viam.	
Da, frater, enſem, ſanguinis multum mei	
Habet ille. ferro liberis demus fugam.	

gloom of empty Chaos? Why doſt thou not turn the entire city Mycenæ upside down, tearing up every living abode, from its loweſt foundations. We, the pair of us, ought to be domiciled in the very preſence of Tantalus and our worthy grandsires, and if there be a place below the domains of Tartarus (where our grandfather is in his captivity), precipitate us hence into this valley of thine, with its immense gulf, the very points of contact at every part being rent aſunder and in this place immune us, hidden away in the dungeons ſubjacent to the entire bed of the Acheron. Let the guilty ſhades (Manes) wander over our heads, and the fiery Phlegethon, driving the ſands about in every direction with its burning headlong ſtreams,

flow violently above us! in this place of our eternal exile. Oh! motionless Earth! Why dost thou rest as an idle mass? After all this, the Gods even have fled! (Phœbus Phœbe and the Stars.)

ATR. But it is better that thou shouldst accept, thankfully, thy long-desired sons; thou shalt have the full enjoyment of them, no obstacle lies in thy way on the part of thy brother, kiss them, divide thy caresses between the three!

THY. Oh! this horrible wickedness! Is this thy reconciliation? Is this a brother's sincerity? Is this the way thou markest thy hatred (revenge)? I do not ask, that as a father, I should naturally expect to receive my children safe and sound, or that it is now possible for them to be given up to me, free from this complicated villainy (crime and revenge), but as a brother, asking another brother, that he may be permitted the privilege of burying his own children, or what remains of them! Give then the remains to me, and thou shalt be an eye-witness that they are burnt, and as their father I crave, thou perceivest, not that I should have them to preserve, but, that I should have them to destroy (burn).

ATR. Whatsoever is left of thy children, thou shalt have, but whatever does not remain, thou possessest already.

THY. Whether are they lying as food for the terrible birds of prey? Are they preserved for the benefit of the fishes? Or to serve as a repast for the wild beasts?

ATR. Thou, thyself, hast feasted on them, at thy impious banquet.

THY. Really! this must put the very Gods to the blush! This is the crime then that has made the light remain in the east and kept back the day! (Phœbus refused to yoke his steeds.) Oh! what cries shall I vent in my misery? What wailing shall I display? What words are sufficient to record my feelings? I perceive, now, that their heads have been cut off, and their hands wrenched from their sockets, and the remains torn away from their broken legs. This is what a father, however hungry, could never sacrifice to his voracity—My very entrails are working round and round within me, and without any means of exit, my misery is struggling in my inside, and is seeking some way out of its imprisonment! Give me thy sword, brother, it has plenty of my blood on it already. I shall effect a way out for my children! Shall the sword be

Negatur enis? pectora illiso fonent	1045
Contusa planctu. fustine, infelix, manum;	
Parcamus umbris. tale quis vidit nefas?	
Quis inhospitalis Caucaſi rupem aſperam	
Heniochus habitans? quiſve Cecropiis metus	
Terris Procrustes? genitor en natos premo,	1050
Premorque natis. ſcleris eſt aliquis modus?	
ATR. Sceleri modus debetur, ubi facias ſcelus,	
Non ubi reponas. hoc quoque exignum eſt mihi.	
Et vulnere ipſo fanguinem calidum in tua	
Diffundere ora debui, ut viventium	1055
Biberes cruorem. verba ſunt iræ data;	
Dum propero, ferro vulnere impreſſo dedi.	
Cecidi ad aras, cæde votiva focos	
Placavi: & artus, corpore exanimo amputans,	
In parva carpiſti fruſta: & hæc ferventibus	1060
Demerſi ahenis. illa lentis ignibus	
Stillare juſſi. membra, nervoſque abſcidi	
Viventibus: gracilique trajectas veru	
Mugire fibras vidi, & aggeſſi manu	
Mea ipſe flammas. omnia hæc melius pater	1065
Feciſſe potuit. cecidit incaſſum dolor.	
Scidit ore natos impio, ſed neſciens,	
Sed neſcientes. THY. Cluſa litoribus vagis	
Audite maria. vos quoque audite hoc ſcelus,	
Quocunque, Dii, fugiſtis, audite, Inferi	1070
Audite. Terræ. Noxque Tartarea gravis	
Et atra nube, vocibus noſtris vaca.	
Tibi ſum relictuſ. ſola tu miſerum vides,	
Tu quoque ſine aſtris. vota non faciam improba,	
Pro me nihil precabor. ecquid jam poteſt	1075
Pro me eſſe? vobis vota proſpicient mea.	
Tu, ſumme cœli rector, ætheriæ potens	
Dominatur aulæ, nubibus totum horridis	
Convelve mundum, bella ventorum undique	
Committe; & omni parte violentum intona:	1080
Manuque, non qua tecta & immeritas domos	
Telo petis minore, ſed qua montium	
Tergemina moles cecidit, & qui montibus	
Stabant pares gigantes, hæc arma expedi,	
Ignesque torque. vindica amiſſum diem.	1085

denied to me? My breast shall then resound, with self-inflicted blows! (In the midst of the blows) Oh! miserable man, that I am, stay my hand, let me spare the Manes of my sons! Whoever saw such abominable wickedness? What any of the Heniochi dwelling in the rough wilderness of the inhospitable Caucasus? What Procrustes, the terror of that Cecropian country (Attica)? Here, I, a father, am squeezing my own children in my interior! And

they are tearing away at my internal organs! Is there no limit to human wickedness?

ATR. A limit is certainly due to crime, when thou art merely committing crime as a crime, but not when thou art associating that crime with vengeance—and this vengeance appears small to my mind. I ought to pour out from their wounds before thy very eyes that thou mightest drink their reeking blood, whilst life still remained within them! I am simply trifling with my anger, whilst I hurry matters on with idle words—I inflicted the wounds with the thrusts of my sword—I slew them before the altar—I pacified the Lares, with the slaughter, which I vowed, should be offered, and cutting up the limbs of their dead bodies, I divided them myself, into small portions, and plunged some of them into the hissing caldron, other portions I decided should be roasted, the fluidities therefrom dripping down before a slow fire: I cut the limbs away from the bodies, before life was quite extinct; I watched the entrails as they crackled, whilst transfixed on a delicate spit (skewer), and I kept the fire up with my own hands, their own father could not have managed the business with greater culinary skill! My anger, after all, fell short of the mark, for in ignorance, the father munched his sons' flesh in his impious mouth, but the pity is, that they were incognizant of what that father was doing with them!

THV. Hear, O ye seas, shut in by winding shores! hear, also, ye Gods, whithersoever ye have fled, of this dreadful list of crimes—listen, O! ye regions below, listen, all corners of the earth! O! thou night, oppressed with black Tartarus-like clouds, give ear to my voice! I am destined for thee, thou longest to see me miserable, although thou art not deprived of the stars I will not offer up any unbecoming prayers for myself, nor in fact will I solicit anything for myself, or ask whether anything is possible to be done for me, let my prayers be regarded as for thee! Oh! thou ruler of lofty heaven, thou sovereign of the ethereal palaces, surround the entire universe with frightful tempests, on all sides let there be war amongst the winds themselves and let the whole world in every part, resound with thy terrific thunder, and with the force, not such as thou selectest to destroy simple houses and undeserving homesteads, the milder form of thy thunders. but that sort, which broke up the threefold mass of mountains, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, and dispersed the giants which equalled those mountains in height! Hasten with thy armaments! Let me behold the lightnings, which thou canst hurl, and make up for the missing day!

Jaculare flammas; lumen ereptum polo
 Fulminibus exple. caufa, ne dubites diu,
 Utriusque mala fit: fi minus, mala fit mea.
 Me pete. trifulco flammeam telo facem
 Per pectus hoc tranfmitte. fi natos pater
 Humare, & igni tradere extremo volo, 1090
 Ego fum cremandus. fi nihil fuperos movet,
 Nullumque telis impios numen petit;
 Æterna nox permaneat, & tenebris tegat
 Immenfa longis scelera. nil Titan queror, 1095
 Si perfeveras. ATR. Nunc meas laudo manus,
 Nunc parta vera eft palma. perdideram ſcelus,
 Nifi fic doleres. liberos nafci mihi
 Nunc credo, caftis nunc fidem reddi toris.
 THY. Quid liberi meruere? ATR. Quod fuerant tui. 1100
 THY. Natos parenti? ATR. Fateor, &, quod me iuvat,
 Certos. THY. Piorum præfides teftor Deos.
 ATR. Quid conjugales? THY. Scelere quis penfat ſcelus?
 ATR. Scio, quid queraris. ſcelere prærepto doles:
 Nec, quod nefandas hauferis, tangit, dapes: 1105
 Quod non pararis fuerat hic animus tibi
 Inſtruere fimiles inſcio fratri cibos,
 Et adjuvante liberos matre aggredi,
 Simillique leto ſternere. hoc unum obſtitit,
 Tuos putafſi. THY. Vindices aderunt Dei: 1110
 His puniendum vota te tradunt mea.
 ATR. Te puniendum liberis trado tuis.

Shoot forth thy flames, and ſuperadd to thy lightnings,
 all the light which can be drawn away from the heavens,
 ſo as to intensify them! The culpability of each of us
 is great, do not hesitate for long, if there be any difference
 in our guilt, let it be mine, which ſhall be adjudged the
 greater! Select me, ſend through my breast, the flaming
 fires of thy three-forked lightning if as a father I only
 wiſh to bury my ſons and deliver them over to "fire"
 at laſt? I myſelf muſt be burnt, if nothing moves the
 Gods, and no deity is willing to ſearch out the wicked
 for puniſhment with his lightnings, let eternal night
 remain to us, and hide theſe tremendous crimes with its
 prolonged darkneſs! O! Titan! I ſhall complain of
 nothing then, if thou wilt only perſevere in lying hidden
 away.

ATR. Now I congratulate myſelf upon my operations,
 now a real victory is achieved. I ſhould have been deprived
 of the chief advantages of my crime, unleſs thou grieveſt as
 thou haſt been doing—I believe, that thoſe children were
 deſtined to be born for me (for my deſigns) and thus it
 is, that I have dealt out juſtice to ſuch chaste nuptials!

THY. What had the children done, to have deserved all this?

ATR. Simply that they were thine!

THY. That children should suffer, for their parent's misdeeds?

ATR. I acknowledge this, and what gives me equal pleasure, the unmistakability of their origin!

THY. I call to witness the Gods, who preside over the innocent, the Conjugal Gods!

ATR. Dost thou mean Hymenæus?

THY. What dost thou argue, that crime should be punished by crime of greater intensity?

ATR. I know what thou wouldst have endeavoured to carry out—thou art regretting that thou wert forestalled in thy wickedness. Nor does it so much affect thee, that thou hast actually partaken of the feast, dreadful as it is (confessedly), but that it was not thy hand that was concerned in its preparation—it was in thy mind to get up a similar entertainment for thy unsuspecting brother! and, aided by the mother, to have made an onslaught on my children, and lay them low with a fate of like character, but there was only one thing that deterred thee—Thou thoughtest, they might be thy own!

THY. Ah! the revengeful gods will appear on the scene, my desire is to deliver thee over to be punished by them!

ATR. I consign thee to be punished, through the fate of thy children!

P H Œ N I S S Æ

QUÆ VULGO

T H E B A I S .

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ŒDIPUS.
ANTIGONE.
NUNTIUS.

JOCASTA.
POLYNICES.

ARGUMENTUM.

ŒDIPUS, sibi oculis, ubi scelus suum (de quo vide argumentum Œdipi) agnovisset, erutis, in exilium spontaneum profectus, amolitur a se filiam Antigonem. quæ patri vitales auras pertæso ducem se viæ offert, utque mortis cupidinem deponat, multis precibus orat, tandem exorat. Cujus interea filios Eteoclem & Polynicem, violato regnandi per vices fœdere, impia moventes arma, incasum laborat mater Jocasta in gratiam reducere. Defunt mutilæ huic Tragœdiæ cetera.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

ŒDIPUS, ANTIGONE.

Œdipum ab instituta morte revocat, persuadetque filia
Antigone, dux patris cæci.

ŒDIP. **C**ÆCI parentis regimen, ac fessum unicum
Patris levameo, nata, quam tanti est mihi
Genuisse vel sic, desere iofaustum patrem.
In recta quid deflectis errantem gradum?
Permitte labi, melius inveniam viam 5
Quam quæro solus, quæ me ab hac vita extrahat,
Et hoc nefandi capitis aspectu levet
Cælum atque terras. quantum hac egi manu?
Non video noxæ conscium nostræ diem:
Sed videor. hinc jam solve inhærentem manum, 10
Et patere cæcum, qua volet, ferri pedem.
Ibo, ibo, qua prærupta protendit juga
Meus Cithæron; qua peragrato celer
Per saxa monte jacuit Actæon, suis
Nova præda canibus; qua per obscurum nemus, 15
Silvamque opacæ vallis instinctas Deo
Egit forores mater, & gaudeos malo,
Vibrante fixum prætulit thyrsu caput;
Vel qua cucurrit corpus invifum trahens
Zethi juvencus, qua per horrentes rubos 20
Tauri ferocis sanguis ostentat fugas;
Vel qua alta maria vertice immenso premit
Inoa rupes, qua scelus fugiens suum,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ŒDIPUS.
ANTIGONE.
MESSENGER.

JOCASTA.
POLYNICES.

ARGUMENT.

When Œdipus had discovered his crime, he caused his own eyes to be put out; concerning which see the Argument to Œdipus; he separates himself from his daughter Antigone, who offers herself as guide to her father, who is tired of his life, and that he might more readily abandon his desire for death, she begs of him with strong entreaties, at last succeeding in her persuasions; in the meantime his sons Eteocles and Polynices engage in impious strife, the treaty binding them to reign alternately being violated. Jocasta, the mother, labors in vain to bring about a reconciliation between them. (The rest of this imperfect tragedy is wanting.)

ACT I.

ŒDIPUS—ANTIGONE.

Antigone, the daughter, becomes guide to her blind father, and prevails on Œdipus to relinquish his determination to die.

ŒDIPUS.

O! daughter, guide of thy blind parent, and the only prop of a worn-out father, what great happiness is there in the thought (the birth) of having brought thee into the world, even under the sad circumstances in which I am now placed (needing a guide)—leave thy unlucky parent! Let me wander at will, I shall better find the way I am seeking, alone,—that way which will remove me from the world, and thus relieve both heaven and earth of the unpleasantness of beholding my criminal face. How little have I done with this hand of mine to remedy my condition! I cannot (being blind) though conscious of my offence look on the day, but yet the day sees me;

Novumque faciens, mater infiluit freto
 Merfura natum, feque felices, quibus 25
 Fortuna melior tam bonas matres dedit!
 Est alius istis noster in filvis locus,
 Qui me reposcit; hunc petam curfu incito:
 Non hæsitabit greffus, huc omni duce
 Spoliatus ibo quid moror fedes meas? 30
 Mortem, Cithæron, redde, & hospitium mihi
 Illud meum restitue, ut expirem senex,
 Ubi debui infans recipe supplicium vetus
 Semper cruenta, sæve, crudelis, ferox,
 Cum occidis, & cum parcis. olim jam tuum 35
 Est hoc cadaver. perage mandatum patris,
 Jam & matris. animus gestit antiqua exsequi
 Supplicia. quid me, nata, pestifero tenes
 Amore vinctum? quid tenes? genitor vocat.
 Sequor, sequor. jam parce. sanguinem gerens 40
 Infigne regni Læus rapti furit.
 Et ecce inanes manibus infestis petit
 Foditque vultus. nata, genitorem vides?
 Ego video. tandem spiritum inimicum expue,
 Defertor animi, fortis in partem tui: 45
 Omitte pœnas languidas longæ moræ,
 Mortemque totam recipe. quid fegnus traho?
 Quid vivo? nullum facere jam possum scelus.
 Possum miser. prædico, discede a patre;
 Discede, virgo: timeo post matrem omnia. 50
 ANT. Vis nulla, genitor, a tuo nostram manum
 Corpore refolvat. nemo me comitem tibi
 Eripiet unquam. Labdaci claram domum,
 Opulenta ferro regna germani petant;

withdraw thy hand which thou art thus holding in mine,
 and suffer my steps with their uncertain foot-hold to be
 borne where they will! I must go—I must go, for my
 refuge, where Cithæron stretches out into the rugged
 heights—across those rocks, where fleet Actæon fell, after
 being chased far and wide on this mountain, as an un-
 expected prey to his own dogs! Or where the mother
 (Agave) conducted her sisters, urged on by Bacchus, into
 the obscure grove and the woods of the shaded valley,
 and rejoicing at her ferocious crime carried the head of
 her son Pentheus fixed to the point of her trembling
 thyrsus! Or where the ferocious bull of Zethus ran wild,
 dragging at its tail the hateful body of Dirce, and where
 her blood showed the track of the savage animal through
 the terrible brambles.—Or shall I go where the rock of
 Ino looks down on the deep sea from its wide summit—
 (where she, flying from the crime of Athamas [who had

slain one of his sons Learchus] and committing a fresh one herself, that mother who bent on drowning herself, with her other son Melicerta, leaped into the sea.) Happy are they for whom a more auspicious fortune provided with such accommodating mothers! There is yet another place in those woods, which would suit my case, and which still has a right to claim me. I will seek it with hurried steps, nor shall my pace be slackened; there I will repair and cast aside all leadership; why should I dally, thus, about a final resting-place? Cithæron, let me select thy loftiest summit, and afford me that asylum which belongs to me, that I may die as an old man, where by "good rights" I ought to have died, during my infancy! Cithæron, resume thy time-honored punishment, always savage, blood-thirsty, cruel, unmerciful, both when thou sacrificest and when thou showest clemency! Formerly, this carcass of mine was thine—it is thine now—carry out the injunction of my father and mother, my inclination will now rejoice that I should receive the punishment, as of old! Why, daughter, dost thou hold me fast, with such objectionable care? Why dost thou retain me thus? My father is calling me; I am coming, I am coming, oh! spare me! and wearing the blood-stained symbol of royalty stolen from him by me! see Laius! he is raging with anger! he is seeking me and plunging his cruel fingers into my orbits, and tries to tear out my eyes! Daughter! dost thou not see my father? I see him although I am blind! Oh, my craven soul, let me rid myself of my troublesome existence and not rest contented with being courageous towards only a portion of my miserable self (meaning putting out his own eyes). Let me put an end to the slow punishment of protracted delay, and die thoroughly, at once! Why do I lingeringly drag on a life like this? Why should I live? There are no more crimes for me to commit! Ah! miserable! Yes there are, I acknowledge! Depart from thy father, Oh my daughter! depart whilst thou art still a virgin; after my incestuous affair with thy mother, I fear everything and distrust myself!

ANT. No power, father, shall ever detach my hand from thy personal protection, no one shall ever snatch me away from thee, me thy only companion—My brothers may contend with the sword for the opulent kingdom and the brilliant palace of Labdacus, but the most important part out of the kingdom of my noble father (to my eyes) is mine, the father himself. No brother shall take thee from me, nor any one else, who wields the Theban sceptre and leading the battalions of Argos; not

Pars summa magni patris e regno mea est	55
Pater ipse, non hunc auferet frater mihi,	
Thebana raptò sceptrà qui regno tenet;	
Non hunc catervas alter Argolicas agens.	
Non si revulso Juppiter mundo tonet,	
Mediumque nostros fulmen in nexus cadat,	60
Manum hanc remittam. prohibeas, genitor licet;	
Regam abnuentem, dirigam inviti gradum.	
In plana tendis? vado. prærupta expetis?	
Non obsto, sed præcedo. quo vis utere,	
Duce me: duobus omnis eligitur via.	65
Perire sine me non potes; mecum potes.	
Heic alta rupes arduo surgit jugo,	
Speçtatque longe spatia subjeçti maris.	
Vis hanc petamus? nudus heic pendet flex;	
Heic sciffa tellus faucibus ruptis hiat.	70
Vis hanc petamus? heic rapax torrens cadit,	
Partesque lapsi montis exefas rotat.	
In hunc ruamus. dum prior, quo vis, eo;	
Non deprecor, non hortor. exstingui cupis,	
Votumque, genitor, maximum mors est tibi?	75
Si moreris, antecedo: si vivis, sequor.	
Sed fleçte mentem; peçtus antiquum advoca;	
Victasque magno robore ærumnas doma.	
Resiste, tantis in malis vinci mori est.	
ÆDIP. Unde in nefanda specimen egregium domo?	80
Unde ista generi virgo dissimilis suo?	
Fortuna, credis? aliquis est ex me pius?	
Non esset unquam (fata bene novi mea)	
Nisi ut noceret. Ipsa se in leges novas	
Natura vertet; regeret in fontem citas	85
Revolutus undas amnis; & noctem afferet	
Phœbea lampas; Hesperus faciet diem.	
Ut ad misérias aliquid accedat meas;	
Pii quoque erimus. unica Cædipodæ est salus,	

if Jupiter himself should send forth his lightning till the world was literally ploughed up for them, then his lightning would have to pitch on the very part, where our hands are joined! Thou mayst try and hinder me, Father, but I will never relax this hand of mine. I will guide thee although, against thy will; I will direct the steps of my unwilling father! whether we approach the plain, or whether thou climbest the rocks, I go with thee, I do not prevent thee, I go in front of thee, whichever thou wishest to do with me as thy guide. Every way that is chosen by thee, will be acceptable with me. Thou canst not perish without me, thou canst with me! Here is a lofty rock, rising out of the ridge of a steep mountain, and

commands the view for a long distance of the sea at its foot, hast thou a mind, that we should go thither? Here a naked rock hangs down! There, the Earth divided by a rugged entrance gapes wide with its gulf below! Art thou desirous that we shall go there? Here is a rapid waterfall, which rolls in its path the disintegrated masses of a mountain, which it undermines! Shall we throw ourselves into it? Whilst I go in front, we will go, wherever thou wilt; Mind! I am not blaming thee, I am not advising thee; Oh! Father! is death thy chief desire, is it the greatest consideration to thee? If thou art to die, I go before thee, if thou art to live I shall live too! But, pray change the current of thy mind, call up some of thy ancient courage, and subdue thy troubled thoughts, which are to be brought under control by great efforts. Act otherwise, for it is simply a worse misfortune to die overcome by such misfortunes, however great!

ŒDIP. How is it, that there springs such an admirable example of human virtue from such a wicked stock? How is it that this spotless virgin so belies the race of Œdipus? Oh! The Fates! Can I believe it? That any thing good could emanate from me? That there should exist any thing (and I have watched my own career, closely) that was not calculated to operate against me—Nature surely, has changed her system and has invented fresh laws for her own guidance! The river rolling along with its rapid streams, will recede into a simple fountain! Phœbus with his fiery brightness will produce darkness instead! Hesperus will perform the duties of the Sun! That something, however, should tend by good rights to augment my misery! For lo! we now observe Virtue in our family! but the one redeeming consolation for Œdipus is that he will not attain any benefit arising out of it. Why do I, in this listless manner, refrain from exacting that punishment with my right hand, which I deserve, is it not right, that I should revenge, my, as yet unavenged Father? Whatever thou hast already done has been to avenge the mother! (Pulling out his eyes.) Let go the hand of thy father, courageous virgin! thou art only prolonging my death, and art conducting the funeral rites of a living father! Prepare at last, to cover my odious body with earth! Thou sinnest with an honest intention. Thou callest it affection, to drag about an unburied parent, it amounts to the same thing, he who compels an unwilling man to die, and he that hinders him from dying, when he is hastening to arrive at it! to forbid a man to die, who wishes for death, is practically

Non esse saluum. liceat ulcisci patrem	90
Adhuc inultum. dextra quid cessas iners	
Exigere pœnas? quidquid exactum est adhuc;	
Matri dedisti. mitte genitoris manum,	
Animosa virgo. funus extendis meum,	
Longaque vivi ducis exsequias patris.	95
Aliquando terra corpus inuisum tege.	
Peccas honesta mente. pietatem vocas,	
Patrem infepultum trahere. qui cogit mori	
Nolentem, in æquo est, quique properantem impedit.	
Occidere est, vetare cupientem mori.	100
Nec tamen in æquo est. alterum gravius reor,	
Malo imperari, quam eripi mortem mihi.	
Desiste cœpto, virgo. jus vitæ ac necis	
Meæ penes me est. regna deferui libens,	
Regnum mei retineo. si fida es comes,	105
Enim parenti trade; sed notum nece	
Ensem paterna. tradis? an nati tenent	
Cum regno & illum? faciet, ubicunque est, opus,	
Ibi sit. relinquo. natus hunc habeat meus,	
Sed uterque. flammæ potius & vastum aggerem	110
Compone. in altos ipse me immittam rogos.	
Erectam ad ignes funebrem escendam struem,	
Pectusque solvam durum, & in cineres dabo	
Hoc quidquid in me vivit. ubi sævum est mare?	
Duc, ubi sit altis prorutum faxis jugum,	115
Ubi torta rapidum ducat Ismenos vada:	
Duc, ubi seræ sint, ubi fretum, ubi præceps locus,	
Si dux es. illuc ire morituro placet,	
Ubi sedit alta rupe semifero dolos	
Sphinx ore necens. dirige huc gressus pedum,	120
Heic siste patrem. dira ne sedes vacet,	
Monstrum repone majus. hoc faxum insidens	
Obscura nostræ verba fortunæ loquar,	
Quæ nemo solvat. quisquis Affyrio loca	
Possessa regi scindis, & Cadmi nemus	125
Serpente notum, sacra quo Dirce latet,	
Supplex adoras, quisquis Eurotam bibis,	
Spartenque fratre nobilem gemino colis,	
Quique Elin & Parnafon, & Bœotios	
Colonus agros uberis tondes foli;	130
Adverte mentem: sæva Thebarum lues	

killing him! Nor, however, is there quite an equality in the two alternatives but I think that one cruelty is greater than the other to forbid a man to die, who wishes for death! I would rather that a sentence of death should be passed on me, than that I should receive a reprieve (that death should be taken from me). Abandon then, thy undertaking, daughter, the choice of life or death as regards

myself, is within my own discretion! I have, of my own free will, left my kingdom, but I still retain the kingdom of my individual self, if thou art a faithful companion to me, give thy parent a sword, but it must be the very sword, that is branded with a father's slaughter, wilt thou give it to me? Or have the sons taken possession of it, as well as the kingdom? But wherever it is, crime is its appointed mission, let it remain where it is, as I abandon sole claim to it, one son may have it, but both may use it! (used between them, against each other). Prepare rather a huge pile, and apply the blazing torches, and I will cast myself, forthwith, into the burning mass (pile) or I will with intrepid step ascend the funeral mound, till I reach the flames in their full activity, and thus do away with my cheerless thoughts, and hand over, whatever is living, and dwells within, to be converted into ashes! Where is the relentless ocean? Conduct me where the mountain is broken up into lofty rocks. Where the swiftly flowing Ismenus threads its course, in winding streams—If thou art my guide lead me, where wild beasts abound, where the sea is treacherous—where there are precipitous rocks; to one of such places, it pleases me to go and die! Or where the Sphinx sits on an elevated rock (that insidious seat of the enigmatical) and invents the deceitful enigmas, which issue from its semiferous mouth (half human; half animal) hither direct the course of my steps; here stop thy father, and let not that insidious seat be disengaged (if it be) let me take up the post, and replace the vacancy with a monster more horrible than the Sphinx! Where I, sitting on that stone, could recite in obscure conundrums my own miserable career, which no one would ever be able to interpret! Whoever thou art that ploughst the lands of the Assyrian king, or whatever suppliant thou art, that offerest up thy adorations at the grove rendered famous by the serpent-of-Cadmus, by whose shade the fountain, sacred to Dirce is hidden from the vulgar gaze; Whoever thou art, who imbibest the water of the Eurota, or that who dwellest in Sparta rendered famous by the twin brothers, (Castor and Pollux)—Whoever thou art, who livest in Elis or Parnassus—or thou inhabitant who reapest thy harvests from the Bœotian fields, Thou denizen of a fruitful soil, give me thy earnest attention: the savage monster (Sphinx) of Thebes, in delivering his disaster—foreboding utterances in obscure language, what could he have propounded like this, or what so incapable of being unravelled—The son-in-law of a grandfather, the rival of his own father, the brother of his own children, and the parent of his brothers, a grandmother, who brought forth children to a man, and grandchildren to him, at

Luſtifica cæcis verba committens modis, Quid ſimile poſuit? quid tam inextricabile? Avi gener, patriſque rivalis fui, Frater fuorum liberum, & fratrum parens;	135
Uno avia partu liberos peperit viro, Ac ſibi nepotes, monſtra quis tanta explicet? Ego ipſe, victæ ſpolia qui Sphingis tuli, Hærebo, fati tardus interpres mei. Quid perdis ultra verba? quid peſtus ferum	140
Mollire tentas precibus? hoc animo fedet, Effundere hanc cum morte luſtantem diu Animam, & tenebras petere. nam ſceleri hæc meo Parum alta nox eſt. Tartaro condi juvat, Et ſi quid ultra Tartarum eſt. tandem libet,	145
Quod olim oportet. morte prohiberi haud queo. Ferrum negabis? noxias lapſo vias Cludes? & arctis colla laqueis inferi Prohibebis? herbas, quæ ferunt letum, auferes? Quid iſta tandem cura perficiet tua?	150
Ubique mors eſt. optime hoc cavet Deus. Eripere vitam nemo non homini poteſt; At nemo mortem: mille ad hanc aditus patent. Nil quaero. dextra noſter & nuda folet Bene animus uti. dextra nunc toto impetu,	155
Toto dolore, viribus totis veni. Non deſtino unum vulnere noſtro locum. Totus nocens ſum. qua voles, mortem exige. Effringe corpus; corque tot ſcelerum capax Evelle; totos viſcerum nuda ſinus.	160
Fractum incitatis icibus guttur fonet; Laceræve fixis unguibus venæ fluant. Aut dirige iras, quo ſoles. hæc vulnera Reſciſſa multo fanguine ac tabe irriga. Hac extrahe animam, duram, inexpugnabilem.	165
Et tu, parens, ubicunque pœnarum arbiter Adſtas mearum (non ego hoc tantum ſcelus Ulla expiari credidi pœna fati Unquam, nec iſta morte contentus fui, Nec me redemi parte: membratim tibi Volui perire) debitum tandem exige:	170
Nunc ſolve pœnas; tunc tibi inferias dedi: Ades, atque inertem dexteram introrſus preme, Magniſque merge. timida tum parvo caput Libavit hauſtu, vixque cupientes ſequi	175

one and the ſame parturition! Who could unravel ſuch monſtrous facts? Why I myſelf ſhould poſe as the one who bore off the palm from the vanquiſhed Sphinx! the tardy interpreter of my own deſtiny! Why do I indulge in empty words? Why do I endeavour to aſſuage my troubled ſoul with vain prayers? A reſolution takes poſ-

session of my mind, to do away with that life, which has been so long struggling with death, and to search for eternal darkness (death) for this ordinary darkness of night (his blindness) is as naught compared with my wickedness—It would please me to be hidden away in Tartarus, and if there be any place beyond Tartarus, so let that be my destination! I am not willing to be prevented from seeking death, the fate which was my due long ago! Thou persistest in denying me the sword! Thou shuttest out my path, from the dangerous precipices; into which I might otherwise fall, thou preventest me from placing round my neck the tightened cord (strangulation), Thou placest out of my reach the poisonous herbs, which bring about death so easily and with such certainty! What is to be arrived at finally from all these precautions of thine? (addressing Antigone). Death is everywhere! a beneficent God has taken care of mortals thus far! There is no one living that cannot rob thee of life, but no one can rid thee of death! A thousand ways are at our disposal. I do not ask for any special one: My own resolute will, aforetime, enabled me with this right hand of mine, and without the adventitious use of surgical or other weapons to employ it to some purpose! (Œdipus means putting out his eyes, which he did with his own fingers.) Come now then, Oh! right hand of mine, with all thy energy, all thy rage, and thy concentrated physical strength, I do not select any particular spot for inflicting my wounds, for every part, about me is equally deserving of them, but let death be brought about, in any way thou mayst choose. Break up my whole body, tear out my heart, that has been capable of so many crimes, lay bare the entire coverings of my entrails, let my bare chest resound again, beaten, forcibly with a rapid succession of blows! let my veins, torn by my nails dug into them, flow freely with my blood! Or let me direct my anger, where I showed it aforetime (the eyes) and inundate, the ancient wounds being opened up, with the gushing blood and corruption! And let me remove with it (What the hand brings about) my own obdurate indomitable soul! And thou, oh! Parent, wherever thou art, come forward as the arbitrator of my punishment; I have always been of opinion, that my crimes could never be sufficiently expiated—by any punishment! Neither have I been contented with my present kind of death (Blindness) nor that I should be redeemed by any part of me that was left behind, I have desired to die, giving to thee (his father Laius) every part of myself, piece by piece, pray demand thy full rights at last! I now wish to receive the extreme punishment, and then I shall have given thee the sacri-

Eduxit oculos. hæret etiam nunc mihi Ille animus, hæret; cum recufantem manum Preffere vultus. audies verum, Œdipe: Minus eruiſti lumina audacter tua, Quam præſtitiffi. nunc manum cerebro indue.	180
Hac parte mortem perage, quæ cœpit mori. ANT. Pauca, o parens magnanime, miferandæ precor Ut verba natæ mente placata audias. Non te ut reducam veteris ad ſpecimen domus, Habitumque regui flore pollentem inclito,	185
Peto; aſt ut iras, tempore aut ipſa mora Fractas, remiſſo pectore ac placido ſeras. Et hoc decebat roboris tanti virum, Non eſſe ſub dolore, nec victum malis Dare terga. non eſt, ut putas, virtus, pater,	190
Timere vitam, ſed malis ingentibus Obſtare, nec ſe vertere, ac retro dare. Qui fata proculcavit, ac vitæ bona Projecit, atque abſcidit, & caſus ſuos Oneravit ipſe, cui Deo nullo eſt opus,	195
Quare ille mortem cupiat, aut quare petat? Utrumque timidi eſt. nemo contemſit mori, Qui concupivit. cujus hand ultra mala Exire poſſunt, in loco tuto eſt ſitus. Quis jam Deorum (velle fac) quidquam poteſt	200
Malis tuis adjicere? jam nec tu potes, Niſi hoc, ut eſſe te putes dignum nece. Non eſ; nec ulla pectus hoc culpa attigit. Et hoc magis te, genitor, infontem voca, Quod innocens eſ, Diis quoque invitis. quid eſt	205
Quod te efferarit; quod novos ſuffixerit Stimulos dolori? quid te ad infernas agit Sedes? quid ex his pellit? ut careas die? Cares. ut altis nobilem muris domum, Patriamque fugias? patria tibi vivo periit.	210
Natos fugis, matremque? ub aſpectu omnium Fortuna te ſubmovit: & quidquid poteſt Auferre cuiquam mors, tibi hoc vita abſtulit. Regni tumultus, turba fortunæ prior Abſceſſit a te juſſa. quem, genitor, fugis?	215

fices due to the Infernal Deities (who preſide over thoſe ceremonies amongſt the Manes) Come, and force thy hesitating right hand inwards, and bury it the more deeply, the laſt time thou timidly ſacrificedſt the head, with a ſmall wound, and with difficulty drewſt forth thy eyes which were only deſiring to ſecond thy efforts! Even now, thy courage hesitates, hesitates, even when thy face preſſes down towards thy unwilling, vacillating hand! Thou muſt hear the truth Œdipus, thou didſt pull out thy eyes with leſs courage, than thou didſt find them

display in being removed! Now try thy hand upon thy brain, thou canst easily bring about death to that part, where death has already set in! (a mind dead to everything).

ANT. Oh! magnanimous Parent! I pray thee, that thou wilt listen, in a calm spirit, to a few words from thy wretched daughter. I do not ask that I should bring thee back, as a noble ornament of thy ancient dynasty with all thy regal power, and clad in all the pomp of thy kingdom, amidst abundant floral displays! but that thou shouldst bear up against thy angry passions, whilst they are being toned down by time and resignation, and that being so, with thy mind restored to a state of composure; and is it not becoming to a man of thy strong natural powers, that he should not be under the tyranny of grief, nor turn his back upon misfortunes and acknowledge himself mastered—It is not valor, father, as thou imaginest, to hold life in contempt, but to oppose great troubles with fortitude, and not avoid them by flying from them or idly turning thy back on them. The man, who treads under foot his destiny, and disregards and casts aside the good things of this life, only makes his misfortunes more difficult to bear—that man requires no useless assistance from the Gods! Why should any man wish for death, or go in search of it? both of these things are the sign of a dastardly spirit; no one has ever looked upon death with contempt, who has longed for it—That man is placed in a safe position, whose misfortunes cannot extend beyond that point, which they have already attained! Which one of the Gods, even if he wished it, could add anything to thy calamities? Now do not think of anything but this, thou shouldst be able to consider that thyself is undeserving of death! Thou art not deserving of death. Nor has any crime ever entered thy heart, and, father! more than this, consider thyself innocent, because thou art really innocent, in spite of the Gods! What is it that has affrighted thee, what has furnished fresh stings to thy trouble? What leads thee on towards the infernal abodes? What drives thee away from these earthly ones? That thou mayst escape the light of day! Thou art not troubled with that difficulty now—that thou mayst fly from a noble mansion, with lofty walls, and thy very country itself;—thy country has gone from thee, whilst thou livest! Dost thou fly from they sons or thy mother? Fortune has removed thee from the sight of all of them, and whatever death can take from any one, that life has taken away from thee! The troubles of a kingdom, and thy former subjects in the times of thy prosperity has ceased to be ruled by thee! From whom, then, father, dost thou flee.

ÆDIP. Me fugio; fugio confcium scelerum omoium Pectus, manumque hanc fugio, & hoc cœlum, & Deos: Et dira fugio scelera, quæ feci innocens. Ego hoc solum, frugifera quo furgit Ceres, Premo? has ego auras ore pestifero traho? Ego laticis haustu satior? aut ullo fruor Almæ parentis munere? ego castam maoum Nefandus, incestificus, execrabilis Attrecto? ego ullos aure concipio fonos, Per quos parentis nomen, aut nati audiam? Utinam quidem rescindere has quirem vias, Manibusque adaçtis omne, qua voces meant, Aditusque verbis tramite angusto patet, Eruere possẽm, nata: jam sensum tui, Quæ pars meorum es criminum, infelix pater Fugissem. inhæret ac recrudescit nefas Subinde; & aures ingerunt, quidquid mihi Donastis oculi. cur caput tenebris grave Non mitto ad umbras Ditis æternas? quid heic Manes meos detineo? quid terram gravo? Mixtusque superis erro? quid restat mali? Regnum, parentes, liberi, virtus quoque, Et ingenii follertis eximium decus Periere. cuncta fors mihi infesta abstulit. Lacrimæ supererant. has quoque eripuit mihi. Abstiste. nullas animus admittit preces, Novamque pœnam sceleribus quærıt parem. Et esse par quæ poterit? in facti quoque Decreta mors est. fata quis tam tristia Sortitus unquam? videram nondum diem, Uterique nondum solveram clusi moras; Et jam timebar. protinus quosdam editos Nox occupavit, & novæ luci abstulit. Mors me antecessit. aliquis intra viscera Materna letum præcoquis fati tulit: Sed numquid & peccavit? abstrufum, abditum, Dubiumque an effem, sceleris infandi reum Deus egit. illo teste damnavit parens, Calidoque teneros tranfuit ferro pedes, Et in alta nemora pabulum misit feris, Avibusque sævis, quas Cithæron noxius	220 225 230 235 240 245 250 255
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ÆDIP. I fly from myself—I fly from a mind conscious of every crime. I fly from this parricidal hand, from this sky around us, and the Gods—and I fly, as a criminal from the terrible wickedness which I have committed! Why am I now treading this very ground, from which Ceres causes the fruits of the earth to spring up? Why do I exhale the very air I breathe, from my poisonous mouth? I am cloyed with the very water which I imbibe; or why am I allowed to enjoy any benefit arising from

Mother Earth? Why do I touch this pure hand of thine. I that am wicked, incestuous, accursed? Why do I catch any sounds with my ears, by which I should recognize the name of Parent or Son? I wish that I was able to break down those passages to the ears, and those out of which the voice issues, and my efforts brought to bear, that I could pluck out everything, the very orifice for the transmission of the words I am now uttering, and which lies open with such a narrow approach! Oh! my daughter! I, thy miserable father, would a long time ago have avoided anything that reminded me of thee, who art a part of my crimes! (The incest with thy mother) Every now and then, that crime hangs about me, and seems to be re-enacted, and my ears appear to rehearse, whatever ye, oh! my eyes! have freed me from realizing! Why do I not hand over this head of mine already afflicted with darkness (loss of sight) to the eternal shades of Pluto? Why am I still here? a Ghost of Humanity! Why do I pester this Earth? Why do I wander about with those above the earth (the living) what other calamity awaits me? My kingdom, my parents, my children, my virtue also, and the crowning distinction of a clever intellect, as shown in solving the enigma of the Sphinx, have all disappeared! My unhappy lot had deprived me of everything, but my tears remained and these have now been taken from me (with the loss of the eyes, the lachrymal glands). Desist, daughter, my inclination does not respond to thy entreaties—it seeks some fresh, but adequate punishment for my crimes, but where or what is the penalty which shall be a condign one? Death also was predestined for me, when an infant, what man has ever been dealt with in this way by such a cruel destiny? I had not as yet seen the light of day nor concluded my retention in a mother's womb, (period of gestation) and before my entry into this world I became an object of terror! Death often claims children directly they are born and robs them of their new form of life! Death preceded me! Death has reached some by a premature fate, death in their mother's womb! But is there anything in that? Had they even sinned as yet? The God Apollo condemned me, as one marked out—for some abominable crime, and whilst I held a difficult place for him, to determine such a matter, hidden away, as I was, in my mother's womb, and whilst every doubt existed (whether I should be born dead or alive, of what sex I should be, or whether I should be turned out as an unviable abortion (one that cannot live) or as a fœtus fully developed! With such testimony as this, my parent prejudged me; he pierced my tender feet with red-hot

Cruore sæpe regio tinctas alit. Sed quem Deus damnavit, abjecit pater, Mors quoque refugit. præstiti Delphis fidem. Genitorem adortus impia fravi nece.	260
Hoc alia pietas redimet. occidi patrem, Sed matrem amavi. proloqui hymenæum pudet, Tædasque nostras. has quoque invitum pati To coge pœnas. facinus ignotum, efferum, Inusitatum effare, quod populi horreant, Quod esse factum nulla non ætas neget, Quod patricidam pudeat. in patrios toros Tuli paterno sanguine asperfas manus; Scelerisque pretium majus accepi scelus Leve est paternum facinus. in thalamos meos	265 270
Deducta mater, ne parum scelerum foret, Fœcunda. nullum crimen hoc majus potest Natura ferre. si quod etiamnum est tamen; Qui facere possent, dedimus. abjeci necis Pretium paternæ sceptrum, & hoc iterum manus Armavit alias. optime regni mei Fatum ipse novi: nemo sine sacro feret Illud cruore. magna præfagit mala Paternus animus. jacta jam sunt semina Cladis futuræ. spernitur pacti fides.	275 280
Hic occupato cedere imperio negat: Jus ille, & icti fœderis testes Deos Invocat, & Argos exsul atque urbes movet Grajas in arma. non levis fessis venit Ruina Thebis. tela, flammæ, vulnera Infant, & istis si quod est majus malum; Ut esse genitos nemo non ex me sciat. ANT. Si nulla, genitor, causa vivendi tibi est, Hæc una abunde est, ut pater natos regas Graviter furentes. tu impii belli minas	285 290
Avertere unus, tuque vecordes potes Inhibere juvenes, civibus pacem dare, Patriæ quietem, fœderi læso fidem. Vitam tibi ipse si negas, multis negas. ŒDIP. Illis parentis ullus aut æqui est amor, Avidis cruoris, imperii, armorum doli,	295

skewers, and sent me into the thick forest, as food for the wild beasts, and the fierce birds of prey which destructive Cithæron has often nourished when drenched with the blood of Kings! But the father cast off, whom the God condemned and death has even turned its back upon me! I have fulfilled the Delphian Oracle I have risen against and laid low my father with a cruel death; the deep reverence to the oracle may somewhat extenuate the crime! I slew the father, but I loved the mother! I

am ashamed to talk of the marriage and the hymeneal ceremonies. Let me insist, however unwilling, that I shall undergo adequate punishment, for all this—It covers me with shame, to speak of such unusual, cruel, unprecedented crimes, which make the people to shudder at, and that a crime which no age would acknowledge could be perpetrated, and one which would call for universal execration—the Stigma of Parricide! I actually installed myself in my own father's marriage bed, with my hands imbued with a father's own blood! And I entered upon a second crime greater, as a set-off for the first! The pregnant mother was decoyed into a marriage with me, lest there should not have been the requisite amount of crime! Nature herself, could not tolerate an offence of greater turpitude. If there is anything still, however, to be done, those that can do it, I have provided in the shape of sons! I have abdicated the throne, as the price of parricide, and this, again has enabled others to arm themselves for crime (The sons at war with each other) I know very well the destiny of my kingdom—No one can hold that sceptre, without detestable slaughter, my paternal mind predicts great calamities; already the seeds of coming slaughter are sown broad-cast, the observance of all treaties is set at naught,—one refuses allegiance to him, who occupies the throne; the other quotes his claim and invokes the Gods as witnesses to the broken treaty, and being banished from power, stirs up Argos and the Grecian cities to take up arms—The ruin is not a light one, which is now overtaking Thebes! The Sword, Fire, and Slaughter are imminent, and if there is a greater misfortune than all this, it is that nobody suspects that they are my sons!

ANT. If no other reason for living is presented to thy mind, father, this is over and above ample to prove it to thee, that thou, as their parent shouldst bring these raging sons into subjection; thou art the only one, to avert the dangers arising out of this important strife, and thou canst restrain these mad boys! give peace to the people, tranquillity to thy own country, and insist on the observance of the violated treaty—if thou art so persistent in denying life to thyself, surely thou wilt be robbing many others if!

ŒDIP. Is there any sense of justice or love for a parent, in these sons, thirsting for blood, power, war, and treachery, and as I can sum up briefly in a word, they must be cruel and criminal to be worthy of such a father as myself!—They vie with each other for crimes of every sort, and they take no thought, where their rage may drive them

Diris, scelestis; breviter ut dicam, meis?
 Certant in omne facinus, & penſi nihil
 Ducunt. ubi illos ira præcipites agat:
 Nefasque nullum, per nefas nati putant. 300
 Non patris illos tangit afflicti pudor,
 Non patria. regno pectus attonitum furit.
 Scio, quo ferantur, quanta moliri parent:
 Ideoque leti quæro maturi viam,
 Morique propero, dum in domo nemo eſt mea 305
 Nocentior me. nata, quid genibus meis
 Fles advoluta? quid prece indomitum domas?
 Unum hoc habet fortuna, quo poſſim capi,
 Invictus aliis. ſola tu affectus potes
 Mollire duros, ſola pietatem in domo 310
 Docere noſtra. nil grave aut miſerum eſt mihi,
 Quod te ſciam voluiſſe. tu tantum impera.
 Hic Œdipus Ægæa tranabit freta,
 Jubente te; flammæſque, quas Siculo vomit
 De monte tellus igneos volvens globos, 315
 Excipiet ore, feque ſerpenti offeret,
 Quæ fæva furto memoris Herculeo furit;
 Jubente te præbebit alitibus jecur;
 Jubente te vel vivet. . . .

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

NUNTIUS, CEDIPIUS, ANTIGONE.

Nuntius, a Thebanis miſſus, Œdipum obſecrat, ut rediens
 componat filios. abnuſit Œdipus, & in filvas fe
 recipiens filiis diras imprecatur.

EXEMPLUM in ingens regia ſtirpe editæ, 320
 Thebæ paventes arma fraterna invocant,
 Rogantque teſtis arceas patriis faces.
 Non funt minæ. jam propius acceſſit malum.
 Nam regna repetens frater, & pactas vices,
 In bella cunctos Græciæ populos agit; 325

precipitately, and being born in crime, they deem nothing they can do, a crime at all! It is not any diſgrace reflecting on their afflicted father, nor any love of their country which affects thoſe ſons in the ſlighteſt degree but their unaccountable minds that urge them on to anger and thirſt, ſimply for power. I know exactly, to what their thoughts are leading them, and what they will dare to accompliſh with their deſires, and thus it is, that I am more eager to ſelect the road for my own final deſtruc-

tion, that I am in such a hurry to die, so that I may do so, whilst I can regard no scion in the house of Œdipus, more criminal than the head of it—myself! Oh! Daughter, why dost thou weep thus, winding thyself round my knees? Why dost thou strive to subdue one that is inaccessible to all thy entreaties? My condition still presents one feature by which I could be softened, although my adamantine resolution, resists all others. Thou alone canst calm down my afflicted soul. The only one in our wicked house, who can boast of any virtue! Nothing is dreadful or insupportable to me now, whatever I may learn, that thou wilt be willing for me to carry out—! Thou hast but to command me! First may Œdipus swim along the waves of the Ægæan Sea, or at thy command, shall he inhale the flames, which the Earth ejects from the Sicilian Mount (Ætna) and the balls of fire, which are rolled forth from it; or shall Œdipus offer himself to that serpent, which still in its anger rages at the theft of the golden apples by Hercules? or will it please thee better, that like Tityus I should hand over my liver and entrails to the vultures? Or wilt thou order me to do the most terrible thing of all—that I should live! (And this would be the greatest punishment of all.)

ACT II.

MESSENGER—ŒDIPUS—ANTIGONE.

A messenger sent from Thebes, beseeches Œdipus that he should return and reconcile his sons. Œdipus refuses, and betaking himself to the dismal forests, lavishes his execrations upon those sons.

MESSENGER.

OH! thou descendant from a royal race, Thebes; trembling with alarm at the war between the brothers, invokes thee as an admirable example of the changes of Fortune, and implores thee, that thou wilt drive away the flames of war which are threatening their native homesteads, and these are not mere alarms; already, the dogs of war are loose, and at their very thresholds—For the brother, that is seeking to gain back the kingdom, and to disturb the order of succession (reigning by turns) has drawn the entire population of Greece into this war seven military camps have pitched themselves around the walls! Help us! Prevent alike war and crime!

Septena muros castra Thebanos premunt. Succurre; prohibe pariter & bellum & nefas. ÆDIP. Ego ille sum, qui scelera committi vetem, Et abstinere fanguine a caro manus Doceam? magister juris & amoris pii	330
Ego sum? meorum facinorum exempla appetunt. Me nunc sequuntur. laudo, & agnosco libens. Exhortor, aliquid ut patre hoc dignum gerant. Agite, o propago clara, generosam indolem Probate factis; gloriam ac laudes meas	335
Superate; & aliquid facite, propter quod patrem Adhuc juret vixisse. facietis, scio. Sic estis orti. scelere defungi haud levi, Haud usitato, tanta nobilitas potest. Ferte arma, facibus petite penetrales Deos,	340
Frugemque flamma metite natalis foli. Miscete cuncta. rapite in exitium omnia. Dejicite passum moenia, in planum date. Templis Deos obruite, maculatos lares Conflate. ab imo tota confidat domus.	345
Urbs concremetur. primus a thalamis meis Incipiat ignis. ANT. Mitte violentum impetum Doloris, ac te publica exorent mala, Auctorque placidæ liberis pacis veni.	350
ÆDIP. Vides modestæ deditum menti senem? Placidæque amantem pacis ad partes vocas? Tumet animus ira, fervet immensum dolor, Majusque, quam quod casus & juvenum furor Conatur, aliquid cupio. non fatis est adhuc Civile bellum. frater in fratrem ruat.	355
Nec hoc fat est. quod debet, ut fiat nefas De more nostro, quod meos deceat toros; Date arma patri. nemo me ex his eruat Silvis: latebo rupis exesæ cavo, Aut sepe densa corpus abstrusum tegam.	360
Hinc aucupabor verba rumoris vagi, Et sæva fratrum bella, quod possum, audiam.	

ÆDIP. Am I to be the man, who can take upon himself to forbid crimes to be committed, and to advise men to stay their weapons from the shedding of the blood of others, however dearly it may be cherished? Am I the administrator of Justice's laws and the champion of legitimate love? Why! they are only too desirous of taking me as an example for their guidance in the cause of crime! Why! they are only following in my footsteps! I commend them for it and I recognize their operations most gladly, and I exhort them, moreover, that they should acquit themselves, in a way worthy of such a "sire" as myself! Push on! Oh! my illustrious progeny, and establish

a claim to thy noble origin by thy deeds—outstrip me in my glorious exploits, and in my triumphs, and mind to do something yet, on account of which it may give me pleasure to find that I have lived to witness it: thou wilt do this. I am persuaded, for thou wast born for it! (Composed of the exact materials.) Such a nobility, as thou possessest, can only faithfully perpetrate any crimes, any unheard-of wickedness (and thus support thy dignity). Carry on thy war, enter into the sanctums even of thy paternal gods, with thy blazing torches, gather in the harvests of thy natal soil with flames instead of the sickle (that is burn them down), throw everything into confusion—hand over everything to destruction—destroy the city walls everywhere, and level them all to the ground—bury the gods themselves in the ruins of their own temples, pull down the defiled images of thy Lares—let the entire city of Thebes be burnt to the ground, and let the conflagration be initiated by the destruction of my marriage bed!

ANT. Dismiss these violent transports of rage, and let the bad tidings (misfortunes) which have been reported to thee, have some weight with thee. Come, father, be thou the means of establishing the blessings of peace between thy sons.

ŒDIP. Dost thou regard me, as an old man, abandoned to mental serenity and moderation, that thou shouldst invite me, as one loving the blessings of peace (as thou callest them) and desirous to encourage others to follow out a similar course? Why! My own very soul is swelling out with wrath—a deeply rooted hatred rages within me, and much greater than any undertakings or furious experiments; that the ardor of those boys could bring about! I still crave for my “something,” civil war is not, as yet, enough for me—let brothers fly at brothers’ throats, nor is that enough! What ought to be, is that some crime should be done worthy of my own formula, something that shall be consistent with that incestuous bed of mine! Supply thy father with defensive weapons, and no one shall ever rescue me from these forests! I would hide in the hollow of some excavated (eaten away) rock or I would conceal my inexpressible body under the dense thickets, and there I would listen with rapt enjoyment to the words of flying rumors and should hear, with my own ears, of the savage warfare of the brothers! What could I do better?

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Ἀκέφαλος.

JOCASTA, ANTIGONE, NUNTIUS.

Jocasta, audito in procinctu stare utramque aciem, propere fertur, filios (si fieri possit) in gratiam reductura.

JOC. **F**ELIX Agave, facinus horrendum, manu
 Qua fecerat, gestavit; & spolium tulit
 Cruenia nati Mænas in partes dati. 365
 Fecit scelus, fed misera non ultra suum
 Scelus hoc cucurrit. hoc leve est, quod fum nocens;
 Feci nocentes. hoc quoque etiamnum leve est;
 Peperi nocentes. deerat ærumnis meis,
 Ut & hostem amarem. Bruma ter posuit nives, 370
 Et tertia jam falce decubuit Ceres,
 Ut exsul errat natus, & patria caret,
 Profugusque regum auxilia Grajorum rogat.
 Gener est Adrahti, cujus imperio mare,
 Quod cingit Isthmon, regitur. hic gentes suas, 375
 Septemque secum regna ad auxilium trahit
 Generi. quid optem, quidve decernam, haud scio.
 Regnum reposcit. causa repetentis bona est;
 Mala, sic petentis. vota quæ faciam parens?
 Utrumque natum video. nil possum pie 380
 Pietate salva facere. quodcunque alteri
 Optabo nato, fiet alterius malo.
 Sed utrumque quamvis diligam affectu pari;
 Quo causa melior, forsque deterior trahit,
 Inclinat animus, semper infirmo favens. 385
 Miseros magis fortuna conciliat suis.
 NUNT. Regina, dum tu flebiles questus cies,
 Terisque tempus, tota nudatis stetit
 Acies in armis. æra jam bellum cient,
 Aquilaque pugnam signifer mota vocat. 390
 Septena reges bella dispositi parant.
 Animo pari Cadmea progenies subit.
 Curfu citato miles hinc illinc ruit.
 Vide, ut atra nubes pulvere abscondat diem,
 Fumoque similes campus in cœlum erigat 395
 Nebulas, equestri fracta quas tellus pede
 Submittit: & si vera metuentes vident,
 Infesta fulgent signa: subrectis adest
 Frons prima telis: aurea clarum nota
 Nomen ducum vexilla præscriptum serunt. 400
 I, redde amorem fratribus, pacem omnibus;
 Et impia arma mater opposita impedi.

ACT III.

Part of this tragedy is lost—(the commencement).

JOCASTA—ANTIGONE—MESSENGER.

Jocasta from the report that the armies of the brothers are drawn up against each other in battle array, is summoned hastily, and if it were possible to be done, tries her utmost to reconcile the brothers.

JOCASTA.

A GAVE, in a happy mood enough, carried her abominable crime, in the hand that had committed it, and she (a Mænad of Bacchus) the sanguinary mother, held up as a trophy affixed to her Thyrsus the mangled remains of her Son (Pentheus). (See First Act, line 16 et sqq.) She committed a crime in the first instance, but this one crime of hers did not lead on to others—this is trivial compared with mine! Because I am criminal myself, I make others criminal; this likewise, so far is a light offence, but I was the means of bringing forth criminals, but this much was wanting in my budget of misery, that I should even love my enemy (Polynices). Winter has deposited her snows three times, and the third year's harvest has been laid low, with the sickle, since my son Polynices, wandered abroad as an exile and vanished from his native soil, and now that same exile is enlisting the Grecian kings, as auxiliaries. He is a son-in-law of Adrastus by whose sway the sea which girts the isthmus of Corinth is governed—this king is drawing in an alliance with his own subjects, those of seven other kingdoms, to re-inforce the army of this son-in-law! What I wish for and what I shall determine to do, I know not. Polynices seeks for the kingdom again, the reason for seeking for it thus is excusable enough, but obviously, reprehensible as to the mode, in which he seeks to attain his object! How can I, as a parent, wish either of them success, on each side of me, I behold a son, I can do nothing conscientiously, which could render justice to both, what I would desire in favor of one son, would resolve itself as an injury towards the other! But although I love them both with equal affection, my heart, which always takes the side of the weaker, inclines me towards the one whose cause is just, at the same time that it attracts me to that one whose lot is the harder! Fortune induces us to sympathize with the miserable, and all the more when associated with the ties of kindred.

ANT. Perge, o parens, & concita celerem gradum; Compeſce tela, fratribus ferrum excute. Nudum inter enſes pectus infeſtos tene.	405
Aut ſolve bellum, mater, aut prima excipe. JOC. Ibo, ibo, & armis obvium opponam caput. Stabo inter arma. petere qui fratrem volet, Petat ante matrem. tela, qui fuerit pius, Rogante ponat matre: qui non eſt pius,	410
Incipiat a me. fervidos juvenes anus Tenebo nullum teſte me fiet neſas. Aut ſi aliquod & me teſte committi poteſt, Non fiet unum ANT. Signa collatis micant Vicina ſignis: clamor hoſtilis fremit:	415
Scelus in propinquo eſt: occupa, mater, preces. Et ecce motos ſletibus credas meis; Sic agmen armis ſegne compoſitir venit. Procedit acies tarda, fed properant duces.	420
JOC. Quis me procellæ turbine infanæ vehens Volucer per auras ventus ætherias aget? Quæ Sphinx, vel atra nube ſubtexens diem Stymphalis, avidis præpetem pennis feret? Aut quæ per altas æris rapiet vias Harpyia, lævi regis obſervans famem?	425
Et inter acies projiciet raptam duas? NUNT. Vadit furenti ſimilis, aut etiam furit;	

MESS. Oh! Queen! Why doſt thou trouble thyſelf, with theſe mournful reflections, and fritter away the time—The entire army is marching onwards with their glittering ſwords—already the war-trumpet rouses them to action, and the ſtandard-bearers with the Eagles waving to and fro in the air give notice of the impending battle. The ſeven kings having ſo diſpoſed their battalions, are getting ready, as it were, for the ſeven-strong encounter—the ſons of Cadmus have entered upon the campaign with equal martial determination! Here, there, everywhere, the ſoldiers are ruſhing on precipitately with a rapid advance! Obſerve how the ſky is becoming black with the whirlwinds of duſt and how the day-light is becoming obſcured, and the field of battle raises volumes of clouds like ſmoke, towards the heavens, which, the ground being broken up, by the hoofs of the cavalry, is made to ſend up, and if thoſe that are timid or flurried will only take the trouble to obſerve attentively, they can behold the warlike banners which are being proudly diſplayed—The front rank is advancing with their arrows half-raiſed, and the ſtandards bear the names of the generals, inſcribed on them, accompanied with ſome ſort of glaring device ſet forth in gold! Go thou and induce a feeling of fraternal love with the

belligerent brothers, and thus insure peace for all and as a mother standing forth with unflinching courage between thy sons, stay their impious strife!

ANT. Go, Oh! Parent; hurry onwards thy departure and appease their angry strife, and putting aside their weapons dash them from the hands of the brothers, and present thy naked breast between their angry swords; put thou an end to this war, or be thou a sacrifice!—first!

JOC. I will go—I will go and present my head, as they deal their strokes and I will stand between their hostile swords so that the one that is seeking the brother for a target, shall make a target of his own mother! The one, who proves his affection will put aside his weapon at his mother's earnest entreaties—the one who proves himself the reverse shall begin with me! As an old woman, I will hold back the raging boys, and no fratricidal crime shall have me as an eye-witness; or if any work of slaughter is capable of being committed, with me for an eye-witness, it shall not be limited to that solitary deed, for I myself will perish too!

ANT. The standards are now closing in! they are joining battle! The warlike din of the hostile forces is distinctly heard, as the opposing armies clash! Crime is not now far off mother, let them give ear to thy prayers, and take my word for it, thou mayst rely on their being wrought upon by thy tears! The army is tardy in its advance, is now meeting with the opposing battalions—The battle is progressing slowly, but the generals seem to be hurrying forward impetuously!

JOC. What wind wafting me in the whirlings of a violent tempest, will hurry me quickly through the aerial regions? What Sphinx will be of some service to me? Or, what, representative from amongst the Stymphalidæ, that darken the day, as with a black cloud, will swiftly bear me hence on its eager wings? or which of the three Harpies, that take such morbid delight at the craving hunger of the cruel King, Phineus, will conduct me along the paths of the lofty sky, and after seizing me up, will eventually throw me forwards between the two armies?

MESS. She, Jocasta, is starting off like a mad woman— or she is in reality mad, just as the swift arrow shot forth by some Parthian marksman is urged on to its destination, or as the ship is caught in a heavy squall, and is pressed

Sagitta qualis Parthica velox manu
 Excussa fertur; qualis infano ratis
 Premente vento rapitur; aut qualis cadit 430
 Delapsa cœlo stella, cum fringens polum
 Rectam citatis ignibus rumpit viam;
 Attonita curfu fugit, & binas statim
 Diduxit acies. victa materna prece
 Hæfere bella, jamque in alternam necem 435
 Illinc & hinc miscere cupientes manum,
 Vibrata dextra tela suspensa tenent.
 Paci favetur. omnium ferrum latet
 Cessatque tectum, vibrat in fratrum manu.
 Laniata canas mater ostendit comas; 440
 Rogat abnuentes: irrigat fletu genas.
 Negare matri, qui diu dubitat, potest.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

JOCASTA, POLYNICES, ETEOCLES.

Jocasta utrumque filium ferio precaturo, ut similitate posita
 in gratiam & amorem redire velint. Polynices
 impie respondet.

IN me arma & ignes vertite. in me omnis ruat
 Unam juvenus; quæque ab Inachio venit
 Animosâ muro; quæque Thebana ferox 445
 Descendit arce. civis atque hostis simul
 Hunc petite ventrem, qui dedit fratres viro.
 Hæc membra passim spargite, ac divellite:
 Ego utrumque peperî. ponitis ferrum ocius?
 An dico, & ex quo? dexterâs matri date. 450
 Date, dum piæ sunt. error invitos adhuc
 Fecit nocentes. omne Fortunæ fuit
 Peccantis in nos crimen. hoc primum nefas
 Inter scientes geritur. in vestra manu est,
 Utrum velitis. sancta si pietas placet, 455
 Donate matrem pace. si placuit scelus,

onwards through the waves, or as a meteor, (falling star) descending from the skies approaches the earth with extreme velocity, and the igneous matter thrown off, brushes the air, as it forces its progress, in any direction it may take, so Jocasta quite beside herself flies along with all speed and immediately places herself between the two opposing armies; which being prevailed upon by her maternal entreaties, the fighting ceases! just as they were most bent on dealing their blows right and

left for each other's destruction, and now they hold their weapons aloof, balanced in their right hands—All are in favor of peace! Every one else assumes a pacific attitude, and sheathes his sword! but they are still flourished, menacingly, in the hands of the brothers, and the mother tearing down her hair, displays her hoary locks—she implores them, but they refuse to listen—she bathes her face with tears, to think that where hesitation once seemed to prevail at first should at last end in a mother's being denied any efficacy arising out of her entreaties!

ACT IV.

JOCASTA—POLYNICES—ETEOCLES.

Jocasta entreats the brothers most suppliantly, that they should put away their mutual hatred, and return to the paths of reconciliation and affection; Polynices gives an unnatural reply.

JOCASTA.

TURN the fire and sword on me, let all the brave young warriors make a rush at me alone and whatever combatants have marched from the city of Inachus, or whosoever else, led on by their youthful ferocity, have come down from the Theban citadel—armed citizens and soldiers, alike seek out my body, the body, that has borne such brothers to a husband, scatter and tear asunder these limbs of mine in every direction—I brought forth both of you, but shall I tell you by whom? therefore insert thy swords quickly!—Give thy right hands to thy mother, give them whilst they are yet unpolled by a brother's blood! Blind ignorance hitherto has made us (thy father and myself) the unconscious instruments of crime, all the evils of an unjust lot have been visited upon us! this crime, however, is the first which thou wouldst have committed with full consciousness of thy wrong acts. The crime is at thy own option, commit it if thou wishest, but if the sacredness of filial affection is felt by thee both, make thy mother happy if not a greater crime is ready at thy hand, thy mother interposes herself between thee, either stop the war or kill me, who am now delaying thy warlike doings! To which son shall, I the anxious mother, first address my alternate entreaties? Which of you shall I, wretched as I am, embrace the first? I am attracted towards both of you with equal love! One of

Majus paratum est media se opponit parens. Proinde bellum tollite, aut belli moram. Sollicita nunc cui mater alterna prece Verba admovebo? misera quem amplectar prius?	460
In utramque partem ducor affectu pari. Hic absuit. sed pacta si fratrum valent, Nunc alter aberit. ergo jam nunquam duos, Nisi sic, videbo? junge complexus prior, Qui tot labores totque perpeffus mala,	465
Longo parentem feffus exfilio vides. Accede propius. clude vagina impium Ensem; & trementem jamque cupientem excuti Haftam solo defige. maternum tuo Coire pectus pectori clypeus vetat.	470
Hunc quoque repone. vinculo frontem exue, Tegimenque capitis triste belligeri leva, Et ora matri redde. quo vultus refers, Acieque pavida fratris observas manum? Affusa totum corpus amplexu tegam.	475
Tuo cruori per meum fiet via. Quid dubius hæres? an times matris fidem? POL. Timeo: nihil jam jura naturæ valent. Post ista fratrum exempla, ne matri quidem Fides habenda est. JOC. Redde jam capulo manum, Adfringe galeam, læva se clypeo ingerat; Dum frater exarmatur, armatus mane.	480
Tu pone ferrum, causa qui es ferri prior. Si pacis odium est, furere si bello placet, Inducias te mater exiguas rogat,	485
Ferat ut reverso post fugam nato oscula, Vel prima, vel suprema. dum pacem peto, Audite inermes: ille te, tu illum times; Ego utrumque, sed pro utroque. quid strictum abnuis Recondere ensem? qualibet gaude mora.	490
Id gerere bellum cupitis, in quo est optimum Vinci. vereris fratris infesti dolos? Quoties necesse est fallere, aut falli a suis, Patiare potius ipse, quam facias, scelus. Sed ne verere: mater infidias & hinc,	495
Et rursus illinc abiget. exore, an patri Invideo vestro? veni, ut arcerem nefas, An ut viderem propius? hic ferrum abdidit	

you has been absent (Polynices), if the treaty between the brothers is still to hold good, the other will now go away; I wonder therefore, if I shall ever see you two brothers otherwise than I see you now, in open warfare with each other! Let the one, therefore, who has undergone so many difficulties and misfortunes and who now sees his mother, wearied out with his long exile! be the

first to meet my embrace; come nearer, return thy wicked sword to its sheath and put aside that trembling spear already eager, to be employed, and stick it into the ground; thy shield, too, prevents my maternal bosom from meeting thine in affectionate conjunction, put that aside also. Remove thy helmet, relieve thy warlike head of that awful appendage, and turn thy unencumbered face towards thy Mother! Why dost thou direct thy glances, and watch the hand of thy brother with such an anxious look! I will cover thy entire body with my close embrace, and the road to thy blood shall be that shall pass through mine! Why dost thou hesitate, as if thou doubtdest it? Or dost thou question a mother's sincerity?

POL. I do doubt; the laws of Nature are now of no avail after the example shown by two brothers, no trust can be reposed even in a mother!

JOC. Turn thy hand, now towards the hilt of thy sword, fasten on thy warlike helmet, and arrange thy shield on the left side, and remain accoutred, whilst thy brother casts aside his military appendages. Thou, Eteocles, put aside thy blade, for thou art the original cause of this appeal to the sword, if thou entertainest such an unconquerable dislike for peace, and nothing pleases thee but fighting, thy mother asks thee for a short truce and that my son having returned from his mother's exile, may receive a mother's kisses for the first or perhaps the last time! Whilst I am seeking for a temporary peace, listen to me both of you, unarmed! Eteocles, Polynices fears thee, and thou fearest Polynices and I fear you both, that is, I fear for you both! Why dost thou refuse to restore that drawn sword to its scabbard! Glory in thy reluctance, as much as thou likest, thou dost want it, I see to continue the struggle, in which, in sooth, it will redound to thy advantage to be overcome, rather than to be victorious. Dost thou fear any treasonable designs on the part of thy brother? As often as there must be a necessity for perfidy, or to suffer from perfidy at the hands of others, it is far better, to suffer from its effects, than to commit another great crime in order to correct it; but do not fear, thy mother will shield thee from treachery, Thou on the one side and the brother as well on the other; am I to obtain what I ask by these entreaties of mine? am I to envy the lot that has fallen to thy father? I have come, that I may banish crime, and not that I should see it drawing nigher to me! (To Polynices) Eteocles has sheathed his sword and, leaning on his spear, is merely idly watching the arms he has

Reclinis haftæ, & arma defixa incubant.	
Ad te preces nunc, nate, maternas feram,	500
Sed ante lacrimas. teneo longo tempore	
Petita votis ora. te, profugum folo	
Patrio, penates regis externi tegunt:	
Te maria tot diverfa, tot cafus vagum	
Egere: non te duxit in thalamos parens	505
Comitata primos, nec fua feftas manu	
Ornavit ædes, nec fua lætas faces	
Vitta revinxit. dona non auri & graves	
Gazas focer, non arva, non urbes dedit.	
Dotale bellum eft. hoftium es factus gener,	510
Patria remotus, hofpes alieni laris,	
Externa confecutus, expulfus tuis,	
Sine crimine exful. ne quid e fatis tibi	
Deeffet paternis, hoc quoque ex illis habes,	
Erraffe thalamis. nate, poft multos mihi	515
Remiffe folis; nate, fufpenfæ metus	
Et spes parentis, cujus afpectum Deos	
Semper rogavi; cum tuus reditus mihi	
Tantum effet crepturus adventu tuo,	
Quantum daturus; quando pro te definam,	520
Dixi, timere? dixit irridens Deus,	
Ipfum timebis. nempe, nifi bellum foret,	
Ego te carerem: nempe, fi tu non fores,	
Bello carerem. trifte confpectus datur	
Pretium tui, durumque: fed matri placet.	525
Hinc modo recedant arma, dum nullum nefas	
Mars sævus audet. hoc quoque eft magnum nefas,	
Tam prope fuiſſe. ftupeo, & exfanguis tremo,	
Cum stare fratres hinc & hinc video duos	
Sceleris ſub ic̄tu. membra quaſſantur metu.	530
Quam pæne mater majus afpexi nefas,	
Quam quod miſer videre non potuit pater!	
Licet timore facinoris tanti vacem,	
Videamque jam nil tale, ſum infelix tamen,	
Quod pæne vidi. per decem menſium graves	535
Uteri labores, perque pietatem inclitæ	
Precor fororis, & per irati ſibi	
Genas parentis; ſcelere quas nullo nocens,	

laid aside—It is to thee now, Oh! my ſon! that I tender my entreaties as well as the tears I have ſhed before; I now behold the face, which for ſo long a time, has been my eager wiſh to ſee thee, an exile from thy native country, the houſehold gods of a ſtrange king have given thee an aſylum, thou haſt paſſed thy time as a wanderer over many ſeas and through many miſfortunes. No mother at thy ſide, regulated the preliminaries of thy

marriage—No mother to conduct thee to the nuptial chamber, no mother adorned thy dwelling with festive decorations, no mother has affixed the sacred wreaths to the nuptial torches which usually crown with joy the marriage ceremony! Thy father-in-law has given thee no presents of gold or other valuable treasures, no lands, no city even as a dowry, but war, simply war has been thy only marriage settlement, thou hast been made the son-in-law of our enemy, transported from thy own country, the guest of an alien household, and expelled from thy own family, thou hast allied thyself with the fortunes of strangers, an exile without any fault of thine own, and lest anything should be spared thee, arising out of thy paternal destiny, thou certainly canst lay claim to this particular one, Thou hast made a great mistake in marriage! (like the marriage of herself with *Œdipus*.) Oh! my son! returned to me after so long a time, Oh! my dear son, the hope and anxious care of thy parent, for a sight of whom I have often prayed to the Gods, when lo! thy return to me is only to snatch thyself away, when thou didst return—When I asked, when I should cease to entertain apprehensions regarding thee, the God in a jeering tone only replied some day thou wilt have reason to fear on his account! In effect, unless this war had arisen, I should still have not seen thee, but as it has taken place, if thou wert not here, I should not witness this war, a sad cruel price is being paid for seeing thee, but cruel as is this awful price, it pleases me, so long as I do see thee! Only let arms be in abeyance, now, whilst cruel Mars dares to incite no more crime! It is, however, a great crime in itself, for things to have been so nearly approaching crime even! I am quite stupefied, and I tremble and turn pale, when I see two brothers standing face to face on the brink of crime, my limbs are paralyzed with fear—How nearly I as a mother have witnessed a crime, more heinous even in my eyes, than that which their miserable father could not tolerate to look upon! It is only just, that I should escape being an eye-witness, to such abominable wickedness, and I should never have beheld the like, I am miserable at the thought of how nearly I did see it! Oh! *Polynices*! I conjure thee by the ten months I carried thee with pain and suffering in my womb (they reckoned utero-gestation at ten months then, lunar reckoning). The spotless purity of thy sister—by the disabled eyes of thy father, which he, by his thinking himself criminal, but in reality being innocent, tore out of their sockets, exacting them as a cruel penance for an imaginary offence, avert these cruel flames from thy native city, turn back the standards of thy bellicose

Erroris a se dira supplicia exigens, Haut; nefandas mœnibus patriis faces	540
Averte; signa bellici retro agminis Flecte. ut recedas, magna pars scelis tamen Vestri paraeta est. vidit hostili grege Campos repleti patria, fulgentes procul Armis catervas: vidit equitatu levi	545
Cadmea frangi prata, & excelsos rotis Volitare proceres; igne flagrantas trabes Fumare, cineri quæ petunt nostras domos; Fratresque (facinus quod novum & Thebis fuit) In se ruentes. totus hoc exercitus,	550
Hoc utrinque populus omnis, hoc vidit foror, Genitrixque vidit: nam pater debet sibi, Quod ista non spectavit. occurrat tibi Nunc CEdipus: quo iudice, erroris quoque Pœnæ petuntur. ne, precor, ferro erue	555
Patriam, ac penates; neve, quas regere expetis, Everte Thebas. quis tenet mentem furor? Patriam petendo perdis. ut fiat tua. Vis esse nullam? quin tuæ causæ nocet Ipsam huc, quod armis uris infestis solum,	560
Segetesque adustas sternis, & totos fugam Edis per agros. nemo sic vastat sua. Quæ corripit igne, quæ meti gladio jubes, Aliena credis? rex sit e vobis uter, Manente regno, quærite. hæc telis petes	565
Flammisque tecta? poteris has Amphionis Quassare moles? nulla quas struxit manus, Stridente tardum machina ducens onus; Sed convocarus vocis & citharæ sono Per se ipse turres venit in summas lapis.	570
Hæc faxa franges victor? hinc spolia auferes, Victosque duces patris æquales tui? Matres ab ipso conjugum raptas sinu Sævus catena miles imposta trahet? Ut adulta virgo mixta captivo gregi	575
Thebana nuribus munus Argolicis eat? An & ipsa palmas vineta post tergum datas Mater triumphis præda fraterni vehar? Potestne cives lætus exitio datos Videre passim? mœnibus caris potes	580
Hostem admovere? sanguine & flamma potes	

followers; but although thou recedest, a great portion of the mischief has already been perpetrated—thy country beholds the fertile plains overrun by hostile bands, at a distance, the troops proclaiming their presence with their glittering arms, it beholds the Theban meads, broken up, trodden down by the light horsemen, the Chiefs and

Nobles dashing along in their chariots, the houses smoking from conflagrations already set in, and which threaten to destroy the homesteads and reduce them to ashes! And the brothers rushing madly upon each other; but alas! What crime can be a novelty to unhappy Thebes! The assembled forces have witnessed all this, and the entire population and thy sister have seen it, and I the miserable mother am included amongst the spectators! For the father is indebted to himself (loss of his sight) that he has not seen these things, and, Œdipus, it will now occur to thy mind, by what dispensation, the punishment of an error even is sometimes visited! Do not I entreat thee, ruin thy country and thy household gods, nor destroy that Thebes which thou art now aspiring to govern! What madness possesses thy mind, that in thy endeavours to gain a country, thou must destroy it, in order that a country may be thine, dost thou wish that it should not exist! But all this kind of thing only injures thy own cause, in as much as thou burnest up the soil, wherever thy destructive soldiery go, thou throwest down the standing corn, just as it is getting ripe, and thou bringest about a universal flight throughout the entire land, no sensible man devastates his own property, or is it, that what thou believest belongs to another, thou must order to be destroyed by fire, or mown down by the sword! Seek to decide, which, of the two, is to be the king, whilst there remains anything at all in the shape of a kingdom! Shalt thou search out for the palaces with fire and sword? Canst thou possibly desire to demolish the walls raised by Amphion? Which no hand of man struggling with the burden, slowly moved even by loud-sounding machinery, could ever have built up! But the stones themselves, wrought upon by the enchanting influence of Amphion's voice, and the sweet melodies from his lyre, of their own accord, mounted to the loftiest towers! Wilt thou as the conqueror, dare to destroy those walls? Dost thou propose to retire loaded with spoils, and with chiefs as old as thy own father, manacled as prisoners? Will the merciless trooper drag along, bound in chains, mothers torn away from the arms of their husbands? Will the Theban Virgin of ripe age, mixing indiscriminately with the rougher captives, go forth to be presented to the matrons of Argos? Or shall I as a mother, be carried off, bound with my hands behind my back, together with the other booty resulting from a brother's triumph? Is it possible that thou canst witness with exultation, the carrying off, at every turn, of the citizens into exile? Canst thou placidly allow the enemy to encamp, within those sacred walls? Is it thy wish to

Implere Thebas? tam ferum & durum geris Sævumque in iras pectus, & nondum imperas? Quid sceptrâ facient? pone vefanos, precor, Animi tumores, teque pietari refer.	585
POL. Ut profugus errem semper? ut patria arcear, Opemque gentis hospes externæ sequar? Quid paterer aliud, si fefelliffem fidem, Si pejeraffem? fraudis alienæ dabo Pœnas; at ille præmium scelerum feret? Jubes abire. matris imperio obsequor. Da, quo revertar. regia frater mea Habitet superbus; parva me abscondat cafa: Hanc da repulfo. liceat exiguo lare Penfare regnum. conjugi donum datus Arbitria thalami dura felicitis feram, Humiliffique focerum lixa dominantem sequar? In fervitutum cadere de regno, grave est.	590
JOC. Si regna quæris, nec potest sceptro manus Vacare sævo; multa, quæ poffunt peti In orbe toto, quælibet tellus dabit. Hinc nota Baccho Tmolus attollit juga, Qua lata terris spatia frugiferis jacent. Et qua trahens opulenta Pactolus vada Inundat auro rura. nec lætis minus Mæandros arvis flectit errantes aquas, Rapidiffique campos fertiles Hebrus fecat. Hinc grata Cereri Gargara, & dives solum Quod Xanthus ambit nivibus Idæis tumens: Hinc, qua relinquit nomen Ionii maris, Fauces Abydi Sestos oppositæ premit: Aut, qua latus jam propior Orienti dedit, Tutamque crebris portibus Lyciam videt: Hæc regna ferro quære. in hos populos ferat Socer arma fortis: has paret sceptro tuo Tradatque gentes. hoc adhuc regnum puta Tenere patrem. melius exilium est tibi, Quam reditus iste. crimine alieno exfulas, Tuo redibis. melius istis viribus Nova regna nullo scelere maculata appetes. Quin ipse frater, arma comitatus tua, Tibi militabit. vade, & id bellum gere, In quo pater materque pugnanti tibi Favere poffint. regna cum scelere, omnibus Sunt exiliis graviora. nunc belli mala Propone, dubias Martis incerti vices.	595
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fill Thebes with slaughter and conflagrations? Dost thou possess a heart so truculent and callous, so cruelly thirsting for revenge, which as yet thou hast not tried to subdue? Is all this, what sceptrés can bring about?

Cast aside, I conjure thee, thy maddened swelling rage,
and betake thy heart to piety!

POL. Shall I always wander as an exile? shall I be driven away from my native land, and as a stranger seek the assistance of an alien country, what more could I undergo, even if I had broken my faith, if I could have perjured myself, as my brother, has done? Shall I be punished for the fraud of another, whilst that other will be reaping an absolute reward for his own wickedness! Thou commandest me to depart, I am ready to obey thy mandate. Tell me to what place shall I return? Shall my proud brother dwell in my palace, and I hide myself away in some humble cottage—arrange this for me, thus driven away from my rights—let me set up as an equivalent for a kingdom, a small fire-side, and shall I have to bear the odious tyranny of a well-to-do wife and be handed over to a spouse, as a mere matrimonial appendage? and as a humble scullion serve under a domineering father-in-law? It is a sorry fate to fall from the height of a kingdom into the depths of slavery!

JOC. If thou art in search of a kingdom, and it be possible that thy hands can rest, unless they are holding a sceptre stained with blood—Any country will afford thee many things to gratify thy ambition, and which can be arrived at in every part of the globe—not far from here for instance. Tmolus raising its tempting summits noted for its wine and saffron—producing resources (dear to Bacchus) where broad expanses of land are to be seen in the most fertile districts; then again thou canst turn to the rich plains, where the Pactolus, stretching its opulent streams enriches the banks with its golden sands! Nor does Nature direct the wandering course of the Mæander over less fruitful fields, nor does the rapidly flowing Hebrus divide less fertile plains! Then again there is the Gargara, famous for its corn (dear to Ceres) and the rich land, which is watered by the winding Xanthus, swollen with the melted snows of mount Ida! or, thou mayst seek that part where the Ionian sea changes its name to the Hellespont, where Sestos on the European side opposite to Abydos on the Asiatic shore encloses the straits! (Dardanelles) or to that part which presents itself nearer to the East, and where Lycia is seen to afford safe shelter to the navigators in its numerous harbours—seek out such kingdoms as these with thy sword, thy brave father-in-law will hurl his battalions against these people, Adrastus will prepare them for thy sceptre and deliver such countries over to thy sovereignty; suppose

Licet omne tecum Græciæ robur trahas;
 Licet arma longe miles ac late explicet;
 Fortuna belli semper ancipiti in loco est,
 Quodcumque Mars decernit. exæquat duos, 630
 Licet impares sint, gladius: & spes & metus
 Sors cæca versat. præmium incertum petis,
 Certum scelus. Favisse fac votis Deos
 Omnes tuis: cessere, & aversi fugam
 Petiere cives. clade funesta jacent. 635
 Obtextit agros miles. Exfultes licet,
 Victorque fratris spolia dejecti geras;
 Frangenda palma est. Quale tu id bellum putas,
 In quo exfecrandum victor admittit nefas,
 Si gaudet? hunc, quem vincere infelix cupis, 640
 Cum viceris, lugebis. infaustas, age,
 Dimitte pugnas libera patriam metu,
 Luctu parentes. POL. Sceleris & fraudis suæ
 Pœnas nefandus frater ut nullas ferat?
 JOC. Ne metue; pœnas, & quidem solvet graves. 645
 Regnabit. POL. Hæcne est pœna? JOC. Si dubitas, avo
 Patrique crede. Cadmus hoc dicit tibi,
 Cadmique proles. sceptrâ Thebarum fuit
 Impune nulli gerere; nec quifquam fide
 Rupta tenebat illa. jam numeres, licet, 650
 Fratrem inter istos. POL. Numero: & est tanti mihi
 Cum regibus jacere. JOC. Te turbæ exfulum
 Adscribo. regna, dummodo invifus tuis.

it is thy father, who still rules at Thebes (holds the kingdom). Exile is better for thee, than such a return from exile, as thou hast made thine! Exile thyself from the criminal usurpation of another. Thou wilt then be returning, parading a crime, towards thyself, instead of towards another! It is better with such advantages in thy favor that thou shouldst search out for a fresh kingdom uncontaminated by indelible crime! But assuredly in that case, thy brother would join himself to thy forces, fight in thy interests! Go thou, Polynices, and wage such a war as that, thy father and mother could then aid and abet thy warlike ambition. Kingdoms arrived at by criminal means are far more onerous than the terrors of exile—Now on the other side, think to thyself, of the evils connected with war, and the doubtful chances of uncertain warfare: it might be that thou couldst manage to attack to thy standards all the strength of Greece; it might be, that thou wouldst, as a soldier, display thy military tactics, far and wide, but the fortune of war is always precarious and everything depends upon the caprices of Mars! the sword may raise two combatants

to an equal footing, although one might be very much inferior to the other and some unforeseen circumstance might convert fear into hope and confidence into despair! No! In war, thou seekest an uncertain reward, but thou attainest a certainty in the crime, which characterizes it! Supposing that all the Gods had favored thy vows, that the fellow-citizens having been forced to yield or having been driven back, had sought refuge in flight; there they are—involved in a terrible ruin! the soldier then hides the ground from our sight, with his prostrate body (massacred by the conqueror). Thou mightest exult if it pleased thee, as a conqueror to take to thyself the spoils seized from thy overthrown brother, but the victory would be a sullied conquest! In what light canst thou regard a contest, in which the victor owns that it represents an execrable crime, and then gloats over his triumph? When thou hadst vanquished the brother, whom thou, in an unhappy state of mind, wishest to do, thou wouldst be sorry for it! Come, dismiss all this fighting, free thy country from these intestine alarms and thy parents from the sorrow caused thereby!

POL. Dost thou mean, that Eteocles should suffer no chastisement for his wickedness and fraud?

JOC. Don't thou be alarmed, he will suffer punishment, heavy enough! He will reign!

POL. Is that then to be his only punishment?

JOC. If thou hast any misgivings on that score, perhaps thou wilt be inclined to believe what thy grandfather and thy own father would say about it. Cadmus would inform thee, that the entire tribe of the house of Cadmus, that the Theban sceptre has never been held by anyone without his coming to grief—Nor has anyone ever held it without violating the compact (alternately reigning). How is it given to you to enrol yourselves as rival brothers?

POL. I do reckon myself amongst that number, and it is of great moment to me to rank as a king amongst the others.

ET. I hand thee over to the rank and file of my exiled subjects.

POL. Thou mayst reign, but it will be, with the hatred of those, over whom thou dost reign!

POL. Regnare non vult, esse qui invifus timet.
 Simul ifta mundi conditor pofuit Deus, 655
 Odium atque regnum. regis hoc magni reor,
 Odia ifta premere. multa dominantem verat
 Amor fuorum. plus in iratos licet.
 Qui vult amari, languida regnet manu.
 Invifa nunquam imperia retinentur diu. 660
 JOC. Præcepta melius imperii reges dabunt;
 Exfilia tu difpone. POL. Pro regno velim
 Patriam, penates, conjugem fiammis dare.
 Imperia pretio quolibet, constant bene.

Deeft, et magna pars hujus Tragœdiæ intercidit.

ET. To be one who dreads to reign, because he is hated is certainly no particular inducement to sigh for a throne, but the God, the creator of the universe, has so arranged these matters, that hatred and power go hand in hand; I deem it the function of a powerful King, to crush out every thing that opposes his will; The love of his subjects forbids a King to rule as he ought, in many respects, but their hatred gives him greater power to act—He who lays himself out to be loved, must rule with a very forbearing hand!

POL. Detested rulers seldom retain their power long.

ET. Kings will, with greater success, lay down a code to regulate their power. Thou, Polynices, canst take in hand the management of exiles; to retain my kingdom, I am willing to sacrifice my country, my household gods and my wife with them to the flames—a Kingdom is worth buying, no matter what it costs!

(The rest of this Tragedy is wanting.)

HIPPOLYTUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HIPPOLYTUS.	NUNTIUS.
PHÆDRA.	NUTRIX.
THESEUS.	FAMULI.
CHORUS CIVIUM ATHENIENSIIUM.	

ARGUMENTUM.

HIPPOLYTI, Thesei ex Antiope Amazone filii, Dianam virginem ac venatricem colentis, absente apud inferos Theseo, noverca Phædra castitatem oppugnat, nec expugnat. Repulsa impudica mulier Theseo reduci p̄vignum oblata per vim stupri infimulat. Ille credulus, filio, qui jam domum impudicam fugerat, e votis quod restabat tertio fretus, absenti mortem imprecatur: ratum facit votum Neptunus, emissio tauro marino, qui equos Hippolyti confertat, unde per vepres & saxa diffractus auriga dilaniatur. Quod ubi rescivit male sibi conscia mulier, scelus suum falsumque crimen apud maritum confessa, gladio se transfigit. Theseus innoxii filii casum lugens, iramque suam detestatus, collectos passim artus componit.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Hippolytus varia loca & munera ministris & venationis comitibus disperdit; Dianamque venationis Deam invocat.

ITE, umbrosas cingite silvas,
Summaque montis juga Cecropii
Celeri planta lustrate vagi.
Quæ saxoso loca Parnethi
Subjecta jacent; & quæ Thriasii
Vallibus amnis rapida currens

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HIPPOLYTUS.	MESSENGER.
PHÆDRA.	NURSE.
THESEUS.	ATTENDANTS.
CHORUS of ATHENIAN CITIZENS.	

ARGUMENT.

Phædra, the step-mother of Hippolytus the son of Antiope the Amazonian Queen, whilst Theseus was away in the

infernal regions, endeavours to overcome the chastity of Hippolytus, who has devoted his life to celibacy and selected the pursuits of a sportsman. Phædra fails in her attempts and when Theseus returned, the unchaste step-mother pretends that Hippolytus her son-in-law had violently attempted to force her to commit adultery. Theseus, believing her story, invokes the God (Neptune) to visit his absent son with death, for he had already fled from his immoral home. Theseus trusts to the third of his vows, into which he had entered, and Neptune confirming that vow caused a sea Bull to show itself, on the shore, as Hippolytus was passing—this frightened the horses of his chariot, and they rushed madly on, and Hippolytus who is driving them is dragged over rocks and briers precipitately and meets his death. But when Phædra was informed of this, conscious of the mischief she had brought upon him, she confessed to Theseus her own guilt and the false charge she had made, and then stabs herself with a sword. Theseus bewailing the misfortunes of his son and despising himself for the anger he had so unjustly shown, places together the scattered fragments of Hippolytus collected from every source—(to give them becoming burial).

ACT I.

HYPPOLYTUS.

Hippolytus points out the various places eligible for the sportsman, and instructs his attendants and fellow lovers of the chase, in the various functions appertaining to hunting pursuits, and he invokes the kind interest of the Goddess of Hunting (Diana).

SET out, my sporting companions; surround the shady woods with nets, snares and dogs with a keen scent, and as thou wanderest forth, scour with eager strides the lofty summits of the Cecropian mountain, and those plains, which lie at the foot of rocky Parnes, and where the river running in a rapid stream beats upon the banks of the Thriasian valley, climb the hills, which are always white with the Riphæan snows; some go here, others go there, wherever a grove is seen with its lofty alders—Wherever smiling meadows are to be found—Where the gentle Zephyr with its dewy breath favors the growth of the vernal grass—Where, too, the smooth Ilissus glides

Verberat unda; scandite colles Semper canos nive Riphæa. Hac, hac alii, qua nemus alta Texitur alno; qua prata jacent,	10
Quæ rorifera mulcens aura Zephyrus vernas evocat herbas: Ubi per glacies lenis Iliffus, Ubi Mæander super æquales Labitur agros piger, & steriles Amne maligno radit arenas.	15
Vos, qua Marathon tramite lævo Saltus aperit; qua comitatæ Gregibus parvis nocturna petunt Pabula foetæ. vos, qua tepidis Subditus austris, frigora mollit Durus Acharnan. alius rupem Dulcis Hymetti: parvas alius Calcet Aphidnas. pars illa diu Vacat immunis, qua curvati	20
Litora ponti Sunion urget. Si quem tangit gloria Glycæ, Vocat hunc Phlyeus. hic verfatur Metus agricolis, vulnere multo Jam notus aper. At vox laxas Canibus tacitis mittite habenas: Teneant acres lora Molossos. Et pugnaces tendant Cressæ Fortia trito vincula collo.	25
At Spartanos (genus est audax Avidumque feræ) nodo cautus Propiore liga. veniet tempus, Cum latratu cava faxa sonent: Nunc demiffi nare sagaci Captent auras, luftraque preffo Quærant rostro: dum lux dubia est; Dum figna pedum rofcida tellus Impreffa tenet; alius raras Cervice gravi portare plagas, Alius teretes properet laqueos.	30
Picta rubenti linea penna Vano cludat terrore feras. Tibi libretur miffile telum. Tu grave dextra lævaque fimul Robur lato dirige ferro.	35
Tu præcipites clamore feras Subfeffor ages: tu jam victor Curvo folves viscera cultro.	40
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slowly along near the barren fields, or where the Mæander, in its tardy serpentine course, approaches places of similar

character and skims over the sterile sands! deposited by that sluggish river (throwing up sand instead of mud)—Wend thy way to where the Marathon to the left of thee opens out its forests; or in those spots where the wild animals, having recently brought forth, seek for their nightly food, accompanied by their little flocks—or turn to that side where, subjected to the warm South West wind, the hardy Acharnæ is able to tone down the severity of the cold (assisted by the rocky mountains near it)—Another detachment must explore the mountain heights of sweet Hymettus (famous for its thyme and honey)—and another will take the small places about Aphidna; but that part has for some time been exempt from our sporting raids, where the promontory Sunion stretches out its shores to the winding sea—If any of you are attracted by the excitement of the chase, then the woods of Phlyeus will satisfy thee, here, the wild boar, so well remembered by those who have been wounded by his tusks, still incites the fears of the natives (husbandmen). But some of you let loose dogs, which do their work without alarming the game, with their barking or other canine noises, but thou must hold in with stout thongs the fierce Mastiff breed and the fiery Cretan hounds. Blood-hounds will strain even strong chains, which hold them in, and wear away the hair of their strong necks, with their energy—but when you are using the Spartan hounds, they are courageous dogs, and very eager for blood—you must hold them in with a shortened cord; (give them less latitude) the time will soon be here, when they will make the hollow rocks and caves resound again, when they give tongue: after that, with their noses to the ground, they will catch the scent, and with their heads verily pressing the earth, they will search out every spot, even whilst it is yet twilight, and whilst the dewy surface still retains the imprint of the game, that have traversed it, another portion of you will carry the larger nets, a great load, though, for the shoulders! Another will get ready with the finer sort of nets; large feathers, painted over with red marks, you will find, have a tendency to shut in some of the wild animals, frightening them with their novelty! then will be the time for you to discharge your arrows—you will at the same time have to aim your blows vigorously with your broad sword, right and left! Another division of you will hide in ambush, and scare the wild animals, in all directions with the human voice (plentiful shouting). Then thou as a conqueror, wilt with thy curved hunting-knife cut them open and remove the viscera (the thorax and abdominal contents)—behold! Diana! courageous goddess, thou art always at hand for

Ades en comiti, Diva virago, Cujus regno pars terrarum Secreta vacat: cujus certis	55
Petitur telis fera, quæ gelidum Potat Araxen, & quæ stanti Ludit in Ifthro: tua Gætulos Dextra leones, tua Cretæas	60
Sequitur cervas: nunc veloces Figis damas levioire manu. Tibi dant variæ pectora tigres, Tibi villosi terga bifontes, Latifque feri cornibus urri.	65
Quidquid folis pascitur arvis, Sive illud inops novit Garamas, Sive illud Arabs divite silva, Sive ferocis jugo Pyrenes, Sive Hyrtani celant faltus,	70
Vacuique vagus Sarmata campis, Arcus metuit, Diana, tuos. Tua si gratus numina cultor Tulit in faltus; retia vincetas Tennere feras; nulli laqueum Rupere pedes; fertur plaufthro	75
Præda gementi. tum rostra caues Sanguine multo rubicunda gerunt; Repetitque cafas rustica longo Turba triumpho.	80
En, Diva favet. signum arguti Mifere canes. vocor in silvas, Hac, hac pergam, qua via longum Compensat iter.	

PHÆDRA, NUTRIX.

Phædra amore Hippolyti ardere se fatetur apud nutricem
frustra eam a tam nefando amore dehortantem.

PH. O MAGNA vasti Creta dominatrix freti, 85
Cujus per omne litus innumeræ rates
Tenuere pontum, quidquid Affyria tenus

a fellow-sportsman, thou whose assigned territories are in sequestered and solitary places, by whose never-failing arrows the wild beasts are sought out and brought to earth wherever they may be found, whether it be those which slacken their thirst in the cool Araxis, or those that frisk about on the frozen Danube; with thy certain right hand

(never failing) thou layest low the Libyan Lions, (Gætulian) —thou, who overtakest the Cretoean Stag, wilt at one time bring down with thy nimble hand the swift fallow deer—then the striped tiger will offer its breast to thy weapon as it advances to the attack—the shaggy bisons will lend their backs for thy certain aim, and the wild buffaloes with their wide-spreading horns! avail thyself also of anything that is seeking its food in the deserted plains—Whatever is noticeable in the country of the poor wandering Garamantes, or anything which the Arab can offer in his woods, abounding with spices, or on the summits of the wild Pyrenees, or those regions which are obscured by the Hyrcanian forests, and where the wandering Scythian in his uncultivated plains fears thy quiver! Oh! Mighty Diana! if any grateful hunter, who invokes thy aid, and if thou art propitiously inclined, ventures into the forest, the nets he prepares will hold the wild animals securely confined, no struggling efforts with the feet will break through the snares, and the spoil is safely borne away on the creaking waggon—then it is, that the dogs have their noses freely tinged red with the blood of the animals they had fastened upon with their teeth, and the rustic party will return to their cottages with protracted demonstrations of joy—Behold! the Goddess is favorable to the cause! Hark the knowing dogs are sending forth a signal for us, they are barking! We are invited to the woods, this way! Companions, all this way! our journey will be shortened by taking this route! (signifying the direction they were to take).

PHÆDRA—NURSE.

Phædra confesses to her nurse—that she is ardently in love with Hippolytus, and the nurse exhorts her in vain to desist from such a wicked amour.

PHÆDRA.

OH! Crete! thou important ruler of a vast sea, whose innumerable ships command the ocean, beating on every shore, wherever Nereus carves a path for the various tracks of the navigators as far as the Assyrian shores—Why dost thou compel me, handed over as a species of hostage to repugnant household gods, married, tied up, to an absolute enemy, and doomed to pass my life in misery and tears! Behold! my exiled husband remains away from me, and Theseus is still keeping faith

Tellure Nereus pervium rostris fecat; Cur me in penates obfidem iovifos datam, Hostique nuptam, degere ætatem in malis Lacrimisque cogis? profugus en conjux abest, Præstatque nuptæ, quam solet, Theseus fidem. Fortis per altas invii retro lacus Vadit tenebras miles audacis proci; Solio ut revulsam regis inferni abstrahat, Pergit furoris focius. haud illum timor, Pudorque tenuit. stupra & illicitos toros Acheronte in imo quærit Hippolyti pater. Sed major alius incubat mœstæ dolor. Non me quies nocturna, non altus sopor Solvere curis: alitur & crescit malum, Et ardet intus; qualis Ætnæo vapor Exundat antro. Palladis telæ vacant, Et inter ipfas pensa labuntur manus. Non colere donis templa votivis libet; Non inter aras, Atthidum mixtam choris, Jactare tacitis conscias sacris faces; Nec adire castis precibus aut ritu pio Adjudicatæ præfidem terræ Deam. Juvat excitatas consequi curfu feras, Et rigida molli gæsa jaculari manu. Quo tendis, anime? quid furens saltus amas? Fatale miseræ matris agnosco malum. Peccare noster novit in filvis amor. Genitrix, tui me miseret: infando malo Correpta, pecoris efferi sævum ducem Audax amasti. torvus, impatiens jugi, Adulter ille, ductor indomiti gregis. Sed amabat aliquid. quis meas miseræ Deus, Aut quis juvare Dædalus flammæ queat? Non, si ille remeet arte Mopsopia potens, Qui nostra cæca monstra conclusit domo, Promittat ullam casibus nostris opem. Stirpem perosa Solis invisi Venus, Per nos catenas vindicat Martis fui, Suasque. probris omne Phœbeum genus Onerat nefandis. nulla Minois levi	90 95 100 105 110 115 120 125
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with his wife after the old fashion, promising to come back! As the valiant companion of a venturesome love-making adulterer Pirithous, he starts off through the realms of darkness to that relentless river, whence there is no return (The Styx) in order that he may forcibly abduct Proserpine from the throne of the King of Hell—the conspirator in this mad scheme is persevering—No fear possesses him—no sense of shame, and this father of Hippolytus

is on the look-out in the depths of Acheron, for an opportunity to practise his lustful propensities and to overcome the chastity of Proserpine—But another distress still greater sits on my troubled mind;—quiet—repose—know me not—no welcome sleep visits me to relieve my oppressed mind, bowed down by my anxieties! and the mischief is being nursed and is waxing stronger, and I am burning inwardly, much in the same way, that the smoke of Ætna is nourished by the flaming caverns below! The knitting and weaving work as taught by Minerva is completely set aside, and the wools no sooner than they are taken up, slip from my fingers—It is not allowed to me to propitiate the Goddess of Chastity in her temples, and mixing in the company of the Attic Matrons at the altars, to brandish my guilty torches amidst the Eleusinian ceremonies, nor to approach with chaste prayers, and pious observances, the Deity that presides in the realms subject to her jurisdiction—No! it pleases me more to pursue the terrible wild animals, as they take to flight, in the company of Hippolytus and to hurl the weighty javelin from my gentle hand—But why rave I thus, Oh! my soul? Why do I hanker so madly after the forests? it calls to my mind the fatal misfortune which befell my miserable mother; our criminal amours were both conducted in these fatal woods! Oh! my mother! as thy daughter, have compassion on my crime! for thou, incited by some criminal passion, wert bold enough to be enamoured with the fierce leader of the herd (The Bull given to Minos by Neptune), but though fierce and impatient of restraint, that practical adulterer, although only the head of an indomitable flock, was susceptible of the influence of the fatal passion! What deity art thou, who comest to me in my misery? Or what Dædalus will be able to assist me in restraining the consequences of my ardent passion? No! even if he were to come to my aid, with all the contrivances and labyrinths arising out of the Mopsopian skill (Dædalus hailed from Attica, where Mopsopus was King), although he did shut up far from mortal gaze the monster that emanated from our race! Could even he, alas, promise any alleviation to my miseries? Could even, alas! Venus, assist us? she who hates the entire progeny of Phœbus and who is only too ready to avenge herself upon us; as a set-off, for her own amorous entanglements with Mars, she saddles them with everything, that is infamous to the whole race of Phœbus (Phœbus detected Mars and Venus during an amour) and gives out that no amour of a legitimate character could be boasted of by any of us, but what was always associated with some indelible crime!

relevance to use of gods

Defuncta amore est. jungitur semper nefas.	
NUTR. Thesea conjux, clara progenies Jovis,	
Nefanda casto pectore exturba ocus:	130
Exstingue flammas; neve te diræ spei	
Præbe obsequentem. Quisquis in primo obstitit	
Pepulitque amorem, tutus ac victor fuit.	
Qui blandiendo dulce nutritivum malum,	
Sero recusat ferre, quod fubiit, jugum.	135
Nec me fugit, quam durus, & veri infolens,	
Ad recta flecti regius nolit tumor.	
Quemcunque dederit exitum casus, feram.	
Fortem facit vicina libertas senem.	
Obstare primum est velle, nec labi via:	140
Fudor est secundus, nosse peccandi modum.	
Quo, misera, pergis? quid domum infamem aggravas,	
Superasque matrem? majus est monstro nefas.	
Nam monstra fato, moribus scelera imputes.	
Si, quod maritus supera non cernit loca,	145
Tutum esse facinus credis, & vacuum metu;	
Erras. teneri crede Lethæo abditum	
Thesea profundo, & ferre perpetuam Styga.	
Quid ille, lato maria qui regno premit,	
Populisque reddit jura centenis pater,	150
Latere tantum facinus occultum finet?	
Sagax parentum est cura. credamus tamen	
Astu doloque tegere nos tantum nefas.	
Quid ille rebus lumen infundens suum	
Matris parens? quid ille, qui mundum quatit,	155
Vibrans corusca fulmen Ætnæum manu,	
Sator Deorum? credis hoc posse effici,	
Inter videntes omnia ut lateas avos?	
Sed, ut secundus numinum abscondat favor	
Coitus nefandos, utque contingat stupro	160
Negata magnis sceleribus semper fides:	
Quid pœna præfens, conscie mentis pavor,	

NUR. Oh! wife of Theseus! illustrious progeny of Jupiter, expel at once all criminal thoughts from thy chaste mind; conquer thy ardent passions, and do not give thyself up, without a struggle, to these wicked desires! Whoever resolutely opposes illicit love, and checks it in the bud, what a happily-secured conqueror that person is!—On the contrary she who encourages a wicked passion, because it is pleasant and does her best to deceive herself, and whilst desirous to give up the task upon which she has entered, sometimes finds that it is too late to be easily accomplished—Nor does it escape my conviction, how royal pride inaccessible to usual influences and unaccustomed to hear the truth at all times, is anything but willing

to be turned into the right path, when once it had swerved from it! Whatever ending this business may have, I am willing to subscribe to it (endorse it). Thou seest, my time is nearly up, my approaching enfranchisement (freedom) is nigh, and this makes an old woman like myself speak out! The first step for the honorable mind to encourage is to be willing to remove an evil and do not let the opportunity for so doing slip from thy grasp; the second stage of honor would necessarily be, to learn the full extent of that evil! To what art thou tending in thy miserable frame of thought? Why dost thou aggravate the evil which still attaches to thy house (race)? or art thou endeavouring to surpass thy mother in crime? thy sin would be greater than even the "monster" crime! For thou must put the "monster" crime down to fate! thy wickedness thou couldst trace to nothing but thy own foul inclinations! If thy husband does not see what is going on in the upper world (Theseus is away in the Infernal regions), dost thou believe that the crime could be kept away from his knowledge with any degree of certainty, and that, under any circumstances, that he would not entertain grave apprehensions as to the true character of the crime? If thou supposest otherwise, thou art mistaken: dost thou believe that Theseus will remain hidden in the depths of Hell, and have to put up with his Stygian prison for evermore? And what will he say (Minos) who rules the seas in that wide kingdom, that father who administers the laws to hundreds of nations? Will he permit a crime of such magnitude to remain undiscovered? The principal function of a parent is to exercise especial vigilance and care as regards his offspring, and to take care too, that he is not in any way the victim of deception! But we may take it for granted that we shall never be able to conceal so enormous a crime with any amount of craft or artifices! What will that maternal grandfather of thine (Phœbus) think of this crime? He that sheddeth his penetrating rays upon the things of this world! What, too, will thy fraternal grandfather (Jupiter) the ruler of all the Gods, think? He that causes the very universe to tremble, with the lightnings shot forth from the furnaces of Ætna, and hurled with a hand too, of such dazzling brightness? With such grandfathers as these seeing and knowing all things as they do, dost thou suppose that this matter can be so managed that thou shouldst remain undiscovered? Dost thou think, on the contrary that a favorable construction will be put upon such abominable adultery, and the clemency which is always denied to all other great crimes, should form any exception in the case of thy adultery? What thy present suffering is, appears

Animusque culpa plenus, & femet timens? Scelus aliqua tutum, nulla securum tulit. Compefce amoris impii flammæ, precor,	165
Nefasque, quod non ulla tellus barbara Commisit unquam, non vagus campis Geta, Nec inhospitalis Taurus, aut sparsus Scythes. Expelle facinus mente castifica horridum; Memorque matris, metue concubitus novos.	170
Miscere thalamos patris & nati apparatus, Uteroque prolem capere confusam impio? Perge, & nefandis verte naturam ignibus. Cur monstra cessant? aula cur fratris vacat? Prodigia toties orbis infueta audiet,	175
Natura toties legibus cedit suis, Quoties amabit Creffa: PH. Quæ memoras, scio Vera esse. nutrit: fed furor cogit fequi Pejora. vadit animus in præceps sciens, Remeatque, frustra sana consilia appetens.	180
Sic cum gravatam navita adverfa ratem Propellit unda, cedit in vanum labor, Et victa prono puppis aufertur vado. Quod ratio pofcit, vicit ac regnat furor, Potensque tota mente dominatur Deus.	185
Hic Volucer omni regnat in terra potens, Ipsumque flammis torret indomitis Jovem. Gradivus iftas belliger fenfit faces; Opifex trifulci fulminis fenfit Deus; Et, qui furentes femper Ætnæis jugis Verfat caminos, igne tam parvo calet.	190
Ipsumque Phœbum, tela qui nervo regit, Figit fagitta certior miffa Puer: Volitatque cœlo pariter & terræ gravis, NUTR. Deum esse Amorem, turpis & vitio favens	195
Finxit libido: quoque liberior foret, Titulum furori numinis falſi addidit. Natum per omnes fcilicet terras vagum Erycina mittit. ille per cœlum volans Proterva tenera tela molitur manu; Regnumque tantum minimus e fuperis habet.	200

to be the fear of a guilty conscience only, a heart steeped in criminal desires and dreading the stings of remorse! Any woman may deem herself safe from punishment for her adultery, but no woman can reckon on absolute security against the chances of being found out! I entreat thee, extinguish the flames of thy impious love—a crime that has never been known to be committed in lands the most barbarous—not by any of the Getæ, who wander in the plains—Nor those in the wild steppes of the Taurus, or by the wandering Scythians! Drive this wicked design

out of thy mind, preserve thy chastity, and think of thy mother's fate, abhor fresh copulations and such ones! Why! thou art now meditating an unheard-of medley—sharing the nuptial couch with father and son! indiscriminately! and about to risk an inexplicable impregnation for thy adulterous womb! Go on! and invert the very course of nature by thy criminal passion! Why should monsters be done away with? Why should the labyrinth of thy natural brother go begging for a tenant? As long as a Cretan woman, I suppose, desires to carry on an amour, so long must the world be prepared to hear of some monster's arrival, which it is unaccustomed to behold, and so long must Nature herself act conformably with her complications!

PH. What thou tellest me, Nurse, I know is quite true, but my infatuation leads me to contemplate even the worst things, my mind, although I am perfectly aware of what I am doing, carries me away headlong and it then, as it were, sways to and fro, seeking in vain to follow more righteous counsels, as when the mariner is urging on his heavily-laden craft, against an adverse sea, his labor is expended in vain, and his craft is driven astern, in spite of every effort, by the obstinate tide! What reason suggests, my infatuation overcomes, and I continue to rage, and a very potent deity it is, I assure thee, which exercises such perfect dominion over my mind and its inclinations—the deity I mean is that winged god, that rules in every land, and sets the feelings of the great Jupiter himself on fire, with his indomitable power—and the warlike Mars has also shown his susceptibility to the fatal passion! That God, Vulcan, the fabricator of the three-forked lightning, and he, who is always keeping his furnaces in working order on the summits of *Ætna*, has himself glowed again, with the fires inspired by Cupid, whilst Phœbus himself has been wounded by that Boy (Cupid is always represented as a boy) who directs his darts with greater precision than he who has succumbed to darts more powerful than his own (Jupiter). This little winged boy hovers about the bright heavens and this dull globe of ours with equal pertinacity!

NUR. It could only have been lust, which always basely inclines to vicious courses, that originally transformed the amorous passion into a deity, and in order that there should be more latitude afforded to the votaries of Venus! Erycina (Venus) sends forth her prowling little son, I warrant thee, through every land, and has dignified him, for the passion, which he inspires, by investing him with

Vana ista demens animus adfcivit sibi, Venerisque numen finxit, atque arcus Dei. Quisquis secundis rebus exultat nimis, Fluitque luxu, semper insolita appetit.	205
Tunc illa magnæ dira fortunæ comes Subit libido: non placent fuetæ dapes, Non tecta sani moris, aut vilis cibus. Cur in penates rarius tenues subit Hæc delicatas eligens pestis domos?	210
Cur sancta parvis habitat in tectis Venus, Mediumque sanos vulgus affectus tenet, Et se coercent modica? contra divites, Regnoque fulti, plura, quam fas est, petunt? Quod non potest, vult posse, qui nimium potest.	215
Quid deceat alto præditam folio, vides. Metue, ac verere sceptrâ remeantis viri. PH. Amoris in me maximum regnum fero, Rediturque nullos metuo. non unquam amplius Convexa tetigit supera, qui mersus semel Adiit silentem nocte perpetua domum.	220
NUTR. Ne crede Diti. cluserit regnum licet, Canisque diras Stygius observet fores: Soluta negatas invenit Theseus vias. PH. Veniam ille amori forsitan nostro dabit.	225
NUTR. Immitis etiam conjugii castæ fuit. Experta sævam est barbara Antiope manum. Sed posse flecti conjugem iratum puta: Quis hujus animum flectet intractabilem? Exofus omæ feminae nomen fugit;	230
Immitis annos cælibi vitæ dicat; Connubia vitat. genus Amazonium scias. PH. Hunc in nivosi collis hærentem jugis, Et aspera agili saxa calcantem pede, Sequi per alta nemora, per montes, placet.	235

the title of a spurious Deity! This little son of Venus flying through the heavens, dares to hurl his dangerous, wanton and insolent darts at the Gods themselves, with his delicate little hand! And this little fellow, although he holds only a certain special powers amongst the gods, the mad ambition of his mother has awarded him this empty rank and made him her ancillary deity and armed him with the bow of a god! Whosoever exacts too much in prosperity and is surrounded with luxury is always hankering after something fresh—his lustful propensities, those awful companions of unlimited fortune, advance upon him "pari passu." Ordinary food does not satisfy him—he is not content with a residence of respectable pretensions, and his viands are objectionable, if they do

not cost enough money! Why then does this pest, criminal love, select and fasten upon the homes of the opulent, and enter so rarely the homesteads with impoverished Penates? Why does laudable love exist only amidst humble roofs; the common herd of mankind hold their natural affections in check, avoiding extremes, and the man with modest means restrains his unbridled passions; on the contrary, the wealthy, especially those who enjoy the additional advantages appertaining to a kingdom, are always sighing for more than is really right for them to have! What is not possible they wish to be so, so thou canst understand, who art desiring too much, what the obligations are, and what becomes one who is raised to that royal pinnacle—a throne. Go thou in fear, and dread the husband who will return to his kingdom!

PH. I reign in the kingdom of Love, which is at present a sovereign power with me, and I do not fear any one's return—He who has been once submerged in that silent abode of perpetual darkness, has gone whence he will never more reach the regions above!

NUR. Do not believe that Pluto may have been pleased to shut him up, as a prisoner in his kingdom, and the Stygian Dog (Cerberus) may be guarding the dreadful portals. Has not Theseus unassisted, already found a way "there" which is denied to all others?

PH. Perhaps he might forgive me for this love affair of mine.

NUR. But was he not severe enough in his nature, even towards a chaste wife? Did not the barbarian Antiope experience his savage nature? but supposing it possible, under ordinary circumstances, to pacify an angry husband! Who could expect to subdue a disposition so intractable as that of Hyppolytus? He avoids women, and hates their very name; he has dedicated his life, perhaps cruelly towards himself, to perpetual celibacy; in a word, he eschews marriage entirely: remember his Amazonian origin!

PH. It pleases me to follow his haunts, to find him hanging about on the heights of snowy hills, and to see him tramping along, over the rough rocks with nimble strides, and to accompany him over the lofty forests and the mountain sides.

NUTR. Refistet ille, seque mulcendum dabit, Castosque ritus Venere non casta exuet? Tibi ponet odium, cujus odio forsitam Persequitur omnes? PH. Precibus haud vinci potest?	
NUTR. Ferus est. PH. Amore didicimus vinci feros.	240
NUTR. Fugiet. PH. Per ipsa maria, si fugiat, sequar.	
NUTR. Patris memento. PH. Meminimus matris simul.	
NUTR. Genus omne profugit. PH. Pellicis careo metu.	
NUTR. Aderit maritus. PH. Nempe Pirithoi comes.	
NUTR. Aderitque geoitor. PH. Mitis Ariadnae pater.	245
NUTR. Per has fenestras splendorum supplex comas, Fessumque curis pectus, & cara ubera, Precor, furorem siste, teque ipsam adjuva. Pars sanitatis, velle sanari, fuit.	
PH. Non omnis animo cessit ingenuo pudor.	250
Paremus, altrix. qui regi non vult, amor Vincatur. haud te, fama, maculari sinam. Hæc fola ratio est, unicum effugium mali. Virum sequamur. morte prævertam nefas.	
NUTR. Moderare, alumna, mentis effrenæ impetus, Animos coerce. dignam ob hoc vita reor, Quod esse temet autumas dignam nece.	255
PH. Decreta mors est. quaeritur fati genus. Laqueone vitam siniam, an ferro incubem? An missa præceps arce Palladia cadam?	260
Prô, castitatis vindicem armemus manum.	
NUTR. Sic te fenestras nostra præcipiti finat Perire leto? siste furibundum impetum.	
[Haud facile quisquam ad vitam revocari potest.]	
PH. Prohibere ratio nulla perituum potest, Ubi qui mori constituit, & debet mori.	265
NUTR. Solamen annis unicum fessis, hera,	

NUR. Dost thou think that he will stop and abandon himself kindly to thy adulterous embraces, and exchange his chaste habits and ideas for those of a highly immoral love? He will put thee under the ban of his hatred, the same hatred, indeed, which he entertains towards all women.

PH. Could he not be overcome by my soft entreaties?

NUR. He is fierce and obdurate.

PH. I have learned the method of overcoming savageness with love (meaning that she has managed Theseus).

NUR. He will fly from thee.

PH. If he does fly, I will follow him, over the seas, even!

NUR. Remember his father.

PH. Remember the mother as well.

NUR. He flies from our whole sex.

PH. I do not fear any meretricious rival.

NUR. But thy husband may return.

PH. Yes, the confederate of Pirithous!

NUR. Thy father, also may come.

PH. Oh! the father of Ariadne, he was kind to her?

NUR. By these locks (placing her hands on them) now grey with old age, as a suppliant I entreat thee by this breast of mine enfeebled by anxieties, by the nipples at which thou once didst fly with infantine eagerness—stay thy madness—lend aid to thy own righteous cause; a great step in the art of being cured, is to wish for a remedy, and then submit to the “modus curandi”—the means of cure!

PH. Every feeling of shame is not quite extinguished from my natural disposition! Let me prepare, Nurse, for my task—a love which cannot be kept under, must be trodden down. I am not willing that my reputation should be sullied—this is the only way out of my difficulty, the only means of escaping from my crime—I must join my husband! I must anticipate crime by death!

NUR. Try and govern, my nurse child, the wild impulses of thy heart, restrain unholy passions. I conclude from thy remarks, that thou art more worthy to live, and for this reason, that thou now considerest thyself more worthy to die.

PH. I have determined to die, Nurse, but the kind of death is the next question—Shall I end my life with the noose (strangulation) or fall upon the sword, or sallying forth shall I throw myself headlong from the lofty citadel of Pallas? Ah! happy thought! I will arm my hand as the means of avenging my chastity.

NUR. Dost thou think that even my old age will ever

Si tam protervus incubat menti furor,
 Contemne famam. fama vix vero favet,
 Pejus merenti melior, & pejor bono. 270
 Tentemus animum tristem & intractabilem.
 Meus iste labor est, aggredi juvenem ferum,
 Mentemque sævam flectere immitis viri.

CHORUS.

Omnia amori cedere, homines omnis loci, ætatis, conditionis,
 ipfos Deos superos ac inferos, quin & bruta animalia
 terrestria, aquatilia, aerea.

DIVA, non miti generata ponto,
 Quam vocat matrem geminus Cupido, 275
 Impotens flammis simul & fagittis,
 Iste lascivus Puer ac renidens
 Tela quam certo moderatur arcu!
 Labitur totas furor in medullas,
 Igne furtivo populante venas. 280
 Non habet latam data plaga frontem,
 Sed vorat tectas penitus medullas.
 Nulla pax isti Pueri. per orbem
 Spargit effusas agilis fagittas.
 Quæque nascentem videt ora Solem, 285
 Quæque ad Hesperias jacet ora metas,
 Si qua ferventi subiecta Cancro est,
 Si qua Parthasæ glacialis Urfæ
 Semper errantes patitur colonos,
 Novit hos æstus juvenum feroces 290
 Constat flammis: fenibusque fessis
 Rursum extinctos revocat calores:
 Virginum ignoto ferit igne pectus:
 Et jubet cælo Superos relicto
 Vultibus falsis habitare terras. 295
 Thessali Phœbus pecoris magister
 Egit armentum, positoque plectro
 Impari taurus calamo vocavit.
 Induit formas quoties minores

permit thee to court an untimely death! I pray thee stay these insane impulses; it is not an easy thing for any one to be brought to life again.

PH. Then no law can hold good, which forbids any one to die, whenever he has determined to die, and feels that he ought to die—

NUR. Oh! my mistress! the only solace to my wearied life, if a mad notion so persistently haunts thy mind I say, hold reputation in contempt, we know that rumour seldom inclines to the truth—makes out a better, when one deserves a worse character and a worse character when one merits a more favorable one. Let me try what I can do for thy sad unmanageable mind—that shall then be my undertaking to seek out the wild youth, and see whether I can bend the inclinations of that savage young man!

CHORUS.

The Chorus espouses the assumption, that all things should yield to love, that mankind of every position, every age, every condition, the Gods above, and the Gods below, and even down to the dumb creation, all animals whether terrestrial (brutes), aquatic (fishes), or aerial (birds).

Oh! Goddess (Venus) sprung from the tempestuous waves whom that double-functioned Cupid (Eros and Anteros, the latter the divine love, the former the grosser and sensual passions) calls mother—never flagging in his activity with the arrows, and reckless, as to the love-inspiring passions, he brings about. Oh! that lascivious little boy (Eros) with his deceptive smiles, with what sure effect does he operate with his ceaseless quiver! His inspiring power searches out the innermost marrow of our very bones, drying up in its progress the coursing veins with his furtive fires! The wounds which he inflicts, however, present no very broad external surface! they are deep wounds! but the germ absorbed therefrom consumes the marrow hidden away in the recesses of our organism (figuratively neutralizing the power of resistance)—there is no rest where that little boy is concerned in his nimble flight, he scatters, far and wide, in every clime, in every nook, the arrows which he shoots forth from his restless untiring quiver! Whatever land witnesseth the rising of the sun, or whatever land lies where the chariot of Phœbus stops at the end of his Hesperian journey (the West, the late setting of the Sun), or whatever country is under the scorching tropic of Cancer, and if there be any country beneath the frigid Ursa Major, which affords a sheltering resting-place to the hordes of wandering tribes, each one of these has experienced the effects of the wounds of Cupid, which equally excite the fierce ardor of impetuous youth, or coaxingly invite back the died-

Ipse, qui cœlum nebulasque ducit?	300
Candidas ales modo movit alas, Dulcior vocem moriente cygno. Fronte nunc torva petulans juvenicus Virginum fravit sua terga ludo, Perque fraternos nova regna fluctus,	305
Ungula lentos imitante remos, Pectore adverso domuit profundum; Pro sua vector timidus rapina. Arst obscuri Dea clara mundi Nocte deferta, nitidosque fratri	310
Tradidit currus aliter regendos. Ille nocturnas agitare bigas Difcitur, & gyro breviora flecti. Nec suum tempus tenere noctes, Et dies tardo remeavit ortu,	315
Dum tremunt axes graviore curru. Natus Alcmena posuit pharetram, Et minax vasti spolium leonis; Passus aptari digiis smaragdos, Et dari legem rudibus capillis:	320
Crura distincto religavit auro, Luteo plantas cohibente focco: Et manu, clavam modo qua gerebat, Fila deduxit properante fuso. Vidit Persis, ditisque ferax	325
Lydia regni, dejecta feri Terga leonis, humerisque, quibus Sederat alti regia cœli, Tenuem Tyrio stamine pallam. Sacer est ignis, (credite læsis)	330
Nimumque potens. qua terra salo Cingitur alto, quaque ætherio Candida mundo sidera currunt; Hæc regna tenet Puer immitis: Spicula cujus sentit in imis	335
Cærulus undis grex Nereidum, Flammamque nequit relevare mari.	

out passions of the aged and decrepit! He strikes the hearts of the tender virgins, and evokes a thrill—a passion which they had never felt before! and he even forces the Gods above, quitting their celestial homes to visit the Earth below and assume all kinds of disguises for the furtherance of their love-inspiring designs! Phœbus, originally the shepherd of the Thessalian flocks, drove the herd, and having laid aside his lyre, called them together with his pipe made up of variously sized reeds, and how often has he assumed, as well, the forms of the lower animals! The great Jupiter, who rules the heavens and

the cloudy firmament, sometimes as a bird, has assumed its wings and plumage of shining whiteness, and furthered the deception with a voice sweeter than that of the dying swan—at another time, as a fierce bull, with a savage visage, he gives up his back for the amusement of young virgins, and then travels over a fresh kingdom, his brother Neptune's aquatic empire (the sea), and overcomes the suspicious element, with his powerful chest contending against its obstinacy, and furthermore to quiet it (the sea recognizes a new master) imitates the sounds produced by rowers, through certain movements of his feet—as he timidly pursues his way with his capture (Europa) lest she should be submerged! The illustrious goddess of the sky, when in darkness (night) forsakes her nocturnal post and hands over to her brother her brilliant chariot to be under his guidance after a different manner (hinting at his mode of driving)—he learns, however, to manage the two-horsed nocturnal chariot of his sister, and to go by a shorter circuit, but the night does not preserve its usual duration—it is longer, and as a consequence the day-light returns with a retarded arrival, whilst the axles of the chariot seem to give way under their heavier burden (Phœbus). That son of Alcmena (Hercules) laid aside his quiver, and that terrifying trophy the skin of the Nemæan Lion, and permitted his fingers to be bejewelled, with emerald rings, and to have his rough locks perfumed and dressed, and to be carefully done up according to the prevailing fashion, and with that huge hand, which hitherto had only wielded a ponderous club, now and then drew out the threads, in a mincing, effeminate manner, whilst working away right merrily with the spindle!—He then fastens to his legs with bands ornamented with gold, the yellow slippers “Socci” with which he had inclosed his feet. Persia and Lydia, those fertile countries, with their rich kingdom, have witnessed the fact of Hercules throwing down in disgust the lion's skin from his shoulders on which had aforesaid rested the very heavens with their palaces; and donning a cloak made up of some flimsy Tyrian-purple fabric. And this is that execrable fire of Love. Believe in those, that have suffered from its too terrible effects! Whatever land is surrounded by the deep sea, whatever bright stars pursue their course in the ethereal sky, this insolent pertinacious little boy holds such kingdoms in his sway—Of whose thrusts the blue water-nymphs, the offspring of Nereus and Doris, are susceptible, in the retired waters even which they inhabit; nor does he, it is perceived, exempt the sea from his visitations (passions)—the wing-bearing portion of nature, they feel his fires! and what terrific battles the

Ignes fentit genus aligerum.	
Venere inſincti quam magna gerunt	
Grege pro toto bella juveni!	340
Si conjugio timuere ſuo,	
Proſcunt timidi proelia cervi;	
Et mugitu dant concepti	
Signa furoris. tunc virgatas	
India tigres decolor horret.	345
Tunc vulnificos acuit dentes	
Aper, & toto eſt ſpumeus ore.	
Poeni quatunt colla leones,	
Cum movit amor. tum ſilva gemit	
Murmure ſævo.	350
Amat infani bellua ponti	
Lucæque boves. vindicat omnes	
Natura ſibi. nihil immune eſt.	
Odiūque perit, cum juſſit amor:	
Veteres cedunt ignibus iræ.	355
Quid plura canam? vincit ſævas	
Cura novercas.	

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CHORUS, NUTRIX, PHÆDRA.

Amoris morbum, impatientiam & æſtum conqueritur nutrix.
 mox ipſa prodit Phædra mutatis veſtibus in cinctum
 Amazonis ſeu venatricis, ut Hippolyto placeat.

CHOR. A LTRIX, profare, quid feras? quonam in loco eſt	
Regina? ſævis ecquis eſt flammis modus?	
NUTR. Spes nulla, tantum poſſe leniri malum;	360
Finifque flammis nullus infanis erit:	
Torretur æſtu tacito, & inclufus quoque,	
Quamvis tegatur, proditur vultu furor.	
Erumpit oculis ignis, & lapſæ genæ	
Lucem recufant. nil idem dubiæ placet;	365.

bulls, urged on by the venereal ceſtrum, will wage for ſupremacy amongſt the reſt of the herd; and the timid ſtags will ſtand their ground, when their females are in danger, and they evince with their loud mewings the ſymptoms of the anger which poſſeſſes them—then the tawny Indian dreads the ſtriped tigers more than ever, and then the wild boar appears to have his teeth ſharper than uſual by the cruel wounds he cauſes, and his jaws

are covered with foam; the Carthaginian lions shake their manes unusually when the amorous feelings possess them, and then it is, that the forests resound with their savage roaring—even the huge brutes, denizens of the sea, (whale, grampus etc.) learn to love, and then even the huge pachyderms (the Elephants)—Nature claims all—everything for herself! Nothing is free! Hatred vanishes, when love commands—Old animosities yield to the sacred fire of love! What more shall we sing? It is this! It overcomes with its persistency, even cruel step-mothers!

argument for unchecked passion

ACT II.

CHORUS—NURSE—PHÆDRA.

The Nurse complains of love as a disease, as regards its intolerance and the power it assumes; after which Phædra gives herself up to a thorough change of raiments, and dons the garb of an Amazonian huntress, that she may the more easily captivate Hippolytus.

CHORUS.

NURSE, tell us all thou knowest. In what state of mind is the queen? Is there any moderation evinced yet in her wicked passions?

NUR. No hope! so great an evil cannot be easily got rid of! there will never be an end to her insane infatuation; she is literally burnt up with the secret flames that rage within her bosom, and her madness, though kept within herself to some extent, shows itself in her very looks and gestures, however else it might be hidden—this secret fire springs up into her eyes and her drooping eyelids avoid the light—nothing which might have pleased her formerly, satisfies her capricious mind now—and her uncertain temper discovers itself in her very bodily attitudes, in the arms which she throws about, as the mood varies—sometimes her legs give way, and she falls down, like one about to die, and her head seems with difficulty held up by her enfeebled neck; now, when she retires to rest, she seems to have no disposition to sleep, but passes the night in vain wailings—she then orders herself to be raised up in bed, and for her body to be placed in some other position (to have her bed and arrangements altered to give greater ease to her

Artusque varie jactat incertus dolor. Nunc ut soluto labitur moriens gradu, Et vix labante sustiner collo caput. Nunc se quieti reddit; & fomni immemor Noctem querelis ducit; attoli jubet,	370
Iterumque poni corpus; & solvi comas; Rurfusque fingi. semper impatiens sui Mutatur habitus. nulla jam Cereris fubit Cura, aut salutis. vadit incerto pede, Jam viribus defecta. non idem vigor,	375
Non ora tingens nitida purpureus rubor. Populatur artus cura. jam gressus tremunt; Tenerque nitidi corporis cecidit decor Et, qui ferebant signa Phœbeæ facis, Oculi nihil gentile nec patrium micant.	380
Lacrimæ cadunt per ora, & assiduo genæ Rore irrigantur: qualiter Tauri jugis Tepido madescunt imbre percussæ nives. Sed, en, præfescunt regiæ fastigia: Reclinis ipsa fedis auratæ toro,	385
Solitos amictus mente non fana abnuit. PH. Removete, famulæ, purpura atque auro illitas Vestes. procul sit muricis Tyrii rubor, Quæ fila ramis ultimi Seres legunt: Brevis expeditis zona confringat finus.	390
Cervix monili vacua; nec niveus lapis Deducat aures; Indici donum maris. Odore crinis sparsus Assyrio vacet: Sic temere jactæ colla perfundant comæ Humerosque fummos; cursibus motæ citis	395
Ventos sequantur. læva se pharetræ dabit; Hastile vibret dextra Thessalicum manus. Talis feveri mater Hippolyti fuit. Qualis, relictis frigidj ponti plagis, Egit catervas, Atticum pulfans solum,	400
Tanaitis, aut Mæotis, & nodo comas Coegit emistque, lunata latus Protecta pelta; talis in silvas ferar. NUTR. Sepone questus. non levat miseris dolor, Agreste placa virginis numen Deæ	405
Regina nemorum, sola quæ montes colis, Et una solis montibus coleris Dea,	

body); then all at once she orders her hair to be let down, and then to be dressed again immediately after—she is intolerant of her very self; her whole demeanour has undergone a change, she is careless about her food, and does not care whether she is ill or well—she walks with a tottering gait, in fact, she is thoroughly spent as regards physical vigor. There is an absence of all her

quondam vivacity, nor does the rosy tinge show itself upon her once delicate complexion, rivalling the driven snow in its purity—she is wearing out her body with anxiety—already her steps tremble, and the delicate, graceful comeliness of her figure has vanished—and her orbs, which bore the indication of her divine origin (Phœbus) now shine in no way to remind thee of her high-born descent, or that of her fathers—Her tears are continually trickling down her face, and her cheeks are bathed with perpetual moisture! just in the same mode as the drifting snow, melted by the warm showers, moistens the surface earth on the mountain ridges of Taurus—But further, behold when the palatial portals lie open to the visitor, there is the queen on her throne lounging languidly on a gilded couch, where she sits and discards all her usual attire and accessories, in a most unaccountable frame of mind!

PH. Take away, slaves, these garments dyed with purple and ornamented with gold; remove, I command, the ravishing colors of the Tyrian dyes which adorn those delicate fabrics, which the "Seres" in their far-off country, gather from the branches of trees; let a short girdle encircle my loose garments giving me free use of my limbs, let my neck be relieved of this necklace, and let not the earrings with their snow-white precious stones, dangle any longer from my ears—the stones which trace their original home to the far-off Indian Seas; let my flowing locks be exempt from the Assyrian perfumes—let my hair carelessly fall down my neck and around my shoulders—let those dishevelled locks wave to and fro, just as the wind, whatever humor it is in, pleases to direct them. Give me the quiver which I shall carry in my left, whilst my right hand shall brandish the Thessalian spear! As the mother of stern Hippolytus, used to be, so I desire to be just as she was, when she led on the savage Amazonian battalions recruited from the marshy districts near the Tanäis and Mæotis, and when she left behind the countries bounded by the frigid Euxine! and when she began to tread the Attic Soil she still continued to gather up her hair in a knot and let it fall down on her shoulders, with the shield shaped like a half-moon protecting her side! In such a guise will I make my appearance in the forests!

NUR. Dismiss thy grief, vain bewailings do not mitigate sorrow; invoke the aid of Diana, the virgin Goddess, who presides over what relates to the chase; the queen of the forests, who alone inhabits the mountains, and the only goddess thou canst worship in those deserted elevated

Converte tristis omnium in melius minas, O magna silvas inter & lucos Dea, Clarumque cœli fidus, & noctis decus, Cujus reſcitet mundus alterna face Hecate triformis, en ades cœptis favens. Animum rigentem trifis Hippolyti doma. Amare diſcat, mutuos ignes ferat. Det facilis aures. mitiga pectus ferum.	410
Inneſcite mentem. torvus, averſus, ferox, In jura Veneris redeat. huc vires tuas Intende. fic te lucidi vultus ferant, Et nube rupta cornibus puris eas.	415
Sic te, regentem frena nocturni ætheris, Detrahete nunquam Theſſali cantus queant; Nulluſque de te gloriam paſtor ferat. Ades invocata. jam faves votis, Dea. Ipſum intuoſ ſolemne venerantem ſacrum, Nullo latus comitante. quid dubitas? dedit	420
Tempus locumque caſus. utendum artibus. Trepidamus? baud eſt facile mandatum ſcelus Audere. verum juſta, qui reges timet, Deponat; omne pellat ex animo decus. Malus eſt miniſter regii imperii pudor	425 430

HIPPOLYTUS, NUTRIX.

Nutrix Hippolyti animum mollire, & ad nuptias & delicias urbanas
ſteſtere callide tentat. Ille vitæ cœlibis & rutiſtice (quam urbanæ
collatam præfert) inſtitutum immotus tenet.

HIPP. QUID huc ſeniles feſſa moliris grudus,
O fida nutrix, turbidam frontem gerens,
Et mœſta vultus? ſoſpes eſt certe parens,
Soſpeſque Phœdra, ſurpis & geminæ jugum.

regions. Change thy ſad apprehenſions of evil for a more favorable future! Oh! great goddess who preſided amongſt the foreſts and graves, the brilliant ſtar of heavens and the glory of night whoſe dominion is lighted up, in thy alternate capacity with Phœbus! Oh thou three-formed Hecatē! pray come to us, with any form thou mayſt choose to aſſume, and favor our enterpriſe! Break the adamant heart of this wretched Hippolytus, let him learn to love, let him reciprocate the paſſion that burns in the boſom of another—let him give ear patiently to our entreaties—ſoften his hard ſpirit—enſnare his heart in the meſhes of Love, and let him, the ſavage, repulſive,

retiring Hippolytus turn back his nature, and be brought into full allegiance to the canons of Venus! Oh! Use thy utmost power to promote this end! And thus may thy bright countenance shed its brilliant light upon the earth, and mayst thou come forth, having dispelled the obscuring clouds, which hide thy glory, with thy radiance unimpaired! (with thy "cornua" undimmed that is,) that thy disc may be distinctly seen—(the "horned" heifer was held sacred to the Moon) and thus may no Thessalian incantations be able to draw thee from thy undertaking as thou, handling the reins, art ruling the operations of the nocturnal sky, and may no future shepherd (Endymion) glorify himself at having received favors from thee! Come thou as thou art invoked; Oh! goddess, be propitious to my prayers—I see Hippolytus! he is about to offer his accustomed sacrifices; no one is accompanying him, no one at his side! Why do I hesitate? Time, place and opportunity are at my disposal! I must use some artifice, but I dread the experiment! It is not always an easy thing to dare to commit a crime, even when thou art ordered to do it, but sometimes in the interests of those we fear, of Kings, for example, and fearing as I do Phædra, one can afford to ignore the justice of the cause, and to chase away every known sentiment of shame from one's breast. But it is a very sorry sample of virtue, nevertheless, which is the mere tool of regal power.

HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE.

The nurse tries artfully to soften the inflexibility of Hippolytus, and to turn his thoughts towards marriage, and the enjoyments of a city life; unmoved by her persuasions, he adheres to his resolution of passing his existence in celibacy and devoting himself to rustic pursuits, which he ranks as preferable to urban attractions.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Oh! my faithful nurse, why comest thou hither, thoroughly fagged out and advancing with the feeble pace of an old woman, wearing, too, such a look of sadness in thy face, and with such a woeful, troubled look? Surely my father, Theseus, is quite safe, and Phædra, too, is not she quite well? For she, thou knowest, is the connecting link of our race, between myself, I mean, (Antiope, my mother) and my half-brothers (Demophoon and Antigonus by Phædra).

NŪTR. Metus remitte. prospero regnum in statu est,	435
Domosque florens forte felici veget.	
Sed tu beatis mitior rebus veni:	
Namque anxiam me cura follicitat tui,	
Quod te ipse pœnis gravibus infestus domas.	
Quem fata cogunt, ille cum venia est miser.	440
At si quis ultro se malis offert volens,	
Seque ipse torquet, perdere est dignus bona,	
Quis nescit uti. potius annorum memor	
Mentem relaxa. noctibus festis facem	
Attolle. curas Bacchus exoneret graves.	445
Ætate fruere, mobili curfu fugit.	
Nunc facile pectus, grata nunc juveni Venus,	
Exfultet animus. cur toro viduo jaces?	
Tristem juventam solve. nunc luxus rape.	
Effunde babenas. optimos vitæ dies	450
Effluere prohibe. propria descripsit Deus	
Officia, & ævum per suos ducit gradus.	
Lætitia juvenem, frons decet tristis fenem	
Quid te coerces, & necas rectam indolem?	
Seges illa magnum fœnus agricolæ dabit,	455
Quæcunque lætis tenera luxuriat fatis:	
Arborque celfo vertice evincet nemus,	
Quam non maligna cædit aut refecat manus.	
Ingenia melius recta se in laudes ferunt,	
Si nobilem animum vegeta libertas alit.	460
Truculentus, & silvester, & vitæ infcius,	
Tristem juventam Venere deserta colis.	
Hoc esse munus credis indictum viris,	
Ut dura tolerent? cursibus domitent equos,	
Et sæva bella Marte sanguineo gerant?	465
Providit ille maximus mundi parens,	
Cum tam rapaces cerneret fati manus,	
Ut damna semper sobole repararet nova.	
Excedat, agedum, rebus humanis Venus,	
Quæ supplet ac restituit exhaustum genus;	470
Orbis jacebit squallido turpis fitu;	
Vacuum sine ullis classibus stabit mare;	
Alesque cœlo deerit, & filvis fera;	

NUR. Banish thy fears, the kingdom is in a prosperous condition and thy illustrious family is in the full enjoyment of its happy lot—but come thou, I pray, in a mild and happy mood amongst all our pleasant surroundings, for my regard towards thyself, rouses within me certain anxious thoughts, in that, to thy own injury, thou oppresses thyself with such heavy self-imposed restrictions—that man whom the fates hold in their power when such a one is miserable, we reward with our sympathy!—but if any man only too readily gives himself up as a

voluntary recipient of misfortune and so far perverts his natural tendencies, he richly deserves to be deprived of the good things of this world, and which, if he had them, he would be utterly unable to enjoy! But thou rather, as thou shouldst, be mindful of thy vigorous youth, relax the severity toward thyself—brighten up, and pass thy nights in exhilarating amusements, if necessary, let Bacchus assist thy endeavours in shaking of dull care! Enjoy thy life, thou art young—time flies in its nimble course, now is the time for an assailable mind, now is the time that Venus should be a welcome goddess to amorous youth, let thy heart leap at the very thought! Why shouldst thou lie at nights, with no desirable bed-fellow? Throw aside sadness from thy youthful nature, now fasten upon the enjoyments of life! Throw aside the reins, with which thou hast restrained thyself, prevent the last days of thy life from slipping away from thee—a beneficent Deity has very wisely prescribed the various duties of mankind, and he has so planned his programme that life should pass through well-defined stages! Joy becomes youth—a thoughtful brow befits old age; why shouldst thou curb thy nature as thou dost, and blot out thy stage of youth, the stage through which thou art now passing? The growing corn will afford a plentiful return to the husbandman for his labor, and each tender shoot will increase till it becomes a luxuriant blade, and contributes its individual share towards producing an abundant harvest! And the sapling will eventually look down upon the forest with its lofty branches—the tree, which no greedy hand has attempted to fell, or rob of its umbrageous investiture—a man's mind—when it is well regulated, is much more calculated to lead on towards a glorious goal, if seasonable liberty gives scope to generous impulses—Savage and ignorant of the pleasures of life, and of exclusively sylvestrian ideas, thou art passing thy cheerless youth, foregoing the pleasures of love! Dost, thou think that this way of passing a life was ordained for man? that he should simply put up with every hardship and privation—that he should do nothing but break in horses for running races and to wage cruel wars in honor of sanguinary Mars? No—the chief parent of the universe has provided against such a contingency! When he said that the hand of Death was so eager to take away what he had made, in order that he might replace the losses by producing fresh offsprings, “Come on,” he said, “let love go forth amongst human affairs, and play its part,” and it is that (Love) which fills up the vacancies, and replenishes the races, when they are becoming exhausted! The unattractive earth would remain in an uncultivated condition—the blue sea would rest

Solis & aer pervius ventis erit.	
Quam varia leti genera mortalem trahunt	475
Carpuntque turbam; pontus, & ferrum, & doli!	
Sed fata credas deesse; sic atram Styga	
Jam petimus ultro. coelibem vitam probet	
Sterilis juvenus, hoc erit, quidquid vides,	
Unius ævi turba, & in femet ruet.	480
Proinde vitæ sequere naturam ducem:	
Urbem frequenta, civium cœtus cole.	
HIPP. Non alia magis est libera, & vitio carens,	
Ritufque melius vita quæ prisca colat,	
Quam quæ relictis mœnibus silvas amat.	485
Non illum avaræ mentis inflammat furor,	
Qui se dicavit montium infontem jugis:	
Non aura populi, & vulgus infidum bonis,	
Non pestilens invidia, non fragilis favor.	
Non ille regno servit; aut regno imminens,	490
Vanos honores sequitur, aut fluxas opes;	
Spei metufque liber. haud illum niger	
Edaxque livor dente degeneri petit.	
Nec scelera populos inter atque urbes sita	
Novit; nec omnes conscius strepitus pavet.	495
Haud verba fingit. mille non quærit tegi	
Dives columnis; nec trabes multo inlolens	
Suffigit auro. non cruor largus pias	
Inundat aras; fruge nec sparfi sacra	
Centena nivei colla submitunt boves:	500
Sed rure vacuo potitur, & aperto æthere	
Innocuus errat, callidas tantum feris	
Struxisse fraudes novit; & fessus gravi	
Labore, niveo corpus liiffo fovet.	
Nunc ille ripam celeris Alphei legit:	505
Nunc nemoris alti densa metatur loca,	
Ubi Lerna puro gelida pellucet vado;	

unvisited by any noble fleets—the winged aerial denizen of the sky would no longer be seen, and the wild animal would no more infest forests and the atmosphere would be left only for the use of Phœbus and Æolus! What different kinds of death take off and snap up the human race!—the sea—the sword—the poisoned cup! But can it be believed that the hand of Destiny is wanting on all this that we should seek willingly the dark realms of Pluto—that youth should choose a life of celibacy and not propagate the species—this would be the state of matters. Wherever thou castest thy eyes, there would only be one generation of every species of animality and every thing would come to a standstill with their disappearance from the scene! Therefore, follow the dictates

of nature, the originator of life itself, frequent the cities, and cultivate the society of the citizens!

HIPP. I do not think there is any life which gives one more liberty, or one more free from harmful influences, than that which inclines one to love the forests, the cities being left out of one's calculation—There, no madness of a covetous nature assails a man who devotes himself, interfering with no one, to the mountain fastnesses—he is not annoyed there with popular clamor—No vulgar herd to practise their treachery upon men of uprightness—no wretched envy—no questionable kindness—and what is more, he is subject to no dominations; but he that hangs about a Kingdom, seeks only for empty honors, or the amassing of riches—the denizen of the forest is exempt from alternating hopes and fears, nor do the loathsome fangs of wicked and voracious envy inflict their wounds upon him! Nor has he ever been brought in contact with such people as he would find there, nor with the villainy they practise, nor does a troubled conscience cause him to fear every popular outbreak! Nor has he to invent excuses or to tell lies!—like the rich man of the cities he does not sigh for a palace supported by a thousand columns, nor in his pride, does he adorn his palatial ceilings with a profusion of golden display—nor do a hundred snow-white bulls submit their necks to the sacrificial knife, and with the ceremonial meal thrown over them, to be then served up as sacred offerings to the Gods! But he enjoys the open plains, and wanders, hurting no one—a free man breathing the free air! His only knowledge of deception is setting clever snares for the wild beasts, and when, wearied out with his hunting exertions, he soothes his tired-out frame by bathing in the silvery streams of the Ilissus! Sometimes, he chooses the banks of the swiftly-flowing Alpheus; at other times, he pitches upon the densest spot in the lofty forests for the purpose of laying his snares, and then he will shift his scene of operations to where the cool Lerna is transparent with its crystal streams; here the noisy birds give forth their various notes—here behold ancient beeches with their branches trembling, whenever struck by the slightest puff of wind; or sometimes it pleases him to confine himself to the banks of some wandering river, or to pass his time in gentle slumber, lying on the naked sod! or sometimes a tremendous fountain will pour down its rapid streams, or at other times, a swift murmur would strike the ear, as the water ran in and out amongst the fresh flowers which line the banks, and the fruit which falls, blown down by the wind serves to satisfy his hunger.

Sedemque mutat. heic aves querulæ fremunt, Ranique ventis lene percussu tremunt, Vetereſque fagi. juvit aut amnis vagi	510
Preſſiſſe ripas, cæſpitem aut nudo leves Duxiſſe fomnos, ſive fons largus citas Defundit undas; five per flores novos Fugiente dulcis murmurat rivo ſonus. Excuſſa filvis poma compeſcunt famem:	515
Et fraga parvis vulſa dumetis, cibos Faciles minifrant. regioſ luxuſ procul Eſt impetuſ fugiſſe. follicito bibant Auro ſuperbi. quam juvat nuda manu Captiſſe fontem! certior fomnuſ premit	520
Secura duro membra verſantem toro. Non in reſeſſu furta & obſcuro improbuſ Quærit cubili, ſeque multiplici timens Domo recondit: æthera ac lucem petit, Et teſte cœlo vivit. hoc equidem reor	525
Vixiſſe ritu, prima quos mixtoſ Deis Profudit ætaſ. nulluſ hiſ auri fuit Cæcuſ cupido. nulluſ in campo facer Diviſit agroſ arbiter populis lapidibꝰ Nondum ſecabant credulæ pontum rateſ:	530
Sua quiſque norat mœria. non vaſto aggere Crebraque turre cinxerant urbeſ latuſ. Non arma ſæva militeſ aptabat manu; Nec torta cluſaſ fregerat ſaxo gravi Balifſta portuſ; juſſa nec dominum pati	535
Juncto ferebat terra fervitium bove: Sed arva per ſe fœta poſcenteſ nihil Pavere genteſ. ſilva nativaſ opes, Et opaca dederant antra nativaſ domoſ. Rupere fœduſ impiuſ lucri furor,	540
Et ira præcepſ: quæque ſuccenſaſ agit Libido menteſ. venit imperii fitiſ Cruenta. factuſ præda majori minor. Pro jure vires eſſe. tum primum manu Bellare nuda: ſaxaque & ramoſ rudeſ	545
Vertere in arma. non erat graciliſ leviſ Armata ferro cornuſ; aut longo latuſ Mucrone cingentiuſ enſiſ; aut criſta procul Galeæ comanteſ. tela faciebat dolor.	

—and the wild strawberries plucked from amongst the small thickets afford him a very ready means of appeasing his appetite—he is possessed of an invincible desire to fly from royal luxuries. Kings are at liberty to quaff their wine from the golden goblet, amidst the uncertainties which surround royalty, but it delights him to take his draught from the nearest spring, the hollow of his hand

servicing him as a drinking-cup—Sleep steals upon the weary with greater certainty, those that commit their limbs in security, to a hard bed—The man of the forest does not require, as a thief, to hide away his pilferings in some sly corner, or obscure place of concealment, and who being always in fear of detection, shifts his resting-place (abode) from one locality to another! Nay! he seeks only the air and light of heaven and lives openly, under the canopy of the sky! Indeed, I suppose during the earlier ages, when men mixed up with the gods, they lived pretty much in this kind of way. No one, amongst such men as those, was led headlong by any desire to amass heaps of gold. No stone, held sacred as the landmark of proprietorship, parcelled out the lands amongst the people (at that time). Venturesome crafts had not at such an epoch dared to risk the dangers of the ocean—Every one knew his own sea—his own surroundings—they had not at that time encompassed their cities and depended the approaches thereto with vast walls and numerous towers—no soldier sighed to handle the ferocious weapons for slaughtering his fellow-man, nor did the battering-ram, directed against closed portals, break them open with the enormous stones which it hurled against them! Nor did the earth demand the necessity for any ploughman to guide the efforts of the yoked oxen! but the people demanding nothing but what was necessary for their existence, with no anxious care about agriculture, subsisted on what the fields, fertile of their own accord, afforded them. The forests yielded up their native resources, and obscure grottoes supplied them with habitations; an impious desire to obtain power then induced them to break treaties, into which they had solemnly entered, then heedless rage and the lawless desires which agitated the maddened mind, then ensued the sanguinary thirst for power—the weaker man fell a prey to the stronger one—and instead of law, and justice, strength became the prevailing arbiter! then, at first, they fought with the naked fists, and when they began to be more civilized, stones and rough cudgels (club-law) served them as weapons with which to conduct their strife. At that time, there was no cornel stem, armed with the slender spear, or sword with its tapering point attached to the side, or crested helmets with their plumes shaken by the agitating breeze—universal rivalry dictated these various instruments of destruction. Then warlike Mars discovered fresh devices and a thousand different forms of dealing out Death—hence, very soon, the blood that was shed stained every land, and the sea was even reddened by it! Then crimes having no bounds, spread into every dwelling and no

Invenit artes bellicus Mavors novas, Et mille formas mortis. hinc terras cruor Infecit omnes fufus, & rubuit mare. Tum scelera, demto fine, per cunctas domos Ière. nullum caruit exemplo nefas.	550
A fratre frater, dextera nati parens Cecidit, maritus conjugis ferro jacet, Perimuntque foetus impiæ matres fuos. Taceo novercas. mitius nil eft feris. Sed dux malorum femina. hæc scelerum artifex	555
Obfedit animos, cujus inftæ ftupris Fumant tot urbes, bella tota gentes gerunt, Et verfa ab imo regna tot populos premunt. Sileantur aliæ: fola coojux Ægæi Medea reddit feminas dirum genus.	560
NUTR. Cur omnium fit culpa paucarum scelus? HIP. Defektor omnes, borreo, fugio, exfecror. Sit ratio, fit natura, fit dirus furor: Odiffe placuit ignibus junges aquas;	565
Et amica ratibus ante promittet vada Incerta Syrtis; ante ab extremo finu Hefperia Tethys lucidum attollet diem; Et ora damis blanda præbebunt lupi; Quam victus animus feminæ mitem geram.	570
NUTR. Sæpe obftinatis induit frenos amor, Et odia mutat. regna materna aspice. Illæ feroces fentiunt Veneris jugum. Testaris iftud unicus gentis puer.	575
HIP. Solamen unum matris amiiffæ fero, Odiffe quod jam feminas omnes licet. NUTR. Ut dura cautes undique intractabilis Refiftit undis, & laceffentes aquas Longe remittit, verba fic fpernit mea.	580
Sed Phædra præceps graditur, impatiens moræ. Quo fe dabit fortuna? quo verget furor? Terræ repente corpus exanimum accidit, Et ora morti fimilis obduxit color.	585
Attolle vultus, dimove vocis moras: Tuus en, alumna, temet Hippolytus tenet.	

crime was committed that had not a precedent! Brother slew brother, and parent fell by the right hand of son, husband lay prostrate by the sword of a wife, and impious mothers destroyed their own offspring—I will be silent about stepmothers, nothing is less cruel even amongst the wild beasts! But a woman is the leader of all mischief—this architect of crimes besieges the minds of mankind in consequence of whose adulteries, entire cities have been noted incestuous and have been burnt to the ground. Many nations wage war on this account, and kingdoms

thus cast down from their lowest foundations have ruined so many peoples! Let no mention be made of others, Medea to wit, the wife of Ægeus, is sufficient to make, through her acts, the whole race of womankind detestable!

NUR. Why should the crimes of the few be construed as the sins of the many.

HIPP. I detest them all, I dread them, I avoid them, I curse their very existence! Whatever the reason may be, whether it is my nature to do so, or whether it be some inexplicable madness (on my part), it nevertheless pleases me to hate them! Thou mayst attempt to amalgamate fire and water, or rather reckon upon a favorable voyage for thy crafts over the treacherous sands of the Syrtes, or rather that the Hesperian Tethys should expect the god of light (Phœbus) to reverse his chariot, and cause the sun to rise at the western extremity of his journey! And the rapacious wolf will learn to gaze with absolute affection upon the timid deer—when I am so far subdued as to entertain a mild feeling towards womankind.

NUR. Love often breaks in obstinate rebellious hearts and changes their hatred into the tender passion—Think of thy mother's kingdom, the ferocious Amazonian women feel the force of love—Thou (a boy) the only remaining male descendant of that race art a living proof!

HIPP. This consolation, the only one I retain for my having lost my mother, is that I am now able to hate all women!

NUR. As the rugged rock remains on all sides, obdurate to the waves beating against it, and repels to a distance the waters which become fairly weary of their task (making no impression on the said rocks), so does Hippolytus turn back (reject) my appeal, but Phædra impatient of delay abruptly advances (exclaiming). What chance will bring Hippolytus here? Where will her mad resolution lead her? On a sudden she falls to the ground like a dead person, and a death-like pallor comes over her face! Raise thy eyes, look at me, speak quickly, behold! my nurse-child, thy own Hippolytus! 'Tis Hippolytus himself who holds thee in his arms! (This is said to rouse Phædra out of her swoon.)

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, NUTRIX,
FAMULI.

Juvenis pudicitiam omni arte oppugnant, nec expugnant:
ad fraudem itaque confugiunt & calumnias.

PH. **Q**UIS me dolori reddit, atque ævus graves
Reponit animo? quam bene excideram mihi? 590
Cur dulce munus reddita lucis fugis?
Aude, anime. tenta. perage mandarum tuum.
Intrepida content verba. qui timide rogat.
Docet negare. magna pars sceleris mei
Olim peracta est serus est nobis pudor 595
Amavimus nefaoda. si cœpta exsequor,
Forfan jugali crimen abscondam face.
Honestæ quædam scelera successus facit.
En, incipe, anime. commodes paulum, precor,
Secretus aures. si quis est, abeat, comes. 600
HIP. En, locus ab omni liber arbitrio vacat.
PH. Sed ora cœptis transitum verbis negant.
Vis magna vocem emittit, at major tenet.
Vos testor omnes, cœlites, hoc, quod volo,
Me nolle. 605
HIP. Animusne cupiens aliquid effari nequit?
PH. Curæ leves loquuntur. ingentes stupent.
HIP. Committe curas auribus, mater, meis.
PH. Matris superbum est nomen, & nimium potens.
Nostros humilium nomen affectus decet. 610
Me vel sororem, Hippolyte, vel famulam voca:
Famulamque potius. omne servitium feram.
Non me, per altas ire si jubeas nives,
Pigeat gelatis ingredi Pindi jugis:

PHÆDRA—HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE—ATTENDANTS.

They all try to overcome the virtue of Hippolytus, but
without success; they have recourse to deceit and
calumny.

PHÆDRA.

WHO is it that is restoring me to my old anguish
(now that I am coming to) and is bringing back
the dreadful tumultuosities which agitate my soul?
How well it was, when my senses had left me (alluding
to the swoon and the mental respite it had afforded)
Take courage! oh! my soul; let me try my utmost!

Why do I refuse the welcome arrival of light, shining as it were on a dark place (alluding to the arrival of Hippolytus who is standing by)? Let me carry out the task already determined upon! (To the Nurse) Courageous words will often succeed! Whilst they who timidly appeal, only tacitly ask for a rude repulse!—I am the chief performer in this drama of crime, and it has already been half enacted, any reluctant feelings on my part are now too late for me to be showing! I have chosen to love in a criminal manner, and if I persevere as I commenced, perhaps! who knows? I shall be able to neutralize the crime after all, with the kindly aid of the marriage knot (that is if Theseus does not return, Hippolytus may be induced to marry me). Success we all know some times makes even certain downright crimes wear the appearance of glorious deeds! Now let me begin. But oh! for the courage to do so! Give me a hearing, Hippolytus, I pray for a short time! but alone—if there be any companion or attendant near, let him go away!

HIPP. Look, here is a spot which is free from any intrusive observation.

PH. But my tongue forbids me to utter what I want to say, just as I am about to begin—Great exertion enables me to speak, but a stronger power chokes my utterance—I call all the heavenly gods to witness this; do not thou be unwilling to grant me what I crave.

HIPP. Let not the heart desire anything which cannot find language to express what is the thing that is sought for!

PH. Trivial matters are easily spoken of, but those of overwhelming concern are difficult to approach!

HIPP. Trust thy cares to my ears, mother!

PH. That name of mother, Hippolytus, is no doubt a proud one, but from thy lips it sounds too inapplicable for me, a milder name would represent my love towards thee, Hippolytus. Call me sister, Phædra, or slave, any name but mother—I prefer the word slave—as I will render to thee all the duties of a slave; it would not distress me, if thou shouldst command me to walk in the deepest snows—to climb the frozen mountain sides of Pindus, nor if thou orderedst me to pass through the raging fires and the hostile battalions in battle array, would I hold back, from presenting this breast of mine to the pointed sword! Accept the throne which shall be

Non, si per ignes ire & infesta agmina, Cuncter paratis ensibus pectus dare. Mandata recipe scepra; me famulam accipe. Te imperia regere, me decet iussa exsequi. Muliebri non est regna tutari urbium.	615
Tu, qui juventæ flore primævo viges, Cives paterno fortis imperio rege. Sinu receptam, supplicem, ac servam tege. Miserere viduæ. HIPP. Summus hoc omen Deus Avertat. aderit sospes actutum parens PH. Regni tenacis dominus, & tacitæ Stygis,	625
Nullam relictos fecit ad superos viam. Thalami remittet ille raptorem sui? Nisi forte amor placidus & Pluton fedet. HIPP. Illum quidem æqui cœlites reducem dabunt. Sed, dum tenebit vota in incerto Deus, Pietate caros debita fratres colam, Et te merebor; esse ne viduam putes: Ac tibi parentis ipse supplebo locum	630
PH. O spes amantum credula! o fallax amor! Satisne dixit? precibus admotis agam. Miserere. tacitæ mentis exaudi preces. Libet loqui, pigetque. HIPP. Quodnam istud malum est? PH. Quod in novercam cadere vix credas malum. HIPP. Ambigua voce verba perplexa jadis; Effare aperte. PH. Pectus infanum vapor	635
Amorquæ torret. intimas sævus vorat Penitus medullas, atque per venas meat Visceribus ignis mersus & venis latens, Ut agilis altas flamma percurrit trabes. HIPP. Amore nempe Thesei casto furis. PH. Hippolyte, sic est: Thesei vultus amo Illos priores, quos tulit quondam puer;	640 645

handed over to thee, and accept me as a willing slave! It is only right that thou shouldst rule the kingdom, and that I should obey thy commands—it is not a woman's duty to undertake the sovereign power over the cities. Thou who art in the very prime of youthful manhood, and vigor, and brave withal, do thyself govern the citizens in thy father's Kingdom! Protect me as thy humble suppliant servant, whom I pray thee, to receive into thy bosom (the bosom of protection not of love), pity me a widow!

HIPP. May the chief of the Gods avert such a prediction from being verified (that Phædra should be a widow); my parent will soon return in safety.

PH. The monarch of that Kingdom, which keeps a

tenacious grasp on its subjects, and the ruler of the silent Styx—has not ordained for them a way back to the earth above, when once they have quitted it, and it is not likely that he will release those who meditated the capture of his spouse unless, indeed, Pluto is indulgent and inclined to connive at the daring amour of the ravisher!

HIPP. The Gods of heaven, more favorable, however, will allow him to return, but whilst they may be regarding his wishes as uncertain, I will take charge of my dear brothers with that affection which I ought to show them, and let my reward be, that thou wilt no longer consider thyself a widow, as I will myself fill up the place of their absent parent.

PH. Oh! the clinging hope of credulous love! Oh! the love that is playing with my affection! Have I not declared myself sufficiently, I will approach thee once more with my entreaties! Pity me, listen to the prayers of a heart that dares not to speak out! I would speak more plainly but I cannot! it grieves me to confess what I feel!

HIPP. What is the evil which troubles thee in this manner?

PH. An evil which thou wouldst scarcely believe could befall any stepmother! love for her step-son!

HIPP. Thou throwest out puzzling expressions, in such ambiguous language too, speak out openly.

PH. The fire of my passionate love is burning within my maddened breast, and with its cruel flames, it is consuming the very marrow of my bones, and traverses the innermost blood-vessels of my body, and that latent fire descends to my very entrails and courses through the deeply-seated veins, just as the active flames capriciously ascend, till they reach the lofty ceilings!

HIPP. Thou art raving now, of course—in consequence of the chaste love thou hast for Theseus.

PH. The fact of the matter, Hippolytus is this (when I gaze on thee) I look back with admiration on the face of Theseus, which he had in days gone by, that face which he had when a boy, when the incipient beard began to show itself on his cheeks in the freshness of his youth

or equal attractiveness

Cum prima puras barba signaret genas, Monstrique cæcam Gnoſſii vidit domum, Et longa curva fila collegit via.	650
Quis tum ille fulſit! preſerant vittæ comam, Et ora flavus tenera tingeſat rubor. Inerant lacertis mollibus ſortes tori: Tuæve Phœbes vultus, aut Phœbi mei; Tuſque potius: talis, en, talis fuit,	655
Cum placuit hoſti, ſic tulit celſum caput. In te magis refulget incomtus decor, Et genitor in te totus: & torvæ tamen Pars aliqua matris miſcet ex æquo decus. In ore Grajo Scythicus apparet rigor.	660
Si cum parente Creticum intraffes fretum, Tibi fila potius noſtra neviſſet foror. Te, te, foror, quacunq; fiderei poli In parte fulges, invoco ad cauſam parem. Domus forores una corripuit duas;	665
Te genitor, at me natus. en, ſupplex jacet Allapia genubus regiæ proles domus. Reſperſa labe nulla, & intacta, innocens; Tibi mutor uni. certa deſcendi ad preces. Finem hic dolori faciet, aut vitæ dies.	670
Miſerere amantiſ. HIPP. Magne regnator Deum, Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides? Ecquando ſæva fulmen emittes manu, Si nunc ſerenum eſt? omniſ impuſſus ruat Æther, & atris nubibus condat diem;	675
Ac verſa retro fidera obliquos agant Retorta curſus. tuque ſidereum caput Radiate, tantumne nefas ſtirpis tuæ Speculere? lucem merge, & in tenebras fuge. Cur dextra, Divum rector atque hominum, vocat Tua, nec trifulca mundus ardeſcit face?	680
In me tona. me fige. me velox cremet Tranſactus ignis. ſum nocens. merui mori. Placui novercæ. dignus en ſupris ego Scelereque tanto viſus? ego folus tibi	685

and innocence, when he firſt caught ſight of the hidden home of the Gnoſſian Monster (the Minotaur) and when he gathered up the clue (the threads) which guided his ſteps along the winding paths of the Labyrinth! How radiant he looked at that time! Delicate wreaths confined his locks, and carnation hues pervaded his tender cheeks, but powerful muſcles lay beneath the ſoft ſkin of his arms! Were his features (let me think) thoſe of thy beloved Phœbe, or of my progenitor Phœbus, or rather thy own, yeſ! juſt thy own, as they were, when he firſt found favor with the daughter (Ariadne) of his enemy

Minos—just like thee, he posed his lofty head, but there is a natural-born attractiveness in thee, which shows to greater advantage (more than what art can supply), but there is all the “father” nevertheless, about thee, yet some portion of the striking dignity thou possessest is obviously traceable, equally to thy savage Queen-Mother Antiope—thy countenance combines the stern physiognomy of the Scythian with the delicate contour of the Greek! If thou hadst set out for the Cretan Sea, with thy parent, my sister (Ariadne) could rather have spun those fatal threads (the clue) for thee! Oh! thou sister of mine, in whatever part of the starry heavens thou mayst be shining, I invoke thee to aid my cause so similar to thine own! One race has wrecked the happiness of two sisters, thou lovest the father—and I love the son! Behold! the offspring of a royal line of ancestors suppliantly approaches thee on her bended knees—contaminated by no crime, my virtue still intact, spotless in purity! I am changed from all this, as regards thee alone! Confident of my success, I have humiliated myself by vain entreaties!—This day shall either release me of this consuming passion or there shall be an end of my existence. Do pity the loving woman at thy feet!

HIPP. Oh! great ruler of the Gods. with what slowness do crimes reach thy ears, with what tardiness dost thou take cognizance of them! Why wilt thou not send forth thy lightnings with thy terrible hand, even if it be quite serenely disposed at this present moment? Let the entire sky fall with the shock of the power and shut out the light with the blackest of clouds and let the stars, driven back, perform their oblique functions in an opposite direction! And thou (Phœbus) the head and chief of the starry throng—thou grand luminary—wilt thou not take notice of this terrible wickedness in one of thy race and lest thou shouldst see it, drown the day itself and retire into thy self-created darkness! Why, oh! thou ruler of the Gods and men, is thy right hand withheld, and why is not the world set on fire by thy three-forked lightnings! Visit me with thy lightnings, let me be singled out for thy violent shocks—let thy swift fires pass through and consume me forthwith! I am a guilty wretch and deserve to die—I have inspired my stepmother with criminal desires! Behold! Shall I live to be regarded as an object for lustful passion and as one capable of countenancing such horrible impiety? Oh! why was it that I should have been selected as a ready target for thy crime? Has my religious austerity, as regards women, deserved all this? Oh, for that entire female portion of

Materia facilis? hoc meus meruit rigor? O scelere vincens omne femineum genus! O majus aufa matre monstrosa malum, Genitrice peior! illa se tantum stupro Contaminavit, & tamen tacitum diu	690
Crimen biforni partus exhibuit nota, Scelusque matris arguit vultu truci Ambiguus infans. ille te venter tulit. O ter quaterque prospero fato dati, Quos hausit, & peremit, & leto dedit	695
Odium, dolusque! genitor, invideo tibi. Colchide noverca majus hoc, majus malum est. PH. Et ipsa nostrae fata cognosco domus: Fugienda petimus. sed mei non sum potens. Te vel per ignes, per mare insanum sequar, Rupesque, & amnes, unda quos torrens rapit.	700
Quacunq; gressus tuleris, hac amens agar. Iterum, superbe, genibus advolvor tuis. HIPP. Procul impudicos corpore a casto amove Tactus. quid hoc est? etiam in amplexus ruit?	705
Stringatur ensis. merita supplicia exigat. En, impudicum crine contorto cupit Læva reflexi. justior nunquam fociis Datus tuis est sanguis, arcitenens Dea.	710
PH. Hippolyte, nunc me compotem voti facis. Sanas furentem. majus hoc voto meo est, Salvo ut pudore manibus immoriar tuis. HIPP. Abscede. vive. ne quid exores: & hic Contactus ensis deferat castum latus.	715
Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari? Non ipse toto magnus Oceano pater Tantum expiarit sceleris. o silvæ! o feræ!	720
NUTR. Deprensa culpa est. anime, quid fegnis stupes? Regeramus ipsi crimen, atque ultro impiam Venerem arguamus. scelere velandum est scelus.	720

the universe that subdue mankind by their insidious conquests! Oh! Crime greater than that committed by Pasiphaë, that monster-bearing mother! Worse art thou than that mother! She defiled herself with adultery only! and however the crime was hidden for a long time, the parturition proclaimed the shocking deed, in the two-formed being which revealed her infamy! And an ambiguous infant with, the horrible visage of a bull set the matter at rest! She bore thee in the same womb! Oh! thrice and four times blessed are those handed over to a more fortunate fate, whom the hatred and treachery of step-mothers have wounded, ruined and finally put out of the

world! Oh! my father! I envy thee even! This crime is worse than was that of such stepmothers as the Colchian Medea with the poisoned bowl! It is a greater calamity this one (for me) to be ensnared by the mysterious love of a stepmother!

PH. And I myself am not unacquainted with the destinies of our race—we always seek to gain what ought to be avoided; but although I am not powerful in myself, yet I will follow thee through fire, across the tempestuous sea, over rocks and rivers, which are converted into absolute torrents, with their impetuosity! Wherever thou wendest thy way, I shall be madly led on (by my love for thee) and be constantly at thy side! Oh! proud man thou, for the second time I turn towards thee and cling myself around thy knees!

HIPP. What is this? (retreating a little) Remove the contact of thy adulterous self from my chaste person! Let go! Why, she is actually embracing me! Let my sword quit its scabbard, it must exact condign punishment! (seizing Phædra) Look, with these curled locks which I am holding in my left hand, I have bent back thy adulterous head (Phædra shows an up-turned face) and never could blood have been offered at thy altars with greater justification, oh! quiver-bearing Diana! (This was also an epithet applied to Apollo.)

PH. Hippolytus, thou art now making me a participatrix in thy desires, thou art curing me of my madness, and thy act exceeds any previous wish of mine: it is this, that I should die by thy hands, with my chastity unsullied!

HIPP. Go away, live, ask for nothing at my hands, and this blade of mine after having been in contact merely with thy adulterous body, shall never more hang from my side, hitherto innocent of all in chastity! What Tanais (a river in Scythia) shall purge me of all this? or what marshy Mæotis stretching with its sluggish waters into the Euxine Sea? Nor even the great father himself of the entire ocean world (Neptune) could cleanse me from this foul contamination! Oh! for the forests then! Oh! for the wild beasts to fall back upon (as a means of my purification)!

NUR. This criminal plot of ours is completely seen through by Hippolytus! Why should I hesitate what to do? Oh! happy thought of mine! I must fasten the crime on Hippolytus and give out that he on his own accord, made

Tutiffimum est inferre, cum timeas, gradum. Aufæ priores simus, an passæ nefas, Secreta cum sit culpa, quis testis sciet?	
Adefte, Athenæ: fida famulorum manus, Fer opem: nefandi raptor Hippolytus stupri Instat, premitque. mortis intentat metum. Ferro pudicam terret. en, præceps abiit, Enfemque trepida liquit attonitus fuga.	725
Pignus tenemus sceleris. Hanc mœstam prius Recreate. crinis tractus, & laceræ comæ, Ut sunt, remaneant, facinoris tanti notæ. Referte in urbem. Recipe jam fensus, hera. Quid te ipsa lacerans omnium aspectum fugis?	730
Mens impudicam facere, non casus, folet.	735

CHORUS.

Precatur Chorus, ut bene cedat Hippolyto forma, quæ plerisque fuit exitio. Thefei reditum prospicit.

F UGIT insanæ similis procellæ, Ocior nubes glomerante Coro, Ocior cursum rapiente flamma, Stella cum ventis agitata longos Porrigit ignes.	740
Conferat tecum decus omne priscum Fama, miratrix senioris ævi: Pulchrior tanto tua forma lucet, Clarior quanto micat orbe pleno, Cum suos ignes coeunte cornu	745
Junxit, & curru properante pernox Exferit vultus rubicunda Phœbe; Nec tenent stellæ faciem minores. Qualis est primas referens tenebras Nuntius noctis, modo lotus undis	750
Hesperus, pulsis iterum tenebris Lucifer idem.	

the lustful advances and importuned Phædra with his unlawful love, and our crime must be glossed over by charging him with it—it is the safest plan we can act upon; whilst any apprehension has possession of us, we must take the initiative or we may be the sufferers for this crime ourselves! When the crime is more shrouded in secrecy who can possibly appear as a witness to what he has never seen? (the Nurse then cries out) Athenians, come hither, ye faithful band of servitors, help! help! This ravisher, Hippolytus, is intent on committing a most

revolting act of adultery on the Queen—he is urging his criminal suit, and actually threatens her with the fear of death—he is intimidating her to yield up her virtue, with this wicked sword! Look there, he is running away precipitately, and being somewhat taken aback at the Queen's determined resistance, has left his sword behind, in his hurried escape! We must preserve this sword as a memento of the crime! But first of all let us soothe this sad sufferer! (meaning Phædra) (Then addressing the Queen she says) Let thy locks hang down in a state of disorder, let them remain ruffled as they are, as positive indications of such a criminal outrage (on the part of the ravisher)—Go into the city, Mistress, and spread the report far and wide, and then thou canst collect thy faculties somewhat! Why shouldst thou be tearing away at thyself and avoid the gaze of every one? It is the consent to do evil that constitutes a woman's criminality, but not the mere accident of having been exposed to its danger!

CHORUS.

The Chorus prays that Beauty, which has been a source of destruction to many, should turn out favorably as regards Hippolytus. They look forward to the return of Theseus!

HIPPOLYTUS flies into the woods, with the velocity of the angry tempest, more rapidly than any north-west wind gathering together the clouds it meets with and driving them before it—more quickly than the flash pursuing its way, when a star disturbed by the storm, shoots forth its light along an extended tract! Reputation, that ardent admirer of the great and heroic who figured in bygone times, will compare their ancient deeds by the side of thine—for example, thy face will be lauded to the skies, as more beautiful than all others, in the same proportion as the moon shines more brightly in the plenitude of her brilliancy, than the minor sources of light (the stars) when blushing Phœbe approximates the two extremities of her luminous disc (in other words, when her cornua meet and she becomes the full moon) and when reclining in her hastening chariot she shows her bright visage the whole night through! nor can the minor stars at that time maintain their usual brilliance! Just like thy beauty, is the messenger of night (Hesperus) which ushers in the approaching period of darkness (night) quite lately refreshed by its near contact with the sea! (The ancients thought

Et tu thyrsifera Liber ab India, Intonsa juvenis perpetuum coma, Tigres pampinea cuspide territas, Ac mitra cohibens cornigerum caput, Non vinces rigidas Hippolyti comas. Nec vultus nimium suspicias tuos, Omnes per populos fabula distulit, Phædræ quem Bromio prætulit foror.	755
Anceps forma bonum mortalibus, Exigui donum breve temporis, Ut velox celeri pede laberis! Non sic prata novo vere decencia Æstatis calidæ despoliat vapor, Sævit solstitio cum medius dies, Et noctem brevibus præcipitat rotis; Languescunt folio lilia pallido. Et gratæ capiti deficiunt rosæ: Ut fulgor, teneris qui radiat genis, Memento rapitur! nullaque non dies Formosi spoliū corporis abstulit. Res est forma fugax, quis sapiens bono Confidat fragili? dum licet, utere. Tempus te tacitum subruet, horaque Semper præterita deterior subit. Quid deferta petis? tutior aviis Non est forma locis. te nemore abdito, Cum Titan medium constituit diem, Cinget turba licens, Naides improbæ, Formosos solitæ claudere fontibus: Et somnis facient insidias tuis Lascivæ nemorum Deæ, Montivagique Panes.	760
Aut te stellifero despiciens polo Sidus, post veteres Arcadas editum, Currus non poterit flectere candidos. Et nuper rubuit; nullaque lucidis Nubes fordior vultibus obstitit.	770
	775
	780
	785

that the stars and heavenly bodies derived nourishment from moistening influences) and by and bye, under the name of Lucifer, announces the arrival of bright day (the darkness being then driven away)—and thou, Bacchus, returned from thy Indian travels where thou taughtest the people to carry the thyrsus like thyself, thou, the youth, with his looks perpetually worn long, scaring the very tigers with thy spear bound around with vine leaves, and wearing a turban (the oriental headgear) on thy horn-bearing head, thou wilt never surpass the severe locks of Hippolytus, and for that reason, do not think too admiringly of thy own appearance! The story has gone

forth, amongst all the peoples, how the sister of Phædra took a fancy to Bacchus (Bromius was a surname of Bacchus). Beauty after all is a very questionable gift from the gods to us poor mortals, a gift which lasts only a short time! Oh! Beauty, how quickly thou passest away! With what rapid steps! Less rapidly, indeed, does the heats of a scorching summer burn up the meadows which looked—ah! so inviting at the coming of spring; not more easily either when the middle of the day grows oppressive with the sun right over our heads, and when night is shortened by the changing of the chariots—not more easily do the lilies fade with their color-forsaken leaves, nor are the scarce roses (wreaths) more welcome for the adornment of the heads of the wearers! How! beauty which brightens up and vivifies the tender cheek, is snatched from its possessor in a second! And there is not a single day of our lives, that does not filch away a portion of our ephemeral comeliness, of which, too, the body is so proud! Beauty is a fleeting possession. What wise man places any dependence on frail beauty only? while it does last, however, use it as an advantageous gift! The ravages of silent time will conquer thee, and each hour that slips along is followed by another, which perpetuates the process of decay! Why dost thou go in quest of deserted places? Beauty is not more secure against attack, because the places are lonely and inaccessible! If thou hidest thyself in a shady wood of the densest grove, for a mid-day snooze, when the sun has arrived at his Meridian (noon) some lascivious troop will spy thee out and surround thee with their emulating allurements—the saucy Naiades, who are accustomed to confine in their streams those who possess youth and beauty, and the lustful goddesses of the grove (the Dryades) will stealthily approach thee in thy slumbers and the mountain-roaming Fauni (Panes, from the God Pan) or some Luminary gazing at thee with admiration from out of the starry heavens (Phœbe as she admired Endymion) of newer origin than the ancient inhabitants of Arcadia, will err in guiding as usual her silver chariot, and then blush (in her modesty) at the cause of the interruption! For no dull cloud was it that interfered with her bright visage! But we are concerned at the sight of the dimmed luminary, and thinking that was to be traced to the Thessalian incantations and that the magicians had induced her to visit the Earth, we listened for the tinklings (the sounds produced by their brass cymbals)—thou wast the object that attracted her, and the cause of the chariot's delay. Whilst the goddess watches thee at night she slackens her rapid pace! Let the searching

At nos folliciti lumine turbido,	790
Tractam Theffalicis carminibus rati,	
Tinnitus dedimus. tu fueras labor,	
Et tu causa moræ. te Dea noctium	
Dum spectat, celeras sustinuit vias.	795
Vexent hanc faciem frigora parcius,	
Hæc solem facies rarius appetat,	
Lucebit Pario marmore clarius.	
Quam grata est facies torva viriliter,	
Et pondus veteris triste supercillii!	
Phœbo colla licet splendida compares:	800
Illum cæsaries, nefcica colligi	
Perfundens humeros, ornat & integit:	
Te frons hirta decet, te brevior coma	
Nulla lege jacens. tu licet asperos	
Pugnacesque Deos viribus arceas,	805
Et vasti spatio vincere corporis,	
Æquas Herculeos jam juvenis toros,	
Martis belligeri pectore latior.	
Si dorso libeat cornipedis vehi;	
Frenis Castorea mobilior manu	810
Spartanum poteris flectere Cyllaron.	
Amentum digitis tende prioribus,	
Et totis jaculum dirige viribus;	
Tam longe, dociles spicula figere,	
Non mittent gracilem Cretes arundinem.	815
Aut si tela modo spargere Parthico	
In cœlum placeat; nulla sine alite	
Descendent, tepido viscere condita:	
Prædam de mediis nubibus afferes.	
Raris forma viris (secula prospice)	820
Impunita fuit. te melior Deus	
Tutum prætereat, formaque nobilis	
Deformis senii moustret imaginem.	
Quid finat inaufum feminæ præceps furor?	
Nefanda juveni crimina infanti parat.	825
En scelera, quærit crine lacerato fidem.	
Decus omne turbat capitis. humectat genas.	
Instruitur omnis fraude feminea dolus.	
Sed iste quisnam est, regium in vultu decus	
Gerens, & alto vertice attollens caput?	830
Ut ora juveni paria Pirithoo gerit!	
Ni languido candore pallerent genæ,	
Staretque recta squallor incultus coma.	
En, ipse Theseus redditus terris adest.	

cold be more merciful to such a face, let that face avoid the sun's scorching rays as much as possible, and it will shine fairer than the whitest Parian marble—How pleasant to behold is thy stern face, with thy manly

bearing, and gravity and majesty of thy noble brow! we can really compare thy magnificent and stately neck with that of Apollo himself. Thy hair, which is never gathered up, but droops down gracefully over thy shoulders, which, whilst it adorns it, conceals in some measure the hairy visage, becomes thee, and thy locks shortened somewhat, hanging down carelessly and not interfered with by the hands of Art—it will be possible for thee to put to rout troublesome and fightable demi-gods with thy strength, and to overcome them with thy wonderful expanse of body; although quite a youth, thou art a match for a Hercules as regards muscles, and broader than the fighting God Mars about the chest, and if it pleased thee to mount the courser thou wouldst bring the Spartan Cyllarus (a horse given to Castor by Jupiter, and which Neptune had given to Jupiter) into better subjection and hold the bridle with a more masterful hand than Castor himself. Stretch the bow-string with thy strong fingers, and shoot forth the dart with all thy might, and the most skilful archers of Crete could not hurl the slender arrow, or throw the javelin, as far as thou couldst; or if it pleased thee to aim at any object in the sky, after the manner of the Parthians, thy arrow would impinge its mark and would not descend to the Earth minus the bird it had struck, the arrow indeed having searched out its warm entrails! They will bring thee a prize home some day from the midst of the clouds—beauty has been a harmless gift to very few men; however, we shall see later on—may a propitious deity pass thee over in that respect, and may thy noble appearance last thee unimpaired up to the threshold of old age! To what (unattempted ever before) deed will not the headlong passion of a frenzied woman lead her? Here a woman devises an abominable crime should be committed by an innocent youth—oh what shocking wickedness! she is raving now about his crime (as she calls it) and expects to be believed with her hair all dishevelled; she disturbs the arrangement of every ornamental appendage about her head and manages to deluge her false cheeks with tears! Every thing calculated to make good her story is brought into requisition by this woman's cunning! But hark! who is that coming with the look of unmistakable majesty about him, and poising his head with a lofty carriage! How much he bears the appearance of that companion of his youth, Pirithoüs! But his cheeks are pale with a sickly kind of whiteness (care-worn pallor), and he stands forth with his bristly hair and his entire person dirty and repulsive-looking from neglect! Behold! Theseus himself is here, returned to the Earth at last!

ACTUS TERTIUS.

THESEUS, NUTRIX.

Reversus ab inferis Theseus domestici luctus causam a nutrice
 obvia sciscitatur. illa se hoc tantum scire respondet,
 Phædræ necis consilium iniisse.

THES.	T ANDEM profugi noctis æternæ plagam, Vastoque manes carcere umbrantem polum. Ut vix cupitum sufferunt oculi diem! Jam quarta Eleusin dona Triptolemi fecat, Paremque toties Libra composuit diem; Ambiguus ut me fortis ignotæ labor Detinuit inter mortis & vitæ mala. Pars una vitæ mansit extincto mihi Sensus malorum. finis Alcides fuit. Qui cum revulsum Tartaro extraheret canem, Me quoque supernas pariter ad sedes tulit. Sed fessa virtus robore antiquo caret, Trepidantque gressus. heu, labor quantus fuit Phlegethonte ab imo petere longinquum æthera, Pariterque mortem fugere, & Alcidem sequi! Quis fremitus aures flebilis pepulit meas? Expromat aliquis. luctus, & lacrimæ, & dolor, In limine ipso mœsta lamentatio, Hospitia digna prorsus inferno hospite.	835
NUTR.	Tenet obstinatum Phædra consilium necis, Fletusque nostros spernit, ac morti imminet.	840
THES.	Quæ causa leti? reduce cur moritur viro?	845
NUTR.	Hæc ipsa letum causa maturum attulit.	850
THES.	Perplexæ magnum verba nescio quid tegunt. Effare aperte, quis gravet mentem dolor.	855

ACT III.

THESEUS—NURSE.

Theseus having returned from the infernal regions, seeks information of the nurse respecting the cause of all this domestic grief: she replies it would be best that he should be acquainted, with the fact that Phædra had been threatened with death by Hippolytus.

THESEUS.

I HAVE escaped at last from the regions of eternal night, and the sombre sky which enshrouds the Manes; with what difficulty my eyes tolerate the glare of that daylight which I have so long been wishing to behold: already Eleusis has yielded the four annual crops to Triptolemus (under the auspices of Ceres) and Libra the (Balance) has often made the day and night equal; and the anxious misgivings about my own uncertain fate have kept me speculating as to the alternate disadvantages of Life or Death (that is, which under my circumstances would have been the more acceptable). One part of my vitality, otherwise practically dead, was spared to me which was the suffering portion of that existence! Alcides became my deliverer from all these troubles, who when he had forced the gates of Hell and dragged Cerberus away from his post as tutelary genius, brought me with him to these regions above, but my shattered strength lacks its ancient vigor, and I tremble as I walk along. Ah! how great was the exertion required to reach this earthly sky, so far off as it is from the lowest depths of Phlegethon! flying at one and the same time from the death which had threatened me, and to keep pace with Hercules! (alluding to the length of ground covered by the strides of that hero). What lugubrious groaning is it, that assails my ears? some one! tell me quickly; all this bewailing, tears and grief—what is it all about? A weeping entertainment at one's very door-steps (threshold) is not altogether a welcome mode of reception to a guest only just arrived fresh from the Infernal regions.

NUR. Phædra adheres to her determined notion about dying, she spurns all my tearful apprehensions, and is bent upon death.

THES. What reason is there for death? Why should she be wishing to die, just as her husband has returned, too?

NUR. This cause for her seeking death, has made that death ripe for being carried into effect.

THES. I do not know what important thing it is, thy puzzling language conceals it from my comprehension—Speak out plainly! What great trouble oppresses the mind of my wife?

NUTR. Haud pandit ulli. mœsta secretum occulit, 860
 Statuitque secum ferre, quo moritur, malum.
 Jam perge, quæso, perge. properato est opus.
 THES. Referate clufos regii postes Iaris.

THESEUS, PHÆDRA, FAMULI.

Primum simulat Phædra mori se malle, quam vim sibi illatam revelare
 Theseo: cui deinde nutrici cruciatum minitanti ostendit gladium,
 quem Hippolytus abjectum reliquisset.

THES. **O** SOCIA thalami, ficcine adventum viti,
 Et expetiti conjugis vultum excipis? 865
 Quin ense viduas dexteram? atque animum mihi
 Restituis? & te quidquid e vita fugat
 Expromis? PH. Èheu, per tui sceptrum imperii,
 Magnanime Theseu, perque natorum indolem,
 Tuosque reditus, perque jam cineres meos, 870
 Permite mortem. THES. Causa quæ cogit mori?
 PH. Si causa leti dicitur, fructus perit.
 THES. Nemo istud alius, me quidem excepto, audiet.
 PH. Aures pudica conjugis solas timet.
 THES. Effare fido pectore arcana oculam. 875
 PH. Alium filere quod voles, primus file.
 THES. Leti facultas nulla continget tibi.
 PH. Mori volenti deesse mors nunquam potest.
 THES. Quod fit luendum morte delictum, indica.

NUR. She tells nobody—sad enough she hides her secret, and has resolved to keep up the grief, from which she is dying already, in her own secret bosom—Come now at once—I pray thee come, there is need for hasty action.

THES. Unlock the closed portals of the royal chamber.

THESEUS—PHÆDRA—SERVANTS.

Phædra first pretends that she would rather die than tell Theseus what violence had been offered to her, to whom, when he threatens to punish the nurse, she shows the sword which Hippolytus had left behind him when he fled.

THESEUS.

O H! partner of my nuptial couch, is this the way thou greetest the arrival of thy husband? and is this the countenance thou assumest on meeting that husband, after having been so long waiting for his return? But first of all, rid thy right hand of that sword, and open thy mind to me freely, and tell me, whatever it is, that causes thee to wish to die.

PH. Alas! Oh! noble Theseus by the sceptre with which thou rulest, by thy natural love towards thy offspring, the sons I have borne thee, and by my own body consumed after death (ashes) and by thy own joyous return, permit me to die!

THES. But what cause compels thee to die?

PH. If the reason for my desiring death is divulged, the advantage gained will be lost to me.

THES. No one else shall hear anything about it, except of course myself.

PH. A modest wife hesitates to confide some things even to the ears of a husband, although such husbands should be the sole recipients of what she would have to say.

THES. Speak; I will keep thy secret in my faithful breast.

PH. That another should be silent about what one does not wish to make known, the safe plan is to commence with silence oneself!

THES. No opportunity shall be allowed thee for courting death.

PH. Death can never be withheld from those desirous of attaining it.

THES. Tell me what is the crime thou desirest to be expiated by death?

PH. The crime is, that I should live!

THES. Will my tears not have any effect upon thee?

PH. Quod vivo. THES. Lacrimæ nonne te nostræ movent?	880
PH. Mors optima est perire lacrimandum fuis.	
THES. Silere pergit. verbere ac vinclis anus	
Altrixque prodet, quidquid hæc fari abnuvit.	
Vincite ferro. verberum vis extrahat	
Secreta mentis. PH. Ipsa jam labor, mane.	885
THES. Quidnam ora mœsta avertis, & lacrimas genis	
Subito coortas veste prætenta obtegis?	
PH. Te, te, creator cœlitum, testem invoco.	
Et te coruscum lucis ætheriæ jubar,	
Ex cujus ortu nostra dependet domus,	890
Tentata precibus restiti. ferro ac minis	
Non cessit animus: vim tamen corpus tulit.	
Labem hanc pudoris eluet noster cruor.	
THES. Quis, ede, nostri decoris everfor fuit?	
PH. Quem rere minime. THES. Quis sit, audire expeto.	895
PH. Hic dicet ensis, quem tumultu territus	
Liquit stuprator, civium accursum timens.	
THES. Quod facinus, beu me, cerno? quod monstrum intuor?	
Regale parvis asperum signis ebur,	
Capulo refulget gentis Actææ decus.	900
Sed ipse quonam evasit? PH. Hi trepidum fuga	
Videre famuli concitum celeri pede.	

THESEUS.

Agnito ense deceptus pater & iratus filio immerito exitium imprecatur.

P rō, sancta pietas! prō, gubernator poli,
 Et qui secundum stuctibus regnum moves,
 Unde ista venit generis infandi lues? 905
 Hunc Graja tellus aluit, an Taurus Scythes,

PH. The happiest kind of death is to die deservedly lamented by one's own kith and kin.

THES. If thou persistest in giving me no reply, that old woman and nurse of thine shall divulge what she knows and refuses to disclose, by the aid of stripes and chains; I will conquer her silence, if need be with the sword, but the force of stripes will surely draw forth the secrets which she is keeping back in her own mind!

PH. I myself will speak: be thou a little patient.

THES. Why dost thou turn away thy doleful face, and

hide with thy veil the tears that suddenly rise from those eyelids of thine.

PH. Oh thou creator of the immortal gods, I invoke thee as a witness, and thee, thou bright luminary (Phœbus) from whose extraction our race has sprung, I resisted the urgent attempts of the seducer, and withstood his entreaties, and my will did not give way to his threats or his sword, but my body suffered from his violence, and my blood alone can wash out that stain on my chastity.

THES. What? tell me quickly who was the outrager of our honor?

PH. The one thou wouldst suppose to be the least likely to have been so.

THES. Who may that be? I desire to hear forthwith.

PH. This sword will tell thee, which the would-be adulterer left behind him, when he was alarmed by the noise and feared the arrival of the crowd of neighbours.

THES. What wickedness! Alas! I now see it all! What monstrous thing am I now beholding? (And looking at the ivory handle, exclaims) This ivory indicates its royal ownership; it is rough to the touch from the ancestral devices carved on it, and the emblem (golden grass-hopper) of the Royal House of Athens shines brightly on the handle! But to what place has he escaped?

PH. These faithful servants saw him as he fled, scared, running away at a rapid pace.

THESEUS.

When Theseus recognizes the sword, he sees that he has been betrayed, and in his anger, prays for the destruction of his son.

OH! for that venerated piety that inculcates the filial duties of mankind! And Oh! the grand ruler of Heaven (Jupiter)—Oh! thou governor of the watery deep (Neptune) who rulest with thy waves the second kingdom of the universe, from what region has that offshoot of a wicked race, that personification of moral turpitude, sprung? Has the soil of Greece nourished his

Colchufve Phafis? redit ad auctores genus;
 Stirpemque primam degener fanguis refert.
 Eft prorfus ifte gentis armiferæ furor,
 Odiffe Veneris œdera, & caftum diu 910
 Vulgare populis corpus. o tetrum genus,
 Nullaque victum lege melioris foli!
 Feræ quoque ipfæ Veneris evitant nefas,
 Generifque leges infcius fervat pudor.
 Ubi vultus ille, & ficta majestas viri, 915
 Atque habitus horrens, præfica & antiqua appetens,
 Morumque fenium triftite, & afpectu grave?
 O vita fallax! abditos fenfus geris,
 Animifque pulchram turpibus faciem induis.
 Pudor impudentem celat, audacem quies, 920
 Pietas nefandum. vera fallaces probant,
 Simulantque molles dura. filvarum incola
 Ille efferatus, caftus, intactus, rudis,
 Mihi te refervas? a meo primum toro
 Et fcelere tanto placuit ordiri virum? 925
 Jam jam fuperno numini grates ago,
 Quod icta noftra cecidit Antiope manu:
 Quod non ad antra Stygia descendens tibi
 Matrem reliqui. profugus ignotas procul
 Percurre gentes. te licet terra ultimo 930
 Summota mundo dirimat Oceani plagis,
 Orbemque noftris pedibus obverfum colas;
 Licet in recessu penitus extremo abditus
 Horrifera celfi regna transferis poli;
 Hiemesque fupra pofitus & canas nives, 935
 Gelidi frementes liqueris Boreæ minas
 Pofit te furentes; fcleribus pœnas dabis.
 Profugum per omnes pertinax latebras premam.
 Longinqua, claufa, abftrufa, diverfa, iuvia
 Emetiemur. nullus obftabit locus. 940
 Scis, unde redeam. tela quo mitti haud queunt,
 Huc vota mittam genitor æquoreus dedit,
 Ut vota prono trina concipiam Deo,
 Et invocata munus hoc fanxit Styge.
 En, perage donum triftite, regnator freti. 945
 Non cernat ultra lucidum Hippolytus diem,
 Adeatque Manes juvenis iratos patri.
 Fer abominandam nunc opem nato parens.
 Nuuquam fupremum numinis munus tui

growth, or the Scythian Taurus, or the Colchian Phasis?
 He has fully confirmed his origin from his progenitrix
 Antiope, and his ignoble blood clearly throws back to his
 mother's ancestral stock! It quite amounts to a madness,
 with that armed race (the Amazons), to hold in absolute
 contempt any religious observance connected with Venus

(marriage), and after preserving their bodies chaste for a long time, to prostitute themselves with their subjects in the end? Oh savage race! ruled by no laws known to civilized nations! Why! the wild animals avoid unnatural amours (pair off according to their kind) and their sexual instincts unconsciously conform with the recognized laws appertaining to their species! Where is that man's hypocritical face, with his assumed gravity and repelling demeanour, always hankering after what was old-fangled and out of date, and with that austerity, forsooth, in his habits, painful to contemplate? Oh! the double-banked deceptiveness of human nature (life), thou wearest all thy real qualities under a mask, and with a handsome face thou colorest over a debased disposition; assumed modesty conceals bare-faced impudence, and with a quiet manner thou essayest to do the most audacious things, downright wickedness poses as devoted piety and so-called truths prove themselves naught but the most blatant fallacies! And a hard uncompromising nature assumes the disguise of smirking amiability! And does that wild young man of the woods, so chaste, so pure, so natural, keep back his real nature only for the purpose of disgracing me, his own father? Is this the way in which thou hast thought proper to induct thyself as a sample of manhood, with so great a crime, and commencing such practices, too, with thy father's nuptial bed? Over and over again, I return thanks to the deities above, that Antiope fell struck down by my right hand, and that when I made my descent to the river Styx, that I did not leave thy own mother near thee, lest thou mightest have violated her! As an exile mayst thou wander amongst unknown people—let some land at the extreme ends of the world serve to remove thee far away, to the countries bordering on the most distant ocean, where thou wilt inhabit the earth directly under our feet (the Antipodes); but although thou mayst penetrate the dreadful regions of the lofty pole (Arctic) and be hidden in the innermost and most secret part, in some far-off corner, and settled far above, where no such winters as ours exist with their hoar-frosts, when thou mayst have even left behind the howling storms of cold Boreas raging at thy back, thou shalt receive punishment for thy crime—I will follow thee in thy flight, to whatever hiding-place thou mayst be traced; with untiring perseverance I will travel to places however far off, places shut out from the approach of man, unsuspected spots! Every variety of place! Inaccessible regions! No locality shall stand in my way! Thou art aware from what regions I have just returned, an abode where I was utterly unable to launch my missiles! (his vows) I will make use of them

Confumeremus, magna ni premerent mala. 950
 Inter profunda Tartara, & Ditem horridum,
 Et imminentes regis inferni minas,
 Voto peperci. redde nunc pactam fidem,
 Genitor. moraris? cur adhuc undæ silent?
 Nunc atra ventis nubila impellentibus 955
 Subtete noctem; sidera & cælum eripe.
 Effunde pontum. vulgus æquoreum cie,
 Fluctusque ab ipso tumidus Oceano voca.

CHORUS.

Queritur Chorus, cum cæli ceterarumque rerum cursus certo
 regantur consilio, non tamen res humanas iuste ac
 recte cedere, cum bonis male sit, malis bene.

O MAGNA parens Natura Deum,
 Tuque igniferi rector Olympi, 960
 Qui sparsa cito sidera mundo
 Cursusque vagos rapis astrorum,
 Celerique polos cardine verfas,
 Cur tibi tanta est cura perennes
 Agitare vias ætheris alti? 965
 Ut nunc canæ frigora brumæ
 Nudent silvas; nunc arbutis
 Redeant umbræ; nunc æstivi
 Colla Leonis Cererem magno
 Fervore coquant; viresque suas 970
 Temperet annus? sed cur idem,
 Qui tanta regis, sub quo vasti
 Pondera mundi librata fuos
 Ducunt orbes, hominum nimium
 Securus abes; non sollicitus 975
 Prodesse bonis, nocuisse malis?
 Res humanas ordine nullo
 Fortuna regit, spargitque manu
 Munera cæca, pejora fovens.
 Vincit sanctos dira libido. 980
 Fraus sublimi regnat in aula.
 Tradere turpi faeces populus

here: my Oceanic sire has furnished me to this effect, that it was to ask for three wishes to be granted me, from that obliging god, and he sanctified those promises by calling the river Styx to witness! Behold! Oh thou ruler of the sea, grant this favor, sad though it is! That Hippolytus shall not see the light of day from henceforth,

and let the youth pass on to the shades below! however angry they may be towards a father that decrees it! As a parent, render at this juncture, as to a son, assistance although it is a hateful thing to think of! I have not exhausted the three wishes! I should never have availed myself of this remaining token of thy divine power, unless the direst calamity had constrained me to do so! When I was down in the depths of Tartarus and those dreadful realms of Pluto, and with the threats of that infernal king always hanging over me, I reserved this wish! Grant me now the performance of thy promise, Oh! my father! (Neptune, according to Plutarch, was the putative father of Theseus.) Why should there be any delay? Why should the waves be any longer silent? Overwhelm the night, from this moment, with hurricanes driving before them the blackest clouds—remove from all human sight the stars and the firmament itself! Lash into foam the terrible seas, call up the aquatic herd inhabiting those seas (the terrible sea-monsters) and summon all the angriest waves from out of the ocean itself!

CHORUS.

The Chorus complain, seeing that the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and other matters in nature are governed by certain fixed laws, that human affairs do not conform likewise to justice and order—why a hard fate awaits a good man, and a smooth lot is awarded to a bad one.

Oh! nature, thou powerful mother of the gods and thou ruler of starry Olympus, who maintainest within their appointed orbits the heavenly bodies scattered around the quickly-moving firmament, and controll'est the erratic course of the stars, and who regulatest (with mathematical certainty) the heavens in their rapid revolutions! Why dost thou take such care that they shall pursue their perennial paths, through the lofty sky with such unvarying exactness? How is it that at one time the nipping cold of the snowy winter denudes the forests of their foliaceous beauty, at another time that the umbrageous adornments should reappear on these (self-same) trees—at one time, that the heat of the summer (when the sun is in Leo) should burn up the standing corn with the excessive heat and that the ensuing autumn should moderate the force of its destructive temperature? But why is it that this same power which ordains the government of so many things, under whose will the huge

Gaudet; eisdem colit, atque odit.
 Triftis virtus perverfa tulit
 Præmia recti. caftos fequitur 985
 Mala paupertas: vitioque potens
 Regnat adulter.
 O vane pudor, falſumque decus!
 Sed quid citato nuntius portat gradu,
 Rigatque mœftis lugubrem vultum genis? 990

ACTUS QUARTUS.

NUNTIUS, THESEUS.

Narrat Theſeo nuntius, ut perierit Hippolytus difcerptus ab
 equis ſuis, quos terruerat taurus marinus a Neptuno
 ex Theſei voto immiſſus.

NUNTIUS. **O**SORS acerba & dura famulatus gravis,
 Cur me ad nefandos nuntium caſus vocas?
 THESEUS. Ne metue clades fortiter fari aſperas;
 Non imparatum pectus ærumnis gero.
 NUNTIUS. Vocem dolori lingua luctificam negat. 995
 THESEUS. Proloquerre, quæ ſors aggravat quaſſam domum.
 NUNTIUS. Hippolytus (heu me) flebili leto occubat.
 THESEUS. Natum parens obiſſe jam pridem ſcio.
 Nunc raptor obiit. mortis effare ordinem.
 NUNTIUS. Ut profugus urbem liquit infeſto gradu, 1000
 Celerem citatis paſſibus curſum explicans,
 Celſos ſonipedes ocus ſubigit jugo,
 Et ora frenis domita ſubſtrictis ligat.
 Tum multa ſecum effatus, & patrium ſolum

maſſes of matter are poſed around the vaſt world, and
 conduct their revolutions through ſpace, ſhould be ſo
 abſent as regards the ſecurity afforded to mankind, and
 allow them to regulate the movements of their orbits in
 a very uncertain faſhion? Not anxious to favor the good
 or puniſh the bad! Fortune rules human affairs by no
 defined ſystem, and diſpenses her bleſſings with blind
 careleſſneſs, and appears for the moſt part to lean towards
 the wicked! Cruel luſt overcomes the virtuous, wicked-
 neſs reigns triumphant in the lofty palace! The rabble
 delight in lavishing honors upon the unworthy—they praiſe
 and deſpise the ſame men at the ſame time, ſorrowful
 virtue receives only ſome inadequate reward as its
 recompence, and wretched poverty falls to the lot of the

chaste and virtuous, but the adulterer reigns still powerful with those very vices (which have placed him on his throne)! Oh empty mock-modesty! Oh! false virtue! But what is the news which the messenger is bringing, hastening hither with such rapid steps, and he appears to be copiously bedewing his lugubrious countenance too, from his sorrowful eyes!

ACT IV.

MESSENGER—THESEUS.

The Messenger reports to Theseus that Hippolytus has perished, having been torn to pieces, through his own horses, which a Marine Monster sent forth by Neptune in answer to the wish of Theseus, had frightened!

MESSENGER.

O H! the bitter and ungenial lot of domestic servitude. Why shouldst thou select me as the messenger of such a dreadful catastrophe?

THES. Do not hesitate, man, to speak of this dreadful catastrophe; tell me all about it. I possess a heart not unprepared, I assure thee, to listen now to any grievous tale.

MESS. My tongue restrains my speech, it is rendered incapable through grief and the mournful news I bring.

THES. Speak; what dire disaster now invades our troubled house?

MESS. Hippolytus, ah! me! has met with a horrible death!

THES. I the parent know already by thy manner, that my son has met with some sort of death. Now the ravisher has disappeared. Tell me, however, the way in which that death was brought about.

MESS. When Hippolytus as a fugitive with bewildered strides was leaving the city, he urged on his already quick retreat, at a hastened pace, but, mounting his chariot, he easily kept in hand the noble horses attached to that chariot, and with his tightened reins he held in check the trained mouths of the horses! Then he talked to himself about

Abominatus, sæpe genitorem ciet,	1005
Acerque habenis lora permiffis quatit:	
Cum fubito vaftum tumuit ex alto mare,	
Crevitque in aftra. nullus inſpirat ſalo	
Ventus. quieti nulla pars cœli ſtrepit,	
Placidumque pelagus propria tempeſtas agit.	1010
Non tantus Auſter Sicula diſturbat freta,	
Nec tam furenti pontus exfurgit ſinu	
Regnante Coro. faxa cum fluctu tremunt,	
Et cana ſummum ſpuma Leucatem ferit.	
Confurgit ingens pontus in vaſtum aggerem,	1015
Tumidumque monſtro pelagus in terram ruit.	
Nec iſta ratibus tanta conſtruitur lues:	
Terris minatur. fluctus haud curſu levi	
Provolvitur. neſcio quid oerato ſinu	
Gravis unda portat. quæ novum tellus caput	1020
Oſtendit aſtris? Cyclas exoritur nova.	
Latuere rupes, numen Epidaurii Dei,	
Et ſcelere petræ mobiles Scironides,	
Et quæ duobus terra comprimitur fetis.	
Hæc dum ſtupentes querimur, en totum mare	1025
Immugit. omnes undique ſcopuli adſtrepunt.	
Summum cacumen rorat expulſo ſale.	
Spumat, vomitque vicibus alternis aquas.	
Qualis per alta vehitur Oceani freta	
Fluctus refundens ore phyſeter capax	1030
Inhorruit concuſſus undarum globus,	
Solvitque feſe, & litori invexit malum	
Majus timore pontus in terras ruit,	
Suumque monſtrum ſequitur. os quaſſat tremor.	
THES. Quis habitus ille corporis vaſti fuit?	1035
NUNT. Cærulea taurus colla ſublumis gerens,	
Erexit altam fronte viridanti jubam.	
Stant hiſpidæ aures, cornibus varius color:	
Et quem feri dominator habuiſſet gregis,	
Et quem ſub undis natus. hinc flammam vomit;	1040

many things, and rather wildly, as I thought; he cursed his natal soil I know and often spoke of his father in the course of his ramblings; and eager to pursue his way, he yields the lax reins to the horses (gives them their head) so as not to restrain them, and gently smacks (shakes) his whip, which no sooner done, than quite on a sudden, a terrific wave, a perfect sea in itself, swells from the vast ocean, and rises, as it were, to the very stars, not a breath of wind though was there on the sea beyond, and not any part of the calm sky gave forth the slightest semblance of a sound! but the usual weather (serenity) prevailed, ever the placid sea! Never did a south wind, however fierce, disturb the Sicilian straits like this, and never

during the very height of a North-Western did the Ionian sea surge so furiously as this then! How the rocks, too, did tremble, to be sure! and the white foam, which rose, struck the summit of Leucate, the Acarnanian promontory; the huge sea then swelled itself to the size of an enormous mountain, and the mass of water which seemed to be puffed out with something or other marvellous, came with a grand rush upon the shore. Now, never was a visitation so severe as this, launched upon the crafts even whilst on the sea! No! this was evidently designed to terrify the land only! The waves rolled forwards then, one succeeding another, though not with equal force. I did not know, I could not guess, what the laboring water was bearing in its loaded bosom! or what new land was about to make its appearance for the stars to look down upon! Surely, I thought, some fresh Cyclas has arisen to swell the number of the Cyclades—all the rocks lay hidden from sight, the temple of the deity of Epidaurus and sacred to Æsculapius, and the noble rocks, the Scironides, famous on account of the crimes of Sciron, the celebrated thief of Attica, and also the straits which are inclosed by the two seas, were rendered invisible! And whilst utterly stupefied, I became alarmed at these phenomena, when behold! the entire sea gave forth a roaring sound, all the rocks around made a noise, the loftiest peak was moistened with the spray expelled from the sea; it foamed and vomited forth columns of water, first one and then the other, just as the huge whale is carried along the deep seas, pouring back the waves from its mouth! At length, this immense mass of water being shaken from within, breaks up, disperses itself and casts upon the shore a monster greater than any exaggerated fears of mine could form any conception of: the sea then rushes upon the shore, and follows its Monster, which it had just yielded up; the scare it gave me made me tremble from head to foot!

THES. What was the general appearance of this enormous body (monster) thou didst see?

MESS. Oh! it was like a tall bull, with a bluish neck, and it raised its immense mane around its green-tinted head, its shaggy ears stood out prominently, and the color varied on the horns (a sort of mixture) one of which reminded me of what the leader of the fierce herd has on his (the land Bull), the other color that which we see on the horns of the animal, a native of the sea, the sea-calf or marine bull. It then began to vomit flames, and its eyes shone like balls of fire, and its vast neck, remarkable for a certain blue line on it, supported its ponderous

Oculi hinc relucent. cœrula insignis nota Opima cervix arduos tollit toros: Naresque hiulcis haustibus patulæ fremunt. Musco tenaci pectus ac palear viret. Longum rubenti spargitur fuco latus.	1045
Tum pone tergus ultima in monstrum coit Facies, & ingens bellua immensam trahit Squammofa partem. talis extremo mari. Pistrix citatas forbet aut reddit rates. Tremuere terræ. fugit attonitum pecus Passim per agros; nec suos postor sequi Meminit juvencos. omnis e saltu fera Diffugit: omnis frigido exfanguis metu Venator horret. folus immunitu metu Hippolytus arctis continet frenis equos, Pavidosque notæ vocis hortatu ciet.	1050 1055
Est alta ad Argos collibus ruptis via, Vicina tangens spatia suppositi maris: Heic se illa moles acuit, atque iras parat. Ut cepit animos. seque prætentans fatis Proluit iræ, præpeti cursu evolat. Summam citato vix gradu tangens humum; Et torva currus ante trepidantes stetit. Contra feroci natus insurgens minax Vultu, nec ora mutat, & magnum intonat: Haud frangit animum vanus hic terror meum; Nam mihi paternus vincere est tauros labor. Inobsequentes protinus frenis equi Rapuere currum: jamque decerrantes via, Quacunque pavidos rapidus evexit furor.	1060 1065 1070
Hac ire pergunt, seque per scopulos agunt. At ille, qualis turbido rector mari Ratem retentat, ne det obliquum latus, Et arte fluctus fallit; haud aliter citos Currus gubernat: ora nunc pressis trahit Constricta frenis, terga nunc torto frequens Verbere coercet. sequitur assiduus comes Nunc æqua carpeus spatia, nunc contra obvis Oberrat, omni parti terrorem movens Non licuit ultra fugere. nam torvo obvis	1075 1080

frame, and its wide-spreading nostrils emitted a roaring sound as it drew in and out its gaping breath; its chest and dewlap were green with moss and other sea-weeds clinging about them, and its side was spotted here and there with reddish tints; then its lengthy form, posterior to its back, terminated like some marine monster, fish-like, and the huge scaly beast dragged along its immense structure, just like that enormous marine phenomenon, the pistrix, met with in the far-off Indian seas, and which-

swallows up whole entire ships and vomits them up again.

The earth trembled—the cattle, frightened, fled in all directions across the fields, nor was there a shepherd amongst them, who had the slightest thought of following the scattered herds—every wild animal started from the thickets and groves, which bordered on the shore—every hunter grew pale and was paralyzed with fear—was horror-stricken! Hippolytus, the only one in fact, was in no sort of fear, and he still kept firm control of the horses, with the well-handled reins and encouraged the timid animals with his well-known voice. There is a steep declivity on the road to Argos, amongst the broken hills, which leads down to the various spots that are close to the sea which lies at their feet, and here the monster seemed to be evincing considerable activity and prepared itself, as it were, to make up its angry mind. As if it had foreshadowed its plans to its satisfaction, it set to work to exert its rage, and it dashes forth at a rapid rate, scarcely touching the highest ground in its hurried advance, and with a savage glare, it stands before the trembling horses; on the other hand, though Hippolytus, rising up in a threatening attitude with a ferocious look, does not change his countenance into any thing suggestive of timidity, and thundered out in loud tones: "This empty terror does not daunt my courage, for is it not the task taught me by my father, that of taming bulls?"—Whereupon the horses, disregarding the reins showed symptoms of rebellion, taking entire charge of the chariot, and then wandering madly onwards in their precipitate course, wherever their terrified excitement carried them, scared as they were! They first go this way, then that, till at length they begin to scamper wildly amongst the rocks, but like the skilful pilot who keeps his craft head to wind in a tempestuous sea, and avoids steering it broadside on to the surging advances of that sea, and thus with skilful seamanship baffles the force of the waves, not otherwise does Hippolytus strive to guide the flying horses; at one time he pulls at their mouths with tightened reins, and at another time he turns the whips towards their backs to accelerate their speed! His companion, the Monster, however, pertinaciously follows him up, one time at an equal pace, side by side, at another time it veers round and faces him in front, and striking unspeakable terror from every direction. It does not suit him (Hippolytus) to proceed too far ahead, for this horrible horn-bearing monster of the sea comes on with his savage aspect right in front of the horses! But at last the endurance of the horses is completely broken down through their fears; they then break through all control

Incurrit ore corniger ponti horridus. Tum vero pavida sonipedes mente exciti Imperia solvunt, seque luctantur jugo Eripere, rectique in pedes jactant onus.	1085
Præceps in ora fufus implicuit cadens Laqueo tenaci corpus: & quanto magis Pugnat, fequaces hoc magis nodos ligat. Senfère pecudes facinus, & curru levi, Dominante nullo, qua timor juffit, ruunt.	1090
Talis per auras non fuum agnofcens onus, Solique falfo creditum indiguans diem, Phaethonta currus devio excuffit polo. Late cruentat arva, & illifum caput Scopulis refultat. auferunt dum comas: Et ora durus pulchra populatur lapis:	1095
Peritque multo vulnere infelix decor. Moribunda celeres membra provolvunt rotæ. Tandemque raptum truncus ambufta fude Medium per inguen ftipite erecto tener; Paulumque domino currus affixo ftefit.	1100
Hæferc bijuges vulnere, & pariter moram Dominumque rumpunt. inde femianimem fecant Virgulta. acutis afperi vepres rubis, Omnifque truncus corporis partem tulit. Errant per agros funebris, famuli, manus,	1105
Per illa, qua diftractus Hippolytus, loca Longum cruenta tramitem fignat nota: Mæftæque domini membra veftigant canes. Necdum dolentum fedulus potuit labor Explere corpus. hoccine eft formæ decus?	1110
Qui modo paterni clarus imperii comes, Et certus hæres, fiderum fulfit modo, Paffim ad fupremos il'e colligitur rogos, Et funeri confertur. THES. O, nimium potens, Quanto parentes fanguinis vinclo tenes	1115
Natura! quam te colimus inviti quoque! Occidere volui noxium; amiffum fleo. NUNT. Haud quifquam honefte flere, quod voluit, poteft. THES. Equidem malorum maximum hunc cumulum reor,	

whatever, and struggle to escape from their yoke, and rearing themselves on their hind-legs, they jolt the chariot, and Hippolytus falling upon his face, becomes entangled by the reins, which, however, he still holds tenaciously, and the more he fights to retain his hold, the more and more does he tighten the reins about himself. The poor horses seem to have recognized the disaster, and with the chariot lightened and no driver left to guide them, in the same way that the horses of the sun, as they sped through space, perceived that they had not their usual load Phœbus,

and angry that the day was given up to a substituted Phœbus, dragged Phaëthon through a devious track! (Jupiter, perceiving the danger, struck Phaëthon with one of his thunderbolts.) The blood of Hippolytus is scattered over the fields far and wide, and his head bounds back as it strikes on the rocks, and the shrubs through which he is dragged catch up portions of his locks, and the cruel rocks rend in pieces his once beautiful countenance, and that beauty, which was his ruin, disappears with many wounds! Meanwhile, the rapidly revolving wheels roll onwards with his lifeless limbs, but at length a stake rising from the trunk of a blasted tree catches him in the middle and holds back the body, the stake being upright and piercing him in the groin; the horses stand for a second with the driver thus impaled, and when they feel themselves kept back on account of the wound that had transfixed Hippolytus, they break through all further delay, and drag their driver along, and the thickets subdivided his body as he is drawn through them, the sharp briars, and the prickly brambles, and every tree and trunk appropriating some portion of his mangled remains! Every one mourning his death—the servants and laborers scrutinize the tedious path along the various spots where Hippolytus was torn to pieces, indicated by the marks of his blood, and the sad dogs, too, on the alert with their powers of scent, trace the remains of their master, nor as yet does the pressing search of the mourners, succeed in discovering the body. Is there nothing remaining of the beauty that once was? He who till lately, was the bright sharer of his father's glory, and the direct heir to the kingdom: quite recently he shone with the refulgence of a star, but now, from all sides, he is gathered up piece by piece for the funeral pile, and is now only brought forward to receive the honors shown to the dead!

THES. Oh! nature! the powerful instincts thou inculcatest with what firm a hold thou causest a parent to cherish the ties of blood! Alas! how unwillingly we regard thy decrees! For example, I willed to kill Hippolytus, because his life was hateful to me, and now I have lost him I moan for the bereavement.

MESS. No man can consistently bewail what he has himself desired to bring about.

THES. Indeed I cannot help thinking that this climax now arrived at, is greater than all the evils which have happened before! although some accident does not bring

Si abominanda casus optata efficit. 1120
 NUNT. Et si odia fervas, cur madent fletu genæ?
 THES. Quod iuteremi, non quod amifi, fleo.

CHORUS.

Sublimis fortunæ instabilitatem & pericula, humilis securitatem
 cauit, Hippolyti mortem deflet.

QUANTI casus humana rotant!
 Minor in parvis Fortuna furit,
 Leviusque ferit leviora Deus. 1125
 Servat placidos obscura quies;
 Præbetque fenes cafa securos.
 Admota ætheriis culmina sedibus
 Euros excipiunt, excipiunt Notos,
 Infani Boreæ minas, 1130
 Imbriferumque Corum.
 Humida vallis raros patitur
 Fulminis ictus. tremuit telo
 Jovis altifoni Caucasus ingens,
 Phrygiumque nemus matris Cybeles. 1135
 Metuens cœlo Juppiter alto
 Vicina petit. non capit unquam
 Magnos motus humilis tecti
 Plebeja domus.
 Circa regna tonat. 1140
 Volat ambiguus
 Mobilis alis hora; nec ulli
 Præstat velox Fortuna fidem.
 Qui clara videt fidera muudi,
 Nitidumque diem nocte relicta, 1145
 Luget moestos tristis reditus;
 Ipsoque magis flebile Averno.
 Sedis patriæ videt hospitium.
 Pallas Actææ veneranda genti,
 Quod tuus cœlum superosque Thefeus 1150
 Spectat, & fugit Stygias paludes,
 Casta nil debes patruo rapaci:
 Constat inferno numerus tyranno.
 Quæ vox ab altis flebilis tectis sonat?
 Strictoque vecors Phædra quid ferro parat? 1155

about the detestable events one has previously been wishing for. (If any accident should make one repent one's simply detestable wishes being fulfilled!)

MESS. And if thou still nursest thy hatred, why do thy eyelids moisten with thy weeping?

THES. I weep for what I killed, not for what I have got rid of!

CHORUS.

(How worthy of nature are the vicissitudes which befall humanity, and which fickle fortune rotates in her capricious wheel,) how she relaxes the sternness of her decrees towards her humbler recipients and how a propitious Deity deals more lightly with those less capable of putting up with her fickleness! An obscure retreat suits the contented, and a humble cottage affords old age ample protection. The sharp East wind makes a target of the roofs of structures run up to æthereal altitudes, the South Wind visits them with its full force, and they are in addition, as fully exposed to the angry storms of rude Boreas, and the rains likewise which the North-West beats against them! The watered valley suffers but little from the lightning flashes, with which it is so rarely visited, whilst Caucasus trembles again with the thunderbolts of Jupiter sounding from above, and the Phrygian summits once the abode of the goddess Cybele—Jupiter is jealous of pretentious buildings mounting up to the skies, and he singles them out for the maximum of his severity, as they audaciously seek to approach his own kingdom! (The skies). The homestead of the humble citizen, on the other hand, seldom finds his modest proportions invaded by aerial disturbances! No! the real tangible thunders hover over kingdoms and palaces! The fleeting hour flies onwards with its uncertain wings, that is, we are uncertain as to the direction those wings are taking, nor does Fortune, as she is hurrying forwards, ensure anyone especial protection! He, for example, Theseus, when he first beheld the bright stars of the upper world, and the smiling light of day, when he emerged from the realms of darkness, in a croaking spirit, bewails his unlucky return, and the hospitable surroundings of his paternal palace appear less inviting than the kingdom of Pluto itself! Oh! thou chaste Minerva, tutelary goddess of the Athenian race, when thy protégé, Theseus, again beheld the heavens, and the upper earth, from the places which he had just quitted, and when he escaped from the Stygian lakes, thou oh! goddess! owest nothing to that greedy uncle now, for he has faithfully recruited his ranks in the infernal regions! Hippolytus has gone to take the place of Theseus! Hark! What is that plaintive voice resounding from the depths of the Palace, and what is Phædra in her madness getting ready to do with that drawn sword?

ACTUS QUINTUS.

THESEUS, PHÆDRA.

Phædra Hippolyti innocentiam, suas calumnias revelat: ipsaque
sua se manu occidit. pater non sine luctu filio iusta
perfolvit, novercæ negat.

THESEUS. **Q**UIS te dolore percitam instigat furor?
Quid ensis iste? quidve vociferatio,
Planctusque supra corpus invisum volunt?
PH. Me, me, profundi sæve dominator freti,
Invade, & in me monstra cærulei maris
Emitte: quidquid intimo Tethys sinu
Extrema gestat, quidquid Oceanus vagis
Complexus undis ultimo fluctu tegit.
O dire Theseu semper, o nunquam ad tuos
Tuto reverse! natus & genitor nece
Reditus tuos luere. pervertis domum,
Amore semper conjugum aut odio nocens.
Hippolyte, tales intuo vultus tuos?
Talesque feci? membra quis sævus Sinis,
Aut quis Procrustes sparit? aut quis Cressius
Dædalea vasto claustra mugitu replens,
Taurus biformis, ore conigero ferrox,
Divulsit? heu me! quo tuus fugit decor,
Oculique, nostrum sidus? exanimis jaces?
Ades parumper, verbaque exaudi mea.
Nil turpe loquimur. hac manu pœnas tibi
Solvam, & nefando pectori ferrum inferam,
Animaque Phædræ pariter ac scelere exuam;
Et te per undas, perque Tartareos lacus,
Per Styga, per amnes igneos amens sequar.
Placemus umbras. capitis exuvias cape,
Laceræque frontis accipe abscissam comam.
Non licuit animos jungere. at certe licet
Junxisse fata. morere, si casta es, viro;
Si incesta, amori. conjugis thalamos petam
Tanto impiatos faciorem? hoc deerat nefas,
Ut vindicato sancto fruereris toro?

ACT V.

THESEUS—PHÆDRA.

Phædra reveals the innocence of Hippolytus and retracts her calumnious accusations—she then dies by her own hand. The father, Theseus, not without great grief, performs the funeral obsequies for his son, but denies them to the stepmother (Phædra).

THESEUS.

WHAT transport of wild passion excites thee now already smitten as thou art with grief? What is the meaning of that sword? Or what, this flow of words? what makes thee so desirous of wailing over a body that was such an object of hatred to thee?

PH. Attack me, me! Oh! thou cruel ruler of the deep Sea (Neptune), and cast up before me some monster out of the blue ocean, or whatever the far extremities of Tethys (the sea) conceals in its lowermost depths—what the Ocean contains in its wandering waters, and covers with its distant waves! Oh! Theseus! always cruel! now that thou hast safely returned, but not with safety to thy own kindred, thou upsettest the tranquillity of Home! Always criminal, whether thou art so from the love of thy wives or thy hatred of them! Thy son and a father (Ægeus) have met with death at the price of thy return! Oh Hippolytus! do I behold thy beautiful features brought to this wretched pass? And I have made them what they are now! What savage Sinis (a celebrated robber who used to mangle his victims) or what Procrustes has scattered thy body in this manner? or what Cretan bi-formed bull filling with its loud roarings the Dædalean den (Labyrinth) and fierce with its horn-bearing visage has torn thee thus? Ah! me! where has thy beauty gone, and those eyes once my stars? and there thou art, a miserable corpse! Oh! may thy spirit come hither for a little while, and hearken to what I have to say! I will speak of naught that will be unworthy for thee to hear—I will suffer the punishment due to me, at my own hands! and with this sword will I pierce my criminal breast, and I will do away with Phædra as she was, with her life as well as her offence! And as a demented spirit will I follow thee over every sea, over the lakes of Tartarus, and over the fiery waves of Phlegethon! I wish to appease thy Manes, let me remove all vain adornments from my head, and let me have my locks cut away from where they now are—it was not our lot to be joined in life, and surely, the fates will not interdict our union (lying at one time) by death! Let me die, if I am chaste, for a husband! If I am unchaste! in satisfaction for my illicit amour! Shall I seek the nuptial couch polluted with this enormous crime of mine? Thanks to the deity, this crime has not been arrived at! Oh! but how as a virtuous wife should I have rejoiced to rejoin that couch when I had only vindicated its honor? Oh! Death! thou art the only sedative, for the consequences of this wicked passion! Oh! death, thou art the only

O mors amoris una sedamen mali,
 O mors pudoris maximum læsi decus,
 Confugimus ad te: pande placatos sinus, 1190
 Audite, Athenæ: tuque funesta pater
 Pejor noverca: falsa memoravi; & nefas,
 Quod ipsa demens pectore infano hauseram,
 Mentita finxi. vana punisti pater;
 Juvenisque castus crimine incestæ jacet, 1195
 Pudicus, infons. recipe jam mores tuos;
 Mucrone pectus impium justo patet,
 Cruorque sancto solvit inferias viro.
 Quid facere raptò debeas nato parens,
 Difce ex noverca: condere Acherontis plagis. 1200

THESEUS, CHORUS.

THES. **P**ALLIDI fauces Averni, vosque Tænarei specus,
 Unda miseris grata Lethes, vosque torpentes lacus,
 Impium rapite, atque mersum premite perpetuis malis.
 Nunc adeste sæva ponti moustra, nunc vastum mare,
 Ultimo quodcumque Proteus æquorum abscondit sinu, 1205
 Meque ovantem scelere tanto rapite in altos gurgites.
 Tuque semper, genitor, iræ facilis assensor meæ,
 Morte facili dignus haud sum, qui nova natum necē
 Segregem sparisi per agros: quique, dum falsum nefas
 Exsequor vindex severus, incidi in verum scelus 1210
 Sidera & manes, & undas scelere complevi meo.
 Amplius fors nulla restat; regna me norunt tria.

chief tribute to atone for tainted chastity! Let me come to thee, open thy calm bosom to receive me! Listen! oh! Athens! and thou also, the father who hast been more to blame perhaps than the wicked stepmother (for listening so credulously to a stepmother's charges), I have represented things falsely, and I have painted in an untrue light, the crime which, mad as I was, I have hidden in my own demented bosom! Thou, the father, hast punished Hippolytus for that with which I accused him falsely, and the virtuous boy lies there under the charge of in chastity! an attempt of incest with myself! Oh! pure guileless boy, accept this just proclamation of thy innocencel and my impious bosom will now make ready to receive the sword of justice, and my blood shall serve as a death-sacrifice to the Infernal Gods! and thou, the father, learn from a stepmother what thou art bound to do for the son that has been snatched away, attend thou to the becoming obsequies; and as for myself let me be hidden away in the streams of Acheron!

THESEUS—CHORUS.

THESEUS.

OH! the pallor-evoking approaches of Avernus! Oh! the caves of Tænarus! Oh! the oblivion-inducing streams of Lethe, so soothing to the miserable. And, oh ye stagnant lakes, snatch away an impious wretch like myself, and retain me submerged for my ever-recurring crimes! Now come forth, thou savage monster of the deep!—Now approach me, thou vast overwhelming sea!—Now may Proteus, who attends the sea-cows and other terrible inhabitants of the ocean, come to my aid with whatever is dreadful, and which thou concealest down in the lowest recesses of the deep waters, and hurry me off, just now only exulting over the great crime I had committed, into the deepest gulf, and thou, Oh! Father! (Neptune) always the ready instrument for carrying out my angry desires. I am not deserving of an easy death who have been the means of scattering my son in divided portions ever the land, in fact, by quite a novel form of death! And while I, as a cruel avenger, have been dealing out punishment for a crime which has never been committed, I have fallen into the commission of a real crime myself! I have now filled up with my criminal exploits, the heavens, the infernal regions, and the seas! Nothing more is left for me! the three kingdoms of the universe have been visited with my iniquities! I now return to this kingdom. And the way back to the sky has been laid open to me, for as much as through my own agencies, I should witness two deplorable deaths, and a double funeral in consequence, and because as a bereaved, lonely celibate, I should light with one torch the funeral pile! and burn a wife and son at the same time! Oh! Alcides! who gave me back the light which was painful to behold, restore me as a present to Pluto, restore to him the Manes which thou rescuedst from his power; wicked as I am I pray for that condition of death, which I left behind when I quitted Avernus! And having myself, as the cruel contriver of death, invented unheard of, terrible modes of destruction for others (meaning the death of Hippolytus). For that reason let me inflict upon myself some just punishment!—Let the apex of some pine forced downwards towards the ground cleave me in twain, as the tree bounds back with me to the skies in resuming its former position! Or, shall I be hurled headlong over the Scironian rocks? I have seen terrible things in my time, what the cruel Phlegethon provides for those who are imprisoned therein, surrounding the criminal Manes with flaming

In hoc redimus? pafuit ad cœlum via, Bina ut viderem funera, & geminam necem?	
Cœlebs & orbus, funebres una face	1215
Ut concremarem prolis ac thalami rogos?	
Donator atræ lucis, Alcide, tuum.	
Diti remitte munus. ereptos mihi	
Reftitue manes, impius fruſtra invoco	
Mortem relictam. crudus, & leti artifex,	1220
Exitia machinatus inſolita, eſſera,	
Nunc tibimet ipſe juſta ſupplicia irroga.	
Pinus coacto vertice attingens humum	
Cœlo remiſſum findat in geminas trabes,	
Mittarve præceps faxa per Scironia.	1225
Graviora vidi, quæ pati cluſos jubet	
Phlegethon, nocentes igneo cingens vado.	
Quæ pœna maneat memet & fedes, fcio.	
Umbræ nocentes cedite, & cervicibus	
His, his repoſitum degravet feſſas manus	1230
Saxum, ſeni perennis Æolio labor.	
Me ludat amnis ora vicina alluens.	
Vultur relicto tranſvolet Tityo ferus,	
Meumque pœnæ ſemper accreſcat jecur.	
Et tu mei requieſce Pirithoi pater.	1235
Hæc incitatis membra turbiniſus ferat	
Nuſquam reſiſtens orbe revoluto rota.	
Dehiſce, tellus; recipe me, dirum chaos,	
Recipe: hæc ad umbras juſtior nobis via eſt.	
Natum ſequor, ne metue, qui manes regis;	1240
Caſti venimus, recipe me æterna domo	
Non exiturum. non movent Divos preces:	
At ſi rogarem ſcelera, quam proni forent!	
CHOR. Theſeu, querelis tempus æternum manet.	
Nunc juſta nato ſolve, & abſconde ocius	1245
Diſperſa ſcœde membra lauiatu effero	
THES. Huc, huc reliquias vehite cari corporis,	
Pondusque, & artus temere congeſtos date.	
Hippolytus hic eſt? crimen agnoſco meum.	
Ego te peremi. neu nocens tantum femel	1250
Soluſve fierem, facinus auſurus pareus,	
Patrem advocavi. munere en patrio fruor.	
O triſte fractis orbitas annis malum!	
Complectere artus, quodque de nato eſt ſuper,	
Miferande mœſto pectore incumbens ſove.	1255
Diſjecta genitor membra laceri corporis	
In ordinem diſpone, & errantes loco.	

streams. I am perfectly aware what punishment awaits me, and still more the punishment which I am, at the present, undergoing! Oh! ye criminal Manes, act a friendly part towards me, let the endless labor now being performed by that miserable old man the son of Æolus (Sisyphus)

—let the rock which presses so heavily upon his weary hands be placed on these shoulders of mine, or let the river Eridanus, bringing its streams close to my mouth, disappoint me in my thirsting eagerness to partake of them (as they are now doing with Tantalus) or let the wild vulture, which only leaves Tityus alone, to fly back again to him, and that my liver may be made to grow, like his, as a punishment, and to furnish a perpetual repast to the birds of prey! Or, thou Ixion, the father of my dear friend Pirithous, rest from thy labors in my behalf, and let that wheel, which never ceases from its eternal revolutions, receive these limbs of mine to be whirled round by its rapid movements! Open, Oh! Earth, receive me. Oh! terrible Chaos, receive me, I pray, this is the only way to the shades, that can do any sort of justice to a case like mine. I am following my son, and be in no alarm, Oh! Pluto! who governest the infernal kingdom! I shall come, this time, in a chaster frame of mind, and not as before, to carry off Proserpine, accompanied by Pirithous,—when I do come receive me for ever in thy eternal home and never to come out again! I find that prayers do not move the Gods! But if I were to ask them to assist my criminal doings how ready they are then!

CHOR. Oh! Theseus! What an eternity of time is taken up with thy own troubles! Now is the time to do what is right and just towards a son (a proper funeral) and to hide away without delay the scattered remains which have been so shamefully mangled!

THES. Here, attendants, convey me hither the remains of the dear corpse—Here (pointing to the disfigured trunk) is a mass of bodily substance having no defined form; hand me the different portions, which are so carelessly gathered together. (exclaiming) Here then is Hyppolytus! Oh! I acknowledge my odious crime I have killed thee, my son, nor indeed am I the only criminal agent! It is Neptune that dared to carry out this deed to its bitter end! I appealed to that father, I am now in the possession of a father's gift! Oh! cruel fate. Oh! my sad childlessness, thou snatchest away my son, when my life is already borne down by age and troubles! Let me embrace, at all events, the torn limbs, and whatever else there is left of my son—let me press it to my sad bosom and cherish it! Oh! unhappy father that I am! but as a father, let me place in order (in a row) the torn particles of my son's mangled body, and arrange the disjointed fragments where they should go! Ah! Here! this is the part for the

Restitue partes. fortis heic dextræ locus; Heic læva frenis docta moderandis manus Ponenda. lævi lateris agnosco notas.	1260
Quam magna lacrimis pars adhuc nostris abest? Durate trepidæ lugubri officio manus, Fletusque largos sistite arentes genæ, Dum membra nato genitor annumerat fuo, Corpusque fingit. hoc quid est forma carens,	1265
Et turpe multo vulnere abruptum undique? Quæ pars tui sit dubito, sed pars est tui. Heic, heic repone; non fuo, at vacuo loco. Hæcne illa facies igne sidereo nitens. Inimica flectens lumina? huc cecidit decor?	1270
O dira fata! numinum o fævus favor! Sic ad parentem natus ex voto redit? En hæc suprema dona genitoris cape, Sæpè efferendus. interim hæc ignes ferant. Patefacite acerba cæde funestam donum,	1275
Mopsopia claris tota lamentis fonet. Vos apparate regii flammam rogi: At vos per agros corporis partes vagas. Anquirite. istam terra defossam premat, Gravisque tellus impio capiti incubet.	1280

left hand to be put, that left hand so skilful in guiding those fatal reins! I know those marks on the left side; but how great a part of his body, alas! is as yet not forthcoming to receive my condolence! Oh! my tremulous hands, let me brace up my nerves to perform this tristful duty. Let my eyelids restrain their tears, and control my inordinate weeping. (Whilst Theseus is counting and endeavouring to map out something in the shape of a body he soliloquises)—What is that which is wanted to complete the formation, as it is mutilated in every part and hideous to behold from the multitude of wounds, (taking up a piece) I am in doubt, to what part this belongs, but it is a part of thee I am sure! Here! Here! let me put it aside, not in its own place, perhaps, but to fill up some vacancy! Here, though, is that face of his, with an aspect like a fiery star, his eyes reflecting an angry expression (towards the stepmother) thus! thus! has beauty fallen! Oh! cruel fate! Oh! maleficent favors from the willing Neptune! And does he return thus, a son to his father, as a satisfaction for the third vow! Oh! my son! receive these last offices of a father (at least for all we have discovered of thee), thou wilt have to receive several obsequies yet! in the meantime, the flames (the funeral pile) shall receive these! Let me now set open the palace rendered so mournful through this frightful

slaughter, and let all Athens resound with loud lamentation! (Addressing the Servants) Prepare the fire for a royal funeral pile! And look well, all of you, for any stray remains round about the fields! (Pointing to the body of Phædra) Cover that body up in a hole dug in the ground, and let the rank soil rest heavily upon her impious head!



Œ D I P U S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ŒDIPUS.	MANTO.
JOCASTA.	SENEX.
CREON.	PHORBAS.
CHORUS THEBANORUM.	NUNTIUS.
TIRESIAS.	

ARGUMENTUM.

GRASSANTE THEBIS dira pestilentia mittitur Delphos Creon consulturus Apollinem. refert, expiendam Laji necem interfectoris exilio. qui cum ignoraretur, Tiresias, frustra extispicia aggressus, per necromantiam Laji umbra evocata intelligit, ipsum esse regem Œdipum. Negat primum ille, sed postea disquirens invenit, se filium esse Laji, quem interfecerat, & Jocastæ, quam uxorem duxerat. Effossis itaque præ pudore atque ira oculis in exilium abit. & Jocasta se gladio confodit.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

ŒDIPUS, JOCASTA.

Œdipus de pestilentia sævitia conqueritur.

ŒD.	JAM nocte Titan dubius expulsa redit, Et læstum squallida exoritur jubar, Et læstæque flamma triste luctifica gerens Prospiciet avida peste solatas domos, Stragemque, quam nox fecit, ostendet dies.	5
	Quisquamne regno gaudet? o fallax bonum, Quantum malorum fronte quam blanda tegis! Ut alta ventos semper excipiunt juga; Rupemque faxis vasta dirimentem freta, Quamvis quieti, verberant fluctus maris:	10
	Impetia fix excelsa Fortunæ objacent. Quam bene parentis scepra Polybi fugeram, Curis solutus, exful, intrepidus, vagans! Cælum Deosque testor, in regnum incidi.	15
	Infanda timeo, ne mea genitor manu Perimatur. hoc me Delphicæ laurus monent, Aliudque nobis majus indicunt scelus. Est majus aliquod patre læstato nefas? Prô, misera pietas! eloqui fatum pudet.	20
	Thalamos parentis Phœbus & diros toros Nato minatur, impia incestos face. Hic me paternis expulit regnis timor. Non ego penates profugus excessi meos. Parum ipse fideus mihimet in tuto tua, Natura, posui jura. cum magna horreas,	25

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ŒDIPUS.		MANTO.
JOCASTA.		OLD MAN.
CREON.		PHORBAS.
CHORUS of THEBANS.		MESSENGER.
TIRESIAS.		

ARGUMENT.

A DREADFUL pestilence attacking Thebes, Creon is sent to Delphi to consult Apollo, who tells him that the death of Laius must be expiated by the exile of the murderer, who was not known at that time. Tiresias tried the Soothsayers without success, but by the aid of Necromancy, the Ghost of Laius being summoned, he is informed that it was Œdipus who killed Laius. Œdipus denies this at first, but making diligent inquiries, subsequently, discovers that he was the son of Laius whom he had slain, and that it was Jocasta whom he had married. Thereupon, in very shame and remorse, having put out his own eyes, he goes away into exile, and Jocasta stabs herself with a sword.

ACT I.

Œdipus complains of the cruelty of the Pestilence.

ŒDIPUS—JOCASTA.

PHŒBUS, in a hesitating mood, is now returning again, the night having been banished, and his fretful beams appear through the gloomy clouds, and shedding a dull light from his mournful rays: he can now look down on the homesteads rendered tenantless by this ravaging pestilence, and his dull daylight, even, will suffice to show the havoc, which the preceding night has brought about, revealing the mortal remains of those who have perished from the pestilence! Let not any one rejoice in the possession of a Kingdom! Oh! uncertain enjoyment! How many are the drawbacks which thou concealst under so plausible an exterior! As the mountains always receive the full force of the winds, and the waves of the sea, although becalmed, still beat languidly against the jutting headland with its low-lying rocks, which merely serve to divert the vast sea, as it approaches the shore! In like manner is exalted power exposed to the shifting changes of Fortune! How well for me was it, when I had fled the kingdom of my Parent Polybus, (for a time Œdipus regarded Polybus as his father) re-

Quæ posse fieri non putes, metuas tamen, Cuncta expavescō, meque non credo mihi. Jamjam aliquid in nos fata moliri parant. Nam quid rear, quod ista Cadmeæ lues Infesta genti, straga late edita	30
Mihi parcit uni? cui reservamur malo? Inter ruinas urbis, & semper novis Defenda lacrimis funera, ac populi struem, Incolumnis adfco. scilicet Phœbi reus Sperare poterat sceleribus tantis dari	35
Regnum falubre? fecimus cœlum nocens. Non aura gelido lenis afflatu fovet Anhela flammis corda: non Zephyri leves Spirant; sed ignes auget æstiferi Canis Titan, Leonis terga Nemeæi premens.	40
Deferuit amnes humor, atque herbas color. Aretque Dirce. tenuis Ifmenos fluit, Et tingit inopi unda vix unda vada. Obscura cœlo labitur Phœbi foror; Tristisque mundus nubilo pallet novo.	45
Nullum ferenis noctibus sidus micat: Sed gravis & ater incubat terris vapor. Obtextit arces cœlitum ac summas domos Inferna facies. denegat fructum Ceres Adulta; & altis flava cum spicis tremat,	50
Arente culmo sterilis emoritur feget. Nec ulla pars immunis exitio vacat: Sed omnis ætas pariter & sexus ruit, Juvenesque senibus jungit, & natis patres Funesta pestis. una fax thalamos cremat:	55

lieved from anxieties, though an Exile, bold and inclined to be a Wanderer! I call Heaven and the Gods to witness, that I literally fell into this Kingdom! I did not seek it! I have always been in fear of something awful (the predictions of the Oracle) lest my father should be killed by my hand! (He did not want to kill Polybus)—The Delphian Laurels gave me an audible indication, when I was warned of this by the oracle; at that time, too, it foretold that another greater crime was to be committed by me! (when the Laurels cracked when put into the flames, the augury was favorable; if they emitted no sound, the prognostication was inauspicious). Can there be, one would suppose not, a greater crime than killing a Father? Oh! what a miserable conception do I entertain of what ought to be done! I was ashamed ever to breathe a word about my fate. Apollo predicts a dishonored marriage-bed for the Parent, and a dreadful marriage for the Son—some incestuous union veiled by an impious ceremony! This was the fear that drove

me away from my father's kingdom (that of Polybus), but, although an exile, I have never lost sight of or disregarded my country's household gods; but, Oh Nature! whilst never trusting to myself or considering myself in safety, I have ever observed the laws, but when one is horrified at what one would think impossible to come to pass, one does go in some sort of dread, notwithstanding. I fear every thing and I have no confidence in myself, and the Fates are already preparing for something to befall me! For what can I suppose? That this dreadful pestilence, which has fallen upon the people of Thebes, and spread far and wide with such destructive results, is to be sparing to me alone? For what terrible calamity am I reserved? Amongst the ruins of the city, with deaths at every turn, and fresh causes for lamentation perpetually recurring, and the wholesale destruction of the people, I am still here! Safe! Spared! Surely, although condemned by Apollo, and being told off for so many crimes, one can at least reasonably hope for a healthy kingdom! (one free from pestilence). It is I, surely, who have made the country pestilential! No soft breeze assuages with its refreshing breath the souls panting with the fires of inward fever! No one inhales the balmy Zephyrs, but Phœbus, following close on the track of Leo (pressing against the back of the Nemæan Lion) adds considerably to the temperature induced by the Dog-star, noted for its intense summer heat! (Tropic of Cancer.) The river tracks are deserted by their usual waters—and the grass loses its color—and the fountains of Dirce are dried up—the shallow Ismenus still struggles on, but scarcely covers its bed with the water so scantily flowing—Phœbe, the sister of Phœbus pursues her path, but only in the dulllest of skies, and the sad firmament is pale with clouds, such as have never been known before—not a single star is seen to shine, even on the serenest of nights, but an oppressive and sombre moisture surrounds the entire earth, and a darkness akin to that of the regions below overhangs the Empyrean heights, and the most elevated palaces of the denizens of Olympus! The corn arrived at full growth is not allowed to ripen and to be made use of, and the crops in their first stage of ripening (yellowness) actually tremble with the weight of the ears they bear on their slender stalks; and then those stems are burnt up by the scorching sun and the corn dies away and rots! Nor is any part or place exempt from the destructiveness of this plague, but every age—every sex falls alike! This dreadful pestilence joins indiscriminately the young with the old, parents with their children, and one common burial does both

Fletuque acerbo funera & queſta carent. Quin ipſa tanti pervicax clades mali Siccavit oculos: quodque in extremis folet, Periere lacrimæ. portat hunc æger parens Supremum ad ignem: mater hunc amens gerit;	60
Properatque, ut alium repetat in eundem rogam. Quin luſtu in ipſo luſtus exoritur novus, Suæque circa funus exſequiæ cadunt. Tum propria flammis corpora alienis cremant. Diripitur ignis. nullus eſt miſeris pudor.	65
Non offa tumuli ſancta difcreti tegunt. Arſiſſe fatiſ eſt. pars quota in cineres abit? Deeſt terra tumulis. jam rogos ſilvæ uegant. Non vota, non ars ulla correptos levaut. Cadunt medentes. morbus auxilium trahit.	70
Affuſus aris ſupplices tendo manus, Matura poſcens fata, præcurram ut prior Patriam ruentem; neve poſt omnes cadam, Fiamque regni funus extremum mei. O fæva nimium numina! o fatum grave!	75
Negatur uni nempe in hoc populo mihi Mors tam parata? ſperne letali manu Contacta regna. linque lacrimas, funera, Tabifica cœli vitia, quæ tecum invehis Infauſtus hoſpes: profuge jamdudum ncius	80
Vel ad parentes. JOC. Quid juvat, conjux, mala Gravare queſtu? regium hoc ipſum reor, Adverſa capere; quoque ſit dubius magis Status, & cadentis imperii moles labæ, Hoc flare certo preſſius fortem gradu.	85
Haud eſt virile, terga Fortunæ dare. ÆD. Abeſt pavoriſ crimen ac probrum procul, Virtuſque noſtra neſcit ignavos metus. Si tela contra ſtriſta, ſi vis horrida Mavortis in me rueret; adverſus feros	90

for husband and wife at the ſame time, and the bitter moanings and wailings, uſual on ſuch occaſions, are not obſerved, for ſuch wholesale deſtruction (ſo great an array of miſery) has ſerved to dry up the eyes themſelves! But all this is only what uſually tranſpires, when affairs are at their worſt—tears abſolutely reſuſe to flow.— A feeble father carries one child to the funeral pile (its final end)—a mother, mad with grief carries a ſecond one—ſhe then haſtens back to fetch another to the ſame pile, but a freſh ſource of grief ariſes in the miſtd of their preſent trouble, and often thoſe, who are engaged in conducting the funeral ceremony of their children, are called upon to die themſelves, whiſt in the act of diſcharging their ſad duties! Death upon Death! Then

they proceed to burn the bodies, which are consigned to certain piles, on the piles which were destined for others!—Then, there is a scramble as to what bodies should be burnt here or burnt there—there is no reverential sentiment—no respect for the dead amongst those unhappy people; separate tombs cannot bury their remains according to the sanctified custom—it is necessary, only, to have them consumed by fire! How large a portion pass away in this guise of incineration!—But ground is wanting for the tombs; already the woods are unable to supply burning materials (wood) for the piles! No vows are of any avail then, and no skill can alleviate those that are seized! The medicine-men die as well, and the spreading disease drags away with itself the solitary aid, which once strove to contend against it (the healing art). Prostrating myself before the sacred altars, I will stretch forth my supplicating hands and ask for my fate to be at once decided, and that I may forestal my ruined country by dying first! Or, shall I not be allowed to fall, even after all the others have disappeared, or shall I be made the last sacrifice of my Kingdom! Oh! ye too severe Sisters (the Fates). Oh! relentless fate! I suppose that death, which is so ready with its work towards my subjects, is not denied to me alone! Let me despise a kingdom, which has been in contact with my lethal presence!—let me escape from the lamentations, the funerals and the deadly poisons of the sky, which I, an unfortunate guest have brought with me—let me fly away quickly, or let me even return to my parents, Polybus and Merope! (He always thought they were his parents.)

JOC. Why dost thou take such pleasure, Oh! my husband! in harassing thyself with such doleful complaints? I am of opinion, that the first duty of royalty is to withstand adversity (by bearing up against it) and the more precarious its condition is, and the more that the weight and authority of waning power slips away, it is for the really brave man in such a position as this, to stand his ground with increased firmness! (Like the soldiers who deem it dishonorable to cede the place they occupy during a battle, to the enemy.) It is not courageous to turn thy back upon Destiny!

ŒD. The charge of fear or shame, in my case, is certainly a stranger to me and my courage ignores all idle alarms. If any number of swords were unsheathed against me and even if the tremendous fury of Mars himself were to fall upon me, I should not quail, I would courageously

Audax gigantes obvias ferrem manus.
 Nec Sphinga cæcis verba neſtentem modis
 Fugi. cruentos vatis infandæ tuli
 Riçtus, & albens offibus ſparis ſolum.
 Cumque e ſuperna rupe, jam prædæ imminens, 95
 Aptaret alas verbere, & caudam movens,
 Sævi leonis more, conciperet minas,
 Carmen popoſci. ſonuit horrendum. inſuper
 Crepuere malæ; ſaxaque impatiens moræ
 Revulſit unguis, viſcera exſpectans mea. 100
 Nodofa fortis verba, & implexos dolos,
 Ac trifte carmen alitis ſolvi feræ.
 JOC. Quid fera mortis vota nunc demens facis?
 Licuit perire. laudis hoc pretium tibi
 Sceptrum, & peremtæ Sphingis hæc merces datur. 105
 CÆD. Ille ille dirus callidi monſtri cinis
 In nos reſbellat. illa nunc Thebas lues
 Peremta perdit una. jam ſupereſt falus,
 Si quam ſalutis Phœbus oſtendit viam.

CHORUS.

Luis gravitatem deplorat Chorus e Thebanis.

OCCIDIS Cadmi generoſa proles 110
 Urbe cum tota. viduas colonis
 Reſpicias terras, miſeranda Thebe.
 Carpitur leto tuus ille, Bacche,
 Miles, extremos comes uſque ad Indos,
 Aufus Eois equitare campis, 115
 Figere & mundo tua ſigna primo.
 Cinnami filvis Arabes beatos
 Vidit, & verſas equitis ſagittas,

advance with theſe hands of mine, againſt the giants themſelves! Nor did I run away from the Sphinx who dealt forth her oracular utterances in ſuch obſcure enigmas! I bore, without flinching, the ſanguinary grinings of that wicked old prophetess, and regarded, without diſmay, the ground ſcattered about with the bleached bones of thoſe who had failed to ſolve her riddles! And when from her proud rock, looking upon me, as her certain prey, ſhe flapped her wings, ready for a ſwoop, and ſhaking her tail after the faſhion of the ſavage lion—and, as ſhe was meditating her threats, I coolly aſked her for her verſes—ſhe ſounded them forth with a horrible voice and then her jaws (teeth) gnashed, and impatient of any delay ſhe tore away at the rock with her claws, waiting for my entrails! In the meantime, I ſolved the wretched verſes of this wild, winged creature, the different

expressions in her oracle and with all its crafty entanglements!

JOC. Why dost thou in this demented way rake up, thus late, thy desire for death? It was quite competent for thee to have died long ago (instead of answering the Sphinx correctly), but now the Kingdom is given to thee for the honor thou deservest and as a reward for the victory over the Sphinx, that has now perished!

ŒD. She, or rather the ashes of that cunning monster may turn against us, and that plague, which has destroyed Thebes, may destroy us—only one hope of safety is left, and that is if Apollo will point out to us any means of arriving at such security!

CHORUS.

The Chorus of Thebans bewails the severity of the plague.

OH! noble descendants of Cadmus ye are falling a prey to the pestilence together with the entire City! Oh! miserable Thebes! Years now looking down on a land despoiled of its inhabitants! Oh! Bacchus! Those companions of thine are snatched away by Death, who followed thee to the far-off Indies—who ventured to ride on the Eastern plains and to plant thy standards in a world which was quite new to thee! They have seen the Arabs happy and contented with their forests of Cinnamon trees, and they have witnessed the arrows of the cunning Parthian horsemen shot forth and anxiously regarded those backs, which were always to be dreaded. (The Parthians shot their arrows, whilst pretending to be making a flying retreat.) They, it was, who approached the shores of the Red Sea: there Phœbus is early in his advent and visits the naked Indians with indications of his closer proximity and calorific intensity (making their skins black)—we are burying the descendants of an unconquered race—we are disappearing, a cruel destiny snatching us away! There is always some fresh funeral pageant being conducted as a Tribute to King Death! A long row of our sad people are hurried off on their way to the shades below, and the mournful train is interrupted in its progress, and although the Seven Gates lie open (affording free room) there are not sufficient tombs for those requiring sepulture! Far and wide this human havoc prevails and one funeral after another perpetually pressing its way on, and the place abounds

Terga fallacis metuenda Parthi. Litus intravit pelagi rubentis. Promit hic ortus, aperitque lucem Phœbus, & flamma propiore nudos Inficit Indos. Stirpis invictæ genus interimus. Labimur sævo rapiente fato.	120
Ducitur semper nova pompa Morti. Longus ad manes properatur ordo Agminis mœsti, seriefque tristis Hæret; & turbæ tumulos petenti Non fatis septem patuere portæ. Stat gravis strages, premiturque juncto Funere funus.	125
Prima vis tardas tetigit bidentes; Laniger pingues male carpfit herbas. Colla tacturus steterat sacerdos; Dum manus certum parat alta vulnus, Aureo taurus rutilante cornu Labitur fegnis. patuit sub ictu Pondeis vasti refoluta cervix; Nec cruor ferrum maculavit, atra Turpis e plaga sanies profusa est. Segnior cursu fonipes in ipso Concidit gyro, dominumque pronò Prodidit armo.	130
Incubant pratibus pecudes relictae. Taurus armento pereunte marcet. Deficit pastor grege diminuto, Tabidos inter moriens juvencos. Nôn lupos cervi metuunt rapaces. Cessat irati fremitus leonis. Nulla villosus feritas in urfis. Perdidit pestem latebrofa serpens; Aret, & sicco moritur veneno. Non silva sua decorata coma Fundit opacis montibus umbras. Non rura virent ubere glebæ. Non plena suo vitis Iaccho Brachia curvat.	135
Omnia nostrum seufere malum. Rupère Erebi claustra profundi Turba fororum face Tartarea: Phlegethonque sua motam ripa Miscuit undis Styga Sidoniis. Mors alta avidos oris hiatus Pandit, & omnes explicat alas. Quique capaci turbida cymba Flumina servat durus senio Navita crudo, vix affiduo Brachia conto lassata refert, Fessus turbam veçtare novam.	140
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with the carcasses, which are strewn about. The infection first attacking the slow-moving sheep: and the wool-bearing flocks nibbled the rank grass, only to their own destruction! (Sheep move slowly whilst feeding and thus inhaled more copiously, it was supposed on that account, the poison rising from the Earth.) The Priest has paused whilst about to apply his sacrificial knife to the necks of the victims, and whilst his hand is poised and he is making what he thinks is a successful aim, the bull with its ruddy golden horns falls down helplessly and its neck being only partially detached from its body by the heavy blow of the hatchet, gapes open—but no blood has stained the knife—only a black gore and foul humor issue from the gash! (This indicates the poisoned condition of the circulating fluids.) The horses, too, in the middle of the race, lose their galloping powers, totter and throw their jockeys headlong over their shoulders at the same time that they fall themselves. The cattle that are left lie listlessly about the meadow and the Bull pines away, as he sees the herd (especially the females) dying at every turn! The shepherd, then, is missed from amongst the much reduced flocks, dying in the very midst of the diseased plague-stricken cattle! The stags no longer go in dread of the rapacious wolves—the roaring of the savage lion is no longer heard—no fierceness, now, characterizes the shaggy bears, and the very serpent, which remains hidden, has lost its poisonous powers—it becomes parched up and its virus becomes dry (does not flow), it then dies! The forest is not decorated with its usual foliage, and casts no shade over the dusky mountains—the country is no longer verdant with the exuberance of its turf, nor does the vine curve downwards with its branches loaded with grapes for its own dearly beloved Bacchus! All things have felt the effects of the terrible plague—the three sisters, Tisiphone, Alecto and Megæra, with their infernal torches have burst forth from the entrances of the depths of Erebus! And the Phlegethon has mingled the streams of the Styx, which it has driven from its banks, with the waters of Thebes (Sidonian), and Mors, freely unfolding its wings flies above our heads, and shows us the partings of its rapacious mouth (jaws), and that inflexible boatman (Charon) who guards the turbid river (Styx) in that capacious craft of his, although vigorous in his old age, with difficulty now, raises his weary arms to ply his never-resting pole in urging onwards his barque, and seems too tired-out to convey across his river any fresh importations of departed humanity; there having been such increased demands upon his exertions on account of the plague, and, more than that, there is a

Quin Tænarei vincula ferri Rupisse canem fama, & nostris Errasse locis: mugisse solum: Vaga per lucos simulacra virum Majora viris: bis Cadmeum	175
Nive discussa tremuisse nemus, Bis turbatam sanguine Dirce: Nocte silenti Amphionios ululasse canes. O dira novi facies leti,	180
Gravior leto! piger ignavos Alligat artus languor; & ægro Rubor in vultu, maculæque caput Sparfere leves: tum vapor ipsam Corporis arcem flammeus urit;	185
Multoque genas sanguine rendit. Oculique rigent, & facer ignis Pascitur artus. resonant aures, Stillatque niger naris aduncæ Cruor, & venas rumpit hiantes,	190
Intima creber viscera quatit Gemitus stridens. tunc amplexu Frigida pressa fassa fatigant: Quos liberior domus elato Custode finit, petitis fontes,	195
Aliturque fitis laticæ ingesto. Prostrata jacet turba per aras, Oratque mori. solum hoc faciles Tribuere Dei. Delubra petunt, Haud ut voto numina placent,	200
Sed juvat ipsos fatiare Deos. Quisnam ille propero regiam greffu petit? Adestne clarus sanguine ac factis Creos? An æger animus falsa pro veris videt?	
Adest petitus omnibus votis Creos.	205

report that the dog which was fastened to Tænarus (Cerberus) has broken away from his iron chains, and is wandering at large over our country; also it is said, that the Earth has been making a roaring noise (symptoms of the earthquake) and that Ghosts like men, but much larger than ordinary human beings, have been seen wandering about the graves and forests (this points to the cerebral disturbance of those afflicted with the plague hallucinations, the delirium resulting from a highly febrile state), and that the groves of Cadmus have twice trembled again from the effects of the sudden melting of the snow, and that the fountains of Dirce have been rendered turbid from the presence of blood in its streams, and that the dogs of Thebes, Amphion-built Thebes have been known

to howl throughout the whole of the silent night! Oh! cruel manifestations of a newly-invented kind of bodily destruction, so much more appalling than ordinary Death! Oppressive languor impedes the very motions of the joints and a hectic flush settles on the sick man's downcast countenance! And small spots scattered here and there appear about the upper parts (pustules, petechiæ livid spots like flea-bites, indicative of the poisoned condition of the blood); then the fiery heats (fever temperature) burn up the crowning part of the body (the head, the seat of the brain and mind, and the organs of the senses), and then the heat (fever at its height) distends the eyes and eyelids with blood (suffusion) and the eyes have a vacant stare, and are rolled with difficulty, and then this heat, like some internal fire, seizes, as its prey, on the limbs and joints; then ringing noises in the ears come on, and a black sanious secretion flows from the nostrils, put literally out of all shape from being so swollen; then it forces its way through the distended veins, which, becoming ruptured, give way! (causing extravasation). The frequent and acute groaning endanger the internal viscera (giving rise to hiccough, eructations and violent fits of coughing); then the cold marble is deprived of its refrigerating effects, from being so constantly made use of, and instead of imparting an impression of cold, it gives out only the warmth which it has acquired from the perpetual bodily contact of the fevered mortals that fly to it; and when having no one to look after them the sick are permitted more licence—the master of the house himself having been only recently buried—they rush to the fountains to allay their feverish thirst, and that thirst is only aggravated by the water which they imbibe!

A large array of victims to this pestilence prostrate themselves before the altars and pray for death! this is a blessing which the kind Gods never refuse humanity! but in this case, they betake themselves to the temples, not that the Gods might vouchsafe to respond to their prayers, but more as a feeling of satisfaction, that they may tire out the Gods by letting them see the misfortunes that have been permitted to befall mankind, continually brought to their notice! But who is this who hastens with such rapid steps towards the palace? Is it not Creon of noble race and the man chosen for a lucky destiny? Or is one, in an enfeebled condition of mind and body, merely mistaking the shadow for the substance (do we see false or true)? Yes! it is Creon, the one we have been impatiently waiting with one accord to see.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

ŒDIPUS, CREON.

Reversus Delphis Creon nuntiat, jubere Deum, ut mors Laii expurgeretur, nec prius cessaturam pestem, quam in exilium mittatur interfector ejus; de quo, quia non nominatur, ambigitur.

HORRORE quatuor, fata quo vergant timens,
 Trepidumque gemino pectus eventu labat.
 Ubi læta duris mixta in ambiguo jacent,
 Incertus animus scire cum cupiat, timet.
 Germane nostræ conjugis, fessis opem 210
 Si quam reportas, voce properata edoce.
 CR. Responſa dubia forte perplexa latent.
 ŒD. Dubiam salutem qui dat afflictis, negat.
 CR. Ambage nexa Delphico mos est Deo
 Arcana tegere. ŒD. Fare, sit dubium licet: 215
 Ambigua soli nocere Œdipodæ datur.
 CR. Cædem expiari regiam exilio Deus,
 Et interemtum Laium ulcisci jubet,
 Non ante cælo lucidus curret dies,
 Haustusque tutos ætheris puri dabit. 220
 ŒD. Ecquis peremptor incliti regis fuit?
 Quem memoret, ede, Phœbus; ut pœnas luat.
 CR. Sit, precor, dixisse tutum visu & auditu horrida.
 Torpor infedit per artus, frigidus fanguis coit.
 Ut sacrata templa Phœbi supplici intravi pede, 225
 Et pias, numen precatus, rite summiſi manus:

ACT II.

ŒDIPUS—CREON.

Creon, having returned from Delphi, reports that the God (Apollo) decreed that the death of Laius should be expiated, and that the pestilence would not cease till this was done—that his murderer should be sent into exile; but it is doubted as to who it can be, as he was not pointed out by name.

ŒDIPUS.

IAM shaking with dread, fearing what the Fates (this response of Apollo) are preparing for me, and my misgiving mind is hesitating between the two results (propitious and unpropitious). When good tidings, associated

with unfavorable news, are brought to our notice, they present an ambiguous front, and the wavering mind actually dreads to be enlightened about that at which it is most anxious to arrive! Oh! Thou brother of my wife, if thou hast brought any consoling relief to my oppressed worn-out spirit, tell me out quickly!

CR. The obscure responses of Apollo, are hidden from my comprehension in a puzzling fashion. (Probabilities and possibilities.)

ŒD. He who proffers an uncertain protection to anyone in trouble, practically refuses to offer any.

CR. It is the custom, you know, for the Delphian God to mystify his utterances in a net-work of obscurities.

ŒD. Speak, I am willing even that it should be doubtful; it is quite in keeping with Œdipus alone, to deal with ambiguities, which, quite lately, I did myself with the enigma of the Sphinx.

CR. The God orders that the murder of the king shall be expiated by the exile of the perpetrator, and that the murdered Laius shall be avenged, and not before that, will bright Day afford us a serene sky, or give us the blessing of being able to inhale the pure air of Heaven!

ŒD. But who was the murderer of that illustrious King? Tell me, whom did Apollo name as the culprit, in order that he may suffer the punishment, that is due to him?

CR. So be it! But I do hope that I shall preserve my mental balance (contain myself) whilst I speak of things to be seen or spoken of. A numbness passes over my entire body, and my blood seems to curdle at the thought. When I first entered the sacred portals of Apollo's temple with a suppliant step and, following the custom, raised my hands in the attitude of prayer and straightway invoked the God and in the same second of time, both the tops of snow-clad Parnassus, Tithoreus and Hyampeus, gave forth a diabolical sound and the sacred Laurels overhanging the entrance trembled again and shook the temple itself; and on a sudden the water of the Castalian fountain ceased to flow, and the Lethæan priestess, Pythia, (because the responses were forgotten as soon as delivered) began briskly to shake out her terrifying locks, and in a state of excitement (usual on such occasions). When preparing to receive the inspiration of the God, Apollo had

Gemina Parnaffi nivalis arx truce[m] fonitum dedit; Imminens Phœbea laurus tremuit & movit domum, Ac repente sancta fontis lymp[ha] Castalii stetit.	
Incipit Lethaë vates spargere horrentes comas, Et pati commota Phœbum. contigit nondum s[ic] eum,	230
Emicat vasto fragore major humano sonus: "Mitia Cadmeis remeabunt sidera Thebis, Si profugus Dirce[n] Ismenida liqueris hospes, Regis cæde nocens, Phœbo jam notus & infans,	235
Nec tibi longa manent sceleratæ gaudia cædis. Tecum bella geres; natis quoque bella relinques; Turpis maternos iterum revolutus in ortus."	
ÆD. Quod facere monitu cœlitum jussus paro, Functi cineribus regis hoc decuit dari, Ne sancta quifquã[m] scepra violaret dolo. Regi tuenda maxime regum est salus.	240
Queritur perempti nemo, quem incolumem timet. CR. Curam purenti major excussit timor.	
ÆD. Pium prohibuit ullus officium metus? CR. Sphinx & nefandi carminis tristes minæ. ÆD. Nunc expietur numinum imperio scelus.	245
Quifquis Deorum regna placatus vides; Tu, tu, penes quem jura præcipitis poli; Tuque, o fereni maximum mundi decus,	250
Bis fena curfu signa qui vario regis, Qui tarda celeri fecula evolvis iota; Sororque fratri semper occurrens tuo, Noctivaga Phœbe; quique ventorum potens Æquor per altum cæulos currus agis;	255
Et qui carentes luce disponis domos, Adeste. cujus Laius dextra occidit, Hunc non quieta tecta, non fidi lares, Non hospitalis exfulem tellus ferat. Thalamis pudendis doleat & prole impia.	260
Hic & parentem dextera perimat sua;	

not as yet reached the inner part of the cave, when presently, a sound issued forth louder than any human voice, and with a sonorous preliminary crash, delivered the Oracle: (The Oracles were always delivered in Hexameters.) "A pure atmosphere (free from pestiferous influences) will come again to Cadmean Thebes if the stranger, now there, and the murderer of the King Laius quits, as an exile, the places round about Dirce, whose streams flow into the Ismenus: he is already known to Apollo, and was known, when an infant;—nor will there be, even, any lengthened enjoyment of life, or any benefit arising out of that wicked murder! Thou, the murderer, shalt be at war perpetually with thyself, and thou shalt leave naught but internecine war for thy sons; that man

is base, who returns to his mother with incestuous intent! (literally, to approach sexually the very parts whence he emerged, when coming into existence.

ŒD. I am ready to do everything that I am commanded to do by the Gods: it is only right that such a tribute should be offered to the ashes of the defunct king, but lest any one should try to violate the sanctity of the sceptre by treachery, the best interests of kings are best looked after by kings. No subject really laments the loss of a king of whom he might have been in dread whilst that king was in existence!

CR. A greater fear might usurp the place, which anxiety about the dead might otherwise call forth.

ŒD. Has any fear ever prohibited the performance of a religious duty?

CR. Yes! The Sphinx and the ominous threats in those horrible verses of hers (The Enigma).

ŒD. At the command of the Deities therefore, the crime shall be expiated, Whosoever of the Gods is now looking down with favor upon this kingdom; and thou! Jupiter, oh! thou ruler of Olympus, by whose power the swiftly-moving heavenly bodies pursue their course; and thou, Oh! Phœbus, the chief ornament of thy own serene kingdom, who directest the twelve signs of the Zodiac in their various (respective) revolutions, who markest out with thy rapid chariot the slowly-passing ages; and thou, oh! Phœbe, who with thy chariot wanderest throughout the night, thou sister who art always meeting thy Brother! And oh! thou, Neptune, who art all-powerful in thy dominions over the winds and drivest thy sea-blue chariot over the vasty deep! (Æolus is not included here although God of the Winds); and thou! Pluto! who rulest over the dark abodes in the regions below! Come! Tell me! by whose right hand did Laius fall? Whoever he may be let him enjoy no untroubled homestead, let no faithful household Gods show him any respect, and let no country extend to him its hospitable shelter! Let him suffer all the penalties arising out of an incestuous marriage and a tainted offspring! And he that would kill a parent with his own hand, and do. . . Well! What could there be imagined worse? The very things that I have avoided—Parricide and Incest! let there be no hope of pardon for such a man! I swear by my sceptre and by the kingdom where I now am as stranger, and by that

Faciatque (num quid gravius optari potest?)	•
Quidquid ego fugi. non erit veniæ locus.	
Per regna juro, quæque nunc hospes gero,	
Et quæ reliqui; perque penetrales Deos:	265
Per te, pater Neptune, qui fluctu brevi	
Utrinque nostro geminus alludis solo.	
Et ipse nostris vocibus testis veni	
Fatidica vatis ora Cirrheæ movens.	
Ita molle fenium ducat, & summum diem	270
Securus alto reddat in folio parens,	
Solasque Merope noverit Polybi faces,	
Ut nulla fontem gratia eripiet mihi.	
Sed quo nefandum facinus admissum loco est,	
Memorato. aperto Marte, an insidiis jacet?	275
CR. Frondifera sanctæ nemora Castaliæ petens,	
Calcavit arctis obitum dumis iter;	
Trigemina qua se spargit in campos via.	
Secat una gratum Phocidos Baccho solum,	
Unde altus ima deserit, cœlum petens,	280
Clementer acto colle, Parnassos biceps.	
At una bimares Sifyphi terras adit,	
Olenia in arva. tertius trames cava	
Convalle serpens, tangit errantes aquas,	
Gelidumque dirimit amnis Elei vadum.	285
Hic pace fretum subita prædœuum manus	
Aggressa ferro facius occultum tulit.	
In tempore ipso, forte Phæbea excitus,	
Tiresia tremulo tardus accelerat genu,	
Comeque Manto luce viduatam traheus.	290

ŒDIPUS, TIRESIAS, MANTO.

Tiresias per haruspicium eruere Laji interfectorum tentat, sed re propter tristitia extispicia infecta ad necromantiam se convertit.

SACRATE Divis, proximum Phœbo caput,
 Responfa solve; fare, quem pœnæ petant.
 TIR. Quod tarda fatu est lingua, quod quærit moras,

which I have recently left, and by my household gods, and by thee, Father Neptune, who with thy twofold presence sportest with thy gentle waves upon my native shores—my native isthmus! and come! Apollo thyself and bear testimony to my words, who inspirest the prophetic lips of the Cirrhean priestess, that my Parent, Polybus, may pass his life to a tranquil old age, and grant him security on his elevated throne, and may Merope never know any other husband but Polybus—listen whilst I

vow, that mercy shall never be shown by me towards the murderer of Laius! But tell me how and in what circumstances was this horrible crime committed—was it the result of an open honorable combat, or was the murderer (assassin-like) lying in wait for Laius, in order to perpetrate this premeditated act of High Treason?

CR. Laius was wending his journey towards the shady groves near the Castalian fountains (to consult the Oracle) and traversed a road thickly interspersed with brambles; and there is a spot which opens out in three directions, leading towards the fields—one of these roads divides off the country about Phocis, so dear to Bacchus, whence as you pass the hill with an easy ascent, you come to the two-topped Parnassus seeking, as it does, its way to the clouds, and this Parnassus looks down on the valleys below, but another road, the second, leads on to Sisyphus; Olenus, the third road, which winds round a hollow valley, comes quite close to the meandering streams and divides off the cool waters of the Ilissus. Here, Laius, quite relying upon being free from any sort of danger, was attacked by a band of robbers, who took his life, without any witnesses to prove the murder of the king; (at this moment, having been instructed and commanded by Apollo, Tiresias, slow with advancing age, attempts to accelerate his pace with trembling knees, and his daughter Manto leading the blind old man, as his faithful guide).

ŒDIPUS—TIRESIAS—MANTO.

Tiresias tries to discover the murderer of Laius through the soothsayers, but the matter not being cleared up, on account of the failure of the divinations by means of the entrail—inspections, now betakes himself to necromancy.

ŒDIPUS.

O H! Tiresias! so revered by the Gods, and the nearest friend of Phœbus, explain the responses of the oracle! Speak! Who is the culprit deserving of punishment?

TIR. It is scarcely reasonable, that thou shouldst be surprised why my tongue is so slow to speak, or why it requires time to enable me to do so; thou must remember that a great part of what might reveal the truth is hidden

Haud te quidem, magnanime, mirari addecet.	
Vifu carenti magna pars veri latet.	295
Sed quo vocat me patria, quo Phœbus, sequar.	
Fata eruantur. si foret viridis mihi	
Calidusque fanguis, pectore exciperem Deum.	
Appellite aris candidum tergo bovem,	
Curvoque nunquam colla depresso jugo.	300
Tu, lucis inopem, nata, genitorem regens,	
Manifesta sacri signa fatidici refer.	
MAN. Opima sanctas victima ante aras stetit,	
TIR. In vota superos vota solemni voca,	
Araque dono thuris Eoi exstrue.	305
MAN. Jam thura sacris cœlitum ingessi focus.	
TIR. Quid flamma, largas jamne comprehendit dapes?	
MAN. Subito refulsit lumine, & subito occidit.	
TIR. Utrumne clarus ignis, & nitidus stetit,	
Rectusque purum verticem cœlo tulit,	310
Et summam in auras fufus explicuit comam?	
An latera circa serpit incertus viæ,	
Et fluctuante turbidus fumo labat?	
MAN. Non una facies mobilis flammæ fuit:	
Imbrifera qualis implicat varios ūbi	315
Iris colores, parte quæ magna poli	
Curvata picto nuntiat nimbos sinu.	
Quis desit illi, quivse sit, dubites, color.	
Cærulea fulvis mixta oberravit notis,	
Sanguinea rufus; ultima in tenebras abit.	320
Sed ecce pugnax ignis in partes duas	
Discedit, & se scindit unius sacri	
Discors favilla, genitor, horresco intuens,	
Libata Bacchi dona permutat cruor,	
Ambitque densus regium fumus caput.	325
Ipsosque circa spissior vultus fedet,	
Et nube densa fordidam lucem abdidit.	
Quid sit, parens, effare. TIR. Quid fari queam	
Inter tumultus mentis attonitæ vagos?	
Quidnam loquar? sunt dira, sed in alto, mala	330

from me owing to my blindness. But when my country demands my presence, and where Apollo goes, I must follow; the Fates at all events must be thoroughly threshed out—if my former hale youth were in my favor, and my warm blood coursed through my veins as of yore, Apollo would be within me in his entirety, pervading me, through and through, with his inspiring power. Now bring to the altars a perfectly white bull, one whose neck has never been bowed down to the curved yoke—Thou, my daughter, guide of thy blind father, inform me as to the various appearances, presenting themselves at this prophetic sacrifice.

MAN. A tractable victim is now standing in front of the sacred altar.

TIR. Invoke the Gods with prayers in a solemn voice and strew the altars well with offerings of Sabæan frankincense.

MAN. I have already supplied the frankincense for the sacred altar of the Gods.

TIR. What about the fire? Does it burn up yet any considerable portion of the offering?

MAN. It varies: sometimes it brightens up quite suddenly, and then again, it flags as suddenly.

TIR. Which of the two? Does the fire remain clear and bright and go straight up into the sky, preserving that clearness and brightness right away to the very top, and distribute the brightest flames when they reach the air in equal radiations? Or, uncertain in its direction does it hover and spread round the sides of the altar, and becoming turbid resolve itself into smoke travelling all sorts of ways?

MAN. The ascent of the flames presents by no means any uniformity, very much indeed, as the rainbow, the herald of approaching showers, clothes itself in varying colors and over a large portion of the sky, announces to us the threatening clouds in its painted arc—One is constantly in doubt, what color is wanting in one place, and what is present in another—(the colors present no successive order). The flames, at first blue, are now dotted about with brownish patches, then again, these change into blood-red, and finally, they pass off in a dark smoke (without thoroughly consuming the carbonaceous matter). What can all that be? Oh! my parent, tell me what it portends!

TIR. How can I speak, when such a tumult of vague surmises takes possession of my astounded mind? How shall I speak? Why! they are indications of some dreadful crime or other, but they are hidden away so high, you say, not to be easily discerned on account of the blackness of the smoke; the anger of the gods is generally indicated by signs such as these! What is this, they wish to disclose one minute and the next decline to do so. (The blackness following obscures that which has gone before, and they thus partially conceal, the severe anger

Solet ira certis numinum ostendi notis. Quid istud est, quod esse prolatum volunt, Iterumque nolunt, & truces iras tegunt? Pudet Deos nescio quid. huc propere admove, Et sparge falsa colla taurorum mola.	335
Placidone vultu sacra & admotas manus Patiuntur? MAN. Altum taurus attollens caput, Primos ad ortus positus, expavit diem, Trepidusque vultum solis & radios fugit.	
TIR. Unone terram vulnere afflicti petunt? MAN. Juvenca ferro femet imposito induit, Et vulnere uno cecidit: at taurus, duos Perpeffus ictus huc & huc dubius ruit, Animamque fessus vix reluctantem exprimit.	340
TIR. Utrum citatus vulnere angusto micat, An lentus altas irrigat plagas cruor? MAN. Hujus per ipsam, qua patet pectus, viam Effusus amnis: hujus exiguo graves Maculantur ictus imbre. sed versus retro Per ora multus sanguis atque oculos redit.	345
TIR. Infausta magnos sacra terrores cient. Sed ede certas viscerum nobis notas. MAN. Genitor, quid hoc est? non levi motu, ut soleat, Agitata trepidant exta; sed totas manus Quatiunt: novusque profilit venis cruor.	350
Cor marcet ægrum penitus, ac mersum latet; Liventeque venæ; magna pars fibris abest; Et felle nigro tabidum spumat jecur. Ac, semper omen unico imperio grave, En capita paribus bina confurgunt toris;	355
Sed utrumque cæsum tenuis abscondit caput Membrana latebram rebus occultis negans. Hostile valido robore infurgit latus, Septemque venas tendit. has omnes retro Prohibens reverti limes obliquus fecat.	360
Mutatus ordo est. Sede nil propria jacet; Sed acta retro cuncta. non animæ capax	365

which is being entertained.) The gods are disgusted at something, but I know not what: come, move hither quickly, and besprinkle afresh the necks of the sacrifices (the bulls) with salted meal! Do the sacrifices bear the pressure of the hand, when they are touched, with an untroubled look?

MAN. The Bull raises his head high, when he is placed towards the East; he seems to avoid the light of day, and tremblingly averts his gaze from the rays of the sun.

TIR. Did the sacrifices fall, after receiving the first blow?

MAN. The Heifer seemed, as it were, to throw herself in the way, to meet the knife with which it was threatened, and fell after receiving the first blow; but the bull, after receiving two blows, (Œdipus with the blows on his Eyes) staggered here and staggered there, and although tired out with his resistance, gave up his life very reluctantly.

TIR. Which of the two was the more lively, after the smaller wound, or did the blood flow more freely after the deeper gashes?

MAN. A perfect river flowed from the opening where the chest was laid bare—the heavy blows only resulted in a small escapement, but a great quantity of blood seemed to make a retroflex course, and showed itself about the eyes and mouth.

TIR. These inauspicious sacrifices inspire me with grave apprehensions; but tell me what indications thou didst notice as regards the entrails?

MAN. Oh! Father, what is this? The entrails are trembling in a very excited manner, and not to the small extent, which is usual—they actually shake my hands when I touch them and fresh blood leaps forth from the veins; the heart is shrivelled up entirely and has sunk down deep in the thorax, the veins are becoming livid and a great portion of the intestines is missing, and the shrunk liver foams out black bile (hatred of the brothers, Polynices and Eteocles), and behold, this is always an omen of special import (to monarchies), two heads rise up of equal size [the word "torus" alludes to the muscular structure (ergo size)], but a delicate film conceals both the heads, suggestive of a refusal, to offer any veil to conceal certain secrets hereafter to be revealed! one hostile side rises against the other, with great force and presents seven veins (Polynices and his six generals), an oblique line divides them and prevents them from returning. No organ is in its proper anatomical situation—the whole order of nature is inverted—the lungs are not inflated with air and respiration is impeded, but they are filled with blood (hepatization) and are all on the right side (of the thorax), the place where the heart should be, on the left, is on the right side, and the omentum does not furnish the viscera with that adipose protection which surrounds them, as with a soft covering—the ways of nature are reversed; even the womb is not subject to its former fixed laws! (alluding to the incestuous womb of Jocasta)—we must endeavour to find out how this

In parte dextra pulmo fanguineus jacet. Non læva cordis regio. non molli ambitu Omenta pingues viscera obtendunt sinus.	370
Natura verſa eſt. nulla lex utero manet. Scrutemur, unde tantus hic extis rigor. Quod hoc nefas? conceptus innuptæ bovis, Nec more folito poſitus, alieno in loco Implet parentem. membra cum gemitu movet.	375
Tremulo rigore debiles artus micant. Infecit atras lividus fibras cruor; Tentantque turpes mobilem trunci gradum: Et inane furgit corpus. ac ſacros petit Cornu miniſtros. viscera effugiunt maoum.	380
Neque ipſa, quæ te pepulit, armenti gravis Vox eſt, nec uſquam territi reſonant greges: Immugit aris ignis, & trepidant foci. ÆD. Quid iſta ſacri ſigoa terrifici ferant, Exprome: voces aure non timida hauriam. Solent ſuprema facere ſecuros mala.	385
TIR. His inuidebis, quibus opem quaeris, malis, ÆD. Memora, quod unum ſcire cœlicolæ volunt, Contaminarit rege quis cæſo manus.	
TIR. Nec alta cœli quæ levi penna ſecant, Nec fibra vivis rapta pectoribus poteſt Ciere nomen. alia tendanda eſt via.	390
Ipſe evocandus noctis æternæ plagis Emiſſus Erebo, ut cædis auctorem indicet. Referanda tellus. Diris implacabile Numen precandum. populus infernæ Stygis Huc extrahendus. ede, cui mandes ſacrum.	395
Nam te, penes quem ſumma regnorum eſt, nefas Inviſere umbras. ÆD. Te, Creo, hic poſcit labor, Ad quem ſecundum regna reſpiciunt mea.	400
TIR. Dum nos profundæ clauſtra laxamus Stygis, Populare Bacchi laudibus carmen fonet.	

CHORUS.

Canit Chorus dithyrambum, qui Bacchi geſta
& inventa continet.

EFFUSAM redimite comam nutante corymbo,
Lucidum cœli decus, huc ades votis,

remarkable rigidity of the intestines has been brought about! Ah! what crime now? A heifer that has never been mounted by the bull to be with calf! and the fœtus is not in its proper place, but occupies another spot in its mother's inside—it moves its limbs with a groan, and they twitch convulsively, with tremblings and rigors, and

livid blood has stained the flesh black, and the miserable half-dead victims try to rise and get away in vain, and the body, with the entrails gone, seeks to make for those who are conducting the sacrifices; the entrails seem to avoid the touch, nor is the voice which it has given forth, that of the gruff bull, nor like that of one of the terrified flock. The flames, at the altars, emit a lowing sound at the same time that those altars are themselves trembling at the phenomenon!

ŒD. Tell me again, how these indications in this terrifying sacrifice are produced. I will listen with an undaunted ear to thy words. Great evils are apt to make one more composed at times.

TIR. I am afraid thou wouldst regret to know them, the ones, at least, thou requirest to aid thee in thy inquiries.

ŒD. Tell me what the Gods are willing for me to know! Who polluted his hands with the murder of the King?

TIR. Not any feathered creature, that cuts its path through the lofty regions of the sky, with its delicate wings, nor the entrails taken from the living animal; whilst retaining its vitality, can disclose the name of the murderer—another way must be tried! And some one must be summoned from the regions of eternal night, some emissary from Erebus itself, that he may point out the perpetrator of the murder! The earth must be opened and the relentless Pluto must be appealed to—the denizens of the internal regions and Laius himself must be dragged forth to give evidence: tell me, whom thou wilt intrust with this solemn mission, for it will be contrary to the law for thee with all the highest functions of a kingdom in thy keeping, to visit the shades below.

ŒD. This task will devolve on Creon, whom my Kingdom regards as the second in power.

TIR. Whilst we are effecting an entrance at the gates of the Stygian world below, let the air resound with some melody which will find favor with the Theban subjects, a song in praise of our God Bacchus!

CHORUS.

The Chorus sings a dithyramb, which sets forth the exploits and discoveries of Bacchus.

OH! thou Deity crowned with the clusters of grapes, waving to and fro, which surmount thy flowing locks, and poising in thy gentle hands, rejoicing in their perpetual juvenility, the Nisæan Thyrsus (Nisæus

Mollia Nyfæis armatæ brachia thyrfis, Quæ tibi nobiles Thebæ, Bacche, tuæ Palmis fupplicibus ferunt.	405
Huc adverte favens virgineum caput, Vultu fidereo difcute nubila, Et triftes Erebi minas,	410
Avidumque fatum, Te decet vernis comam floribus cingi, Te caput Tyria cohibere mitra; Ederave mollem baccifera	415
Religare frontem. Spargere effufos fine lege crines, Rurfus adducto revocare nodo. Qualis iratam metuens novercam Creveras fallos imitatus artus,	420
Criue flaventi fimulata virgo, Luteam veftem retinente zona. Inde tam molles placere cultus, Et finus laxi, fluidumque fyrma. Vidit anrato refidere curru,	425
Vefte cum longa tegeres leones, Omnis Eoæ plaga vafte terræ, Qui bibit Gangem, niveumque quifquis Frangit Araxen.	430
Te fenior turpi fequitur Silenus afello, Turgida pampineis redimitus tempora fertis. Condita lascivi deducunt orgia myftæ.	435
Te Baffaridum comitata cohors, Nunc Edoni pede pulfavit Sola Pangæi; nunc Threicio Vertice Pindi; nunc Cadmeas	440
Inter matres impia Mænas Comes Ogygio venit laccho, Nebride facra præcinâta latus. Tibi commotæ pectora matres Fudere comam: thyrfumque levem	445
Vibrante manu, jam poft laceros Pentheos artus Thyades œstro Membra remiffæ, velut ignotum Videre nefas.	450
Ponti regna tenet nitidi matertera Bacchi, Nereidumque choris Cadmeia cingitur Ino. Jus habet in fluctus magni puer advena ponti Cognatus Bacchi, numen non vile, Palæmon, Te Tyrrhena, puer, rapuit, manus,	455
Et umidum Nereus pofuit mare,	460

was a surname of Bacchus); thou bright ornament to the celestial group, come, we pray, and hearken to the supplications which thy own Noble Thebes now offers up to thee, with our hands showing tokens of reverence—Turn

hither thy head, with its virgin-like aspect! dispel the clouds which oppress us, with thy handsome presence as well as the grievous menaces of Erebus—avert thou the depopulating Fates! It becomes thee to deck thy locks with vernal flowers and wear on thy head the Tyrian Mitre, and to bind the ivy-berries around thy fair countenance! To scatter thy locks carelessly at one time, and at another, to gather them up again with the accustomed knot, and then thrown back.—And just as thou wast, too, when dreading the jealousy of thy step-mother (Juno) as a pretended virgin with golden locks, thou disguisedst thyself further still by imitating the carriage and figure of a female, a girdle keeping together the yellow vestments, till at last, an effeminate style of dress and manner, loose body-dress and a flowing train have come to be thy especial delight! All that vast country in the Eastern parts of the earth, owning thee as a conqueror, and those people, who drink from the waters of the Ganges and those who are required to break the ice of the frozen Alaxis, before they can quench their thirst—all these have seen thee proudly reclining in thy gilded chariot, drawn by Lions, and with that train of thine thrown over the backs of such lions, whilst that old Satyr, Silenus (foster-father of Bacchus), followed thee, mounted on the humble ass, with his temples egregiously puffed out with garlands of vine-leaves. The lascivious priests conduct their orgies in secrecy—a troop of the Bassarides, accompanying thee, at one time, tread their measures on the soil of Pangæus, after the style of the Edonic; at another time, on the summit of Thracian Pindus—whilst at still another, from among the Theban Matrons, a cruel Mænad comes as a companion to Ogygian (Theban) Bacchus, adorning her sides with the sacred skin of a young kid (that is held in sacred estimation), the matrons with their heaving bosoms excited by their passions (inspiration) let down their locks in honor of thee, and with their hands gently flourishing the graceful thyrsus, the Thyades, (Thyas was the chief priestess of Bacchus) after the limbs of Pentheus had been torn to pieces, relaxed their hands when the paroxysm of frenzy had worn itself out, and looked as if they were entirely ignorant of what they had done! The Aunt of Bacchus (Ino) holds sway over the glittering sea, and Cadmeian Ino is surrounded by a bevy of Nereids (sea-nymphs)—The Boy, Palæmon, no inconsiderable god, the latest accession to the marine deities, has full command over the waves of the mighty sea, and when the Pirates of Tyrrhenus took thee prisoner and placed thee on board of their vessel, Neptune converted the rough sea into a calm lake.—The blue waters he

Cærule cum pratis mutat freta. Hinc verno platanus folio viret, Et Phœbo laurus carum nemus: Garrula per ramos avis obstrepat. Vivaces ederas ramus tenet.	455
Summa ligat vitis carchesia. Idæus prora fremuit leo. Tigris puppe scdet Gangetica. Tum pirata freto pavidus natat: Et nova demersos facies habet.	460
Brachia prima cadunt prædonibus, Illifumque utero pectus coit. Pavula dependet lateri manus, Et dorso fluctum curvo fubit: Lunata scindit cauda mare,	465
Et sequitur curvus fugientia carbasa delphin. Divite Pactolus vexit te Lydius unda, Aurea torrenti deducens flumina ripa. Laxavit victos arcus Geticæque sagittas Lactea Massagetes qui pocula sanguine miscet.	470
Regna securigeri Bacchum sensere Lycurgi. Sensere terræ te Dacum feroces: Et quos vicinus Boreas ferit Arva mutantes: quasque Mæotis	475
Alluit gentes frigida fluctu: Quasque despectat virtice summo Sidus Arcadium, geminumque plaustrum. Ille dispersos domuit Gelonos: Arma detraxit trucibus puellis:	480
Ore dejecto petiere terram Thermodontiæ graves catervæ; Positis tandem levibus sagittis, Mænades factæ. facer & Cithæron Sanguine inundavit, Ophioniaque cæde.	485
Prætides silvas petiere: & Argos Præfente Bacchum coluit noverca. Naxos Ægeο redimita ponto Tradidit thalamis virginem relictam, Melioce pensans damna marito.	490
Pumice sicco Fluxit Nyctelius latex. Garruli gramen secuere rivi, Combibit dulces humus alta succos, Niveique lactis candida fontes	495

transformed into smiling meads, and from that time the plane tree grows green with the leaves of spring and the Laurel grove is dear to Apollo, the noisy birds chattered incessantly, perched amongst the branches, the oars of the piratical sailors were entwined with the ever-

green ivy, and the vine curled itself around the tallest masts! A fierce Idæan Lion roared at the prow, and an Asiatic Tiger (from the Ganges) sits composedly at the stern. Then the pirates, thoroughly scared, take to the water, and when they are beginning to sink in the watery depths, they assume a new shape—The robbers' forearms disappear, and chests and abdomens are forced into each other, becoming blended—a small fin hangs from their sides, and they thus enter into their marine home, and with a curved body and with their moon-shaped tails, they divide the waves, and the Dolphin, with its curved form, from that time forth, follows the ships cleaving the sea, under their scudding sails! The Pactolus, a river of Lydia, which conducts its golden streams towards the torrid banks, has borne thee along over its rich waters—Bacchus has caused the conquered Getæ to lay aside their bows and arrows, and the Scythian Massagetes [who mix the milk they consume with the blood of horses, and the kingdom of the axe-wearing Lycurgus (armed with the axe)] have felt the power of Bacchus, and the savage lands of the Daci have likewise acknowledged his power, and the wandering tribes who change their pastures and who, so near to blustering Boreas, are visited with his severity, and the people of that region, which the cold Mæotis washes with its waves, and those regions which lie directly under the Arcadian constellation, (the Northern Bear and the double chariot,) the two Aurigæ—he has also subdued the scattered Geloni, who painted their bodies to make themselves more to be dreaded when they went into battle—he took away the arms from the truculent Amazons, and the battalions of Thermodon cast their eyes upon the ground with a crestfallen countenance, and at length, having laid aside their slender arrows, they became Mænads, adopting the kid skin, the thyrsus and the worship of Bacchus—and the sacred Cithæron overflowed with blood and the slaughter of the Ophionian (Theban) children (Ophion was one of the five remaining, who sprang from the serpents' teeth sown by Cadmus, and who, as soon as born fought and killed each other). The daughters of Pretus fled to the woods, and all Argos worshipped Bacchus even in the presence of the step-mother. Naxos, surrounded by the Ægean sea, has provided thee with a candidate for thy marriage-bed, in the person of a jilted virgin who compensated her loss by obtaining a better husband, in Bacchus. (Ariadne deserted by Theseus.) From the dry stony ground flowed the Nyctelian spring, (Wine) murmuring streams flowed over the grass around, and the depths of the soil absorbed the welcome moisture, and the earth rendered white, as it

Et mixta odoro Lesbia cum thymo.

Ducitur magno nova nupta cœlo.

Solemne Phœbus carmen

Edit infusus humero capillis.

Concutit tædas gemius Cupido,

Telum depofuit Juppiter igneum,

Oditque Baccho veniente fulmen.

500

Lucida dum current annofi fidera mundi,

Oceanus claufum dum fluctibus ambiet orbem,

Lunaque dimiffos dum plena recolliget ignes,

Dum matutinos prædicet Lucifer ortus,

Altaque cæruleum dum Nerea nesciet Arctos;

Candida formofi venerabimur ora Lyæi.

505

ACTUS TERTIUS.

ŒDIPUS, CREON.

Indicat regi Creon ex necromantia, feu mavis ſciomantia,
intellexiffe ſe interfectorem Laji Œdipum fuiſſe, ille
fretus opinione ſua de Polybo patre negat, &
poſt jurgia Creontem in carcerem conjici jubet.

ETSI ipſe vultus flebiles præfert notas,
Expone, cujus capite placemus Deos.

510

CR. Fari jubes, tacere quæ ſuadet metus.

ŒD. Si te ruentes non ſatis Thebæ movent,

At ſceptra moveant lapſa cognatæ domus.

CR. Nefciſſe cupies, noſſe quæ nimium expetis.

ŒD. Iners malorum remedium ignorantia eſt.

515

Itane & ſalutis publicæ indicium obrues?

CR. Ubi turpis eſt medicina, ſanari piget.

ŒD. Audita fare; vel malo domitus gravi,

Quid arma poſſint regis irati, ſcies.

were, gave forth fountains of ſnow-white milk, and the Lesbian wine became fragrant with the ſweet-smelling thyme! A new bride ascends to the loftieſt heavens, and Apollo, the deity with his locks flowing over his ſhoulders, chants an epithalamium (marriage ſong), and Cupid, in his twin capacity carries triumphantly the marriage torch—Jupiter puts aſide his thunderbolts, and actually for the time regards his own lightning with horror, as Bacchus approaches, (reminding him of Semele, the mother of Bacchus, whom he ſtruck with lightning). Whiſt the bright ſtars of the univerſe ſhall run their courſes, and whiſt the mighty Ocean continues to ſurround our orb, and

the full moon shall collect together her stars temporarily dismissed, and whilst proud Lucifer shall herald the approach of morn, and whilst lofty Arctos (the Bear) shall never be seen to dip beneath the blue sea (Nereus is here taken for the sea) let the fair countenance of Lyæus, (Bacchus) ever be held in veneration!

ACT III.

ŒDIPUS—CREON.

Creon points out to the king, that from necromancy or rather sciomancy (calling up the Manes) he concludes that Œdipus was the murderer of Laius: Œdipus relying on his own conviction, that Polybus was his father, repudiates the charge, and after much contention, he orders Creon to be cast into prison.

ŒDIPUS.

ALTOGETHER your manner is suggestive of mournful indications: tell me, by whose sacrifice, we shall have to appease the Gods?

CR. You command me to tell what my fears incline me to be silent about.

ŒD. If the ruin of Thebes were not sufficient reason for you to do so, at least the sceptre of an allied dynasty being endangered might induce you.

CR. You will wish that you had remained in ignorance of what you are now striving to learn too much about.

ŒD. Ignorance is a very feeble remedy for evils, and will you conceal a clue which might be the means of unravelling a mystery, when such a thing is for the public safety.

CR. When a remedy is disagreeable, one is loth to apply it as a means of cure.

ŒD. Speak, I say, what you know, or you will very soon find out, if you are visited with some severe punishment, which the power of an outraged king can easily bring about.

CR. Odere reges dicta, quæ dici iubent.	520
ÆD. Mitteris Erebo vile pro cunctis caput, Arcani sacri voce ni retegis tua.	
CR. Tacere liceat. nulla libertas minor. A rege petitur. ÆD. Sæpe vel lingua magis Regi atque regno muta libertas obest.	525
CR. Ubi non licet tacere, quid cuiquam licet? ÆD. Imperia solvit, qui tacet, iussus loqui.	
CR. Coacta verba placidus accipias, precor. ÆD. Ulline poena vocis expressæ fuit? CR. Est procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger, Dircæa circa valis irriguæ loca.	530
Cupressus altis exferens filvis caput Virente semper alligat trunco nemus; Curvosque tendit quercus & putres situ Annosa ramos. hujus abruptit latus	535
Edax vetustas: illa jam fessa cadens Radice, fulta pendet aliena trabe. Amara baccas laurus; & tilix leves; Et Paphia myrtus; & per immensum mare Motura remos alius; & Phœbo obvia	540
Enode Zephyris pius opponens latus. Medio stat ingens arbor, atque umbra gravi Silvas minores urget; & magna ambitu Diffusa ramos, una defendit nemus. Tristis sub illa lucis & Phœbi infcius	545
Restagnat humor. frigore æterno rigens. Limosa pigrum circuit fontem palus. Huc ut sacerdos intulit senior gradum, Haud est moratus. præstitit noctem locus. Tunc fossa tellus, & super rapti rogis	550
Jaciuntur ignes. ipse funesto integit	

CR. Kings might sometimes dislike the truths, which they insist on being told them.

ÆD. You shall be consigned to Erebus, as a sacrifice to the Gods of the Manes for the public benefit, unless you unfold to me the secrets connected with the recent sacred ceremonies, and with, too, your own very lips.

CR. One is privileged to be silent, no less concession can be sought for at the hands of a king.

ÆD. The liberty of silence is oftentimes more against the interests of a king and the welfare of a kingdom, than the unrestricted use of the tongue.

CR. When one is denied the privilege of silence, what privilege is there left for any one?

ŒD. He that is commanded to speak, and will persist in silence, sets the imperial authority at defiance.

CR. I pray you, hear with an unruffled temper, the words which you are now dragging out of me.

ŒD. Has any one ever been punished for speaking, when he has been compelled to do so?

CR. There is at some distance from the city, an antique grove, black with the abundance of its oak trees, round about the localities, where the valley is irrigated by the fountains of Dirce. There a cypress raises its towering head above all the other lofty forest trees, and overshadows this grove at all times (being an ever-green) with its flourishing trunk, and an aged oak stretches forth its curved branches, decayed and covered with moss—the destructive hand of time (*tempus edax rerum*) has disabled its trunk and it is already in a falling condition, its roots having given way (unable to keep it upright), and hangs, as it were, supported by another tree close to it—there is the bitter laurel with its berries, and with it (are seen) the slender teil trees and the Paphian myrtle (sacred to Venus) and the alder, of which the oars are made, which enable the mariner to work his way over the immense sea, and the Pine, which grows straight upwards, without any flexions or prominences (branches thrown out), and which, with its spreading top affords protection against the Zephyrs, and tends as well to keep off the solar heat—A huge tree, giant of the forest, (presumably an oak) stands in the midst and overawes (in its majesty) all the smaller trees and sends out its branches with an extended circuit, in fact, of itself it seems to cover all the others. Beneath it, is a dismal fountain in a stagnant state and entirely deprived both of light and warmth, and it remains frozen from the constant cold—a muddy marsh surrounds this dried up fountain, and hither the aged Priest, (Tiresias) wends his steps—he is never delayed from the performance of his duties; the place itself on account of its utter absence of light, does all the duties of Night! Then the ground is dug and torches are seized up, and placed upon a funeral pile, in order to ignite it—the prophet (Tiresias) arrays himself in sombreast attire and shakes his head ominously; his dismal-looking cloak hangs down to his feet, and the sad old man steps forward in his slovenly dress—Sheep, with black fleeces, and black bulls are being conducted from the rear. (Black animals were always selected for sacrifices to the infernal deities and white ones for

Vates amicto corpus, & frontem quatit. Lugubris imos palla perfundit pedes. Squallente cultu mœstus ingreditur senex. Mortifera cauam taxus adstringit comam.	555
Nigro. bidentes vellere atque atræ boves Retro trahunter. flamma prædatur dapes, Vivumque trepidat igne ferali pecus. Vocat inde Manes; teque, qui Manes regis, Et obsidentem claustra letalis lacus:	560
Carmenque magicum volvit, & rabido minax Decantat ore, quidquid aut placat leves Aut cogit umbras. fanguinem libat focis, Solidasque pecudes urit, & multo specum Saturat cruore. libat & niveum infuset	565
Lactis liquorem; fundit & Bacchum manu Læva, canitque rufus, & terram intueus, Graviore Manes voce & attonita ciet. Latravit Hecates turba. ter va'les cavæ Sonnere mœstum. toia succusso solo	570
Pulfata tellus. audior, vates ait, Rata verba fudi. rumpitur cæcum Chaos, Iterque populo Ditis ad superos datur. Subfedit omnis silva, & erexit comam. Duxere rimas robore; & totum nemus Concussit horror. terra se retro dedit, Gemuitque penitus. sive tentari abditum Acheron profundum mente non æqua tulit:	575
Sive ipsa tellus, ut daret functis viam, Compagne rupta sonuit: aut ira furens Triceps catenas Cerberus movit graves. Subito dehiscit terra, & immenso sinu Laxata patuit ipse pallentes Deos Vidi inter umbras: ipse torpentes lacus Noctemque veram. gelidus in venis stet't	580
Hæsitque sanguis. sæva profluit cohors, Et stetit in armis omne vipereum genus Fratrum, catervæ dente Diræo fatæ, Avidumque populi Pestis Ogygii malum. Tum torva Erinnyes sonuit, & cæcus Furor, Horrorque, & una quidquid æternæ creant Celantque teuebræ: Luctus evellens comam,	590

the gods above.) And the cattle, for the few seconds that their lives lasted, trembled violently in the sacrificial fire, but the victims were soon consumed by the fiery element—Then Tiresias invokes the Manes; he exclaims, Oh! thou who rulest the Manes (Pluto), and thou, Cerberus, the guardian of the portals of the Stygian lakes! greeting; he then murmurs out some sort of magic verses, and with a fierce voice and angry look he proceeds to chant

whatever he thinks will appease or prevail over the Manes—he then sacrifices blood upon the altar, and burns cattle whole, and fairly saturated the cave with a deluge of blood—then, he offers, in libation, quantities of milk of snowy whiteness, and afterwards, pours out wine with his left hand and chants again, and looking down upon the ground, he summons the Manes in a harsh and astounding tone of voice.—The troop of Hecate are the first to be heard, howling savagely, and the hollow valleys send forth the most dismal sound, three times in succession, and the entire earth is loosened (loses its solidity) by the shocks and upheavals occurring subterraneously! I am heard at last! exclaims Tiresias; I have uttered with success, what I thought would be to the purpose—invisible chaos is broken through and the right of way to the regions above is afforded to the subjects of Pluto! Every tree sinks its head downwards, and afterwards, the leaves themselves stand out erect with very fright—The sturdy oaks are cleft in two and an overwhelming terror shakes the forest, and the upper earth itself appears to be startled and seems inclined to retreat from what is being threatened around, and groans from out of its very lowest strata! Whether all this was, that Acheron was entertaining a feeling of resentment, that the kingdoms hidden, down in the lowest depths, were being practised upon, or whether Earth itself gave forth the sound with horror, that its cohesive compactness had been disturbed in order to afford a way for those intruders arriving from the regions below, or was it that the three-headed Cerberus had violently shaken his heavy chains! Suddenly, however, the earth gapes open, and being thus exposed, displays itself with its immense bosom laid bare! I saw the Pallid Deities, Pluto and Proserpine, amongst the other Manes —I saw the stagnant lakes and real absolute Night, (that is, as it exists in the regions below) my blood curdled in my veins, and my heart felt as if it would beat no more! And the savage Trio, the Furies, (Tisiphone, Alecto and Megæra) leaped forth, and the entire race of brothers descended from the Dragon, stood up armed! the troop sprung from the Dircean teeth, and all the victims of the rapacious plague that had visited Thebes! Then, the savage Erinnyes sent forth the sounds from her whips and blind Madness and pictured Horror, and altogether, whatever eternal darkness is capable of producing—Grief tearing away at the hair, Disease holding up its weary head with difficulty, Excessive Old Age, a burden to its very self, and Fear, with its look of doubt and suspense! My senses left me, and Manto herself was stupefied and struck aghast, and she too! who was no raw recruit in

Ægreque lassum sustinens Morbus caput, Gravis Senectus sibi met, & pendens Metus.	
Nos liquit animus, ipsa, quæ ritus fenis Artesque norat, stupuit. intrepidus parens, Audaxque damno, convocat Ditis feri Exfanguis vulgus: illico ut nebulæ leves Volitant, & auras libero cœlo trahunt.	595
Non tot caducas educat frondes Eryx; Nec vere flores Hybla tot medio creat, Cum examen alto neçtitur densum globo; Fluctusque non tot frangit Ionium mare; Nec tanta gelidi Strymonis fugiens minas Permutat hiemes ales, & cœlum secans	600
Tepente Nilo penfat Arctoas nives: Quot ille populos vatis eduxit sonus. Pavidæ latebras nemoris umbrosi petunt Animæ trementes. primus emergit solo Dextra ferocem cornibus taurum premens Zethus; manique sustinens læva chelym, Qui faxa dulci traxit, Amphion, sono.	605
Interque natos Tantalus tandem suos Tuto superba fert caput fastu gravi, Et numerat umbras. pejor hac genitrix adest Furibunda Agave; tota quam sequitur manus Partita regem. sequitur & Bacchas lacer Pentheus, tenetque sævus etiam nunc minas. Tandem, vocatus sæpe, pudibundum extulit Caput, atque ab omni diffidet turba procul, Celatque semet. infat & Stygias preces Geminat sacerdos, donec in apertum efferat Vultus opertos Læus, fari horreo.	610
Stetit per artus sanguine effuso horridus, Pædore fœdo squalidam obtentus comam, Et ore rabido fatur: O Cadmi effera, Cruore semper læta cognato domus, Vibrate thyrsos. enthea natos manu Lacerate potius. maximum Thebis scelus Maternus amor est. patria, non ira Deum Sed scelere raperis. non gravi flatu tibi Lactificus Auster, nec parum pluvio æthere	615
	620
	625
	630

the arts and mysteries of that old man, Tiresias! and the intrepid Parent bold on account of his loss (the loss of his eyesight, but who would not have been so if he could have seen what Manto saw, calls together those lifeless subjects of the unrelenting Pluto. How the substanceless shades did flit about! here and there! and appeared pleased at being able to enjoy the air in the free sky of the upper world! In point of number, not so many leaves have ever fallen in the woods of Eryx—Never did Hybla

grow so many flowers in the middle of spring, when the dense hives gather round the trees, like grapes clustered together, hanging down from the branches! Not so many waves has the Ionian sea ever broken against the shore! Not so many birds (cranes and other migratory birds) flying away from the frigid Strymon to escape the winter and cutting their way through the air, exchange the Arctic snows for the balmy sky of the mild Nile! How great must have been the sound, which dragged forth such multitudes of the Manes! The timid, trembling spirits seek refuge in the nooks and corners of the shady grove. Zethus, the first to emerge from the earth below, restraining a ferocious bull with his right hand upon its horns, and Amphion, who raised the stones whithersoever he willed, by his melodious strains, appears holding his lute in his left hand, and then one of the Tantalides (proud Niobe) in perfect security! now! poises her head with intolerable pride, and counts over the numerous Manes, represented by her own family! then, worse than Niobe, the frenzied Agave is present, and the band which tore in pieces one of our kings, and Pentheus follows in her wake and even now, looks austerely, as if he is still retaining his anger. At length having invoked several times, one of the Manes raises his head, as if a feeling of shame and degradation had come over him, and keeps, at a distance, from the rest of the Manes, who are crowded together—tries to elude observation, but the priest is equal to the occasion, and with redoubled energy addresses in prayer, the Stygian Deities: until at last, Laius shows his hitherto hidden face and brings it into full view—I shake with very alarm, when I am speaking of it even—there, he stood, frightful to be looked upon with the blood pouring down his body, and his slovenly locks besmeared with filth and nastiness, and at last he spoke in an angry void—Oh! cruel progeny of Cadmus, always happy in shedding the blood of one sprung from your own dynasty, flourish your Thyrsus, ye Bacchanals, and with your own hands, inspired by the Bacchic fury, tear to pieces your children; but I can tell you that the crime of Thebes is this—impious amour between a mother and son, and oh! my country, may you be relieved from the odium of this crime, and not from the anger of the Gods only! It is not the sad South Wind, (sad from its continuous heat) which is blowing so oppressively upon you, nor is it, through an atmosphere, which yields not a sufficiency of rain, that the earth is saturated with the exhalations arising from drought! but a blood-thirsty King, who holds his sceptre as the price of my cruel murder, and who is now occupying the impious marriage-bed of his own

Satiata tellus halitu sicco nocet:
 Sed rex cruentus, pretia qui fævæ necis
 Sceptra, & nefandos occupat thalamos prtris, 635
 Invisa proles. (sed tamen pejor parens.
 Quam natus: utero rursus infausto gravis,
 Egit qui iu ortus semet; & matri impios
 Fœtus regeffit; quique vix mos est feis,
 Fratres sibi ipse genuit; implicitum malum, 640
 Magisque monstrum Sphinge perplexum sua.
 Te, te, cruenta sceptra qui dextra geris,
 Te pater inultus urbe cum tota petam,
 Et mecum Eriunys pronubas thalami traham,
 Traham sonantes verbera: incestam domum 645
 Vertam, & Penates impio Marte obteram.
 Proinde pulsum finibus regem ocus
 Agite exulem. quodcumque funesto gradu
 Solum relinquet, vere florifero vireus
 Reparabit herbas. spiritus puros dabit 650
 Vitalis aura. veniet & silvis decor.
 Letum, Luesque, Mors, Labor, Tabes, Dolor,
 Comitatus illo dignus, excedunt simul.
 Et ipse rapidis gressibus fedes volet
 Effugere nostras: fed graves pedibus moras 655
 Addam, & tenebo. repet incertus viæ,
 Baculo fenili triste prætentans iter.
 Præripite terras, auferam cælum pater.
 CÆD. Et ossa & artus gelidus invasit tremor.
 Quidquid timebam facere, fecisse arguor. 660
 Tori jugalis abnuat Merope nefas,
 Sociata Polybo. fœspes absolvit macus
 Polybus meas. uterque defendit parens
 Cædem, stuprumque. quis locus culpæ est super?
 Multo ante Thebæ Laium amissum gemunt, 665
 Bœota gressu quam meo tetigi loca.
 Falsusne fenior, an Deus Thebis gravis?
 Jam jam tenemus callidi focios doli.
 Mentitur ista præferens fraudi Deos

father! Oh! hateful offspring! but, however, the Parent
 Jocasta is a worse plight than the Son (Œdipus) again
 to be doomed to the frightful results of an unlucky womb
 (a gravid uterus), and to have a son, who approaches
 sexually the very parts whence he dates his own birth, and
 who has thrown back impious offspring out of his own
 mother's womb! and this mode of procedure is scarcely the
 one which prevails even amongst the wild beasts, a man
 who begets children that are brothers to himself! Oh! what a
 complication of calamities—a more puzzling enigma than that
 propounded by the Sphinx herself and which he (Œdipus)
 so successfully unravelled! Oh! thou, who holdest the

sceptre in thy blood-stained hand! As the unavenged Father I will ever pursue thee, and with the entire Theban city at my back, and Oh! ye Furies, (Erinnys) I will engage you in my cause, as the bridesmaids to his marriage-bed! I will enlist you to sound your dangerous whips—I will upset thy incestuous home and tire out thy household gods, with the impious wars, I will bring about (Eteocles and Polynices). Thenceforth drive away, oh! ye Thebans, without delay, your King as an exile from your soil! for whatever country he leaves behind, which has been trodden by his impious feet, shall as soon as he quits, become prosperous with the flower-producing spring, and the grass will grow again in abundance—the vivifying sky shall give a pure atmosphere for you to breathe and luxuriant foliage shall adorn the groves—untimely Death, Pestilence—Premature Decay—Lingering Disease—galloping consumption—inconsolable anguish—and every thing that is capable of being associated with them, shall vanish at once! And he himself (Œdipus) will only be too willing to fly away with a hurried retreat from your own dear Thebes! But I will encumber his path with great difficulties: feeble old age, lassitude, blindness, and the necessity for a daughter to lead him along, and one who will not allow him to destroy himself, and I will keep him in that condition—He shall creep along not knowing where he is going, he shall grope his unpleasant way about, relying solely on that indispensable adjunct to feeble old age, the staff! Oh! ye Thebans, cast him forth out of your country! I, his parent, will do my utmost to keep him out of Heaven!

ŒD. A cold shiver runs through my entire frame, down to my very bones; here am I accused of the very crimes which I have ever been in fear of committing! Merope, who is married to Polybus, indignantly repudiates such a crime as having been visited upon her marriage-bed, and Polybus feels secure on the point and absolves my hand of any such guilt, both parents being alive sufficiently ignores he charge of murder and incestuous marriage! Beyond that, what foundation is there for the charges brought against me? They were mourning for the loss of Laius for a long time before I ever trod upon the Bœotian soil! Is that old Tiresias acting treacherously, or is the God Apollo especially hard upon Thebes? But now, I have it plain before my mind who the confederates in this scheme are, Creon and Tiresias! Tiresias preferring a line of deceit, is lying to the Gods about this matter in order that my sceptre should fall into your hands (addressed to Creon).

Vates, tibi que sceptrâ despondet mea.	670
CR. Egon' ut forem regia expelli velim?	
Si me fides sacrata cognati laris	
Non contineret in meo certum statu;	
Tamen ipsa me Fortuna terreret, nimis	
Sollicita semper. liceat hoc ruto tibi	675
Exuere pondus, ne recedentem opprimat.	
Jam te minore tutior pones loco.	
ÆD. Hortaris etiam, sponte deponam ut mea	
Tam gravia regna? CR. Suadeam hoc illis ego,	
In utrumque quis est liber etiam nunc flatus.	680
Tibi jam necesse est ferre fortunam tuam.	
ÆD. Certissima est regnare cupienti via,	
Laudare modica, & otium ac fomnum loqui.	
Ab inquietâ sæpe simulatur quies.	
CR. Parumne me tam longa defendit fides?	685
ÆD. Aditum nocendi perfido præstat fides.	
CR. Solutus onere regio, regni bonis	
Fruor, domusque civium cœtu viget;	
Nec ulla vicibus surgit alternis dies,	
Qua non propinqui munera ad nostros lares	690
Sceptri redundant; cultus, opulentæ dapes,	
Donata multis gratia nostra falus.	
Quid tam beatæ deesse fortunæ rear?	
ÆD. Quod deest. secunda non habent unquam modum.	
CR. Incognita igitur ut nocens causa cadam?	695
ÆD. Num ratio vobis reddita est vitæ meæ?	
Num audita causa est nostra Tiresiæ? tamen	
Sontes videmur. facitis exemplum? sequor.	
CR. Quid si innocens sum? ÆD. Dubia pro certis solent	
Timere reges. CR. Qui pavet vanos metus,	700
Veros meretur. ÆD. Quisquis in culpa fuit,	
Dimissus odit omne, quod dubium putat.	

CR. Do you mean that I should be willing for my sister to be expelled from her regal surroundings? As if that fidelity which is ever a sacred bond between those of the same blood would not be a sufficient guarantee that I might be depended on, to be satisfied with my own station! However, the anxieties and vicissitudes of Fortune which attend a kingdom, and which are oftentimes too vexing, would effectually deter me from that. But it is quite possible for you if it pleases you, to throw off such a burden with safety, lest it might prove harmful to you, when you had receded from it. Now, you can place yourself, in security, in a less aspiring position.

ÆD. Do you advise me then that I should shake off the burdens of royalty, of my own free will?

CR. I give such advice to those with whom it is optional, which of the two conditions should be decided upon—It is already a matter of necessity for you to bear what Fortune has marked out for you.

ŒD. The most certain policy for any one desirous of reigning is to laud to the skies, the blessings arising out of mediocrity, and to dwell (in his mind) on the tranquil ease and undisturbed repose enjoyed by those who are unburdened with the cares of a kingdom—assumed sincerity is often used as a mask for considerable disquiet.

CR. And does my long and well-tested fidelity count for so little, in rebutting such an accusation?

ŒD. Fidelity often affords the perfidious knave a more easy way of making himself obnoxious.

CR. Here I, relieved from regal fardels, enjoy all the advantages of royalty, and my house is honored as an agreeable rendezvous for the citizens who flock thither; nor does a day pass which differs from another—no alternation prevails—gifts, presents as acknowledgments of my nearness of rank as regards the sceptre, abound in my household—elegant furniture, sumptuous apparel and a luxurious cuisine! And my heartiest welcome is accorded to many, with the fullest appreciations, too, on their part! What can I imagine to be wanting to such a happy lot (as that)?

ŒD. What is wanting? Why! prosperity never has any bounds to the ambition which arises out of it.

CR. Shall I be condemned to fall as a criminal, for some undiscovered crime?

ŒD. Have not the details of my career through life already been made known to you? And has my cause been fully examined into by Tiresias? Yet, I am conclusively made out to be a criminal; mind! you have furnished me with an example in yourself, and I am merely following your lead?

CR. But, if I am innocent!

ŒD. Kings are apt to fear that doubtful things contain within them the elements of certainty.

CR. Sic odia fiunt. ÆD. Odia qui nimium timet,
Regnare nefcīt. regna custodit metus.

CR. Qui scepra duro fævus imperio regit, 705
Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit.

ÆD. Servate fontem faxeo inclufum ſpecu:
Ipſe ad penates regios referam gradum.

CHORUS.

Excufat Œdipum Chorus, transferendo culpam in mala
Thebarum fata, quæ ab ipſa inauſpicata bove
Thebanos uſque vexarint.

NON tu tantis cauſa periclis,
Non hæc Labdacidas premunt 710
Fata: ſed veteres Deūm
Iræ ſequuntur. Caſtaliū nemiſ
Umbram Sidonio præbuit hoſpiti,
Lavitque Dirce Tyrios colonos:
Ut primum magni natus Agenoris, 715
Feſſus per orbem furta ſequi Jovis,
Sub noſtra pavidus conſtitit arbore,
Prædonem venerans ſuum;
Monituque Phœbi, juſſus erranti
Comes ire vaccæ, quam non flexerat 720
Vomer, aut tardi juga curva plauſtri,
Deferuit fugas, nomenque genti
Inauſpicata de bove tradidit
Tempore ex illo nova monſtra ſemper
Protulit tellus, aut anguis imis 725
Vallibus editus, annoſa ſupra
Robora ſibilat, ſupraque pinus,
Supra Chaonias celſior abores
Cæruleum erexit caput,
Cum majore fui parte recumberet, 730
Aut foeta tellus impio partu
Effudit arma.

CR. He who is alarmed at empty fears, deserves to
suffer from real ones.

ÆD. Whatever man is guilty of a crime and obtains a
recognition of innocence suspects (hates) every thing,
because he thinks every thing doubtful that applies to
others—in other words, judges every one by himself.

CR. And thus it is then, that doubts become so odious.

ŒD. He who fears the hatred of others, too sensitively, knows not the true secret of governing—Fear restricts the operations of royalty.

CR. He who relentlessly wields the sceptre with a harsh use of his power, has reason to fear those that fear him—fear recoils upon its author.

ŒD. Confine Creon a prisoner in a stone dungeon! I will betake myself after this to my regal abode.

CHORUS.

The Chorus finds excuse for Œdipus, by laying the blame on the evil destinies of Thebes, which from the time of that unlucky heifer Europa, up to the present time, have harassed them.

IT is not thou, Œdipus, who art the cause of so many calamities; these misfortunes are not singling out the descendants of Labdacus only, but it is that everlasting anger of the Gods, which is the evil genius that persecutes us! The Castalian forest first afforded a shelter to the Sidonian stranger, and the streams of Dirce watered the soil for the Tyrian Colonists; so when first the son (Cadmus) of the mighty Agenor, was utterly wearied of wandering over the earth in search of his sister Europa, who had been seized and run off with by Jupiter, and settled down under our hospitable roof-trees, broken in courage, and ignorantly venerating the God that was the abductor of his sister, and by the command of Apollo, was ordered to become the attendant upon a wandering heifer, which had never had her neck broken to the plough or lashed to the curved yoke of the tardy-paced waggon—he then gave up his flying mission, and awarded the country, the name of Bœotia, arising out of the circumstance of this inauspicious heifer! The oppressed land has always been bringing forward fresh monsters ever since that time, either in the shape of a serpent appearing in the low valley, which sent forth its hissings even above the aged oaks, and stretched out its blue-tinted head over the lofty pines and high above the Chaonian Oaks, whilst a great portion of its body rested on the ground; or, the earth, pregnant with an impious foetus has brought forth armed men, and the war-trumpet sounded forth from its reflexed windings, and the clarion gave out its

Sonuit reflexo clafficum cornu,
 Lituſque adunco ſtridulos cantus
 Eliſit ære. ante non linguas 735
 Agiles & ora vocis ignotæ
 Ciamore primum hoſtico experti,
 Agrina campos cognata tenent.
 Dignaſque jactò ſemine proles
 Uuo ætatem permenſa die. 740
 Poſt Luciferi nata meatus,
 Ante Heſperios occidit ortus.
 Horret tantis advena monſtris,
 Populique timet bella recentis:
 Donec cecidit ſæva juventus; 745
 Genitrixque ſuo reddi gremio
 Modo productos vidit alumnos.
 Hac tranſierit civile nefas:
 Illa Herculeæ norint Thebæ
 Prælia fratrum 750
 Quid Cadmei fata nepotis,
 Cum vivacis cornua cervi
 Frontem ramis textere novis,
 Dominumque canes egere fuum?
 Præceps ſilvas montefque fugit 755
 Citus Actæon, agilique magis
 Pede per faltus & ſaxa vagus.
 Metuit motas Zephyris plumas,
 Et, quæ poſuit, retia vitat:
 Donec placidi fontis in unda 760
 Cornua vidit vultuſque feros,
 Ubi virgineos foverat artus
 Nimum ſævi Diva pudoris.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

ŒDIPUS, JOCASTA.

Suſpicari jam incipit Œdipus, ne ille forte, quem olim Delphos
 petens occidiſſet, Lajus fuerit: quærit itaque ab Joçaſta de Laji
 ætate, necis tempore, & aliis circumſtantiis.

C URAS revolvit animus, & repetit metus.
 Obiſſe noſtre Laium ſcelere autumant 765
 Superi inferique. fed animus contra innocens,

shrill blaſts from out of its crooked brazen throat, and
 before they had even uſed their unpractiſed tongues, or
 exerciſed their lips with words, which were unknown
 by them, they came forward at once, with a hoſtile war-

cry, and the troops of men, born at the same moment of time, take possession of the plains—a progeny fully worthy of the seed whence they sprang; (the serpent's teeth) passing away their brief life time in one day, born at the coming of Lucifer, and disappearing on the advent of Hesperus! The stranger, Cadmus, is horrified at so many monsters, and is scared by the warfare conducted by that newly-imported population! until the furious young warriors fell, arising out of their internecine slaughter, and that mother, the Earth, saw the nurslings which she had only just brought forth, received again into her bosom! (Buried.) And oh! that civil strife would have ended here! Thebes, the birth-place of Hercules has witnessed the battles of the brothers, Eteocles and Polynices! What shall we say of the grandson of Cadmus (Actæon) when the horns of the swift stag surmounted his head, and his own dogs hunted in pursuit after their own master! And the fleet Actæon flew headlong over woods and mountains, and wandering with its agile strides through forests and across rocks, went in dread of the purple feathers waving gently, as the Zephyrs dictated, (these feathers were used as snares) and avoided the nets of the hunters, which he had himself placed there; and at last, he beheld his horns and wild appearance reflected by the waters of a placid fountain, where the Goddess Diana, with too severe modesty (for being so revengeful at being seen) had been bathing her Virgin Body!

ACT IV.

ŒDIPUS—JOCASTA.

Œdipus, at length, begins to suspect, lest by chance, it might have been Laius, whom he slew, as he was going to Delphi on one occasion—he inquires of Jocasta, concerning the age of Laius, the date of his death and other circumstances.

ŒDIPUS.

MY mind is now revolving the responsibilities of my situation, and I hark back to my old fears and misgivings! The Gods above and the Gods below are fully satisfied that Laius met his death at my criminal hands, but my mind, on the contrary, being innocent of the charge, repudiates the accusation, and what is known

Sibique melius quam Deis notus, negat. Redit memoria tenue per vestigium, Cecidisse nostri stipitis pulsu obvium Datumque Diti, cum prior juvenem fenex Curru superbus pelleret, Thebis procul, Phocæa trifidas regio qua scindit vias. Unanima conjux, explica errorem, precor, Quæ spatia moriens Laius vitæ tulit. Primone in ævo viridis, an fracto occidit?	770
JOC. Inter senem juvenemque; sed propior seni. CÆD. Frequens turba regium cinxit latus? JOC. Plures fefellit error ancipitis viæ; Paucos fidelis curribus junxit labor. CÆD. Aliquisne cecidit regio fato comes?	775
JOC. Unum fides virtusque confortem addidit. CÆD. Teneo nocentem. convenit numerus, locus. Sed tempus adde. JOC. Decima jam metitur feges.	780

SENECA, CÆDIPUS.

E fene a Merope & Corinthiis misso, qui Cædipum de Polybi morte edoceat, regetque, ad gubernacula regni fuscipienda veniat, dicit Cædipus, se non vere esse Polybi filium: nimia itaque curiositate sua veros invenit parentes.

SEN. CORINTHIUS te populis in regnum vocat Patrium. quietem Polybus æternam obtinet. CÆD. Ut undique in me sæva Fortuna irruit! Ediffere agedum, quo cadat fato parens. SEN. Animam senilem mollis exfolvit fopor. CÆD. Genitor sine ulla cæde defunctus jacet.	785
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to myself is certainly of more moment than what the Gods seem disposed to imagine! But my recollection returns to me, through some dim impression, that some one who once opposed my path, was felled to the earth by a blow from my club, and died (was handed over to Pluto) from its effects, and this was when a proud old man who was driving in his chariot in front of me, when I was quite a young man, and it was he that blocked my way—it was some distance from Thebes, just where the Phocæan territory is divided off into three roads. Oh! my loving wife, I entreat you, correct me if I am wrong! How old was Laius, when he suffered this death? Was he a hale man, in the prime of life, and did he droop at all, or appear to be broken down as to his bodily vigor?

JOC. Somewhere between old age and youth, I should say, but nearer old age than youth.

ŒD. Did a large retinue of attendants surround his royal presence?

JOC. Not the winding paths of the roads, so apt to mislead, caused them to stray—the careful, personal attendance only required the few whose duties appertained to the chariot's supervision!

ŒD. Did any of the attendants meet with the same fate as the king?

JOC. Fidelity and affection were his only companions, myself!

ŒD. I now know the culprit, the number of persons seen by me and the locality indicated exactly tally! But tell me how long ago this was?

JOC. About ten years—ten harvests have since yielded their annual crops.

OLD MAN—ŒDIPUS.

From an old man, who had been despatched by Merope and the Corinthians, who tells him of the death of Polybus, and inquires of him whether he will come and undertake the duties of the government—Œdipus learns that he is not the son of Polybus, at all; therefore, with his too eager curiosity, he finds out who were his real parents.

OLD MAN.

THE people of Corinth invite you to your father's kingdom—Polybus has gone to his eternal rest.

ŒD. How, on all sides, cruel fortune is rushingly falling upon me! Come, tell me quickly, man, to what sort of death did my parent succumb?

O. M. A placid sleep spirited away the old man's existence.

Testor, licet jam tollere ad cœlum pie Puras, nec ulla scelera metuentes manus. Sed pars magis metuenda fatourum manet.	790
SEN. Omnem paterna regna discutiet metum. ÆD. Repetam paterna regna, fed matrem horreo.	
SEN. Metuis parentem, quæ tuum reditum expetens Sollicita pendet? ÆD. Ipse me pietas fugat.	795
SEN. Viduam relinques? ÆD. Tangis, en, ipfos metus. SEN. Affare, merfus quis premat mentem timor. Præstare tacitam regibus soleo fidem.	
ÆD. Connubia matris Delphico admonitu tremo. SEN. Timere vana define, & turpes metus Depone. Merope vera non fuerat parens.	800
ÆD. Quod subditivi præmium nati petiit? SEN. Regnum. superbam liberi adstringunt fidem. ÆD. Secreta thalami, fare, quo excipias modo.	805
SEN. Hæ te parenti parvulum tradunt manus. ÆD. Tu me parenti tradis? at quis me tibi? SEN. Pastor nivoso sub Cithæronis jugo. ÆD. In illa temet nemora quis casus tulit?	
SEN. Illo sequebar monte cornigeros greges. ÆD. Nunc adice certas corporis nostri notas. SEN. Forata ferro gesseras vestigia, Tumore nactus nomen ac vitio pedum. ÆD. Quis fuerit ille, qui meum dono dedit	810

ÆD. My father, then, is lying dead, without any foul murder, as the cause; now I possess evidence! I can devoutly raise my unsullied hands (unsuspected) towards Heaven and not go in fear of the imputation of crime and its consequences—but a portion of my destiny still remains to me, as the source of alarm!

O. M. Inheriting a father's kingdom will banish every cause for fear.

ÆD. I would go to my father's kingdom, but I fear for the mother (alluding to the remaining portion of the destiny).

O. M. Do you fear a parent, who waiting in anxiety, depends on your return.

ÆD. My great affection for her drives away the very thought of returning.

O. M. Would you leave a widow in such an extremity as this?

ÆD. Why, you are now trenching upon my excessive susceptibilities (my one sore point).

O. M. Explain, what is this fear sunk down in your soul? I am accustomed to perform my duties with kings with unalloyed confidence, no fear of betrayal on my part!

ŒD. By the decree of the Delphian Oracle, I tremble at this prophesied marriage with a mother.

O. M. Cease to be alarmed at such silly notions, and banish all such unworthy fears.

ŒD. What dignity can a supposed or adopted son seek to arrive at?

O. M. A kingdom. Children serve to ensure more devoted loyalty from the subjects.

ŒD. Tell me the mysteries connected with the marriage; in what way, you rely upon my being merely an adopted son.

O. M. These very hands of mine delivered you, as a little fellow, to your supposed parents.

ŒD. You delivered me to my supposed parents! But who delivered me into your hands?

O. M. A shepherd on the snowy summits of Cithæron.

ŒD. What accident led you into those forests, where I was found?

O. M. I was the keeper of the horned flocks on that mountain.

ŒD. Now, tell me of any certain marks that you remember, on my body.

O. M. You wore the marks, where your feet had been pierced, with an iron skewer; the very name you bear, Œdipus, was given to you from the swelling and injury done to your feet.

ŒD. I require to know, who he was that subjected my body to such treatment?

O. M. He fed the royal flocks, the chief herdsman—a small number of shepherds served under him.

ŒD. Mention the names of them.

Corpus, requiro. SEN. Regios pavit greges.	815
Minor sub illo turba pastorum fuit.	
ÆD. Eloquere nomen. SEN. Prima languescit fenum	
Memoria, longo lassâ sublabens fitu.	
ÆD. Potestne facie nocere ac vultu virum?	
SEN. Fortasse noccam. sæpe jam spatium obrutam	820
Levis exoletam memoriam revocat nota.	
ÆD. Ad sacra & aras omne compulsam pecus	
Duces sequantur. ite properare, arcescite,	
Famuli, penes quos summa consistit gregum.	
SEN. Sive ista ratio, sive fortuna occulit,	825
Latere semper patere, quod latuit diu.	
Sæpe eruentis veritas patuit malo.	
ÆD. Malum timeri majus his aliquid potest?	
SEN. Magnum esse, magna mole quod petitur, scias.	
Concurrit illinc publica, hinc regis fasus,	830
Utrinque paria, contine medias manus,	
Ut nil laceffas, ipsa se fata explicant.	
Nos expedit concutere felicem statum.	
ÆD. Tuto movetur, quidquid extremo in loco est.	
SEN. Nobilius aliquid genere regali appetis?	835
Ne te parentis pigeat inventi, vide.	
ÆD. Vel poenitendi sanguinis quaeram fidem,	
Si nosse libeat. ecce, grandævus fenex,	
Arbitria sub quo regii fuerant gregis,	
Phorbas. referne nomen aut vultum fenis?	840
SEN. Arridet animo forma. nec notus satis,	
Nec rursus iste vultus ignotus mihi.	
Regnum obtinente Laio famulus greges	
Agitasti opimos sub Cithæronis plaga?	

PHORBAS, SENEX, ÆDIPUS.

PHOR. L ÆTUS Cithæron pabulo semper novo	845
Æstiva nostro prata summittit gregi.	

O. M. The memory belonging to youth fails in old age, as one becomes wearied in other respects, through length of time.

ÆD. Do you think that you would know the man by his face and general appearance?

O. M. Perhaps I should know him—oftentimes some trivial mark recalls one's dull memory to what one might think would be effaced by the hand of time.

ÆD. Come, servants! go at once and seek out those to whose charge the chief management of the flocks was entrusted, and let the head shepherd conduct the whole

of the herds driven together, to the altar, under the pretence of an intended sacrifice.

O. M. Let that remain hidden, which has been concealed for so long a time, whether design or accident led to such concealment; for, very often, the truth has been laid bare to the injury of those, who have brought that truth to light.

ŒD. Cannot some greater calamity be feared, than those you have been thinking about.

O. M. You must be aware that a thing is of great moment which is only arrived at with considerable difficulty. The welfare of the public interests here—the security of the throne there—meet together as things in common, in fact, identical! No! preserve thou the middle course, let nothing harass you—the Fates will unweave soon enough what is to be—at all events it is not advisable to shake the stability of a fortunate position.

ŒD. When misfortunes are at their very worst sometimes, they are dealt with more safely; in other words, I think my position is most unfortunate, therefore I shall endeavour to make it more certain.

O. M. Do you desire anything more elevated than a Royal descent? Listen to me you are not about to worry, because you have found a father!

ŒD. But I must and will find out the truth about my miserable origin—Look! behold that extremely old man with whom the tending of the royal flocks once rested. I wonder whether he is able to remember what he once knew? It is this Phorbas standing before us—Do you remember the name and general appearance of this old man?

O. M. His appearance recurs readily to my memory, but he was never sufficiently known to me, to say more, but his face now that I take another look, is not unknown to me. (Addressing Phorbas) Were you not the shepherd that drove the fat flocks on the plains of Cithæron, when Laius held the kingdom?

PHORBAS—OLD MAN—ŒDIPUS.

PHORBAS.

CITHÆRON always exuberant with its fresh herbage, a series of crops supplies succeeding flocks from the summer produce of its meadows.

SEN. Nofcifne memet? PHOR. Dubitat anceps memoria.
 CÆD. Huic aliquis a te traditur quondam puer?
 Effare. dubitas? cur genas mutat color?
 Quid verba quæris? veritas odit moras. 850
 PHOR. Obducta longo temporum tractu moves.
 CÆD. Fatere, ne te cogat ad verum dolor.
 PHOR. Inutile ifti munus infantem dedi.
 Non potuit ille luce, non cælo frui.
 SEN. Procul fit omen. vivit, & vivat precor. 855
 CÆD. Sùpereffe quare traditum infantem negas?
 PHOR. Ferrum per ambos tenue tranfactum pedes
 Ligabat artus: vulneri innatus tumor
 Puerile foeda corpus urebat lue.
 SEN. Quid quæris ultra? fata jam accedunt prope. 860
 CÆD. Quis fuerit infans, edoce. PHOR. Prohibet fides.
 CÆD. Huc aliquis ignem. flamma jam excutiet fidem.
 Per tam cruentas vera quærenti vias
 Ignofce, quæfo, fi ferus videor tibi,
 Et impotens, parata vindicta in manu eft. 865
 Dic vera. quifnam, quove generatus patre,
 Qua matre genitus? PHOR. Conjuge eft genitus tua.
 CÆD. Dehifce, tellus. tuque tenebrarum potens,
 In Tartara ima, rector umbrarum, rape
 Retra reverfas generis ac ftirpis vices. 870
 Congerite, cives, faxa in infandum caput.
 Mactate telis. me petat ferro parens,
 Me natus. in mè conjuges arment manus,
 Fratefque; & æger populus ereptos rogis
 Jaculetur ignes. feculi crimen vagor, 875
 Odium Deorum, juris exitium facri;
 Qua luce primum fpiritus haufi rudes,

O. M. Do you remember me, Phorbas?

PH. My treacherous memory keeps me in a state of uncertainty.

CÆD. Was there not once a little boy handed over to you by some person? Speak, Sir! Why do you hesitate? Why do your cheeks change color? (blush) Why do you seem at such a loss for words? Truth, you know, shuns such quibbling evasions.

PH. You are testing my memory, as to matters that have been long hidden in the bosom of Time (a long space of years).

CÆD. Tell me, Sir, less some punishment be employed to force you to tell the truth.

PH. I once gave that old man, the care of a feeble infant, that did not seem likely to enjoy the air and light of heaven for any length of time (that is, half-dead).

O. M. Let that impression of yours pass for naught! He does live! and will continue to live, I humble pray!

ŒD. Why did you imply that the infant, which you had delivered up, had not survived?

PH. A thin iron skewer transfixed both his feet, and bound them together, and a swelling grew over the seat of the wound and the little boy's body burned with fever from the foul poison engendered by the wound [constitutional disturbance arising from the wound itself (pain) and the poisonous secretions arising from it].

O. M. What more do you require beyond this? (addressing Œdipus) we are very near the fatal news, now!

ŒD. Tell me, who was the infant?

PH. The pledge of secrecy forbids this.

ŒD. Bring hither (to attendants) some means of torture in the shape of fire! Now I will shake all this nonsense about pledges out of you by applying this fire (whatever that was).

PH. Will the truth be sought for by means so cruel? Be thou still in ignorance, I beseech thee!

ŒD. If I seem cruel and unreasonable with you, that vengeance is in your own keeping (that is, it depends on yourself answering my question). Tell the truth! Who am I? By what father was I begotten? Of what mother was I born?

PH. That son was born from your wife!

ŒD. Oh! Earth, open wide, and thou, Pluto, the ruler of the dark kingdom snatch me away to the depths of Tartarus! Oh! Ruler of the Manes, me who have returned to the genitals of my own mother, against the very laws of nature! Heap heavy stones upon my impious head! Oh! ye citizens—sacrifice me with your darts—let every parent—every child—seek me out with the drawn sword, as the cause of this pestilence—wives and brothers, direct your armed hands against me and let the languishing

Jam morte dignus. redde nunc animos, parens.
 Nunc aliquid aude sceleribus dignum tuis.
 I, perge, propero regiam gressu pete. 880
 Gratare matri liberis auctam domum.

CHORUS.

Varietati obnoxium arguit Chorus excelsum statum, medium itaque
 fortunam optat. cujus laudes canit, a similitudine navis
 modico vento actæ, & exemplo Icarî.

FATA si liceat mihi
 Fingere arbitrio meo.
 Temperem Zephyro levi
 Vela, ne pressæ gravi 885
 Spiritu antennæ tremant.
 Lenis & modice fluens
 Aura, nec vergens latus,
 Ducat intrepidam ratem.
 Tuta me media vehat 890
 Vita decurrens via.
 Cnossium regem timens,
 Astra dum demens petit,
 Artibus fîsus novis,
 Certat & veras aves 895
 Vincere, ac falsis nimis
 Imperat pennis puer,
 Nomen eripuit freto.
 Callidus medium senex
 Dædalus librans iter 900
 Nube sub media stetit,
 Alitem expectans suam:
 Qualis accipitris minas
 Fugit, & sparfos metu
 Colligit foetus avis: 905
 Donee in ponto manus
 Movit implicitas puer,
 Comes audacis viæ.
 Quidquid excessit modum,
 Pendet instabili loco. 910
 Sed quid hoc? postes sonant.
 Mœstus & famulus manu
 Regius quassat caput.
 Ede, quid portes novi.

people, suffering from the pestilence, hurl their blazing
 torches upon my funeral pile! Henceforth, I shall wander
 abroad, as the criminal of the age, the odium of the

Gods, and the violator of the sacred laws both of the Gods and mankind! I was worthy of Death only, from the moment I first drew my unfortunate breath—accord me now, oh! my parent, thy fullest hatred—now let me have the courage to do something which is owing for this my crime! Let me go, let me persevere—let me seek out my palace with hurried steps, and congratulate my parent upon the increase of a family, in the shape of children begotten by me, out of her, my own mother!

CHORUS.

The Chorus finds fault with exalted greatness as exposed to greater variations of fortune; therefore it inculcates the desire for a moderate position—the praises of which it chants from the comparison (set up) between a ship wafted along by a moderate breeze, and the example afforded by the fate of Icarus.

LET it be our lot to shape our career according to our own judgment that we may trim our sails to the gentle Zephyrs, lest the yards may carry away under a too-stiff breeze; let the wind, gentle and blowing with moderation, speed onwards our craft, with no disasters to be dreaded, and let not her broadside heel over to leeward under the strong pressure of canvas! Let our career in life lead us in the middle course! He, that feared the anger of the Gnosian King (Minos) whilst he madly sought his way to the stars, relying upon a novel invention (wings), endeavouring to outdo the real feathered fraternity, and the Boy Icarus relied too much on his power of managing those pretended wings, and gave his name to a sea in consequence (the Icarian Sea), whilst the more skilful Dædalus belancing himself at a moderate height, in the middle regions of the air, and eagerly expected his brood (one bird only!) to seek his protecting wing (Dædalus feared that Icarus was in danger and anxiously waited for him to descend just as the mother bird fears the swoop of the hawk, and calls together with fluttering wings her scattered brood! At last Icarus, the companion of Dædalus in this daring aerial journey, duly exerts his entangled hands in the sea! Whatever deviates from the path of moderation, rests only on an insecure foundation! But what is this? The portals are sounding! (are being opened) one of the royal servants enters, shaking his head and looking as if his task were a sad one! Tell us, what news have you brought?

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS.

Nuntius Œdipi excæcationis confilium & modum narrat.

P RÆDICTA postquam fata, & infandum genus	915
Deprendit, ac se scelere convictum Œdipus	
Damnavit ipse; regiam infestus petens	
Invisa propero tecta penetravit gradu;	
Qualis per arva Libycus infantis leo,	
Fulvam minaci fronte concutiens jubam:	920
Vultus furore torvus, atque oculi truces,	
Gemitus, & altum murmur, & gelidus fluit	
Sudor per artus. spumat, & volvit minas,	
Ac merfus alte magnus exundat dolor.	
Secum ipse sævus grande nescio quid parat,	925
Suisque fatis simile. Quid pœnas moror?	
(Ait) hoc scelestum pectus aut ferro petat,	
Aut fervido aliquis igne vel saxo domet	
Quæ tigris, aut quæ sæva visceribus meis	
Incurret ales? ipse tu scelerum capax,	930
Sacer Cithæron, vel feras in me tuis	
Emitte filvis, mitte vel rabidos canes.	
Nunc redde Agaven. anime, quid mortem times?	
Mors innocentem sola fortunæ eripit.	
Hæc fatus, aptat impiam capulo manum,	935
Ensemque ducit. Itane tam magnis breves	
Pœnas sceleribus solvis? atque uno omnia	
Pensabis ictu? moreris? hoc patri fat est.	
Quid deinde matri? quid male in lucem editis	
Natis? quid ipsi, quæ tuum magna luit	940
Scelus ruina, flebili patriæ dabis?	
Solvendo non es. Illa quæ leges ratas	
Natura in uno vertit Œdipoda, novos	
Commenta partus, suppliciis eadem meis	
Novetur. iterum vivere, atque iterum mori	945
Liceat; renasci semper: ut toties nova	

ACT V.

MESSENGER.

The Messenger relates the design of Œdipus and the mode, in which he effected his blindness.

ŒDIPUS at last fully realises in his own mind, the destiny, which had been predicted, and his own terrible condition, and is sure that he is guilty of the crime with which he had been charged, and tortured

in his mind, he seeks the palace with hurried steps, and enters that abode, which has become hateful to him. Just as the Libyan lion rages along the plains, shaking the tawny mane which surrounds his menacing head—so was Œdipus—his countenance fierce with pent-up rage—his eyes having a malignant glare—he gives forth a desperate groaning and makes loud noises, whilst the cold sweat breaks out over his whole body—he foams at the mouth and indulges in a round of curses—and grief sunk down deep in his inner soul is overflowing to a degree, and he is then very savage, and is evidently concocting something terrible within his own mind, but I know not what, but about something on a par with his own terrible destinies! Why should I delay my punishment, he exclaimed; let me seek out this impious breast of mine with the sword or may some one utterly crush me with fiercest fire, or hurl me down on the dangerous rock! What tiger will spring upon me, or what ravenous bird of prey will peck away at my entrails? And thou, oh! accursed Cithæron, so capable of affording a place for crimes, (alluding to the exploits of the Bacchanals) send forth your wild beasts from your forests, or let loose upon me your rabid dogs—Oh! my soul! Now let Agave appear, why should I dread death? Death only relieves innocent men of their misfortunes! Having spoken these words towards himself, the Messenger relates how he places his merciless hand upon the hilt of his sword and draws it from its scabbard—Shall I atone, he says, my great crime by so short a punishment (meaning that the mere killing himself outright, was not a sufficient penalty) and with one blow render compensation for every thing? Shall I die thus? Is this enough for the father? (his murder). But after that, what about the mother? What about the sons born to see the light of day, under such evil auspices? (Incest). What shall I award myself, for the weeping country, which is suffering through my crimes, from overwhelming ruin? I alone, am not equal to the task of expiation. That nature, which reverses her established laws, in the person of an Œdipus only, she having permitted to be brought about impious conceptions hitherto unknown, that same nature must be visited by something novel as regards its punishment! It is to be born again and to die again, and to be born again and again, so that I might suffer as often, so many fresh punishments—let me as a miserable wretch employ my ingenuity! (I did so successfully with the Sphinx.) What cannot be effected at separate times, must be done at once, completely—in order to constitute a lasting infliction, a long protracted form of chronic death must be chosen, one that will

Supplicia pendas. utere ingenio miser.
 Quod sæpe fieri non potest, fiat diu.
 Mors eligatur longa, quærat^{ur} via,
 Qua nec sepultis mixtus, & vivis tamen 950
 Exemptus erres. morere, sed citra patrem.
 Cunctaris, anime? subitus en vultus gravat
 Profusus imber, ac rigat fletu genas.
 Et flere fatis est? hæc tunc fundent levem
 Oculi liquorem. fedibus pulsi suis 955
 Lacrimas sequantur. hi maritales statim
 Fodiantur oculi. dixit, atque ira furit.
 Ardent minaces igne truculento genæ;
 Oculique vix se fedibus retinent suis.
 Violentus, audax vultus, iratus, ferox, 960
 Tantum eruentis. Gemuit, & dirum fremens
 Manus in ora torfit. at contra truces
 Oculi steterunt, & suam intenti manum
 Ulro insequuntur. vulneri occurrunt suo.
 Scrutatur avidus manibus uncis lumina. 965
 Radice ab ima funditus vulfos simul
 Evolvit orbis. hæret in vacuo manus;
 Et fixa penitus unguibus lacerat cavos
 Alte recessus luminum, & inanes sinus;
 Sæviturque frustra, plusque, quam fat est, furit; 970
 Tantum est periculum lucis. attollit caput,
 Cavisque lustrans orbibus cœli plagas,
 Noctem experitur. quidquid effossis male
 Dependet oculis, rumpit; & victor Deos
 Conclamat omnes: Parcite, heu, patriæ, precor: 975
 Jam iusta feci. debitas pœnas tuli.
 Inventa thalamis digna nox tandem meis.
 Rigat ora foedus imber, & lacerum caput
 Largum revulsis sanguinem venis vomit.

CHORUS.

Chorus iste ex disciplina Stoicorum (qui omnia, immo
 Deum ipsum subjiciunt inevitabilibus fatis)
 excusari CEdipum vult.

FATIS agimur. cedite fatis. 980
 Non sollicitæ possunt curæ

cause me to wander with those that are buried out of the world, as it were, at the same time one that will shut me out from all the surroundings of the living! But, oh! my soul! Why do I delay? Let me die! but not with one blow, as my father, Laius, did! Behold then, his countenance (continues the Messenger) grows suddenly overcast, a deluge of tears ensues, and he bathes his

cheek with his weeping! (He says) Is it sufficient for me to weep merely? Thus far, let these eyes pour forth their watery tears—let them, torn from their resting-places (sockets) follow the tears! He then said,—Let these eyes, which have played their part in my impious marriage, be dug out forthwith! His threatening visage is burning with savage wrath, and his eyes are nearly starting out of his head—he becomes violent—his look is most determined. He is at the very height of pent-up rage, and his ferocity is only on a par with some blood-thirsty executioner! but one bent on plucking out his own eyes! He groaned. Ah! and a dreadful groan it was! He turned his hands towards his face, and his eyes, as your gaze met them, were fixed and cruelty was marked upon them—and being stretched outwards a little, they easily followed the hand, which he had introduced, and they then appear, at the wound, which he had made in order to get at them—he, then, anxiously and critically explores his eyes with bent fingers, and at the same moment, almost, he rolls out the two eyes, thoroughly torn away from their deepest attachments—he then plants his fingers in the hollow recesses before occupied by the eyes themselves, (the vacated orbits). He then rages in a most impotent manner, and shows more anger perhaps, than there was any occasion for. So great is his fear of any thing like light, that he then raises his head, and with his hollow sockets, appeared as if he were gazing up into the regions of the sky, to make sure that there was no light remaining! He then tears away any loose membrane or attachments hanging down from the parts whence he had dug out the eyes, and as a boastful conqueror, he addresses all the Gods: Alas! my country, I pray, I have now fulfilled the decrees—I have undergone the punishment which was my due—Eternal night has at length been arrived at!—Messenger says, a foul discharge ran down over his face, and from his disfigured orbits issued a copious flow of blood, arising from the ruptured veins!

CHORUS.

THE Chorus is rather inclined to be lenient with Œdipus, but they argue according to the tenets of the Stoic Philosophers, who subject every thing, even the Gods themselves, to the overruling will of the inevitable Fates.

WE are ruled by the Fates: yield therefore in good part, to your destinies—not the most watchful care can disarrange the threads of the spindle, when once the distaff is in play! Whatever our mortal

Mutare rati stamina fufi. Quidquid patimur mortale genus, Quidquid facimus, venit ex alto: Servatque fuæ decreta colûs	985
Lachefis, dura revoluta manu. Omnia certo tramite vadunt: Primusque dies dedit extremum. Non illa Deo vertiffe licet, Quæ nexa fuis currunt caufis.	990
It cuique ratus, prece non ulla Mobilis, ordo multis ipfum Metuiffe nocet. multi ad fatum Venère fuum, dum fata timent. Sonuere fores, atque ipfe fuum,	995
Duce non ullo, molitur iter Luminis orbus.	

ŒDIPUS, CHORUS, JOCASTA.

Jocasta fe interficit Œdipus excæcatus in exilium abit.

B ENE habet, peractum est. iusta perfolvi patri. Juvant tenebræ. quis Deus tandem mihi Placatus atra nube perfundit caput?	1000
Quis scelera donat? confcium evafi diem. Nil, parricida, dexteræ debes tuæ. Lux te refugit. vultus Œdipodem hic decet.	
CHOR. En, ecce, rapido sæva profiluit gradu Jocasta vecors: qualis attonita & furens	1005
Cadmea mater abstulit nato caput, Sensitve raptuur. Dubitat, affictum alloqui Cupit, pavetque. jam malis cefsit pudor, Et hæret ore primo vox. JOC. Quid te vocem? Natumne? dubitas? natus es. natum pudet.	1010
Invite loquere nate, quo avertis caput, Vacuosque vultus? ŒD. Quis frui & tenebris vetat? Quis reddit oculos? matris, heu, matris fonus. Perdidimus operam. congredi fas amplius	

race goes through—whatever we do or undertake to do, comes as a decree from on high, and Lachesis, whose department it is, rigidly upholds the decrees as revealed by the distaff, wound by unrelenting fingers. All things go on in a pre-ordained path, and the first day will guide us, as to the last (the horoscope, the casting of nativities). It is not in the power of Jupiter himself to reverse the decrees, which, once wound round, run on uninterruptedly

to their appointed end, and this established course goes on with every one, and is not to be set aside by prayers of any sort—with many too, it is not desirable that they should fear too much, for some arrive at their destiny, whilst they are still going in fear of their ultimate fate. The doors are sounding (are opened) and Œdipus gropes his way along, deprived of sight—without any guide.

ŒDIPUS—CHORUS—JOCASTA.

JOCASTA kills herself: Œdipus, made blind by his own hands, goes away into exile.

ŒDIPUS.

IT is well! the thing has been thoroughly done, I have rendered just atonement as far as the father is concerned. Darkness is now a source of consolation. What God, at last, has been so beneficent as to obscure my vision by shedding this impenetrable cloud around my head? What God is it that rewards crime in this manner? Here! I have been enabled to escape from the noxious light of day, and I, a parricide, owe nothing now to my right hand! light has fled from me for ever, and methinks that this condition of the countenance is just fit for an Œdipus!

CH. Look! Look! Jocasta, presenting a frightful visage, is bursting in at a rapid pace, quite demented, exactly like the Cadmean mother, (Agave,) thunderstruck and raging, when she had taken off the head of her son Pentheus (in the midst of the revels) and with the same expression of countenance too, which Agave presented, when she recognized, what she had captured (out of the scramble amongst the Bacchanals) so Jocasta is bewildered! She wishes to say something to afflicted Œdipus! She dares not! But at length her diffidence gives in, confronting her misfortunes, and she tries to speak, but the words cling to her mouth, as she makes a supreme effort.

JOC. What shall I call thee? Son? thou, thou hesitatest! Thou art my son although it may shock thee to be that Son! Speak! Unwilling Son! Why dost thou avert thy head and thy disfigured face?

ŒD. Who is now forbidding me to enjoy my darkness? Who, at this moment is (practically) restoring my sight? (Mentally he means) Ah! the sound of a mother's voice,

Haud est. nefandos dividat vastum mare,	1015
Dirimatque tellus abdita: & quisquis sub hoc	
In alia versus fidera, ac solem avium	
Dependit orbis, alterum ex nobis ferat.	
JOC. Fati ista culpa est. nemo fit fato nocens.	
ÆD. Jam parce verbis, mater, & parce auribus.	1020
Per has reliquias corporis trunci precor,	
Per inauspicatum sanguinis pignus mei,	
Per omne nostri nominis fas & nefas.	
JOC. Quid, anime, torpes? fœcia cur scelorum dare	
Pœnas recufas? omne confusum perit,	1025
Incesta, per te juris humani decus.	
Morere, ac nefastum spiritum ferro exige.	
Non si ipse mundum concitans Divum fator	
Corufca fœva tela jaculetur manu,	
Unquam rependam sceleribus pœnas pares	1030
Mater nefanda. mors placet. mortis via	
Quærat. agedum, commoda matri manum,	
Si parricida es. refat hoc operi ultimum.	
Rapiatur. enſis. hoc jacet ferro meus	
Conjux. quid illum nomine haud vero vocas?	1035
Socer est. utrumne pectori infigam meo	
Telum? an patenti conditum jugulo imprimam?	
Eligere nefcis vulnus. hunc, dextra, hunc pete	
Uterum capacem, qui virum & natum tulit.	
CHOR. Jacet peremta. vulneri immoritur manus;	1040
Ferrumque fecum nimius ejecit cruor.	
ÆD. Fatidice te, te, præfidem veri Deum,	
Compello. solum debui fatis patrem.	
Bis parricida, plusque quam timui nocens.	
Matrem peremi. scelere confecta est meo.	1045
O Phœbe mendax, fata superavi impia.	
Pavitante gressu sequere fallaces vias,	
Suspensa plantis efferens vestigia.	
Cæcam tremente dextera noctem rege.	
I, gradere præceps, lubricos ponens gradus.	1050

a mother's! In hearing that voice, I have lost the benefit arising out of my lost vision—it is not in the nature of things that our path should ever be again in the same direction—let the vast ocean divide us, both criminals as we are! And let the hidden earth separate us (the other hemisphere, which is hidden from us), and whatever that orb is which hangs down beneath us, which turns itself towards other stars, and possesses altogether another sun inaccessible by us—let such an orb receive one of us! (The Ancients supposed that the other side of the earth was furnished with a sun and stars of its own.)

JOC. Ours is the fault of destiny! No one is rightly regarded criminal, who has been made so by destiny.

ŒD. Now, mother, spare thy speech, and at the same time have mercy on my ears! I implore thee by what remains of my mutilated body—by the inauspicious evidence of my own blood (his own children by Jocasta) by the every “right” and “wrong” of our names (con-sanguineously and matrimonially) Mother and Son, or Husband and Wife!

JOC. Oh! my soul! Why am I so obtuse? Why, as thy companion in crime, do I deny myself condign punishment?—every economy of nature is subverted and destroyed—and the honor of all human laws has been outraged by me—an incest! Let me die and take away with the sword my own wicked life, or will not the father of the Gods, who disturbs the heavens with his thunderbolts, hurl down upon me those glittering flashes, with his avenging hand! Shall I, as an impious mother, ever offer adequate atonement for my crime—death pleases my inclination and the mode of that death must be sought for! Come, Œdipus, lend assistance to thy mother—if thou art already a parricide let this last operation devolve on me! Let a sword be brought! Why! my husband died by this very sword.

ŒD. Why dost thou call him, though, by that wrong name? Thou shouldst say “Father-in-law!”

JOC. Which shall I do? Insert the weapon into my breast, or shall I press it down into my open throat?

ŒD. Thou knowest not, how to choose a spot! Take this sword and seek out with it thy capacious womb which has given birth to such an offspring as Husband and Son!

CH. She is lying, expiring from a wound inflicted by her own hand, and the blood flowed so copiously, that it forced the sword out with its violence.

ŒD. Oh! thou, who art the presiding deity over the truthfulness of the Gods, I invoke thee—I owed retribution to the Fates for a father—I am twice a parricide! I am a greater criminal than I feared I was, I have killed a mother—she is certainly killed through my crimes! Oh! mendacious Apollo! I have exceeded thy cruel decrees—let me follow my treacherous, rough, precipitous path, with steps full of apprehensions, pursuing with my uncertain tread the doubtful tracks in my way! Let me regulate my long dark night (blindness) with my trembling right hand, leaning on a stick, the blind man’s companion! Let me advance headlong, making my slippery progress—let me go—flee—get away! Let me pause

I, profuge, vade. fiste, ne in matrem incidas.
 Quicumque fessi corpore & morbo graves
 Semianima trahitis pectora, (en fugio, exeo)
 Relevate colla. mitior cœli flatus
 Post terga sequitur. quisquis exilem jacens
 Animam retentat, vividos haustus levis
 Concipiat. ite, ferte depositis opem. 1055
 Mortifera mecum vitia terrarum extraho.
 Violenta fata, & horridus morbi tremor,
 Maciesque, & atra pestis, & rabidus dolor
 Mecum ite, mecum. ducibus his uti libet. 1060

though, lest I should fall upon my mother! (her dead body). Whoever ye are, oh! ye plague-ridden Thebans, weary in body or broken down by disease, drawing your breath with difficulty (chest not fully expanded from sheer debility and languid circulation), behold! I am going! I am fleeing! Raise your drooping necks! a bettered state of the atmosphere (pestilence-freed) will follow, when my back is turned upon you and whoever is lying stricken down and is only just holding on to life by a slender thread will then inhale the pure air again and become refreshed with a new lease of life (may have a prolonged existence), and all of you, render assistance to any whose cases are despaired of! I shall drag the death-producing evils of this world about with me—violent strokes of fate—the dreadful, trembling weakness brought on by disease, emaciation! And let for ever the cruel pestilence and maddening grief go with me, and let it be my lot, having them with me, to use them as my guides!

TROADES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HECUBA.
 CHORUS TROADUM.
 TALTHYBIUS.
 AGAMEMNON.
 CALCHAS.
 HELENA.
 PYRRHUS.

ANDROMACHA.
 SENEX.
 ULYSSES.
 ASTYANAX.
 NUNTIUS.
 POLYXENA, muta persona.

ARGUMENTUM.

Græci, exciso jam Ilio, reditum in patriam cogitantes contrario vento detinebantur. Apparens noctu Achillis umbra solvere eos posse negat, nisi sibi debitis inferiis mactata Polyxena, cujus nuptiarum prætextu interfectus est. Non fert Agamemnon sibi amatam Polyxenam mactari. Qua de re orto cum Pyrrho jurgio, intervenit consultus Calchas, qui omnino immolandam pronuntiat, unaque necandum Aftyanaëta, quem a matre absconditum abducit Ulyffes, & de Scæa porta dejicit. Polyxenam ab Helena aufpice, ritu cultuque sponfæ deductam ad patris tumulum, Pyrrhus mactat.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

HECUBA.

Luget Hecuba patriæ, domus, suam ipfius calamitatem.

QUICUNQUE regno fudit, & magna potens
 Dominatur aula, nec leves metuit Deos,
 Animumque rebus credulum lætis dedit,
 Me videat, & te, Troja. non unquam tulit
 Documenta Fors majora, quam fragili loco
 Starent superbi. columen everfum occidit
 Pollentis Afizæ, coelitum egregius labor.
 Ad cujus arma venit, & qui frigidum
 Septena Tauain ora pandentem bibit;
 Et qui renatum primus excipiens diem,
 Tepidum rubenti Tigrin immifcet freto;
 Et quæ vagos vicina prospiciens Scythas
 Ripam catervis Ponticam viduis ferit.
 Excifa ferro est Pergamum. incubuit sibi.

5

10

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HECUBA.	ANDROMACHE.
CHORUS OF TROJANS.	OLD MAN.
TALTHYBIUS.	ULYSSES.
AGAMEMNON.	ASTYANAX.
CALCHAS.	MESSENGER.
HELENA.	POLYXENA, mute personage.
PYRRHUS.	

ARGUMENT.

THE Greeks, Troy having been destroyed, thinking of returning to their native country, were detained by adverse winds. The Shade of Achilles appearing in the night, refuses to allow them to set sail, unless Polyxena, is sacrificed to his Manes, having been slain under the pretext of Nuptials being performed between him and Polyxena; Agamemnon who was in love with her himself would not allow her to be sacrificed; whereupon a quarrel took place between him and Pyrrhus. Calchas, who was consulted, became umpire, and he pronounced in favor of her being sacrificed without reserve, and that Astyanax should be killed at the same time, whom Ulysses found hidden away by his mother, and who taking possession of him, threw him from the Scæan gate (one of the gates of Troy). Pyrrhus then sacrificed Polyxena, who was conducted to the tomb of Achilles his father; having had her escorted thither by Helena, and dressed in bridal attire, and with all the rites and ceremonies appertaining to marriage being duly carried out.

ACT I.

HECUBA.

WHOEVER reposes confidence in the security of his Kingdom, and rules all powerful in his magnificent palace, and has never gone in dread of the frivolous deities, but has given up his trusting mind without reserve to the happy circumstances around him; visible evidence is given, let him look on thee and me. Oh! Troy! never has fickle fortune furnished so many striking proofs as to the flimsy foundation, on which the high and mighty on this earth do rest—the very prop, torn from its basis, of mighty Asia has fallen, raised to what it originally was by the assiduous labor of the gods themselves. To whose aid, Rhesus, the king of Thracia, came, and those who satisfy their drinking wants from

En alta muri decora congeſti jacent	15
Tectis aduſtis. regiam flammæ ambiunt;	
Omnifque late fumat Affaraci domus.	
Non prohibet avidas flamma victoris manus;	
Diripitur ardens Troja. nec cœlum patet	
Undante fumo. nube ceu denſa obſitus,	20
Ater favilla ſquallet Iliaca dies.	
Stat avidus iræ victor, & lentum Ilium	
Metitur oculis, ac decem tandem ferus	
Ignofcit annis horret afflictam quoque;	
Victimque quamvis videat, haud credit ſibi	25
Potuiſſe vinci. ſpolia populator rapit	
Dardania. prædam mille non capiunt rates.	
Teſtor Deorum numen adverſum mihi,	
Patriæque cineres, teque rectorem Phrygum,	
Quem Troja toto conditum regno tegit,	30
Tuoſque manes, quo ſtetit ſtante Ilion,	
Et vos meorum liberum magni greges,	
Umbræ minores. quidquid adverſi accidit,	
Quæcunque Phœbas ore lymphato furens,	
Credi Deo vetante, prædixit mala,	35
Prior Hecuba vidi gravida, nec tacui metus,	
Et vana vates ante Caſſandram fui.	
Non cautus ignes Ithacus, aut Ithaci comes	
Nocturnus in vos ſparſit, aut fallax Sinon.	
Meus ignis iſte eſt. facibus ardetis meis.	40
Sed quid ruinas urbis everſæ gemis	
Vivax ſeneſtus? reſpice infelix ad hos	
Luctus recentes. Troja jam vetus eſt malum.	
Vidi execrandum regjæ cædis nefas,	
Ipfæque ad aras majus admiſſum ſcelus	45
Ajacis armis: cum ferox ſæva manu	
Coma reflectens regium torta caput,	
Alto nefandum vulneri ferrum abdidit;	
Quod penitus actum cum recepiffet libens,	
Enſis ſenili ſiccus e jugulo rediit.	50

the frozen Tanais (The Don) which opens into the sea with its seven mouths; and those who are the first to enjoy the luminous arrival of coming day in the far East (because Phœbus rises there) and where the warm Tigris mixes with the red-tinted sea (on account of Aurora or the rising sun casting a reddish hue), and Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who in her character as neighbour, looks down upon the wandering Scythians and makes her power felt on the banks of the Euxine with her battalions of armed virgins. Pergamos has fallen by the ruthless sword of the enemy—it has tumbled to pieces. Behold! the lofty decorations of the palace,—walls lie heaped together in a common ruin, with the

buildings burnt, from basement to roof—every house, far and wide, in the city of Assaracus (Ilium) is sending up clouds of smoke; the flames, however, do not arrest the pillaging hands of the conqueror; burning Troy, falls a prey, also, to the looters, the serene sky is invisible from the volumes of smoke, and the sombre daylight, beset, as it were, with one dense cloud, grows murky with the ashes of Troy. The conqueror, in his raging anger, stands gazing, and scans with measuring eyes, Ilium falling slowly but surely, and in his ignorant cruelty, forgets that this has been going on for ten years; even he seems shocked at what his anger has wrought upon afflicted Troy—and although he sees that it is conquered—he can scarcely think it possible to have been conquered; the Dardanian ravager seizes upon the spoils, and a thousand ships do not suffice to contain them. I call to witness the deity amongst the gods, that is my enemy, and oh! my country's ashes! I call upon thee, the Phrygian ruler, whom Troy covers up hidden from the entire kingdom, and thy Manes, who when thou didst stand, Troy stood, and ye, the numberless members of my family, and ye the Manes of less degree. Whatever adversity has befallen and whatever misfortunes Cassandra (Phoebas) in her rage has predicted with her angry lips, the God Apollo, meanwhile, having forbidden that she should be believed in, I Hecuba, when I first became pregnant, foresaw what was to come, nor have I at any time pretended to conceal my fears, and thus, I was, the idle foolish prophet, before Cassandra! No! it is not the cautious Ulysses, nor the nocturnal companion of Ulysses, (Diomedes) who has scattered those flames broadcast upon thee, nor the treacherous Sinon (the Greek who introduced the wooden Horse). No! this is my especial fire! Thou art burning now from my torches.—(When Hecuba was passing through utero-gestation, she dreamt she would bring forth a burning torch, so she did, in the shape of Paris). But, thou, of old age, why groanest thou over the ruins of the overthrown city? Ye that are sufferers, look upon all these recent sources of lamentation; Troy is now an ancient grievance, a thing of the past. I have witnessed that execrable crime the slaughter of the king (Priam), and a greater crime committed even than when Ajax approached to the very altars armed as he was, and defiled Cassandra in the temple, before the shrine of Minerva, and that was when Pyrrhus savagely bent back the king's head, with the old man's locks twisted up in his cruel hand, and buried the sword deep down in the wound, which the old man received without a murmur; and when the savage

Placare quem non potuit a cæde effera
 Mortalis ævi cardinem extremum premens?
 Superique testes sceleris? & quondam sacrum
 Regni jacentis? Ille tot regum parens
 Caret sepulcro Priamus, & flamma indiget 55
 Ardente Troja. non tamen superis fat est.
 Dominum, ecce, Priami nuribus & natis legens
 Sortitur urna. præda quem vilis sequar?
 Hic Hectoris conjugia despondet sibi;
 Hic optat Heleni conjugem; hic Antenoris; 60
 Nec deest tuos, Cassandra, qui thalamos petat.
 Mea fors timetur. sola sum Danais metus.
 Lamenta cessant? turba, captivæ, mea,
 Ferite palmis pectora, & planctus date,
 Et justa Trojæ facite. jamdudum fonet 65
 Fatalis Ide judicis diri domus.

CHORUS TROADUM, HECUBA.

Chorus Iliadum cum Hecuba excidium patriæ, Hectoris & Priami
 mortem lugentium.

CHOR. **N**ON rude vulgus, lacrimisque novum
 Lugere jubes. hoc continuis
 Egimus annis, ex quo tetigit
 Phrygius Grajas hospes Amyclas, 70
 Secuitque fretum pinus matri
 Sacra Cybellæ.
 Decies nivibus canuit Ide,
 Ide nostris nudata rogis;
 Et Sigeis trepidus campis 75
 Decumas secuit meffor aristas;
 Ut nulla dies mœrore caret.
 Sed nova fletus causa ministrat.
 Ito ad planctus,
 Misèramque leva, regina, manum. 80
 Vulgus dominam vile sequemur.
 Non indociles lugere fumus.

deed was completely effected, the sword returned from the wound scarcely tinged with blood! What savage is there but Pyrrhus, who would not restrain himself, engaged in such a cruel act of slaughter, from pressing down his sword as far as it would go into the body of a man of extreme old age? and yet the Gods above were witnesses of that abominable wickedness! Priam, himself the sire of so many kings, is actually without a tomb, and whilst Troy itself is burning at every turn, he is denied the

flames himself! (the funeral pile and sepulture). Not, however, is this enough for the revengeful gods! Behold! the future lord and master, whilst the urn is casting the lots, each man is selecting his prize from amongst the daughters of Priam, and the other women belonging to the royal family! Whose booty shall I be? a sorry one! This one promises himself the wife of Hector, that one the wife of Helenus, the other one is to be Antenor's, nor will there be long wanting, a wooer for thee! Cassandra! for thy hand in marriage, my destiny is held in dread! I am only an object of fear with the Greeks! Will lamentations ever cease? Oh my followers—oh! my captive companions, beat thy breasts with thy palms, and give way to thy bewailings, and at least do that last act of justice to Troy,—condolence! Let Ida, the home of that cruel judge (Paris) and long ago an instrument in the hands of Fate, now resound in response to thy cries!

CHORUS OF THE TROJANS—HECUBA.

The Chorus of Trojans bewail with Hecuba the destruction of their country and the death of Hector and Priam.

CHORUS.

THOU invitest to tears no raw recruits in the art of weeping, none to whom that is a new sort of thing! Why, we have been engaged in weeping during many continuous years of misery, from the time, when first the Phrygian stranger visited the Grecian Amyclæ and the craft built of the pine, cut from Mount Ida, sacred to Cybele, our Magna Mater cut its way through the sea. Ida has been covered with its white mantle of snow ten times, and the forests of Ida have been cut down, till they are quite bare of trees, to supply fuel for our funeral piles; and the timid husbandman, fearing the enemy might come down upon him whilst at work at his harvest operations, has reaped his tenth year's corn from the Sigæan plains! So that no time has ever been free from our troubles, but a fresh cause now exists. Give yourselves up to your wailings and raise, Oh! Queen! thy miserable hand (after the fashion of the Præficæ, who were hired to assist at the funerals of the ancients, putting on a professional style of mourning, raising the hand in a peculiar manner) and we, the wretched herd of mourners will imitate thee, we are not altogether dull students in the art of mourning.

HEC. Fidæ casus nostri comites, Solvite crinem. per colla fluant Mœsta capilli tepido Trojæ	85
Pulvere turpes. paret exertos Turba lacertos. veste remissa Substringe finus, uteroque tenus Pateant artus. cui conjugio Pectora velas, captive pudor?	90
Cingat tunicas palla solutas. Vacet ad crebri verbera planctus Furibunda manus. placet hic habitus, Placet. agnosco Troada turbam. Iterum luctus redeunt veteres.	95
Solitum fiendi vincite morem. Hæctora flemus. CHOR. Solvimus omnes Lacerum multo funere crinem. Coma demissa est libera nodo;	100
Sparsitque cinis fervidus ora. HEC. Complete manus. hoc ex Troja Sumpsisse licet. cadat ex humeris Vestis apertis: imumque tegat Suffulta latus. jam nuda vocant	105
Pectora dextras. nunc nunc vires Exprome, dolor, tuas. Rhoetea fonent litora planctu. Habitanque cavis montibus Echo Non, ut solita est, extrema brevis	110
Verba remittat: totos reddat Trojæ gemitus. audiat omnis Pontus, & æther. sævite, manus, Pulsu vasto tundite pectus. Non sum solito contenta sono.	115
Hæctora flemus. CHOR. Tibi nostra ferit dextra lacertos, Humeroſque ferit tibi sanguineos. Tibi nostra caput dextera pulsat. Tibi maternis ubera palmis	120
Laniata jacent. fluit, & multo Sanguine manat, quamcunque tuo Funere feci, rupta cicatrix, Columnen patriæ, mora fatorum, Tu præſidium Phrygibus fessis, Tu murus eras; humerisque tuis	125

HEC. Oh! faithful fellow-sufferers in our affliction, let down your hair, let your locks fall upon your shoulders, let them even be soiled with the dust of Troy! Let the throng of women appear with their arms bared (token of tribulation); bind up thy dress, which is now hanging down with a belt fastened to it. Let your lower limbs

be uncovered as far as the lower part of the abdomen (the pubic region, in which the uterus lies). For what husbands are ye now concealing your bosoms! Oh! the modesty of a captive even! Let the long robe encircle your loose undergarments, your unrestrainable hands will then be at liberty for the frequent manual indications of your grief (beating the breasts and other movements). Ah! this dress will do (seeing one of them carrying out instructions), this pleases me exactly! I shall recognize now the Trojan women (by these symbols of grief). Then the old style of crying is renewed, put aside the accustomed fashion of weeping, we must adopt a fresh kind of lamentations. We are now weeping for "Hector."

CHOR. We all let down our dishevelled locks, with so much death around us—the hair is now lowered, freed from the knot which gathered it up before, and the ashes of burning Troy, still hot, are even sprinkled over our faces. (The hair, as they went along, filliping it up on account of its length.)

HEC. Fill your hands with the ashes, for the conquerors will think they have a right to take *them* even! Let thy garments fall from thy bared shoulders and cover the lower part of thy side, supported in their position by a belt, and now the naked breasts invite visitations (beatings) from thy right hands! Now! Now! let thy grief manifest itself by exerting thy energies—let the Rhœtean shores resound with thy cries, not even does that nymph Echo send back the voice as she used to do, they seem to fall off short, with the last words, when the voice drops! But she, nevertheless, will now send back (in full power) the universal groanings of oppressed Troy!—Every sea—every sky—(country) will hear us. Impart vigorous energy to thy hand and beat thy breasts with firm blows—I am not content with ordinary sounds, sound more loudly! we are weeping for Hector!

CHOR. Our right hands are now beating our arms (the open palm of each hand striking with some force the supinator or external side of the fore arm opposite to it); we are beating our shoulders till they bleed; our right hands strike blows too on our heads and faces; our full breasts are torn by the wounds inflicted by our maternal palms (suckling mothers), they flow and run with much blood; we have done everything out of condolence for thy death—old cicatrices have even been opened up and bleed afresh! Oh! thou (quondam) prop of our country. Oh! thou stronghold of the Phrygians wearied out with the

Sedit illa decem fulta per annos: Tecum cecidit. summuſque dies Hectoris idem patriæque fuit.	
HEC. Vertite planctus. Priamo veſtros Fundite fletus. ſatis Hector habet.	130
CHOR. Accipe, rector Phrygiæ, planctus: Accipe fletus, bis capte fenex. Nil Troja ſemel te rege tulit.	
Bis pulſata Dardana Grajo Mænia ferro; biſque pharetras	135
Paffa Herculeas. poſt elatos Hecubæ partus, regumque gregem, Poſtrema pater funera cludis; Magnoque Jovi victima cæſus	140
Sigea premis litora truncus. HEC. Alio lacrimas flectite veſtras. Non eſt Priami miſeranda mei Mors, Iiades. Felix Priamus, Dicite cunctæ. liber Manes	145
Vadit ad imos: nec feret unquam Victa Grajum cervice jugum. Non ille duos vidit Atridas, Nec fallacem cernit Ulyſſem.	
Non Argolici præda triumphî, Subjecta feret colla tropæis.	150
Non affuetas ad ſceptra manus Poſt terga dabit; curruſque ſequens Agamemnonios, aurea dextra Vincula geſtans, lætis fiet	155
Pompa Mycenis. CHOR. Felix Priamus, Dicimus omnes. ſecum excedens Sua regna tulit. nunc Elyſii Nemoris tutis errat in umbris, Interque piæ felix animas	160
Hectora quærit. Felix Priamus! Felix, quiſquis bello moriens Omnia ſecum conſumpta videt!	

procrastinations of Fate—thou wast our wall of defence, and Troy has stood propped up by thy shoulders for ten long years, and it has fallen with thee! and thus the last day of Hector was the same last day for his country!

HEC. Change thy form of bewailings—Pour forth thy tears for Priam—Hector has received a sufficient share.

CHOR. Hear, oh! quondam ruler of Phrygia, our cries, receive our lamentations; thou, old man, hast been a double captive (from thy country's service, secondly by death). Troy never suffered once, when thou! wast king—the

Dardanian walls have twice been carried by the Grecian sword—twice have they had to sustain the brunt of the Herculean arrows; and after the sons of the king and the offspring of Hecuba had been carried out for sepulture, thou, oh! father, closest in as the last of the royal deaths, and as a sacrifice to Jupiter Herceus thou wast killed in front of the altar; thy miserable body is now only pressed down by the Sigeon soil (Priam was simply put under the ground) and not consumed by any fire according to custom!

HEC. Now direct thy lamentations towards another theme, it must not be now, oh Priam, we are miserable, on account of thy loss—thou must, all ye assembled Trojans, now say—Happy Priam! he is now free and joins the Manes (formerly a prisoner, now free) nor will Troy! now see the Grecian Yoke, as the badge of subjugation, around his conquered neck! He does not now behold the two Atridæ, nor does he see the treacherous Ulysses, nor will he suffer the indignity of having his neck labelled as a trophy of victory and carried along with the other spoils to add to the Grecian triumph! and he will not have to put his hands behind him, in token of submission, those hands that have wielded the Trojan sceptre—he will not have to follow the chariot of Agamemnon, wearing the golden manacles on his right hand, that he may be exhibited with all the elation of pompous display to gratify the people of Mycenæ (the city of Agamemnon)!

CHOR. Happy Priam! let us all sing!—He has left his misfortunes behind and taken away his kingdom along with him—he is now wandering in safety amongst the Manes, in the groves of Elysium! and happy, whilst he is seeking for Hector amongst the pious spirits he finds there! Happy Priam! Happy is every warrior dying on the battle-field, who sees everything around him carried away with himself (taking his kingdom with him)!

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

TALTHYBIUS, CHORUS TROADUM.

Narrat Talthybius, apparuisse Achillis umbram, exprobrataque Græcis ingratitude, postulasse, ut Polyxena, cujus nuptiarum prætextu ipse interfectus est, ad tumulum suum pro inferis mactaretur, alias Græcos non habituros ventum ad reditum.

TAL.	QUAM longa Danais semper in portu mora, Seu petere bellum, petere seu patriam volunt.	165
CHOR.	Quæ caufa ratibus faciat & Danais moram, Effare; reduces quis Deus cludat vias.	
TAL.	Pavet animus. artus horridus quaffat tremor. Majora veris monstra vix capiunt fidem.	
	Vidi ipse, vidi. summa jam Titan juga Stringebat: ortus vicerat noctem dies:	170
	Cum subito cæco terra mugitu fremens Concussa, totos traxit ex imo sinus.	
	Movere silvæ capita, & excelsum nemus Fragore vasto tonuit, & lucus facer.	175
	Idæa ruptis faxa ceciderunt jugis. Nec sola tellus tremuit: & pontus suum	
	Adesse Achillen sensit, ac stravit vada. Tum scissa vallis aperit immensos specus;	
	Et hiatus Erebi pervium ad superos iter Tellure fracta præbet, ac tumulum levat.	180
	Emicuit ingens umbra Theffalici ducis, Threicia qualis arma proludens tuis	
	Jam, Troja, fati stravit: aut Neptunium Cana nitentem perculit juvenem coma:	185
	Aut cum inter acies Marte violento furens, Corporibus amnes cludit; & quærens iter	
	Tardus cruento Xanthus erravit vado: Aut cum superbo victor in curru stetit,	
	Egitque habenas, Hectorem & Trojam trahens;	190

ACT II.

TALTHYBIUS—CHORUS OF THE TROJANS.

Talthybius relates that the Ghost of Achilles has appeared, and reproves the Greeks for their ingratitude, and demanded that Polyxena, under the pretext of marriage with whom, he was slain, should be sacrificed at his tomb, as a propitiation to the infernal gods, otherwise the Greeks would not have the wind rendered favorable for their return.

TALTHYBIUS.

How long is this delay? does the Greek mean to remain for ever in harbor? What does he want to do?—to seek for another war, or return to his country?

CHOR. What is the reason, which occasions this delay in the departure of the ships and the detention of the Greeks; tell us, what deity stops the way of their return?

TAL. My mind is growing fearful—a dreadful trembling seizes my entire frame—wonderful things, so much more wonderful than what are known to be true; the sun was just showing himself above the mountain-tops, and the dawn of day had chased away the night—when suddenly the earth was shaken by some internal shock; rumbling with obscure roaring sounds, which evidently derived all their powers from beneath the earth—the forest trees shook their lofty branches, and the stately woods thundered forth with a tremendous crash, as well as did the grove sacred to Cybele—the rocks of Ida fell down from the mountain side, nor did the earth alone tremble, but the sea perceived that its own Achilles was approaching, and pacified its waves in recognition. Then the valley rent in twain, opened out to the view an immense cavern, and the earth's surface being thus broken through, this opening out of Erebus afforded an easy approach towards those living on the earth above, and the stone, which covered over the remains of Achilles became lifted up (the tomb). The huge ghost of Achilles, the Thessalian general, then stood forward, and as a prelude to the recital of his victories, said how he had subdued the Threician auxiliaries, such as thou art, Oh! Troy, handed over to thy destinies, or he remarked how he had struck down the handsome son of Neptune, Cycnus, with his white locks (afterwards turned into a swan), or when raging amongst the hostile battalions in violent combat, he actually choked up the rivers with the bodies he had slain and the gently-flowing Xanthus seeking its level, wandered out of its usual channels, with its streams reddened with the blood of his enemies, or when as a proud conqueror he stood up in his war-chariot handling his proud reins and dragging in his train Hector and with him Troy itself! Angry sounds fill the shore at every turn. Go! go forth, he says, desist from any further honors to my Manes that are my due and get ready for starting over our country's seas, weigh the anchors of thy ungrateful crafts—Greece shall not suffer from the anger of Achilles for a slight

Implevit omne litus irati fonus:
 Ite, ite inertes. debitos manibus meis
 Auferte honores. folvite ingratas rates
 Per noſtra ituri maria. non parvo luit
 Iras Achillis Græcia. at magno luet. 195
 Deſponſa noſtris cineribus Polyxena
 Pyrrhi manu maſtetur, & tumulum riget.
 Hæc fatuſ alta voce, dimiſit diem,
 Repetenſque Ditem, merſuſ ingentem ſpecum
 Coëunte terra junxit. immoti jacent 200
 Tranquilla pelagi. ventuſ abjecit minas,
 Placidumque fluctu murmurat leni mare.
 Tritonum ab alto cecinit hymenæum chorus.

PYRRHUS, AGAMEMNON, CALCHAS.

Agamemnonis cum Pyrrho jurgia ſuper Polyxena compeſcit Calchas.

PYRRH. **C**UM læta pelago vela reſtiturus dares,
 Excidit Achilles: cujuſ uniuſ manu 205
 Impulſa Troja, [corruit tandem ſolo,
 Brevi repenſans] quidquid adjecit moræ
 [Scyros, fretumque Lesbos Ægæum ſecans]
 Illo remoto, dubia quo caderet, ſtetit.
 Velis licet, quod petitur, ac properes dare; 210
 Sero eſ daturuſ. jam ſuum cuncti duceſ
 Tulere pretium. quæ minor merceſ poteſt
 Tantæ dari virtuti? an iſ meruit parum,
 Qui, fugere bellum juſſuſ, & longa ſedens 215
 Ævum ſenectæ degere, ac Pylii ſeniſ
 Tranſcendere annos, exuens matris dolos,
 Falſaque veſteſ, faſtuſ eſt armis virum?
 Inhoſpitali Telephus regno impotens
 Dum Myſiæ ferocis introituſ negat, 220
 Rudem cruore regio dextram imbuit,
 Fortemque eandem ſenſit & mitem manuſ.
 Cecidere Thebæ. vidit Eetion capi
 Sua regna victuſ. clade ſubverſa eſt pari
 Impoſita celſo parva Lyrneſſoſ juco;
 Captaque telluſ nobiliſ Brifeide, 225
 Et, cauſa lituſ regibuſ, Chryſe jacet;

matter, but it ſhall ſuffer grievouſly for a grave one! Let Polyxena be ſacrificed to my aſhes by Pyrrhuſ, and let her lie rigid in the armſ of death, at my tomb (cada-veric rigidity). Having ſpokeſ thuſ in a thundering voice, he left the light of day, down he entered the immense cavern, and the earth cloſed up; and the untroubled ſea lay as in a perfect calm—the windſ left off their boiſter-

ous howlings, and the placid ocean only whispered with the gentlest of ripples and the chorus of Sea-Gods (Tritons) sang from out of the depths of the blue, blue sea a joyous marriage anthem (*epithalamium*).

PYRRHUS—AGAMEMNON—CALCHAS.

Calchas settles the strife between Agamemnon and Pyrrhus respecting Polyxena.

PYRRHUS.

WHILST just about to return, thou art setting thy rejoicing sails, to ply the ocean waves—Achilles is no more; he by whose hand alone, Troy has been overthrown. What adds to our delay? (at last, Troy was beginning to crumble razed to the ground, but Achilles consoling himself for a short time, had tarried at Scyros and Lesbos, which divides the Ægæan sea) he, being at a distance, Troy remained doubtful when she would ultimately fall. It is now in thy power, and hasten to set sail, the thing which thou hast been seeking for. It is quite right that thou shouldst wish and even hasten to give, what is sought for, in honor of Achilles, but thou art now too late to give any of the spoils, every general amongst us has already borne away his prize, indeed, what less recognition could there be for such valor (as ye have displayed). But! alas! does not Achilles deserve a little, he, who was distinctly ordered to avoid war, and by keeping quiet, was promised a life extending to extreme old age, and even to exceed the length of years allotted to the old King of Pylos (Nestor), but he threw aside his mother's artful contrivances (woman's clothes) and false attire, and did he not proclaim himself to be the man for arms and warfare? And when that insolent Telephus, king of an inhospitable kingdom, denied him a passage, through that wild country Mysia, Achilles imbued his inexperienced hand with the blood of that royal obstacle (at that time Achilles was a mere tyro in the art of war) and that gave him an insight into the strength of his arm, as well as the mildness and gentleness, with which he could use it, when required of him! He showed his mildness of heart afterwards, by curing the wound of Telephus, (he had learned medicine and surgery from Chiron the Centaur)—Thebes fell by his hands—Eetion (father of Andromache, having been vanquished saw that his Kingdom had fallen from him—the little city of Lyrnessus met with a similar overthrow and was subjected

Et nota fama Tenedos; & quæ pascuo
 Fœcunda pingui Thracios nutrit greges,
 Syros, fretumque Lesbos Ægæum secans,
 Et sacra Phœbo Cilla. quid? quas alluit
 Vernis Caycus gurgitem attolens aquis? 230
 Hæc tanta clades gentium ac tantus pavor,
 Sparfæ tot urbes, turbinis vasti modo,
 Alterius effet gloria ac summum decus:
 Iter est Achillis. sic meus venit pater, 235
 Et tanta gefsit bella, dum bellum parat.
 Ut alia fileam merita, non unus satis
 Hector fuisset? Ilium vicit pater,
 Vos diruistis. inclitas laudes iuvat,
 Et clara magni facta genitoris sequi. 240
 Jacuit peremptus Hector ante oculos patris,
 Patrique Memnon, cujus ob luctum parens
 Pallente mœstum protulit vultu diem,
 Suique victor operis exemplum horruit;
 Didicitque Achilles, & Dea natos mori. 245
 Tum sæva Amazon ultimus cecidit timor.
 Debes Achilli, merita si digne æstimas,
 Etî Mycenis virginem atque Argis petat.
 Dubitatur etiam? placita nunc subito improbas?
 Priamique natam Pelei nato ferum 250
 Mastare credis? at tuam natam parens
 Helenæ immolasti. solita jam & facta expeto
 AGAM. Juvenile vitium est, regere non posse impetum.
 Ætatis alios fervor hic primæ rapit,
 Pyrrhum paternus. spiritus quondam truces, 255
 Minasque tumidi lentus Æacidæ tuli.
 Quo plura possis, plura patienter feras.
 Quid cæde dira nobilem clari ducis
 Aspergis umbram? noscere hoc primum decet,
 Quid facere victor debeat, victus pati. 260

to his exalted power, and that noble country with the captured daughter of Brises, Briseis or Hippodamia, and Chryse, daughter of Chryses, who was the cause of the dispute between the Kings, Agamemnon and Achilles, lay at his feet, and Tenedos of well-known reputation (it was here the Greeks concealed themselves to induce the Trojans to think they had departed before they had finished the siege, and the fertile Syros, which fattened the Thracian herds with its luxuriant pastures, and Lesbos which divides the Ægean Sea (here Achilles fell in love with Apriates, and this love-making episode retarded his arrival at the seat of war—See Line—"repensans.") And Cilla (Troados) sacred to Apollo, and what shall I add to these conquests, Oh the regions which the Caycus (a river of Mysia with its rising waters) bathes with—its

spring-tide streams—Such wholesale slaughter of hostile peoples and such terror, as they all felt—So many cities scattered, as it were, as if by means of some enormous whirlwind! Should all this glory and extraordinary renown be placed to the credit of another? This then is the Itinerary of Achilles, thus did my father come upon the scene and wage so many small wars, whilst he was preparing for the great war, *the War!* (Trojan) and if I were inclined to be silent, as to his other claims, was not the overthrow of Hector enough to confirm my statements? My father conquered Troy—ye others have broken it up—it is gratifying to chant his glorious praises and to blazon forth the illustrious deeds of so noble a father: Hector lay slain before the very eyes of his father (Priam) as also did Memnon before his uncle's (Uncle on the father's side) whose parent presented a pallid visage on account of his intense grief, for many a sorrowful day, and the Conqueror himself was horrified at the spectacle, which he had been the means of bringing about, and Achilles learned then, that the sons of Goddesses even could die! (Memnon was the son of Aurora)—Then the savage Amazon Queen, Penthesilea, the last object of danger, fell by the sword of Achilles! Ye are all indebted to Achilles, if ye take his deeds and services at a proper valuation, although he did single out the virgins at Mycenæ and Argos! Why then is there any hesitation? Why do ye condemn, suddenly without thinking of the decrees which have gone forth? (The sacrifice of Polyxena.) Is it because ye think it so cruel to sacrifice a daughter of Priam for the sake of the son of Peleus? but thou, as a parent hast sacrificed thy own daughter for Helen's benefit, before! (that is, in order to obtain favorable winds to rescue Helen; thou sacrificedst Iphigenia; in order to obtain the same for the Greeks I propose to sacrifice, Polyxena! (to the Manes of Achilles!)

AGAM. It is one of the great faults of youth, not to be able to curb its impetuosity, but this hot-headedness of incipient manhood has characterized others besides thyself—the old paternal spirit and fierce haughtiness seem reviv'd in thee, Pyrrhus! for I have quite submissively put up with the savage threats of the inflated Achilles (the *Æacidæ*, descended from *Æacus* of whom Achilles was). The more thou provest thyself capable of doing, the more thou wilt be able to bear with patience—Why dost thou desire to tarnish the fair fame of so illustrious a general as Priam, with the cruel slaughter of his daughter? It is right to admit at once how far a conqueror ought to go, and how

Violenta nemo imperia continuit diu:
 Moderata durant. quoque Fortuna altius
 Evexit ac levavit humanas opes,
 Hoc se magis supprimere felicem decet,
 Variisque casus tremere, metuentem Deos 265
 Nimum faventes. magna momento obrui
 Vincendo didici. Troja nos tumidos facit
 Nimum ac feroces? stamus hoc Danaï loco,
 Unde illa cecidit. fateor, aliquando impotens
 Regno ac superbus, altius memet tuli: 270
 Sed fregit illos spiritus hæc, quæ dare
 Potuisset alii, causa, Fortunæ favor.
 Tu me superbum, Priame, tu timidum facis.
 Ego esse quidquam sceptræ, nisi vano putem
 Fulgore tectum nomen, & falso comam 275
 Vinclo decentem? casus hæc rapiet brevis;
 Nec mille forsan ratibus, aut annis decem.
 Non omnibus Fortuna tam lenta imminet.
 Equidem fatebor (pace dixisse hoc tua,
 Argiva tellus, liceat) affligi Phrygas 280
 Vincique volui. ruere, & æquari solo,
 Etiam arcuiffem. sed regi frenis nequit
 Et ira & ardens hostis, & victoria
 Commissa nocti. quidquid indignum aut ferum
 Cuiquam videri potuit, hoc fecit dolor, 285
 Tenebræque, per quas ipse se irritat furor,
 Gladiusque felix, cujus infecti semel
 Vecors libido est. quidquid everte potest
 Superesse Trojæ, maneat, exactum fati
 Poenarum, & ultra est. regia ut virgo occidat, 290
 Tumuloque donum detur, & cineres riget,
 Et facinus atrox cædis ut thalamos riget,
 Non patiar. in me culpa cunctorum redit.
 Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet.
 PYRRH. Nullumne Achillis præmium manes ferent? 295
 AGAM. Ferent; & illum laudibus cuncti canent;
 Magnamque terræ nomen ignotæ audient.

far, at the same time, the conquered party, ought to be made to suffer. No one goes on for long with violent measures, whilst the moderate exercise of power lasts—sometimes, mere chance has called forth and magnified human endeavours, far higher than there was any right to expect! It is more becoming in a successful man, to impose some restraint upon himself, and to go in fear of the fluctuations of fortune, rather dreading the deities than otherwise, when they might appear too kind!—I have learned in my experience, as a conqueror, that great events can be brought about most unexpectedly, in a moment, in fact! Does our Trojan success render us

puffed up, and too severely inclined? As Greeks, we are remaining in this place, where Troy has fallen. I confess freely I am sometimes austere in my rule and inspired with proud ideas! But the accidental circumstance of power, the gift of fortune, has curbed that spirit, for that fortune might have given the same thing to another! Thou, oh! Priam! When I think of thy fate, it makes me proud, one minute, and distrustful of what may happen the next! Can I suppose any thing but that a sceptre is only an empty name, a thing varnished over with unmeaning splendor, and the setting off a head with a pretentious diadem (crown) which outside is all joy and happiness, whilst it contains inside, all the elements of bitterness and misery—A small accident will snatch it away—it would not require, perhaps, a thousand warships and a ten years' campaign to effect this, for Fortune does not hover over the heads of mankind at all times, at such a slow pace; although I am bound to acknowledge, I may be permitted to observe, oh! my Grecian fatherland, for thy peace of mind, it was I who wished that the Phrygians should be conquered, utterly fall and be levelled to the ground, and I ever contended against them most determinedly, and one's anger is unwilling to be under qualifying restraint, then there was the raging enemy to reckon with, and one culminating achievement was the memorable night attack (the admission of the horse) and whatever could by any process of reasoning be deemed unworthy of our dignity or cruel as the invaders—our grievance (the abduction of Helen) accounts for all this! and the darkness, which of itself, goads you on to still further rage, and the victorious sword, which when it has once been stained with blood acquires a mad thirst for more; but whatever now remains of overthrown Troy, by all means let it so remain! enough punishment! has been exacted, and beyond what Troy has already suffered, why should a royal maiden fall a sacrifice and be served up as a donation to a miserable tomb, to be made stiff in death to propitiate the Manes, and how can I construe a black crime of murder into a marriage ceremony? I will not permit it, the justly merited obloquy of everybody would recoil upon me! He who does not forbid a crime when he has it in his power to do so, practically only orders it to be committed! *this is what the Ag. of N*

PYR. Dost thou mean to argue, that the Manes of Achilles are to receive no testimonial of any kind?

AG. All men offer what they choose, and all men may sing of him in songs of praise—all the known regions of

Quod si levatur fanguine infuso cinis, Opima Phrygii colla cædantur gregis, Fluatque nulli flebilis matri cruor.	300
Quis iste mos est, quando in inferias homo est Impensus homini? detrahe invidiam tuo Odiumque patri, quem coli poena jubes, PYRRH. O tumide, rerum dum secundarum status Extollit animos; timide, cum iocrepuit metus:	305
Regum tyranne, jamne flammatum geris Amore subito pectus, ac Veneris novæ? Solusne toties spolia de nobis feres? Hac dextra Achilli victimam reddam suam: Quam si negas retinesque, majorem dabo,	310
Dignamque, quam det Pyrrhus. & nimium diu A cæde nostra regia cessat manus, Paremque poscit Priamus. AGAM. Haud equidem nego Hoc esse Pyrrhi maximum in bello decus, Sævo peremptus enfe quod Priamus jacet,	315
Supplex paternus. PYRRH. Supplices nostri patris, Hostesque eisdem novimus. Priamus tamen Præfens rogavit. tu gravi pavidus metu Nec ad rogandum fortis, Ajaci preces Ithacoque mandas, clufus, atque hostem tremens.	320
AGAM. At non timebat tuoc tuus, fateor, parens, Interque cædes Græciæ, atque iustas rates, Segnis jacebat, belli & armorum immemor, Levi canoram verberans plectro chelym. PYRRH. Tunc magnus Hector, arma contemnens tua,	325
Cantus Achillis timuit: & tanto in metu Navalibus pax alta Theffalicis fuit. AGAM. Nempe iisdem in istis Theffalis navalibus Pax alta rursus Hectoris patri fuit. PYRRH. Est regis alti, spiritum regi dare.	330

the earth will in process of time, hear of his great fame, but if his Manes can be appeased in any way, by the simple letting of blood, why, the primest of the Phrygian herds can be slaughtered for the occasion—but let no blood be spilled to invoke the tears of a mourning mother! By-the-bye, what new custom is this, when a living man is to be considered an indispensable sacrifice to the Manes of a dead one? dismiss therefore all thoughts from thy mind, as to this invidious and repulsive sacrifice to thy father, whom in fact thou art adjudging to be appeased by the death of a royal Virgin!

PYR. Oh thou puffed up man, as long as thy surroundings pander to thy proud spirit, but, oh! thou craven one, when fear finds its way into thy heart (proud in prosperity, cast down in adversity). Oh! thou very tyrant

amongst Kings, art thou suddenly assuming a state of mind fired by amorous longings and for some fresh Venus, Polyxena, as thou formerly didst with Chryse and Cassandra? Or dost thou alone lay claim to the prizes so many times taken from our family (Briseis), from a father who was living, and denying Polyxena to the Manes of my dead father? With this right hand I will render to Achilles the sacrifice which is his due, which if thou refusest and keepest back, I will give him a greater one (thyself) and one which Pyrrhus would give worthy of the cause, and my hand has rested too long already from the shedding of royal blood and Priam deserves a companion (Priam's case requires the death of something as a companion to be slain by my hand).

AG. Indeed I do not deny that the achievement of Pyrrhus was the most glorious deed done during the whole of the war, when Priam lay killed by thy cruel sword, when he presented himself as a paternal suppliant (said ironically).

PYR. We have known him in both capacities, as the suppliant, of my father, and at the same time, the enemy—my father spared the suppliant, I slew the enemy. At all events Priam always had the courage to appear in person as a suppliant—thou, subdued by thy intense fear, and not having the courage to ask for thyself, remained shut up in thy tent and trembled as if thou wert afraid to face the enemy, and entrusted thy requests to Ulysses and Ajax.

AG. I am ready to acknowledge that thy father went in no sort of fear, even while slaughter was going on at an alarming rate, amongst the Greeks, and their ships were being burnt wholesale—He could afford to be quite indifferent and quite oblivious of such things as war and armaments, striking with the delicate plectrum (quill or bow) his harmonious lute.

PYR. Then the mighty Hector, who looked upon thy arms with contempt, was inspired with fear, at the strains, even of Achilles, and a peaceful feeling prevailed amongst the Thessalian war-ships, owing to the great fear which existed.

AG. Dost thou mean to imply that Hector's father was again the cause of the profound peace amongst those Thessalian war-ships?

PYR. It is the part of one exalted king, to spare another king, as my father did Priam.

AGAM. Cur dextera regi spiritum eripuit tua?	
PYRRH. Mortem misericors sæpe pro vita dabit.	
AGAM. At nunc misericors virgines busto petis.	
PYRRH. Jamne immolari virgines credis nefas?	
AGAM. Præferre patriam liberis regem decet.	335
PYRRH. Lex nulla capto parcat, aut pœnam impedit.	
AGAM. Quod non vetat lex, hoc vetat fieri pudor.	
PYRRH. Quodcunque libuit facere victori, licet.	
AGAM. Minimum decet libere, cui multum licet.	
PYRRH. His ista jactas, quos decem annorum gravi	340
Regno subactos Pyrrhus exfolvit jugo?	
AGAM. Hos Scyrus animos? PYRRH. Scelere quæ fratrum caret.	
AGAM. Inclusa fluctu. PYRRH. Nempe cognati maris.	
Atrei & Thyestæ nobilem novi domum.	
AGAM. Ex virginis concepte furtivo stupro,	345
Et ex Achille nate, sed nondum viro.	
PYRRH. Illo ex Achille, genere qui mundum suo	
Sparfus per omnem cœlitum regnum tenet,	
Thetide æquor, umbras Æaco, cœlum Jove.	
AGAM. Illo ex Achille, qui manu Paridis jacet.	350
PYRRH. Quem nec Deorum cominus quisquam petiit.	
AGAM. Compescere equidem verba, & audacem malo	
Poteram domare: sed meus captis quoque .	
Scit parcere ensis. potius interpret Deum	
Calchas vocetur. fata si poscunt, dabo.	355
Tu, qui Pelagæ vincla solvisti rati,	

AG. Why did it please thee then to take away the life of that king with thy murderous right hand?

PYR. Often times a man is doing an act of piety, when he grants a man death (in taking away his life).

AG. And now as a merciful man I suppose thou art on the look out for virgins for sacrifices (said in bitterest irony).

PYR. And hast thou come at last, to think it wicked for virgins to be sacrificed?

AG. It becomes a king to think more of his country than even his own sons and daughters.

PYR. No law spares a captive, or prevents the punishment of one.

AG. What does the law not forbid, shame sometimes forbids to be done.

PYR. It is permissible that a conqueror should do what it pleases him to do.

AG. The man to whom great power is accorded, should be pleased to exercise it as little as possible.

PYR. Thou art throwing these remarks at those who have put up with thy own rule for these ten years, and I, Pyrrhus, amongst the number, have groaned under thy yoke.

AG. Did that ignoble country Scyros inoculate thee with this frame of mind?

PYR. Yes, where the country was not tainted with the crimes of the brothers, Atreus and Thyestes.

AG. Thou meanest, where thou wast shut in by the waves.

PYR. Yes! that is true, as a blood relation of Thetis (Thetis was the mother of my father), but I have learned, nevertheless, all about the noble dynasty of Atreus and Thyestes.

AG. And thyself conceived through the illicit violation of a virgin's modesty, and a son of that Achilles who had not as yet revealed his sex, as a man. (Deidamia, daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, bore a son, Pyrrhus, to Achilles, who was disguised at her father's court in female apparel and went by the name of Pyrrha.)

PYR. Yes, from that Achilles who, on account of his consanguinity, is interspersed with the race of Gods who rule every kingdom, in the world. Thetis who rules the sea, Æacus the infernal regions, and Jupiter, the heavens!

AG. From the warlike Achilles who fell by the hand of that effeminate Paris (said in contempt).

PYR. Whom not one of the gods ever sought to encounter, face to face.

AG. I could certainly make thy language a little more tolerable, and might visit thy audacity with punishment, but my sword knows also how to spare even my prisoners. I would rather that thou, Calchas, who hast let loose the chains, that have held back the Grecian fleets and have put a stop to this protracted war, who revealest the wonders of the heavens, with thy mystic arts, to whom

Morasque bellis, arte qui referas polum,
 Cui viscerum secreta, cui mundi fragor,
 Et stella longa femitam flamma trabens
 Dantigna fati, cujus ingenti mihi 360
 Mercede constant ora, quid jubeat Deus
 Effare, Calcha, nosque consilio rege.
 CAL. Dant fata Danais, quo solent pretio, viam.
 „Maclanda virgo est Theffali busto ducis;
 „Sed quo jugari Theffalæ cultu solent, 365
 „Ionidæve, vel Mycenææ nurus.
 „Pyrrhus parenti conjugem tradat suo.
 „Sic rite dabitur. non tamen nostras tenet
 „Hæc una puppes causa. nobilior tuo,
 „Polyxene, cruore debetur cruor, 370
 „Quem fata quærunt: turre de summa cadat
 „Priami nepos Hectoreus, & letum oppetat.
 „Tum mille velis impleat classis freta.

CHORUS TROADUM.

Chorus e mulieribus Trojanis, tam mente, quam corpore captis,
 quo Achilles animam apparuisse neget, ex Epicuri sententia,
 quæ nec Stoicorum multo fanior, stulte & (ut
 semel de toto Choro moneam) impie ani-
 mam cum corpore interire asserit:

V ERUM est? an timidos fabula decipit,
 Umbras corporibus vivere conditis? 375
 Cum conjux oculis imposuit manum,
 Supremusque dies solibus obstitit,
 Et tristis cineres urna coërcuit;
 Non prodest animam tradere funeri,
 Sed restat miseris vivere longius? 380
 An toti morimur? nullaque pars manet
 Nostri; cum profugo spiritus halitu
 Immixtus nebulis cessit in aëra,
 Et nudum tetigit subdita fax latus?

the secrets hidden in the entrails of animals when inspected by thee, to whom the thunders of the sky serve as a guide and "that elongated star" (comet) which drags its path along with a long flaming tail—all those give thee a sure interpretation of the will of the Fates and whose utterances afford me valuable consolation. Oh! Calchas! what does the deity command thee to say? guide me with thy counsel!

CAL. The Fates are affording a passage to the Greeks, on the terms laid down, as they are accustomed to do, and

by which thou must abide. A virgin, Polyxena, must be sacrificed at the tomb of the Thessalian general, Achilles, but dressed in the same kind of marriage clothes as the Thessalian women are in the habit of wearing at their nuptials, with the women of Ionia, or the maidens of Mycenæ in attendance. Pyrrhus will hand over the bride to his father, so that the ceremony may be conducted with all the proper rites, not, however, is this the only impediment which is detaining the ships—blood more noble than thine, Polyxena, is demanded also—the male offspring of Hector is the one whom the Fates require—let the grandson of Priam (Hector's son), Astyanax, be let to fall from the highest tower, and meet his death. Then shall the fleet crowd the sea, with its thousand full-set sails!

CHORUS OF TROJANS.

The Chorus of the Trojan women, who are captives apparently, as much in the mind as they are in the body, deny that Achilles appeared as a spirit, and this they assume from the doctrine of Epicurus which is not much sounder than that of the Stoics, who frivolously and (as I at once pronounce is the gist of the whole chorus) impiously assert that the soul dies for ever with the body!

Is it true, or does a trumped up story mislead and deceive the timid portion of mankind—that the souls of men continue to live after their bodies have been disposed of either by burial or cremation, and when the wife performs her last act towards her deceased spouse, gently pressing his eyelids with her fingers (this was always done amongst the ancients by the nearest relative) and the last day of mortal existence has effectually shut out life and light, and the tristful urn retains the ashes of the dead—is it of no use to hand over the soul to the funeral pile, but does it remain to the credit of its miserable possessor, and maintain a protracted existence here after? Or do we die body and soul entirely, when we leave this earth? And does no part of us remain? When life with its fleeting breath passes away, into the air, and becomes mixed with the clouds whilst the torch placed beneath the naked carcass reaches its victim, and it is consumed! Whatever the rising or the setting sun has any cognizance of, or, whatever object the Ocean washes with its blue waves at its recurring flowing or ebbing, rapacious time seizes with the rapidity of Pegasus himself (the winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa) in

Quidquid Sol Oriens, quidquid & Occidens	385
Novit: cæruleis Oceanus fretis	
Quidquid vel veniens vel fugiens lavat,	
Ætas Pegaseo corripit gradu.	
Quo bis sēna volant fidera turbine,	
Quo cursu properat secula volvere	390
Astrorum dominus, quo properat modo	
Obliquis Hecate currere flexibus;	
Hoc omnes petimus fata: nec amplius,	
Juratos Superis qui tetigit lacus,	
Ufquam est. ut calidis fumus ab ignibus,	395
Vanescit spatium per breve fordidus;	
Ut nubes gravidas, quas modo vidimus,	
Arctoi Boreæ disjicit impetus;	
Sic hic, quo regimur, spiritus effluet.	
Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil,	400
Velocis spatii meta novissima.	
Spem ponant avidi; folliciti metum.	
Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?	
Quo non nata jacent.	
Tempus nos avidum devorat, & chaos.	405
Mors individua est noxia corpori,	
Nec parcens animæ. Tænara, & aspero	
Regnum sub domino, limen & obfidens	
Custos non facili Cerberus ostio,	
Rumores vacui, verbaque inania,	410
Et par follicito fabula somnio.	

ACTUS TERTIUS.

ANDROMACHA, SENEX, ULYSSES.

Hæctoris uxor viso territa filium in tumulo paterno abscondit, quem sagacitate sua Ulyssus latebris exutum ad mortem abducit.

ANDR. Q UID mœsta, Phrygiæ, turba laceratis comas,	
Miserumque tunsæ pectus effuso genas	
Fletu rigatis? levia perpeffæ fumus,	
Si flenda patimur. Ilium vobis modo,	415
Mihi cecidit olim, cum ferus curru incito	

whatever revolution the signs of the Zodiac (twelve signs) are moving—in whatever direction, the Ruler of the entire starry world (Phœbus) hurries on the course of time, and in whatever way Hecate speeds her way with her oblique windings, we are all following the Fates, in this, the same way! nor is there any thing more left of him, who reaches

these Stygian lakes, which claim oathful allegiance from the Gods! When he quits the regions above, the living world, it is ever the same—as the dirty smoke from the kindled fires ascends and vanishes after its very short journey, and as the fury of Arctic Boreas drives before it and dissipates the clouds heavily charged with rain, so the spirit, which animates our bodies and regulates the term of existence, will pass away; after death there is nothing—death itself is nothing, only the most recent arrival or goal reached, in the velocity of space! Let the avaricious ones discard their hopes (who would expect happiness after death) and let the anxious ones set aside their fears (who would fear punishment after death). Dost thou betray any curiosity to know where thou wouldst rest after death? Where do those rest that have not come into existence at all? Rapacious time swallows us up, and we merge into chaos! Death is the inseparable bugbear of the body, nor does it spare the soul any more than it does that body! The story of Tænarus, the descent to the infernal regions, and the kingdom under that relentless ruler (Pluto), and about the dog Cerberus which blocks the way and guards that not very easy approach—all this is nonsense! empty stories, idle talk—and only on a par with the terrors revealed during a frightful nightmare!

ACT III.

ANDROMACHE—OLD MAN—ULYSSES.

The wife of Hector having taken alarm at a vision in her dream, hides away her son in his father's tomb. Ulysses in his cleverness discovering where he was, drags him forth to meet his death, as soon as he is removed from his place of concealment.

ANDROMACHE.

WHY do ye, oh! Trojan women, my sorrowing subjects, rend thy locks, and beating thy forlorn bosoms, inundate thy cheeks with thy profuse weeping. We have suffered only light troubles as yet, if we can only restrain our grief from injuring ourselves through its excess—Up to the present time, Troy has only fallen from thee, and quite lately fell from me in a similar way, when the fierce conqueror, seized my Hector, his horses being urged on to full speed, and the axle of the chariot

Mea membra raperet, & gravi gemeret sono Peliacus axis pondere Hectoreo tremens. Tunc obruta atque everfa, quodcunque accipit, Torpens malis rigensque, sine fenfu fero.	420
Jam erepta Danaïs conjugem fequerer meum, Nifi hic teneret. hic meos animos domat, Morique prohibet. cogit hic aliquid Deos Adhuc rogare. tempus ærumnæ addidit. Hic mihi malorum maximum fructum abftuli,	425
Nihil timere. profperis rebus locus Ereptus omnis: dira, qua veniant, habent. Miferrimem eft timere, cum fperes nihil. SEN. Quis te repens commovit afflictam metus? ANDR. Exoritur aliquid majus e magno malum. Nondum ruentis Ilii fatum ftetit.	430
SEN. Et quas reperiet, ut velit, clades Deus? ANDR. Stygis profundæ clauftura, & obfcuri specus Laxantur: &, ne defit everfis metus, Hoftes ab uno conditi Dite exeunt.	435
Solifne retro pervium eft Danaïs iter? Certe æqua mors eft. turbat atque agitat Phrygas Communis ifte terror. hic proprie meum Exterret animum noctis horrendæ fopor. SEN. Quæ vifa portant, effer in medium, metus.	440
ANDR. Partes fere nox alma tranfierat duas, Clarumque feptem verterant ftellæ jugum: Ignota tandem venit afflicte quies, Brevifque feffis fomnus obrepfit genis; Si fomnus ille eft mentis attonitæ ftupor;	445
Cum subito noftros Hector ante oculos ftetit: Non qualis ultro bella in Argivos ferens, Grajas petebat facibus Idæis rates; Nec cæde multa qualis in Danaos furens Vera ex Achille fpolia fimulato tulit.	450
Non ille vultus flammeum intendens jubar,	

of Achilles creaking with a tremendous sound, as it trembled with the weight of Hector, as he was being dragged round the walls! Then down-trodden—overcome—I bore whatever came next, with my senses completely gone, benumbed and petrified by my calamities, and then I felt, as if I could have followed my Hector, as a voluntary captive to the Greeks, unless this little son had not held me back—it was he who calmed down my demented feelings and forbade me to die, and it is he, who now forces me to ask something from the unwilling gods—time has added to my misery—he it is, who has relieved me of a great portion of my misfortune;—enabled me to fear nothing, although every thing around is void of an auspicious outlook—things are dreadful, from whatever

source they flow, but it is painfully wretched to have to fear, when one is not able to hold out the encouragement of any hope to oneself!

O. M. What fear creeping upon thee, has moved thee thus, in thy affliction?

ANDR. Some greater calamity is likely to arise out of the one, which is already grievous enough, not yet has the fate of Troy been done with!

O. M. And what deity, even if he wills to do so, will find out what that calamity is to be?

ANDR. The entrances to the Stygian depths and the dark caves of Pluto's kingdom are now open, and lest any fear should not be felt by the conquered ones, as to their fate, enemies hidden down in the lowest depths of Hell, make their appearance, and walk the earth and is there no retrogression left for any one, only for the Greeks. Death is certainly an established fact for all and one universal terror invades and troubles every Trojan alike, (the appearance of Achilles) but my sleep of last night, horrible to relate, frightens my mind in a peculiar way (her frightful dream.)

O. M. What visions have inspired thee with such alarm, put me in possession of their nature.

ANDR. The night, that tender mother, had just completed her second vigil (The Greeks divided the nights into three vigils—the Romans into four—and our nautical reckoning, first, middle and morning watches, traces its origin to the Greeks) and the seven constellations of Arctic Boreas had not yet reversed the brilliant chariot (Callisto and Arcas), at last, sleep, which is such a stranger to the wretched, supervened, and a short slumber visited my weary eyelids; when suddenly, Hector stood before my eyes (in my sleep), not, however, as he was waging war with the Greeks with such determination; and went so eagerly in search for the Grecian ships, with burning torches from the forests of Ida, nor such as he was when raging against the Greeks, he took veritable spoils [namely his life, from the sham Achilles (Patroclus) accoutred with the arms of Achilles, whom he tried to resemble—Hector slew him], and not with that countenance which looked like a flashing meteor, but a weary and cast-down expression and worn out with weeping, but still like my own dear Hector—his head though covered with slovenly

Sed fessus ac dejectus, & fletu gravis, Similisque nostro, squallida obiectus coma. Juvat tamen vidisse. tum quaffans caput, Dispelle somnos, inquit, & natum eripe,	455
O fida conjux. lateat. hæc una est salus. Omitte fletus. Troja quod cecidit, gemis? Utinam jaceret tota! festina. amove Quocunque nostræ parvulam stirpem domus. Mihî gelidus horror ac tremor fomnum excutit,	460
Oculosque nunc huc pavida, nunc illuc ferens, Oblita nati, misera quæsi Hæctorem. Fallax per ipsos umbra complexus abit. O nate, magni certa progenies patris, Spes una Phrygibus; unica afflictæ domus,	465
Veterisque soboles sanguinis nimium incliti, Nimumque patri similis: hos vultus meus Habebat Hæctor. talis incesu fuit, Habitique talis. sic tulit fortes manus. Sic celus humeris, fronte sic torva minax,	470
Cervice fusam dissipans lata comam. O nate, sero Phrygibus, at matri cito, Eritne tempus illud, ac felix dies, Quo Troici defensor & vindex soli, Recidiva ponas Pergama, & sparfos fuga	475
Cives reducas? nomen & patriæ suum, Phrygibusque reddas? Sed mei fati memor, Tam magna timeo vota. quod captis fat est, Vivamus. heu me, quis locus fidus meo Erit timori? quave te sede oculam?	480
Arx illa pollens opibus & muris Deum, Gentes per omnes clara, & invidiæ capax, Nunc pulvis altus. strata sunt flamma omnia, Supereftque vasta ex urbe ne tantum quidem Quo lateat infans. quem locum fraudi legam?	485
Eft tumulus ingens conjugis cari sacer, Verendus hosti; mole quem immensa parens Opibusque magnis struxit, in luctus suos Rex non avarus. optime credam patri. Sudor per artus frigidus totos cadit.	490
Omen tremisco misera feralis loci. SEN. Hæc causa multos una ab interitu arcuit,	

locks; oh! it did delight me, whatever his condition was, to see him; then nodding his head, he said: Rouse thyself from thy sleepy mood, and without delay, seize upon our son and put him in some place of concealment—this is our only safety! Leave off thy weeping. Dost thou grieve because Troy has fallen—I wish that it had fallen through and through. Hasten, remove the little representative of our

dynasty, wherever he may be.—A cold chill and shivering shook me out of my sleep—one minute, I cast my eyes in one place, then shifted them to another; bewildered, and forgetting all about my son, I in my misery, craved for Hector again, and then the delusive apparition eluded my embraces. Oh! my son, the veritable progeny of an illustrious father—the one hope is left to the Trojans, and the solitary one of our afflicted Dynasty, the offspring of an exceedingly ancient race, and of a wonderfully strong resemblance to his father—My Hector possessed thy features exactly—thy walk is like his was, and the general manner and style, the same as his—and like thee, my Hector had a powerful frame, like thee a lofty carriage and just the same commanding expression on his determined face, and like thee, wearing his hair gracefully hanging down over his broad shoulders! Oh! my son! too late to be an aid and defence to thy country; and too soon for me, as thou art now the source of anxiety and solicitous fears! Will ever that time arrive and that lucky day be seen when as the avenger and defender of the Trojan soil, when thou wilt raise up Pergamus again out of its ruins and summon back its exiled subjects (wherever they may be), and restore to the Trojans their country and all their ancient renown! But, although thoroughly alive as to what my own fate will be ultimately, and although I dread to wish for too much, and what is thought quite sufficient for captives to expect, I must say, let our lives be spared to us! Ah! me! what place is to be depended upon, to conceal the object of my anxiety (her son)? in what nook shall I hide my son? that citadel, once so proud in its military resources, and the fortifications built by the Gods (Neptune and Apollo), its renown acknowledged by every nation, and the envy of every country, is now nothing but dust and ruins, and the débris is scattered about, the work of the flames! Does there not remain indeed a single place in this vast city, which I can single out to assist me in my scheme of concealment? Yes! There is a huge tomb, sacred to the memory of our dear Hector, who struck very terror into his enemies, which his father Priam, who was not a grasping monarch, built with great pains, and at an enormous expense, as a monument of his deep sorrow. A cold sweat breaks out over my entire body, and in my misery I shudder at the bad omen naturally suggested by such a mournful place!

O. M. When it has been given out that people have perished, such a reason alone has rescued many from the fate of a real burial.

Credi periisse. ANDR. Vix spei quidquam est super. Grave pondus illum, magna nobilitas, premit.	
SEN. Ne prodat aliquis, amove testes doli.	495
ANDR. Si quæret hostis? SEN. Urbe in everia periit.	
ANDR. Quid proderit latuisse redituro in manus?	
SEN. Victor feroces impetus primos habet.	
ANDR. Quid? quod latere sine metu magno nequit?	
SEN. Miser occupet præsidia, securus legat.	500
ANDR. Quis te locus, quæ regio seducta, in via Tuto reponet? quis feret trepidis opem?	
Quis proteget? qui semper, etiam nunc tuos, Hector, tuere; conjugis furtum piæ Serva, & fideli cinere victurum excipe.	505
Succede tumulo, nate. quid retro fugis; Turpesque latebras spernis? agnosco indolem.	
Pudet timere. spiritus magnos fuga, Animosque veteres. fume quos casus dedit.	
En intuere, turba quæ simus super, Tumulus, puer, captiva cedendum est malis.	510
Sanctas parentis conditi sedes, age, Aude fubire. fata si miseros juvant, Habes salutem. fata si vitam negant, Habes sepulcrum. SEN. Claustra commissum tegunt.	515
Quem ne tuus producat in medium timor, Procul hinc recede, teque diversam amove.	
ANDR. Levius solet timere, qui propius timet. Sed, si placet, referamus hinc alio pedem.	
SEN. Cohibe parumper ora, questusque opprime.	520
Gressus nefandos dux Cephallenum admovet.	
ANDR. Dehisce tellus, tuque conjux ultimo Specu revulsam scinde tellurem, & Stygis Sinu profundo conde depositum meum, Adest Ulysses; & quidem dubio gradu	525
Vultuque. nectit pectore astus callidos.	

ANDR. There appears to me scarcely any hope, except this plan.

O. M. Lest any one should make the discovery, remove all traces of the deception.

ANDR. If an enemy should search for my son.

O. M. Then say, he perished amidst the ruins of Troy.

ANDR. Of what use will it be to have him in concealment, if he is only likely to fall into the hands of our enemies?

O. M. It is only in their first transports of anger, that conquerors are cruel.

ANDR. What was that thou didst say? that one could remain hidden without great causes for alarm!

O. M. The wretched outcast, as a candidate for concealment, puts up with the best thing he can get; whilst he who has any cause for fear of being discovered, can select at will his own place.

ANDR. Oh! what place of security will receive thee, my son! What secluded inaccessible spot? Who will protect us? Oh! Hector, who always defended thy country—now take care of thy own son, take him into thy watchful keeping, this secret of thy affectionate wife, and receive him to make him safe by the side of thy remains! Come, get into the tomb, my son, why dost thou start back and shun the odious darkness? I recognise thy noble strain. Thou art ashamed to show fear, but banish thy proud spirit, and think no more of thy former lot, but take what chance has given us. Look around, see the company we constitute just above the tomb, the son, and the captive mother, we must yield to our misfortunes; come, have the courage to enter this sanctified resting-place, if the Fates are inclined to be merciful to the miserable we shall be safe, if the Fates deny thee thy life, here is a sepulchre ready for thee!

O. M. The interior of the tomb now hides what we have committed to it, to the discovery of whom, no fears of thine should contribute. Move from here to some distance, get away in some sort of disguise!

ANDR. One is apt to have one's fears lessened, if one is near at hand to the object of our anxiety, but if thou thinkest it a more prudent plan I will betake myself to some other locality.

O. M. Speak low for just a little time, and don't look as if thou hadst been weeping; check thy moaning, the general of the Cephallenes (the Cephallenes were a contingent of the Grecian forces), Ulysses, is wending his dreaded way towards us.

ANDR. Oh! Earth! gape open, and thou, Hector, my husband, make thy exit, from the lowermost cave of hell, and carve for thyself a road through the divided Earth and hide in the deep bed of the Styx, what I have here deposited for safety (our son). Ulysses is coming, and indeed, judging by his walk and expression of face, he is planning in his mind some cunning, crafty work.

UL. Duræ minifter fortis, hoc primum peto, Ut ore quamvis verba dicantur meo, Non effe credas noſtra. Grajorum omnium Procerumque vox eſt, petere quos ſeras domos Hectorea ſoboles prohibet. hanc fata expetunt, Sollicita Danaos pacis incertæ fides Semper tenebit, ſemper a tergo timor Reſpicere coget, arma nec poni ſinet, Dum Phrygibus animos natus everſis dabit, Andromacha. ANDR. Veſter augur hoc Calchas canit?	530
UL. Et ſi taceret augur hæc Calchas, tamen Dicebat Hector, cujus & ſtirpem horreo. Geueroſa in ortus femina exſurgunt ſuos. Sic ille magni parvus armenti comes, Primisque nondum cornibus findens cutem, Cervice ſubito celſus, & fronte arduus, Gregem paternum ducit, ac pecori imperat, Quæ tenera cæſo virga de trunco ſtetit, Par ipſa matri tempore exiguo ſubit, Umbrasque terris reddit, & cælo nemus. Sic male relictus igne de magno cinis Vires reſumit. eſt quidem iniuſtus dolor Rerum æſtimator: ſi tamen tecum exigas, Veniam dabis, quod bella poſt hiemes decem, Totidemque meſſes jam ſenex miles timet, Aliaſque clades rufus, ac nunquam bene Trojam jacentem. magna res Danaos movet, Futurus Hector. libera Grajos metu. Hæc una naves cauſa deductas tenet; Heic claſſis hæret. neve crudelem putes, Quod forte juſſus Hectoris natum petam: Petiſſem Oreſtem. patere, quod victor tulit. ANDR. Utinam quidem eſſes, nate, materna in manu, Noſſemque, quis te caſus ereptum mihi	540 545 550 555 560

UL. As the representative of a difficult task I ask beforehand, that I may be distinctly understood, that although what I say may be spoken by myself, personally I am the representative voice of entire Greece, and those kings and princes and those senior in military command. My duty, then, is to look out for any of the children of Hector, which hinder them from returning to their homes already left behind too long. This the Fates absolutely demand, an anxious dread of doubtful peace will always possess the minds of the Greeks, fear will always lead them to entertain a retrospective doubt as to the durability of their successes. Therefore, Andromache, whilst a son of the house of Priam lives, he will animate the spirit of the Trojans, and thus would not permit of our arms being laid aside!

ANDR. Does thy oracle chant his notes in that key?

UL. And if Calchas, our oracle, could be perfectly silent on these matters, the very existence of a Hector has spoken sufficiently to the same effect (this speaking is figurative only), whose race I dread even now, for his lofty traits of character are bound to show themselves in his offspring, just in the same way, that the stripling from out of the mighty herd (the young bull-calf) the skin of whose forehead the rudimentary horns have not yet broken through, but which stripling in a short time, shows himself with stalwart shoulders, and with his determined aspect assumes the patriarchal protection of the herd and the rest of the flock dares not to say "Nay"—(commands the herd)—in the same way, too, that the tender twig, which was once a part of some felled tree, comes to be the counterpart of its parent, in a short time, and throws its extended shade on the earth around, and as a proud representative of the forest seeks its way aspiringly upwards towards the skies! And thus it would be a dangerous outlook, if a single cinder were left to resume the power and kindle afresh the dimensions of another conflagration! Grief and fear are often times the competent appraisers of real facts and possibilities! but if our exigencies point to such a view of the case, and if thou dost rightly consider all these things, thou wilt pardon me, when I frankly tell thee as an old soldier, I dread, after having gone through a military campaign, during ten winters and ten summers, a renewal of hostilities, a fresh accession of slaughter, and whilst for some time, Troy has been lying restful and quiet, for some grand event to startle the Greeks, and some future Hector to appear on the scene! No! I say, rid the Greeks of such an apprehension as this, and that is one of the reasons, which is now hindering our ships from starting away, and thus, forsooth, the fleet is kept lingering here! And therefore thou must not deem me cruel, because, acting according to my mission, I ask for this son of Hector's. I should under similar circumstances have demanded Orestes even from his own father Agamemnon—therefore bear patiently what the conqueror has decreed!

ANDROMACHE (*trying to put Ulysses off the scent*).

I wish, indeed, Oh! my son, I would thou wast still a nursing in thy mother's arms, and I could have been told what calamitous fate would hold thee in captivity, when thou wert taken from me, or to what region of the earth even; and if my breast were pierced with all the combined

Teneret, aut quæ regio. non hostilibus Consoffa telis pectus, aut vinculis manus Secantibus præstricta, non acri latas Utrumque flamma cincta, maternam fidem. Unquam exuiffem. nate, quis te nunc locus, Fortuna quæ possedit? errore avio Vagus arva lufras? vastus an patriæ vapor Corripuit artus? sævus an victor tuo Lufit cruore? numquid immanis feræ Morfu peremptus pascis Idæas aves? UL. Simulata remove verba. non facile est tibi Decipere Ulyffem. vicinus matrum dolos, Etiam Dearum. cassa consilia amove. Ubi natus est? ANDR. Ubi Hæctor? ubi cuncti Phryges? Ubi Priamus? unum quæris. ego quæro omnia. UL. Coacta dices, sponte quod fari abnuis. ANDR. Tuta est. perire quæ potest, debet, cupit. UL. Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit. ANDR. Si vis, Ulyffe, cogere Andromacham metu, Vitam minare. nam mori votum est mihi. UL. Verberibus, igni, morte, cruciatu, eloqui Quodcunque celas, adiget invitam dolor, Et pectore imo condita arcana eruet. Necessitas plus posse, quam pietas, solet. ANDR. Propone flammæ, vulnera, & diras mali Doloris artes, & famem, & sævam sitim, Variasque pestes undique, & ferrum inditum Visceribus uftis, carceris cæci luem, Et quidquid audent victor iratus, tumens: Animosa nullos mater admittit metus. UL. Stulta est fides, celare quod prodas statim. Hic ipse, quo nunc contumax perffas, amor, Confulere parvis liberis Danaos monet. Post arma tam longinqua, post aunos decem, Minus timerem quos facit Calchas metus, Si mihi timerem. bella Telemacho paras.	565 570 575 580 585 590 595
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darts of the enemy, or if my hands were bound around tight with the cutting chains (cutting on account of the tightness), or if both my sides were surrounded by the cruel flames, I should never have abandoned my maternal love and watchfulness over thee! Oh! my son, what place is affording thee a shelter, what has designing Fortune done with thee? Art thou a wanderer over the pathless plains, not knowing what to do? Or have the overwhelming flames, which consumed thy country, included thee? Or has some cruel conqueror been trifling with thy precious blood? I wonder, too, whether killed by the bite of some large wild beast, thy remains have afforded a repast to the birds of prey on Mount Ida?

UL. Away with such dissembling talk; it is not an easy thing to deceive an Ulysses, for I have worsted many a tricky matron, and for that matter, Goddesses even, that have been bent on cajoling me, therefore be persuaded by me, do abandon at once those futile attempts! Where is thy son—Astyanax?

ANDR. Thou mightest with equal reason, ask me, Where is Hector? Where is Priam? Where are all the Trojans? Thou art simply asking about one out of that number; I am doing the same thing, as regards all of them.

UL. When the screw is applied thou wilt be compelled to speak and disclose what thou art now refusing to do voluntarily!

ANDR. That woman, who can, who ought and who wishes to die is quite safe (whatever thy threats may imply).

UL. When death comes quite close to thee, it will shake to the winds all this grandiloquent verbiage!

ANDR. If thou desirest, Ulysses, to coerce Andromache with threats, and to threaten her life, have I not said, it is a wish of mine to die.

UL. The pain arising from stripes, the cautery, tortures, and certain death to follow on, in case of refusal, will force thee, however unwilling, to speak out, whatever thou art wishing to keep back, and drag out from the very depths of thy soul thy hidden secrets. Compulsion is apt to be far more efficacious than any pious resolves!

ANDR. Threaten me with the flames, wounds and all the horrible inventions of diabolical cruelty; starvation, unendurable thirst, every species of loathsome pestilence surrounding me at all sides, and the red-hot swords piercing my burning entrails, the deadly gloom of the dark dungeon, and whatever else an angry conqueror, swelling with rage, could inflict upon me, —as a courageous mother, I do not recognize any fear!

UL. Thy reticence is foolish, to keep back what thou so soon wilt have to bring to light. This very strong affection of thine, in which thou art so persistent, and even contumacious, urges the Greeks more and more, to attach importance to the existence of those little children—After ten years of war, at such a distance from one's own country, I should fear less the apprehensions which Calchas has adduced, if I feared for myself only, but thou art only paving the way for a continuation of the war, to be carried on by my son Telemachus.

ANDR. Invita Ulyffi gaudium ac Danais dabo. Dandum est fatere, quos premis luctus, dolor. Gaudete, Atridæ; tuque lætifica, ut soles, Refer Pelasgis. Hectoris proles obiit.	600
UL. Et esse verum hoc qua probas Danais fide? ANDR. Ita quod minari maximum victor potest, Contingat, & me fata maturo exitu Facilique solvant, ac meo condant solo, Et patria tellus Hectorem leviter premat; Ut luce caret, ut inter extinctos jacet, Datusque tumulo debita exanimis tulit.	605
UL. Expleta fata stirpe sublata Hectoris, Solidamque pacem lætus ad Danaos feram, Quid agis, Ulyffe? Danaidæ credent tibi? Tu cui? parenti fingit an quisquam hoc parens, Nec abominandæ mortis auspiciam pavet? Auspicia metuunt, qui nihil majus timent. Fidem alligavit jurejurando suam.	610
Si pejerat, timere quid gravius potest? Nunc advoca astus, anime; nunc fraudes, dolos, Et totum Ulyffem. veritas nunquam perit. Scrutare matrem. mœret, illacrimat, gemit, Et huc & illuc anxios gressus refert, Missasque voces aure sollicita excipit.	615
Magis hæc timet, quam mœret. ingenio est opus. Alios parentes alloqui in luctu decet: Tibi gratulandum est, misera, quod nato cares, Quem mors manebat fæva, præcipitem datum.	620
E turre, lapsis sola quæ muris manet.	625
ANDR. Me liquit animus, membra quatiuntur, labant, Torpetque vincus frigido sanguis gelu. UL. En tremuit. hac, hac parte quærenda est mihi. Matrem timor detexit, iterabo metum.	630
Ite, ite, celeres, fraude materna abditum Hostem Pelasgi nominis, pestem ultimam, Ubique latitat, erutam in medium date.	

ANDR. I will give news to Ulysses and the Greeks—I must make up my mind—Confess, oh! my anguished soul, what thy grief has kept back! Rejoice, oh! ye Greeks! and thou, Ulysses, as thou art their customary mouth-piece, tell it to the Pelasgi (the Greeks)—the offspring of Hector is dead!

UL. And by what token will the Greeks believe this to be true?

ANDR. In this way, as great an evil as any conqueror could possibly threaten may happen, and the Fates may release me from off this mortal coil by an easy and speedy

death, and bury me in my own native soil, lest I should be carried away as a captive, and my native earth will press lightly on Hector, whilst my son is dead (deprived of light) and lies amongst the abodes of the departed, and who, being handed over to the tomb, has only offered what was due from sad mortality!

UL. The Fates are now satisfied; the race of Hector being extinct: I shall only be too glad to hold out to the Greeks, the prospects of a substantial peace (to himself). What art thou now proposing, Ulysses? Dost thou believe the parent? But could any parent dissemble in this manner? and does not she fear the presages of a death, greatly to be dreaded?—People usually fear these presages (omens) when they fear nothing else, and she has bound herself by the sacred obligations of an oath—If she is perjuring herself, what more dreadful consequences could a woman fear? Now let me, my good genius, so advise me, use all my powers of stratagem! Now let me have recourse to deception and trickery, to arrive at the truth, for my own purpose, and let Ulysses be the very concentration of Ulysses—the truth never can be anything but the truth! Let me watch that mother closely! She grieves, she weeps—she steps here, and she steps there, in a very confused and anxious manner, and she pricks up her ears as one is speaking, so as not to lose a single word one utters, and my impression is, she is more under the influence of fear than of grief—there is need therefore for all my ingenuity; it will be desirable to pretend, and to speak of other parents as it were, in a similar condition of grief! (Aloud) Well, oh! miserable Andromache! I think I must congratulate thee! Why dost thou seem to want thy son so much, for whom such a cruel death was waiting, as to be thrown headlong from a tower, the only tower which is now left to the walls of Troy!

ANDR. My courage has forsaken me, my limbs shake with dread, they sink from under me, and my circulation is torpid with the inward cold which freezes up my blood.

UL. (Aside) Ah! she is frightened! I must persevere with my plan, laying stress upon this—this part of the enquiry—Fear has betrayed the mother, I have forced her hand. I will try again working upon her fears. (Aloud) Go! Go! Attendants hasten thy steps, hand me over, and bring to view, when he has been ferreted out from where he is being hidden, the enemy of the Grecian cause—our last trouble has been secreted by his mother's artifice! Well done! Here he is! persevere, make haste bring

Bene est. tenetur. perge, festina, attrahe. Quid respicis, trepidaque? jam certe perit. ANDR. Utinam timerem! folitus ex longo est metus.	635
Dedidit animus fero, quod didicit diu. UL. Lustrale quoniam debitum muris puer Sacrum antecessit; nec potest vatem sequi Meliore fato raptus: hoc Calchas ait Modo piari posse redituras rates,	640
Si placet undas Hectoris sparfi cinis, Ac tumulus imo totus æquetur solo. Nunc ille quoniam debitam effugit necem, Erit admovenda fedibus sacris manus.	
ANDR. Quid agimus? animum distrahit geminus timor: Hinc natus, illinc conjugis cari cinis. Pars utra vincet? testor immites Deos, Deosque veros, conjugis manes mei, Non aliud, Hector, in meo nato mihi Placere, quam te. vivat, ut possit tuos	645
Referre vultus. prorutus tumulo cinis Mergetur? ossa fluctibus spargi sinam Disjecta vastis? potius hic mortem oppetat. Poteris nefandæ deditum mater neci Videre? poteris celsa per fastigia	655
Missum rotari? potero. perpetiar. feram, Dum non meus post fata victoris manu Jactetur Hector. hic suam pœnam potest Sentire; at illum fata jam in tuto locant. Quid fluctuaris? statue, quem pœnæ extrahas.	660
Ingrata, dubitas? Hector est illic tuus. Erras. utrinque est Hector. hic sensus potens, Forfan futurus ultor extincti patris. Utrique parci non potest. quidnam facis?	
Serva e duobus, anime, quem Danaï timent. UL. Responfa peragam. funditus busta eruam.	665
ANDR. Quæ vendidistis? UL. Pergam, & e fummo aggere Traham sepulcra. ANDR. Cœlitum appello fidem, Fidemque Achillis. Pyrrhe, genitoris tui Munus tuere. UL. Tumulus hic campo statim	670

him here! (Ulysses is saying all this, watching the face of Andromache; then addressing her) Why dost thou look behind thee? Why dost thou tremble so?—surely, it is true thy son has perished?

ANDR I wish I could fear—my ordinary reason for fear is far away; the mind dismisses from itself, in the course of time, what may have possessed it even over the longest period!

UL. Since thy son has anticipated the expiatory sacrifice due to the walls (the tower), nor can any one who has been taken away by a better fate follow the decrees of

any prophet; Calchas says, the ships will be allowed to return, if expiation be afforded in the following manner: if the ashes of Hector, that are scattered about, be thrown into the sea, and the entire tomb levelled to the ground, from the very depths of it, the Fates will then be appeased. Now since thy son has eluded the kind of death marked out for him, our operations shall forthwith be directed to the demolition of the sacred tomb where Hector rests!

ANDR. What shall I do? A two-fold fear distracts my mind. Here is the son—there are the ashes of my dear Hector: which alternative shall influence me the more?—I call to witness the cruel gods—the just gods—and the Manes of my husband—There is nothing, Hector, in my son that pleases me more than thyself, let him live that he may reproduce thy looks; but what then, shall thy ashes be removed from the tomb, and sunk amongst the waves? Shall I let thy bones be cast into the vasty deep? No, the son must undergo death, rather! But can I, the miserable mother see my son given up to such an impious death as the one in store for him? Can I see him whirled in the air and sent headlong from a lofty tower? Yes! I can bear it—I will bear it—I will suffer for it hereafter, so that my dear Hector after death be not tossed about as a sport by the hands of a conqueror! This son may feel his punishment; Oh! ungrateful Andromache that I am! Why do I hesitate thus? Whilst thy Hector is where he is! I am only rambling now, why! a Hector is on each side of me! The son is living—a power! and perhaps may live to be the future avenger of his dead father. I cannot be the means of sparing both, what then am I the more inclined to do? Let me reserve that one, O! my soul, which the Greeks fear the most!

UL. Let us strictly follow out the oracular decree—let us thoroughly clear out the tomb!

ANDR. What! take possession of what thou hast sold!

UL. We shall push on with our task, and drag forth the contents of the sepulchre from its lowermost strata.

ANDR. I appeal to the honor of the Gods—and the good faith of Achilles. Oh! Pyrrhus, throw protection over the gifts of thy father.

UL. The tomb shall be immediately distributed over the entire surface of the adjoining plain.

Toto jacebit. ANDR. Fuerat hoc prorsus nefas Danais inaufum. templa violastis, Deos Etiam faventes. busta transferat furor. Resistam. inermes offeram armatis manus. Dabit ira vires. qualis Argolicas ferox	675
Turmas Amazon stravit; aut qualis Deo Percussa Mænas, entheo silvas gradu Armata thyrso terret, atque expers fui Vulnus dedit, nec sensit; in medios ruam, Tumuloque cineris focia defenso cadam.	680
UL. Cessatis? & vos flebilis clamor movet, Furoreque cassus feminæ? iussa ocuis Peragite. ANDR. Me, me sternite heic ferro prius. Repellor? heu me! rumpe fatorum moras. Molire terras. Hector, ut Ulysssem domes.	685
Vel umbra satis est. arma concussit manu. Jaculatur ignes. cernitis, Danaï, Hectorem? An sola video? UL. Funditus cuncta erue. ANDR. Quid agis? ruina mater & natum & virum Profertis una. forsitan Danaos prece	690
Placare poteris. conditum elidet statim Immane busti pondus. intereat miser Ubicunque potius, ne pater natum obruat, Prematque patrem natus. ad genua accido Supplex, Ulysse, quamque nullius pedes	695
Novere dextram, pedibus admoveo tuis. Miserere matris, & preces placidus pias Patientique recipe; quoque te celsum altius Superi levarunt, mitius lapsos preme. Misero datur quodcunque, fortunæ datur.	700
Sic te revifat conjugis sanctæ torus, Annosque, dum te recipit, extendat suos Laërta! sic te juvenis excipiat tuus, Et vota vincens vestra felici indole, Ætate avum transcendat, ingenio patrem!	705

ANDR. Hitherto, such an impious deed has never been attempted by the Greeks; thou hast violated the sanctity of the temple, insulting the gods who have ever been favorable to thy cause, and thy madness has not even permitted thee to respect the sacred tomb of the departed! I will resist thee—I will oppose with all my weaponless strength thy armed force; my anger will afford me artificial power, and in the same way that the ferocious Amazon, Penthesilea, routed the Argolic battalions, or, in the same manner, that the Mænad (Agave), urged on by the inspirations of the God (Bacchus), terrified the entire forest, as she madly rushed on, armed with her thyrsus, and not being in her right mind at the time, inflicted wounds right and left upon every one she encountered, and then

forgot all about what she had done, when the paroxysm of her excitement was over! I will rush into thy midst, and as the tutelary companion of the venerated ashes yonder, I will fall in the defence of that tomb!

ULYSSES (*to those who have been told off to destroy the tomb*).

Now, then, why art thou thus delaying the operations? and does a weeping noise like that, work upon thy sympathies, and the foolish ravings of a woman affect thee? Go on quickly with my orders.

ANDR. Stab me! oh, stab me first with thy sword! am I really defeated? Ah! me! Hector! set at naught and break through this delay of the Fates! Attempt a visit to this earth, that thou mayst check this Ulysses, thy Ghost will be enough! Hear! Hector is now rattling his weapons in his hands, and is scattering abroad his torches again (seeking to fire the ships). Do ye not see Hector, oh ye Greeks! am I the only one, who sees him? (This said during an attack of hysterical delirium.)

ULYSSES (*to attendants*).

Bring forth every thing, from the lowest foundations.

ANDROMACHE (*addressing herself*).

What am I doing? I, a mother, scattering pell-mell, in one common ruin a son and a husband! Perhaps I can pacify the Greeks with entreaties; the immense weight of that tomb will kill that hidden treasure, my son—be it how it may, he will have to perish, but which shall I rather choose? Shall the father be caused to crush the son, or the son to fall upon the ashes of the father? I approach thee, Ulysses, as a suppliant, at thy feet, I have never ere this shown obeisance to mortal man. Ulysses! pity a mother! patiently and mercifully listen to her pious supplications! Although as the Gods above have raised thee still higher, already exalted (as thou wert) visit (on that account) with greater kindness, those that are fallen low! Whatsoever is granted to the miserable by thee, is a score in thy favor as a claimant at the hands of fate! Thus when thou joyfully shalt revisit the couch of thy pure and expectant wife Penelope, longing for thy return, may thy father Laërtes, when he receives thee, feel that years are being added to his life, and in like manner, (touched by such prosperity) may thy son greet thee and

Miferere matris. unicum afflictae mihi Solamen hoc est. UL. Exhibe natum, & roga.	
ANDR. Huc e latebris procede tuis, Flebile matris furtum miseræ.	
Hic puer, hic est terror, Ulyffe, Mille carinis. Submitte manus,	710
Dominique pedes supplice dextra Stratus adora: nec turpe puta, Quidquid miseris Fortuna iubet.	
Pone ex animo reges atavos, Magnique senis jura per omnes Inclita terras. excidat Hector.	715
Gere captivum; positoque genu, Si tua nondum funera sentis, Matris fletus imitare tum.	720
Vidit pueri regis lacrimas Et Troja prior, parvusque minas Trucis Alcidae flexit Priamus.	
Ille, ille ferox, cujus vastis Viribus omnes cessere feræ, Qui perfracto limine Ditis Cæcum retro patefecit iter, Hostis parvi victus lacrimis, Suscipe, dixit, rector, habenas, Patrioque sede celsus folio,	725
Sed sceptrâ fide meliore tene. Hoc fuit illo victore capi. Discite mites Herculis iras.	730
An sola placent Herculis arma? Jacet ante pedes non minor illo Supplice supplex, vitamque petit.	735
Regnum Trojæ, quocunque volet, Fortuna ferat.	

ULYSSES, ANDROMACHA, ASTYANAX.

Precibus minas & diras miscet Andromache, Ulysses orans nec exorans.

UL. M ATRIS quidem me mœror attonitæ movet: Magis Pelasgæ me tamen matres movent, Quarum iste magnos crescit in luctus puer.	740
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surpass thy most sanguine aspirations as to the well-doing of thy offspring (Telemachus), may he exceed his grandsire in venerable age and equal his father in all the noble qualities of heart and mind!

UL. Bring out thy son, and then begin with thy entreaties.

ANDR. Come hither from thy hiding-place, oh! thou pitiable stolen secret of a wretched mother! Here, Ulysses! is my son—here is the way back for thy thousand ships! Join thy hands, Astyanax, and prostrated, look up obeisantly to thy Master; do not regard as ignominious what the Fates have ordained for us miserable mortals! Put away from thy thoughts all reminiscences about grandsire kings, and the glorious surroundings of thy illustrious grandfather Priam, renowned throughout every land, and let thy father Hector die out of thy recollection. Put on the captive—and with thy bended knee, and if not as yet thou understandest what thy death is to be, imitate the weeping of thy afflicted mother! Troy of old, has witnessed the tears of a boy king, and that little boy, Priam it was, calmed down the anger of the fierce Alcides (Hercules). He! he, that formidable conqueror to whose strength every wild beast—every monster, every thing savage or non-human yielded! and forced his way into the dark realms of Pluto and found his way back, being fairly melted by the tears of his tiny enemy; he exclaimed: Take up, my little boy, as ruler, the reins of government, and sit exalted on thy father's throne! but wield the sceptre with stricter fidelity and justice!—And it was well for him, that he had been the captive of so noble a conqueror! Profit then, Ulysses, by this gentle specimen of anger, on the part of a Hercules. Are the arms of a Hercules the only ones that can afford to be lenient? Not a less humble suppliant than the boy Priam, is the suppliant lying at thy feet, and he is merely asking for his life! (Not to retain the kingdom.) The Fates will hold in their hands the kingdom of Troy, in any and every way, they may wish to ordain!

ULYSSES—ANDROMACHE—ASTYANAX.

Andromache mingles curses and threats with her supplications entreating Ulysses, but not prevailing upon him.

ULYSSES.

THE anguish of a terrified mother does indeed exercise a certain effect on me, but the Grecian mothers' grief would tend far more in that direction for the amount of sorrow that would accrue to them, if that boy were allowed to grow up!

ANDR. An has ruinas urbis in cinerem datas Hic excitabit? hæ manus Trojam erigent? Nullas habet spes Troja, si tales habet. Non sic jacemus Troës, ut cuiquam metus	745
Possimus esse. spiritus genitor facit? Sed nempe tractus. ipse post Trojam pater Posuisset animos, magna quos frangunt mala. Si poena petitur, quæ peti gravior potest?	750
Famulare collo nobili fubeat jugum. Servire liceat. aliquis hoc regi negat? UL. Non hoc Ulysses, sed negat Calchas tibi.	755
ANDR. O machinator fraudis, o scelerum artifex, Virtute cujus bellica nemo occidit, Dolis & astu maleficæ mentis jacent	760
Etiam Pelasgi; vatem & infantes Deos Prætendis? hoc est pectoris tui, Nocturne miles, fortis in pueri necem. Jam solus audes aliquid, & claro die.	765
UL. Virtus Ulyssis Danaïdis nota est fatis, Nimisq; Phrygibus. non vacat vanis diem Conterere verbis. anchoras clâssis legit.	770
ANDR. Brevem moram largire, dum officium parens Nato supremum reddo, & amplexu ultimo Avidos dolores fatio. UL. Misereri tui	775
Utinam liceret! quod tamen solum licet, Tempus moramque dabimus. arbitrio tuo Implere lacrimis. stetus ærumnas levat.	780
ANDR. O dulce pignus! o decus lapsæ domus! Summurque Trojæ funus! o Danaüm timor! Genitricis o spes vana! cui demens ego	785
Laudes parentis bellicas, annos avi Medios precabar: vota destituit Deus. Iliaca non tu scepra regali potens Gestabis aula; jura nec populis dabis,	790

ANDR. Would that boy raise again, as if by magic, the ruins of a city which has already been converted into ashes? Would those little hands live to rebuild proud Troy? Does Troy hold out no prospects of peace to the Greeks if she only possesses such an obstacle as this? We Trojans, are not so situated, alas! that we can possibly be an object of fear or apprehension! Does a father, as a matter of course, transmit to his son, his own disposition and martial qualities? But taking for granted about the dragging of Hector round the walls of Troy, did that father, after Troy's hopes were gone, show such a stubbornness of disposition, which if he did, the great misfortunes which befell him utterly stamped out. If any punishment is demanded, surely none needs to be put in requisition. Now let my son wear the slave's yoke round his noble

neck—let him be condemned to life-long servitude! Could any one deny this to the boy king?

UL. Ulysses does not deny thee this, but Calchas does.

ANDR. Oh! thou artful concocter of deceit, oh thou fabricator of premeditated wickedness, by whose pretended military prowess, no one yet was ever defeated, even the Greeks are at the mercy of thy trickery and the cunning born of thy evil genius, and then thou pretendest and layest aside everything, at the door of Calchas and the gods who are quite innocent of thy vile machinations! This is nothing more than the wickedness arising out of thy own wicked heart—thou nocturnal soldier! [This is said in the deepest contempt, alluding to the undignified vocation of the night companion so-called, as compared with the nobler one of the regular soldier (see line 38), the duties of the former being to sneak about at night under the guise of exploration, and stealing anything they could find; for example, stealing the tents of Rhesus and Paladius.] Thou art brave enough as regards the slaughter of my little boy, by this time thou art able to do anything without a companion and in the broad of day!

UL. The valor of Ulysses is already known to the Greeks and too much so to the Trojans, to their cost! Really I cannot spend the day in bandying words, the fleet is now ready to weigh anchor!

ANDR. Grant a little time, whilst I as a parent, acquit myself of my final duties to a son, and reward my longing grief with a last affectionate embrace.

UL. I wish that I could pity thee—I will, however, grant thee the time and delay for which thou askest, which is perhaps permissible under the circumstances, to exhaust thyself with tears at thy discretion—weeping, we all know, tends to alleviate grief.

ANDR. Oh! my sweet reminder of former days, oh! the representative glory of a fallen dynasty! and the consuming death of noble Troy! Oh! thou cause of so much alarm to the Greeks! Oh! the frail aspirations of a loving mother! for whose sake I have sighed in my madness, for the warlike renown of thy father to be renewed in thee, and for the middle age of thy grandfather—that is, the prosperity, wealth and power in the Royal Palaces of Troy—thou wilt never administer laws to thy people, nor wilt thou ever bend the conquered nations

Victasque gentes sub tuum mittes jugum;
 Non Graja cædes terga, non Pyrrhum trahes;
 Non arma tenera parva tractabis manu;
 Sparfasque passim saltibus latis feras
 Audax sequeris; nec statò lustrì die
 Solenne referens Troici lusus sacrum, 780
 Puer citatas nobilis turmas ages:
 Non inter aras mobili velox pede
 Revocante flexo concitos cornu modos,
 Barbarica prisco templa saltatu coles. 785
 O morte dira tristius leti genus!
 Flebilius aliquid Hectoris magni nece
 Muri videbunt. UL. Rumpe jam fletus parens.
 Magnus sibi ipse non facit finem dolor.
 ANDR. Lacrimis, Ulysse, parva, quam petimus, mora est. 790
 Concede, parvos ut mea condam manu
 Viventis oculos. occidis parvus quidem,
 Sed jam timendus. Troja te expectat tua.
 I, vade liber. liberos Troas vide.
 AST. Miserere, mater. ANDR. Quid meos retines sinus, 795
 Manusque matris? casta præsidia occupas.
 Fremitu leonis qualis audito tener
 Timidum juvencus applicat matri latus:
 At ille sævus matre summotà leo,
 Prædam minorem moribus vastis premens 800
 Frangit, vehitque: talis e nostro sinu
 Te rapiet hostis. oscula, & fletus, puer,
 Lacerosque crines excipe, & plenus mei
 Occurre patri. pauca maternæ tamen
 Perfer querelæ verba: Si manes habent 805
 Curas priores, nec perit flammis amor:
 Servire Grajo pateris Andromachen jugo,
 Crudelis Hector? lentus & fegnis jaces?
 Rediit Achilles. fume nunc iterum comas,
 Et fume lacrimas, quidquid e misero viri 810
 Funere relictum est fume, quæ reddas tuo
 Oscula parenti. matris hanc solatio

to thy yoke—thou wilt never drag the slaughtered Greek at the tail of thy war-chariot, thou wilt never avenge thyself upon a Pyrrhus, (for the slaughter of Priam) thou wilt never wield with those tender hands of thine the arms of a conqueror! and thou wilt never fearlessly track out to their lairs, the wild beasts scattered over the spacious forests! nor wilt thou as a noble lad assume the chieftainship over the select concourse of youths, whilst celebrating the solemn ceremonies of the Trojan games! (On set days, at the expiration of every lustrum, these games were celebrated by the young Phrygian nobles, mounted

and armed.) Nor wilt thou, before the altars, with nimble steps, keeping quick time, with the enlivening strains from the curved trumpet, assist at the worshipping in the Phrygian temples and joining at the ancient Phrygian dances! (The dances in the temple of Cybele were more exciting than the Doric, Ionic, or Lydian, and partook more of the character of that of the Bacchanals—exciting the dancers to warfare and inspiring them with fury.) Oh! this hideous form of annihilation more terrible than the stings of ordinary death! Will the walls of the great Hector ever seek again anything more sorrowful than this death of my boy?

UL. Now, thou parent, break off with thy weeping, that great grief of thine betrays no symptoms of a cessation.

ANDR. Oh! Ulysses, a little more delay to relieve myself by weeping, is all I ask—Concede me the privilege of closing those little orbs with my own hands! (Exclaiming whilst she is doing so:) Indeed, thou art dying very young, but thou hast already made thy mark in intimidating the Greeks—thy Troy is waiting for thee! (Those that have been killed in battle.) Go! depart, as a free citizen (without the stigma of servitude)—go and join the Trojans where they are free also, but in another world!

AST. Pity me, dear mother.

ANDR. Why dost thou so retain hold of my dress, Astyanax, and clasp thy mother's hands so tightly—thou art clinging to a very frail prop. In the same way, that the tender hope of the flock (the young bull) draws his timid side towards his mother, when he hears the roaring of the lion, but as that lion, the mother being left alone, frightened away, seizes upon the smaller prey, tears it with his tremendous fangs and carries it off, so the cruel enemy is snatching thee from my bosom; take to heart, these kisses—these tears and these rent and dishevelled locks, and meet thy father with a memory full of thy mother's love.—However, convey a few words by way of a maternal injunction, if the Manes have not anything of greater interest to them, and if affection has not been utterly dissipated by the flames of the funeral pile, will ever Hector be so cruel as to allow his Andromache to be handed over as a slave under the Grecian yoke? Why, Hector, dost thou rest so dull and unconcerned? Achilles appeared, when he was summoned. Take again these locks, these tears and whatever is left to me from the funeral remains of my poor Hector—take these kisses,

Relinque vestem. tumulus hanc retigit meus,
 Manesque cari. quidquid heic cineris latet,
 Scrutabor ore. UL. Nullus est fendi modus. 815
 Abripite propere classis Argolicæ moram.

CHORUS TROADUM.

Asportandæ Troades in varia Græciæ loca, prout forte Achivis
 dispersitæ contigerant, in quamcunque tamen Græciæ partem
 abduci præoptant, quam in Spartam Mycenæ, & Ithacam,
 Helenæ, Agamemnonis, & Ulyssis patriam.

QUÆ vocat fedes habitanda captas?
 Theffali montes, & opaca Tempe?
 An viros tellus dare militares
 Aptior Phthiæ? meliorque foetu 820
 Fortis armenti lapidosa Trachin?
 An maris vasti domitrix lolcos?
 Urbibus centum spatiosa Crete?
 Parva Gortyne, sterilibusque Tricce?
 An frequens rufcis levibus Mothone, 825
 Quæ sub Ceteis latebrofa silvis
 Misit infestos Troiæ ruinis
 Non semel arcus?
 Olenos tectis habitata raris?
 Virginis Pleuron inimica Divæ? 830
 An maris lati sinuosa Troezen?
 Pelion regnum Prothoi superbum,
 Tertius cælo gradus? hic recumbens
 Montis exesi spatiosus antro
 Jam trucidis Chiron pueri magister, 835
 Tinnulas plectro, feriente chordas,
 Tunc quoque ingentes acuebat iras
 Bella canendo.
 An ferax varii lapidis Carystos?
 An premens litus maris inquieti 840
 Semper Euripo properante Chalcis?
 Quolibet vento faciles Calydnæ?
 Ac carens nunquam Gonoessa vento?
 Quæque formidat Borean Enispe?

which thou wilt give to thy parent—the tomb and the
 Manes of my dear one have been in contact with it—it
 is a dear memento! I shall salute every part of it with
 my lips, whatever has been hidden under those ashes.

ULYSSES (*to the attendants*).

Is there to be no limit to all this weeping?—Come quickly,
 remove all cause of further delay to the Argolic Fleet.

CHORUS OF TROJANS.

The Trojans are to be conveyed to various parts of Greece, just as they happen to the lot of the Greeks—amongst whom they are to be divided, but to whatever part of Greece the allotters wish them to be taken—some to Sparta, some to Mycenæ, some to Ithaca, and the country of Helen, Agamemnon and Ulysses.

WHAT place of settlement is indicated as the future abode of the captives? the mountains of Thessaly and the shady groves of Tempel! Or will Phthie the country of Achilles, and the myrmidons be more appropriate for the fighting portion of them (the soldiers of Troy) or will the stony Trachine be preferred? celebrated for its breed of sturdy cattle or Iolcos the country of Jason, which overlooks a vast expanse of sea, or spacious Crete, with its hundred cities, or the insignificant little Gortyne, (a town of Crete) or Tricce a town of Thessaly with its scanty herbage, or Mothone abounding in the graceful holly oak or that city, hidden by the woods of Oëta which have furnished the deadly bows more than once for the destruction of Troy, or Olenos, a town of Elis, boasting of a very limited supply of human habitations or Pleuron, a city of Ætolia, so hateful to that chaste virgin Diana or Troezen, the country of Theseus, presenting a winding coast to the wide sea-board or Pelion, the proud kingdom of Prothous, the lowest of the three mountains piled up by the Giants (Pelion, Ossa, Olympus) here it was, that the huge centaur Chiron, the tutor of that boy Achilles would lie down in a cave of the dilapidated mountain, (Disintegration) and whilst the plectrum tenderly struck drew forth the tinkling harmonies, and it was then, in chanting his war songs, as an accompaniment, that Achilles first became inspired with his fierce warlike proclivities, or Carystos, one of the Cyclades, noted for its variegated marbles, or Chalcis, a city of Eubœa, with its rapid flowing Euripus, beating against the shores with its boisterous waves, or the Calydnæ, easily approached, whichever way the wind blew or Gonoëssa (in Ætholiæ,) where thou art never without the wind (land and sea breezes) and Enispe where the blustering Boreas, is an object of dread, or Peparethus which overlooks the coast of Attica, or will some find consolation in Eleusis, with its silent sacred rites? whether some would prefer Salamis, which is the true city of Ajax, or Calydon, a city of Ætolia, celebrated for the wild boar sent by Diana, or whatever lands the Titaressos waters with its sluggish

Attica pendens Peparethos ora?	845
An sacris gaudens tacitis Eleusin?	
Numquid Ajacis Salamina veram?	
Aut fera notam Calydonæ sæva?	
Quasque profundit subituras æquor	
Segnibus terras Titareffos undis,	850
Bessan & Scarphen? Pylon an fenilem?	
Pharin? an Pisam, Jovis & coronis	
Elida claram?	
Quolibet tristis miseræ procella	
Mittat, & donet cuicumque terræ:	855
Dum luem tantam Troiæ atque Achivis	
Quæ tulit, Sparte procul abfit: abfit	
Argos, & sævi Pelopis Mycenæ;	
Neritos parva brevior Zacyntho,	
Et nocens faxis Ithacæ dolosis.	860
Quod manet fatum, dominusque quis te,	
Aut quibus terris, Hecube, videndam	
Ducet? in cujus moriere regno?	

ACTUS QUARTUS.

HELENA, ANDROMACHA, HECUBA,
POLYXENA, muta persona.

Ut manibus Achillis rite inferiæ peragantur, excogitata ratio est, qua ut veste, ita animo nuptiali affecta lætetur Polyxena. vid. supra vers. 360. quæ partes dantur Helenæ, ut Polyxenam lætetur inani spe nuptiarum cum Pyrrho. quas illa primo simulat, mox Andromachæ jurgio excussa dolos fatetur, & rem aperte suadet.

HEL. Q UICUNQUE hymen funestus, illætabilis,	
Lamenta, cædes, fanguinem, gemitus habet,	865
Est auspice Helena dignus. everfis quoque	
Nocere cogor Phrygibus. ego Pyrrhi toros	
Narrare falsos jubeor; ego cultus dare,	
Habitusque Grajos. arte capietur mea,	
Meaque fraude concidet Paridis foror.	870

streams, as it is about to flow towards the sea; or Bessa of Phocis or Scarpe in Eubœa or ancient Pylos, a town of Messenia, or Pharis or Pisa, and Elis renowned for the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the wreaths awarded as prizes to conquerors in the Olympian games—wherever the sad storms may land the miserable captives, and hand them over to whatever country the Fates decree. Let

Sparta be left out of the reckoning, the city of Helen which has brought about so much grief, to Trojan and Grecian alike! Let Argos be left out and Mycenæ the country of that cruel old Pelops; that small mountainous region of Ithaca. Neritos which is smaller than Zacynthus and Ithaca so dangerous owing to the sunken rocks and varying depths of the water—What fate now remains worth mentioning. We wonder, Hecuba, to what lord and master thou wilt fall as a prize, or what country will hold thee up, as “Hecuba to be seen here!” and lastly in what kingdom thou wilt breathe thy last!

ACT IV.

HELEN—ANDROMACHE—HECUBA—
POLYXENA (*a silent personage*).

The plan is being discussed, how the sacrifices to the infernal deities and the Manes of Achilles are to be conducted, with the nuptial ceremonies prescribed; and in what garments, Polyxena, who is to be sacrificed under the impression of a real marriage, is to be arrayed; what part shall be played by Helen, in order that she may cajole Polyxena, with the vain hope of marrying Pyrrhus, in sustaining which part, she at first, keeps up the pretence, but after a time dismisses her intention of prolonging the deception, when owing to some altercation with Andromache, she confesses everything and openly recommends the fulfilment of the scheme.

HELEN.

WHATEVER luckless, joyless marriage contains the fruitful germs of grief,—deeds of slaughter—reckless shedding of blood, groaning and moaning—such a marriage, undoubtedly, is worthy of the support and connivance of Helen, and in addition to which view of the case, I am called upon to use my damaging exertions against the down-fallen Phrygian—I am told off to enter into the pros and cons of this sham marriage of Pyrrhus and I am selected to pose as dictatrix to the bride elect, as to her dress and general get-up, but it must be after the Grecian model! Polyxena is to be cajoled by my artful contrivances, and this sister of Paris is to face her destruction aided by vile treachery! Well! let her be deceived—I suppose this will be the kindest

Fallatur. ipſi levius hoc equidem reor. Optanda mors eſt, ſine metu mortis mori. Quid juſta ceſſas agere? ad auctores redit Sceleris coacti culpa. Dardaniæ domus Generoſa virgo, melior afflictoſ Deus	875
Reſpicere cœpit; teque felici parat Dotare thalamo. tale conjugium tibi Non ipſa foſpes Troja, non Priamus daret. Nam te Pelagæ maximum gentis decus Ad ſancta lecti jura legitimi petit,	880
Cui regna campi lata Theſſalici patent. Te magna Tethys, teque tot pelagi Deæ, Placidumque numen æquoris tumidi Thetis Suam vocabunt. te datam Pyrrho focer Peleus nurum vocabit, & Nereus nurum.	885
Depone cultus ſquallidos, feſtos cape. Dediſce captam. deprime horrentes comas, Crinemque docta patere diſtingui manu. Hic forſitan te caſus excelſo magis Solio reponet. profuit multis capi.	890
ANDR. Hoc deerat unum Phrygibus everſis malum, Gaudere? flagrant ſtrata paſſim Pergama. O conjugale tempus, an quiſquam audeat Negare? quiſquam dubius ad thalamos eat, Quos Helena ſuadet? peſtis, exitium, lues	895
Utriuſque populi! cernis hos tumulos ducum? Et nuda totis oſſa quæ paſſim jacent Inhumata campis? hæc hymen ſparſit tuus. Tibi fluxit Aſiæ, fluxit Europæ cruor; Cum dimicantes lenta proſpiceres viros,	900
Incerta voti. perge, thalamos appara. Tædis quid opus eſt? quidve ſolenni face? Quid igne? thalamis Troja præluceſt novis. Celebrate Pyrrhi, Troades, connubia; Celebrate digne. planctuſ & gemituſ ſonent.	905

thing I can do for her! As death is the object to be arrived at, then to die without any preliminary fear of impending death must be best for her! Come! Why am I seeming to dally about the task, which is set for me, the blame of this compulsory wickedness on my part will assuredly recoil upon its author! (Turning to Polyxena.) Here thou art, Polyxena, a noble virgin of pure Dardanian descent (Trojan), one of the gods above has begun at last to be in a clement mood, and is looking mercifully on the afflicted Trojans, he is laying himself out to arrange a fortunate marriage for thee—not all Troy itself, in its palmiest days, could have devised such a desirable betrothal—not even Priam himself could have done this for thee! For the bridegroom, Pyrrhus, the most illustrious

ornament of the Pelasgian nation, seeks thy hand in marriage, according to the solemn institutions appertaining to lawful wedlock—he, who claims the extensive dominion over the broad lands of Thessalia, in fact, only consider his relations—the mighty Tethys goddess of the sea, and wife of Neptune, and all the rank and file of sea-goddesses; and that amiable deity of the swollen oceanic depths, Thetis, mother of Achilles and wife of Peleus, will look upon thee as her own child—Peleus although the father of Achilles will be as a father-in-law to thee, when thou art married to Pyrrhus, and will look upon thee as an actual daughter-in-law! And Nereus will regard thee in the same relationship—Come, doff thy untidy dress and don a gay befitting costume; forget that thou art only a captive Princess, let thy untrimmed locks fall down, and allow them to be made smart by some one skilled in the art of female hair-dressing. Perhaps this accident of Fortune may more than repay thee, in the exalted throne which thou wilt share; thou seest, after all, it is sometimes an advantageous thing to be a captive, even!

ANDR. The one great misfortune which was wanting to the down-fallen Trojans, was to try to experience joy! Troy appears strewn upon the ground on every side! Oh for the time of marriages to come to us at last! And could any one deny us that? any one hesitating about such a trifling matter as marriage, has only to go to Helen, and she will soon be persuaded into it! Oh! the results of infectious diseases, pestilence; destructive agencies of every sort, dealt out as a punishment alike to the Greek and Trojan! Dost thou notice the tombs of the various generals who have fallen, and the fleshless bones which are to be seen in all the fields round about, everywhere—unburied! Thy marriage brought about all these scattered bones! (Addressing Helen.) The best blood of Asia has flowed for thee, and the blood of Europe also! When thou canst calmly look upon the two men, Menelaus and Paris, contending for the possession of thyself, thou cannot be very certain as to which one thou wouldst rather choose! But never mind, persevere anyhow! prepare for this marriage of Pyrrhus! What necessity is there for torches at all. What need is there of the nuptial torches? why have the fiery element imported into the matter? The flames of burning Troy will give their light to these novel nuptials. Celebrate the marriage of Pyrrhus. Oh! ye Trojans! by all means—celebrate it becomingly! Let the wailing and mourning sound our approval! (This is said in bitter sarcasm.)

HEL. Ratione quamvis careat, & flecti neget
 Magnus dolor, sociosque nonnunquam fui
 Mœroris ipsos oderit, causam tamen
 Possū tueri iudice infesto meam,
 Graviora passa. luget Andromacha Hectorem, 910
 Et Hecuba Priamum: solus occulte Paris
 Ignendus Helenæ est. durum & invivum & grave est,
 Servitia ferre. patior hoc olim jugum
 Annis decem captiva. prostratum Ilium est,
 Versi penates. perdere est patriam grave;
 Gravius timere. vos levat tanti mali 915
 Comitatus. in me victus & victor furit.
 Quam quisque famulam traheres, incerto diu
 Casu pendit: me meus traxit statim
 Sine forte dominus. causa bellorum fui, 920
 Tantæque Teucris cladis. hoc verum puta,
 Spartana puppis vestra si secuit freta;
 Sin rapta Phrygiis præda remigibus fui,
 Deditque donum judici victrix Dea:
 Ignosce Paridi. iudicem iratum mea 925
 Habitura causa est. ista Menelaum manent
 Arbitria. nunc hanc luctibus paulum tuis,
 Andromacha, omiffis flecte. vix lacrimas queo
 Retinere. ANDR. Quantum est, Helena quod lacrimat, malum!
 Cur lacrimat autem? fare, quos Ithacus dolos, 930
 Quæ scelera nectat. utrum ab Idæis jugis
 Jactanda virgo est? arcis an celsæ edito
 Mittenda saxo? num per has vastum in mare
 Volvenda rupes, latere quas scisso levat
 Altum vadofos Sigeon spectans sinus? 935
 Dic, fare, quidquid subdolo vultu tegis.
 Leviora mala sunt cuncta, quam Priami gener
 Hecubæque Pyrrhus. fare, quam pœnam pares.
 Exprome, & unum hoc deme nostris cladibus,
 Falli. paratas perpeti mortem vides. 940
 HEL. Utinam juberet me quoque interpres Deum

HEL. Although great grief is sadly wanting in reason-
 ableness and refuses to be diverted from its course, some-
 times it may regard with hatred the very companions, it enlists
 in its behalf—although I have undergone greater troubles,
 I can plead my own cause, even before an unrelenting
 tribunal! Does not Andromache bewail her Hector,
 openly and Hecuba her Priam? Is Paris to be grieved
 for, only stealthily, by Helen? It is a hard, hateful, and
 terrible lot to put up with slavery! I have suffered the
 captive's yoke for ten years—Troy has been laid low, the
 household gods have been destroyed! Oh! it is a hard
 case to have been thy country's ruin, but it is more
 terrible still to have to fear it (the revenge of a deserted

husband) having had so many companions in thy troubles, has lightened the burden for thee, where as with myself the conqueror, and the conquered are both leagued in their wrath against me! It has long been a matter of uncertainty amongst you all, what fair maiden each man would select, but my future lord and master (Menelaus) fastened on me without the formula of a lot drawing! I have thus been made the cause of war, and of such great slaughter to the Trojans; but put the matter in a truthful light, was it not because thy Trojan vessels sailed into the Spartan waters and I was but the spoil kidnaped by the Phrygian boatmen! Put Paris out of the question! Did not the victorious goddess (Venus) present me as a gift to that judge who awarded her the palm of beauty? My cause is yet to be tried before an angry tribunal, and the judgment remains within the discretion of the judge Menelaus! Now, Andromache, shake off those tears of thine for a time, and prevail upon Polyxena, and reconcile her to this marriage; I can only with considerable difficulty refrain from tears myself! What great misfortune can it be, for which Helen can shed a tear (said sarcastically).

ANDR. But what can she have to cry about? Tell me rather what treachery—what wickedness Ulysses is hatching? Whether the virgin Polyxena is to be thrown headlong from Ida's mountain top, or whether she is to be hurled from the lofty walls of a once proud citadel, or whether she is to be thrown into the vast sea, over those rugged rocks which Sigeon, as it overlooks the waters beneath with its fordable bays, throws up from its disintegrated sides, the result of gradual separation from the parent promontory—(the sea being on each side of this cape, has formed these rocks, by perpetually beating on them and at length separating them, as described by the Poet). This was the place, too, where so many battles were fought between the Greeks and Trojans—Tell me! Speak out whatever thou art hiding away in that deceitful face of thine—all the misfortunes hitherto are of a light character, compared with this son-in-law business on the part of Pyrrhus towards Priam and Hecuba! Tell me what punishment art thou planning—tell me point blank, and remove this one piece of cruelty from the rest of our misfortunes, namely the being deceived—Cannot thou understand, that those who are prepared for death are the best able to bear it?

HEL. I wish that Calchas, the interpreter of the Gods, would order me to cut short the life that is clinging to me,

Abrumpere eafe lucis invifæ moras, Vel Achillis ante bufta, furibunda manu Occidere Pyrrhi, fata comitantem tua, Polyxene miferanda; quam tradi fibi,	945
Cineremque Achilles ante maâitari fuum, Campo maritus ut fit Elyfio, jubet. ANDR. Vide, ut animus ingens lætus audierit necem. Cultus decoros regiæ veftis petit, Et admoveri crinibus patitur manum	950
Mortem putabat illud, hoc thalamos putat. At mifera luctu mater audito ftupet. Labefacta mens fuccubuit. affurge. alleva Animum, & cadentem mifera firma fpiritum. Quam tenuis anima vinculo pendet levil!	955
Minimum eft, quod Hecubam facere felicem poteft. Spirat. revixit. prima mors miferos fugit. HEC. Adhuc Achilles vivat in pœnas Phrygum? Adhuc rebellat? o manum Paridis levem!	960
Cinis ipfe noftrum fanguinem ac tumulus fitit. Modo turba felix latera cingebat mea. Laffabar in tot ofcula, in totum gregem Dividere matrem. fola nunc hæc eft fuper, Votum, comes, levamen, affliâ quies.	965
Hæc totus Hecubæ foetus. hac fola vocor Jam voce mater. dura & infelix, age, Elabere anima. denique hoc unum mihi Remitte funus. irrigat fletus genas, Imberque victo fubitus e vultu cadit. Lætare, gaude, nata. quam vellet tuos	970
Caffandra thalamos, vellet Andromache tuos! ANDR. Nos, Hecuba; nos, nos, Hecuba, lugendæ fumus, Quas mota claffis huc & huc fparfus feret. Hanc cara tellus fedibus patriis teget. HEL. Magis invidebis, fi tuam fortem fcias.	975
ANDR. An aliqua pœnæ pars meæ ignota eft mihi? HEL. Verfata dominos urna captivis dedit.	

with the aid of the sword, and that I, Oh! Polyxena, so much to be pitied could be a companion to thee, why thou meetest thy fate, and fall too, by the furious hand of Pyrrhus before the tomb of Achilles, in the same way, that he orders thee to be handed over to be sacrificed to his ashes, in order that he, Achilles, may be thy husband in the Elysian Paradise! (Campus, the resting-place and abode of the happy spirits that have quitted the "corpus vile.")

ANDR. Notice, what an amount of fortitude and even joy, Polyxena evinced, when she heard of her approaching death-fate! She even seems anxious now about the becoming style of her royal wedding equipment, and

patiently permit the hand of the operator, whilst manipulating her locks! She thought that the marriage thou didst mention meant death, she is now thinking that death means marriage—But the miserable mother is stupefied with the tristful news she has heard, and with her mind completely crushed, has succumbed to the shock—~~Come rouse thyself, be firm and raise thy drooping spirits, compose thy mind.~~ On what a slender thread does our frail existence hang! It is a thing of secondary moment, that Hecuba should be able to make herself contented—it is a great thing to say, that she breathes (lives)—she has revived! Death, alas, is the first to desert the miserable! (Recovers from her swoon.)

HEC. Up to the present time, Achilles has only, whilst he was alive, punished the Trojans, now (that he is dead) he is beginning to show the warlike spirit again—Oh! the hand of Paris, who dealt that blow so lightly! His Manes and his tomb, forsooth, are thirsting for all our race! It was only, as it were, quite lately, that a merry group of my own children were assembled around me, and that I was fairly wearied out with receiving the kisses of so many, and of playing the loving mother, with the entire family circle. Now there is only one left besides myself—my every wish—my companion—my comfort—a real solace to me in my affliction—this daughter now represents the once large family of Hecuba, and I am now only addressed as mother by this solitary child! Be it so, slip thou away from me, Oh! my very life, miserable and difficult to escape from! Grant that this may be the last finishing stroke of death for me to suffer! Polyxena, tears are escaping from those eyelids of thine, and with a sudden rush, they fall on thy downcast face! Rejoice, rather, in thy happiness, daughter mine, how Cassandra would wish for such a marriage—how Andromache would welcome it! With what joy!

ANDR. Wel! Hecuba! We all of us, Hecuba, weep sincerely for thee, whom the fleet, when it sails hence, will take here—will take there!

HEL. Thou wouldst be inclined to be further displeas'd, didst thou know the lot in store for thee.

ANDR. Well! Is there any portion of my punishment with which I am not already acquainted?

HEL. The fatal urn has been brought into requisition, and has parcelled out the captives in lots.

ANDR. Cui famula tradar, ede. quem dominum voco?	
HEL. Te forte prima Scyrius juvenis tulit.	
ANDR. Cassandra felix! quam furor forte eximit,	980
Phœbusque. HEL. Regum hanc maximus rector tenet.	
HEC. Estne aliquis, Hecubam qui suam dici velit?	
HEL. Ithaco obtigisti præda nolenti brevis.	
HEC. Quis tam impotens ac dirus, & iniquæ ferus	
Sortitor urnæ regibus reges dedit?	985
Quis tam sinister dividit captas Deus?	
Quis arbiter crudelis, & miseris gravis,	
Eligere dominos nescit? & sæva manu	
Dat iniqua miseris fata? quis matrem Hectoris	
Armis Achillis miscet? ad Ulyssen vocor.	990
Nunc victa, nunc captiva, nunc cunctis mihi	
Obfessa videor cladibus. domini pudet,	
Non servitatis. Hectoris spoliū feret,	
Qui tulit Achillis? sterilis, & sævis fretis	
Inclusa tellus non capit tumulos meos.	995
Duc, Duc, Ulysse. nil moror. dominum sequor.	
Me mea sequentur fata. non pelago quies	
Tranquilla veniet, sæviet ventis mare,	
Et bella, & ignis, & mea, & Priami mala.	
Dumque ista veniunt, interim hoc poenæ loco est:	1000
Sortem occupavi, præmium eripui tibi.	
Sed incitato Pyrrhus accurrit gradu,	
Vultuque torvo. Pyrrhe, quid cessas? age,	
Reclude ferro pectus, & Achillis tui	
Conjunge foceros. perge, mactator senum;	1005
Et hic decet te sanguis: abreptam trahe.	
Maculate superos cæde funesta Deos,	
Maculate Manes. quid precer vobis? precor	
His digna facris æquora. hoc classi accidat,	
Toti Pelasgæ, ratibus hoc mille accidat,	1010
Meæ precabor, cum vehar, quidquid rati.	

ANDR. To whom am I to be handed over as a maid?—
Come tell me whom I am to call lord and master.

HEL. The Scyrian youth Pyrrhus has secured thee in
the first lot.

ANDR. Oh! fortunate Cassandra, that she is exempt,
whom her reputation as a prophetess and her relations with
Phœbus, in that particular has made so.

HEL. The chief ruler of the kings, the King of kings,
I may say has possession of her already (without the lot-
drawing).

HEC. Is this the somebody who wishes that Hecuba
should be called—his very own?—(said with satire).

HEL. Thou hast fallen to the lot of Ulysses, although by no means anxious—for a short time.

HEC. Who is that cruel, unjust and unrelenting distributor of the lots from that iniquitous urn, who has given one of royal rank to another of regal degree (King of kings). What evil deity has parcelled out the captives in this manner? What cruel overbearing judge does not know how to select lords and masters for the wretched captive recipients with greater show of consistency, but deals out unjust decrees with an unsparing hand? Who could have suggested the intermingling of the mother of Hector with the arms of Achilles? and so I am called upon for Ulysses! (deprecatingly). First as a conquered enemy, then as a captive, at last I see myself hemmed in by every species of degradation. I am ashamed and disgusted with my master, but not with the actual slavery! He will carry away the spoils of Hector as he has already disposed of those of Achilles (Astyanax and Polyxena). A sterile land shut in by the boisterous waves does not meet my ideas of a burial-place. Lead on, lead on, Ulysses, I wish for no delay; may, however, my evil star follow me, may anything but a tranquil calm hover over the surface of the ocean, but rather let the sea rage with the fury of the winds, and may wars and conflagrations, my misfortunes and those of Priam follow on! Whilst these calamities are progressing, this fate of mine has its means of inflicting punishment—thou hast been awarded to accept me as thy lot, but I have deprived thee of any reward arising out of it—(alluding to her want of youth, and being of no use, saddled with an old woman). But Pyrrhus is now advancing with a hurried step, and savage countenance—Oh! Pyrrhus, why hesitate? proceed and unsheath thy sword for this breast of mine, and join in thy murderous work the father-in-law and mother-in-law of thy father Achilles. Go on, I say, thou old man's assassin! and this blood of mine, it would become thee to take as well. There, drag away from me, the daughter thou art robbing me of. Brand the gods above with the odium of this wicked slaughter. Brand the Manes of Achilles with the stigma as well! What vengeance shall I pray may befall thee for this deed! I pray that the seas may show themselves ready to render condign punishment, (wishing them to encounter storms, shipwreck and all the dangers the sea can bring about). May this my curse be visited upon the entire Grecian Fleet—those thousand ships! and may the same evils befall the identical vessel in which I shall become a passenger!

CHORUS TROADUM.

Chorus occasione sumpta ab Helenæ dicto supra vers. 916. *vos levat tanti mali comitatus, solatur se communi malo, quasi solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris; quod tamen solatium ipsis fortito disjunctis ablatum fore.*

DULCE mœrenti populus dolentum,
 Dulce lamentis resonare gentes.
 Lentius luctus lacrimæque mordent,
 Turba quas fletu simili frequentat. 1015
 Semper, ah, semper dolor est malignus:
 Gaudet in multos sua fata mitti,
 Seque non solum placuisse pœnæ.
 Ferre, quam fortem patiuntur omnes,
 Nemo recusat. 1020
 Nemo se credet miserum, licet sit
 Tolle felices. removeto multo
 Divites auro: removeto centum
 Rura qui scindunt opulenta bubus;
 Pauperi surgent animi jacentes. 1025
 Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.
 Dulce in immensis posito ruinis
 Neminem lætos habuisse vultus.
 Ille deplorat, queriturque fatum,
 Qui secans fluctum rate singulari 1030
 Nudus in portus cecidit petitos.
 Æquior casum tulit, & procellas,
 Mille qui ponto pariter carinas
 Obrui vidit, tabulaque litus
 Naufraga spargi, mare cum coactis 1035
 Fluctibus Chorus prohibet reverti.
 Questus est Hellen cecidisse Phryxus,
 Cum gregis ductor radiante villo,
 Aureo fratrem simul & sororem
 Sustulit tergo, medioque jactum 1040
 Fecit in ponto. tenuit querelas
 Et vir, & Pyrrhe, mare cum viderent:
 Et nihil præter mare cum viderent,

CHORUS OF TROJANS.

The Chorus (the subject being taken from a remark by Helen, verse 916, having companions in our grief, relieves us of so much of the evils arising out of it) derives consolation from the misfortune being shared by so many; "as if for the wretched to have companions in sorrow were a solace," and then draws attention to the fact that the solace in question will lose its efficacy, as they will be separated by the allotting that has been going on.

It is a pleasant thing to an individual sorrower to find a whole concourse of mourners round about him, and it is certainly a great relief to our grieving hearts, that an entire nation should cause the very air to echo their outbursts of lamentations! Grief and tears are relieved of much of their poignancy, when the masses are rehearsing the same kind of sorrow that thou art experiencing thyself—(see Lucretius, Lib. ii, line 1). As a rule, yes, as a rule we may safely say that grief possesses this evil characteristic, wishing that others should suffer like thyself, and this, not out of any malicious sentiment, but the mere selfishness to enlist fellow-sufferers and (ergo) real sympathizers! The great consummation which grief brings about is in the desire it manifests in visiting so many, and that it does not seem contented with the punishment of some solitary object! Thus no one is inclined for rebellion when he has to undergo the lot which every one in common is suffering with himself. No one need regard himself wretched, if he will only take a philosophical view of his situation (literally, although there may be some grounds for it, he will ignore it). Of course, we must except those who are surrounded with every thing that can conduce to their contentment, excepting, likewise, those that are blessed with abundance of gold (money), also we must exclude from the category, those who plough their opulent (fertile) lands, with their hundreds of yoked oxen! It is the down-trodden spirit of the poor man, which buoys him up, and he rises to the occasion—thus no man is really miserable, and it is only by comparison that he can be considered so! It is gratifying to any man surrounded by overwhelming disasters, to see everyone around him in sympathy, pulling a long face (that no one shows a bright countenance). The man who sails across the waves in his solitary craft, is desirous of entering the port for which he is steering, but his vessel founders, and he has to swim towards the shore deprived of every thing he possesses; this is the man that croaks and bewails his terrible fate. But another man does not fear a similar disaster when it is shared by others, and looks with comparative equanimity upon the raging storms if he can see a thousand ships struggling with the waves and becoming hopelessly dismantled, and lining the shore with the proceeds of the wrecks! And because they are in a plight similar to his own when the north-west wind is blowing great guns and is lashing the sea into foam, preventing them from putting to sea again provided others are similarly prevented! (The Poet, to my mind, must use the “*mare reverti*” in the sense I have put it; here they are beating against a

Unici terris homines relictī.
 Solvet hunc cœtum lacrimasque nostras
 Sparget huc illuc agitata claffis,
 Et tuba iuffi dare vela nautæ,
 Cum fimul ventis properante remo
 Prenderint altum, fugietque litus.
 Quis ftatus mentis miferis, ubi omnis
 Terra decrefcet, pelagusque crefcet?
 Celfa cum longe latitabit Ide?
 Tm puer matri, genitrixque nato,
 Troja qua jaceat regione monftans
 Dicet, & longe digito notabit:
 Il'ium eft illic, ubi fumus alte
 Serpit in cœlum, nebulaeque turpes.
 Troes hoc figno patriam videbunt.

1045

1050

1055

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS, ANDROMACHA, HECUBA.

Nuntius matribus narrat, ut e turri præcipitatus fuerit Aftyanax,
 & Polyxena ad tumulum Achillis cafa.

NUNT. **O**DIRA fata, fæva, miferanda, horrida,
 Quod tam ferum, tam trifte bis quinis fcelus
 Mars vidit annis? quid prius referens gemam?
 Tuofne potius, an tuos luctus, anus?
 HEC. Quofcunque luctus fleveris, flebis meos.
 Sua quemque tantum, me omnium clades premit.
 Mihi cuncta pereunt, quisquis eft, Hecubæ eft, mifer.

1060

1065

lee-shore, and being knocked to pieces against the rocks, the sea is rolling in and is so dangerous that they cannot take the sea if they would, the wind blowing dead against them, thus they are literally between Scylla and Charybdis,) Phryssus wailed when Helle was lost to him, when the ram with the glittering fleece carried both brother and sister on his golden back, but the latter becoming giddy, a portion of his burden fell into the sea. (Helle gave the name to the sea—Hellespont.) But both Deucalion and Pyrrha restrained their complaints when they looked at the sea and could see nothing else but that sea and they were the only beings left on the earth. The fleet driven hither and thither will soon break up our large family of captives, and scatter our tears in all directions: (the Chorus

here means, the harmonious sympathies of the many will be split up into divided fragments, and lose the solace imported by the numbers joining in their lamentations) and the sailors by sound of trumpet, receive orders to set their sails, and at the same time, that they seize with alacrity their oars to assist the breeze to carry them to sea, and they will soon leave the shores behind them! But what will the state of mind be, on the part of us poor captives! When the land will grow smaller and smaller, and there is nothing but the sea around us (growing greater and greater). When even lofty Ida will be hidden from our sight! Then the little son will prattle to the mother, and the mother will say to the son, as she tries to explain as to the region in which Troy was situated. There is Troy, she will say, as she points out with her finger to a spot a long way off—thou seest, my child, where the smoke is rising up to the sky, and those murky clouds,—and in some such way only will the rising generations of Trojans be enabled to see their country again!

ACT V.

MESSENGER—ANDROMACHE—HECUBA.

The Messenger informs the mothers, Hecuba and Andromache, that Astyanax has been hurled from the tower and Polyxena slain at the tomb of Achilles.

MESSENGER.

O! the dreadful, cruel, lamentable, horrible Fates, which befall mankind! Whenever has Mars witnessed such cruel and disastrous wickedness, as he has seen during this ten years' war? But why should I, the simple reporter of what I have seen, be the first to bewail it openly? Rather, I conceive it should devolve on thee Andromache, this demonstration of grief, or thou Hecuba, as the senior, mayst prefer to take the initiative in evincing thy deep sorrow?

HEC. Whatever grief thou feelest or hast felt, is equal to grieving for us; each one of us has her own grief it is true, but the aggregate disasters of all press hard upon me individually; all things, as far as I am concerned, have ended for my misery, whoever else is miserable, has Hecuba to share her troubles.

NUNT. Maçtata virgo est. miſſus e muris puer. Sed uterque letum mente generoſa tulit.	
ANDR. Expone ſeriem cædis, & duplex nefas Profequere. gaudet magnus ætumnas dolor Tractare totas. ede, & enarra omnia.	1070
NUNT. Eſt una magna turris e Troja ſuper, Aſſueta Priamo; cujus e ſaſtigio Summiſque pinnis arbiter belli ſedens Regebat acies. turre in hac blando ſinu Fovens nepotem, cum metu verſos gravi Danaos fugaret Hector & ferro & ſace, Paterna puero bella monſtrabat fenex. Hæc nota quondam turris, & muri decus, Nunc ſæva cautes, undique aſuſa ducum Plebique turba cingitur. totum coit	1075
Ratibus reliçtis vulgus. his collis procul Acieſ patenti liberam præbet loco; His alta rupes, cujus e cacumine Ereçta fummos turba libravit pedes. Hunc pinus, illum laurus, hunc fagus gerit, Et tota populo ſilva ſuſpenſo tremit. Extrema montis ille prærupti petit, Semiuſta at ille tecta, vel ſaxum imminens Muri cadentis preſſit. atque aliquis (nefas!) Tumulo ſeris ſpectator Hectoreo fedet.	1080
Per ſpatia late plena ſublîmi gradu Incedit Ithacus, parvulum dextra trahens Priami nepotem: nec gradu ſegni puer Ad alta pergit mœnia. ut ſumma ſtetit Pro turre, vultus huc & huc acres tulit; Intrepidus animo. qualis ingentis feræ Parvus tenerque fœtus, & nondum potens Sævire dente, jam tamen tollit minas, Morſuſque inanes tentat, atque animis tumet: Sic ille dextra prenuſus hoſtîli puer	1085
Ferox, ſuperne moverat vulgum ac duces,	1090
	1095
	1100

MES. The Virgin Polyxena has been ſacrificed. The boy Aſtynax has been hurled from the tower wall, but both ſuffered their deaths with dignified courage.

ANDR. Explain to me the exact order in which theſe deaths took place, give me all the particulars of this two-fold wickedneſs, for my intense grief inclines me to map out with accuracy, the whole of my miſeries, as they ſhow themſelves. Speak up and be explanatory even to the minutest details about everything.

MES. There is one particular tower on the walls of Troy (Scœa) which is the only one now ſtanding, and the one familiar to Priam, for it was here that, figuring at its

highest point, and amongst the loftiest battlements, he issued his military orders as the commander-in-chief, during the war, with regard to the manœuvring of the armies. On that same tower he has been seen frequently and oft, petting in his kind old arms (hugging him with his affectionate embrace), his little grandson when he would descant on the prowess of his son Hector, and the way he had routed the enemy with fire and sword, and how the enemy retreated in fear and confusion. The old man would then call the attention of the little boy to his country's wars. This once famous tower, and distinguishing ornament to the walls of Troy, is now nothing but a wild-looking rocky elevation, and on all sides is made the lounging place of the common people, as well as numbers of military captains; and the entire crews of the various ships, when on leave, flock thither, and to all of these so assembled the hill affords a very full prospect of places and spots at a great distance, and to such as these, also, the elevated rocky portions, from whose summits the spectators standing on tip-toe, obtained still greater faculties of observation. The lofty pine is climbed up by some, another lot perch themselves on the top-most branches of the tall laurel trees, whilst another detachment make use of the stately beech, and in fact, the whole collection of trees trembled again at the weight of those suspended amongst those branching growths! Some make for the extreme end of the rugged mountain top, but it offers them at best, only a dilapidated disused guard-house, or they crowd on some overhanging rock of the tumble-down wall—all of them bent on seeing Astyanax thrown from the tower, and there a somebody, shocking to relate, sits like a cruel spectator on the very tomb of Hector! Along a path full of sight-seers on all sides marches Ulysses at a solemn pace, leading along the little grandson of Priam with his right hand, but mark the boy advances towards the lofty turret with by no means a laggardly step, and as he stands in front of the elevated tower, hither and thither he looks around with a severity of countenance amply proclaiming his unflinchingness of spirit, much the same as the young and tender cub of the ferocious lion that is not yet able to act as it feels, and assist its anger with the use of its fangs, yet, however, it rouses itself into fierce attempts and makes vain attacks with its dental weapons and is swelling up meanwhile with its pent-up rage—so the little boy Astyanax preserves a dignified expression of anger, as he is being led forth by the hand of his enemy, and evokes the sympathies of the herd of spectators and captains who are looking on eagerly from their various coigns of vantage (places of

Ipfumque Ulyffen. non fiet e turba omnium, Qui fletur: ac dum verba fatidici & preces Concipit Ulyffes vatis, & fævos ciet Ad facra fuperos, fponde defiluit fua	1105
In media Priami regna. ANDR. Quis Colchus hoc, quis fedis incertæ Scytha Commifit? aut quæ Cafpium laogens mare Gens juris expers anfa? uon Bufiridis Puerilis aras fanguis afperfit feri.	1110
Nec parva gregibus membra Diomedes fuis Epulanda pofuit. quis tuos artus teget, Tumuloque tradet? NUNT. Quos enim præceps locus Reliquit artus? offa difjecta & gravi Elifa cafu, figna clari corporis, Et ora, & illas nobiles patris notas Confudit imam pondus ad terram datum. Soluta cervix. filicis impulfu caput Ruptum, cerebro penitus expreffo. jacet Deforme corpus. ANDR. Sic quoque cft fimilis patri.	1120
NUNT. Præceps ut altis cecidit e muris puer, Flevitque Achivum turba, quod fecit, nefas; Idem ille populus aliud ad facinus redit, Tumulumque Achillis. hujus extremum latus Rhoetea leni verberant fluctu vada.	1125
Averfa cingit campus, & clivo levi Erecta medium vallis includens locum Crefcit theatri more. concursus frequens Implevit omne litus. bi claffis moras Hac morte folvi rentur. hi ftirpem hoftium Gaudent recidi. magna pars vulgi levis Odit fcelus, fpectatque: nec Troës minus Suum frequentant funus, & pavidi metu Partem ruentis ultimam Trojæ vident.	1130

observation), and even Ulysses himself seems moved, but he is the only one out of that assembled throng who give themselves up to tears, who shows no signs of actual weeping, and whilst Ulysses is putting together some sort of speech out of the words supplied by Calchas for the occasion, and a few miserable prayers, invoking the cruel gods above, to accept the sacrifice, Astyanax, of his own accord, leaped down from the tower towards the earth below, that earth once a constituent atom of the kingdom of Priam!

ANDR. What Colchian (an inhabitant of Colchis, endered famous for the cruelties of Medea)—What wild Scythian with no fixed country (thus supposed lawless) would have perpetrated such atrocity? Or what country on the

borders of the Caspian sea, bereaved of all human laws, would have dared to do such a deed? Why! Not even the cruel Busiris ever went so far as to shed the blood of youths at his impious altars! Nor did even Diomedes himself serve up little tender children for his horses to be feasted upon! Oh! my Astyanax! who will inter thy remains, and deliver thee over to the tomb?

MES. What thou meanest, alas! is—what the fall from this lofty tower has left of his remains! His bones are dislocated and crushed by the heavy fall, but there are still some indications of his noble person, but the weight of the body coming down with such force to the ground has made any identification difficult, as to his face and those other noble points, in which he so resembled his father; his neck is broken and his skull is fractured by the force with which he came in contact with the siliceous rocks (flints) the brains have nearly all escaped from the cranial cavity, and Astyanax is lying a shapeless mass!

ANDR. And in this respect, at all events, he may be compared with his father.

MES. When the boy fell headlong from the tower, a portion of the Grecian crowd was moved to tears, at the crime of which Ulysses was the instrument; then the same crowd, which had been weeping, as I have described, push on eagerly to witness another abominable execution and they reach the tomb of Achilles—the streams around the promontory of Rhœteum, to play upon the extreme left of this cape, with their gentle wavelets, and the open plain is in front of the opposite side whilst the valley occupying the intermediate space becomes rising ground, increasing the ascent, by a very slight and gradual slope till it ultimately acquires the appearance of an amphitheatre—a constant crowd of idlers and loafers are loitering about every part of the shore—some of them are of opinion that the delay of the fleet must be settled now! others are chuckling over the fact that the last scion of the royal enemy, has been disposed of, and a great portion of the indiscriminate spectators look on, although at the same time, they disapprove of the performance of these atrocities! Nor are the Trojans backward in their desire to witness the deaths of the victims, but gaze with fear and trembling upon the last link of the royal dynasty (Polyxena)—when presently those connected with the nuptial ceremony advance in front. There goes the bridesmaid Helen, hanging down her head in sadness, and the Trojans inwardly pray that Hermione (daughter

Cum subito thalami more præcedunt faces.	1135
It pronuba illic Tyndaris, mœstum caput Demissa. tali nubat Hermione modo, Phryges precantur. sic viro turpis suo Reddatur Helene. terror attonitos tenet	
Utrosque populos. ipsa dejectos gerit	1140
Vultus pudore; sed tamen fulgent genæ, Magisque solito splendet extremus decor. Ut esse Phœbi dulcius lumen solet	
Jam jam cadentis, aftra cum repetunt vices, Premiturque dubius nocte vicina dies.	1145
Stupet omne vulgus; & fere cuncti magis Peritura laudant. hos movet formæ decus, Hos mollis ætas, hos vagæ rerum vices. Movet animus omnes fortis, & leto obvius.	
Pyrrhum antecedit. omnium mentes tremunt:	1150
Mirantur, ac miserantur. ut primum ardui Sublime montis tetigit, atque alte edito Juvenis paterni vertice in busti stetit, Audax virago non tulit retro gradum;	
Conversa ad ictum stat truci vultu ferox.	1155
Tam fortis animus omnium mentes piger. Ut dextra ferrum penitus exacta abdidit, Subitus recepta morte prorupit cruor	
Per vulnus ingens, nec tamen moriens adhuc	1160
Deponit animos, cecidit, ut Achilli gravem Factura terram, prona, & irato impetu. Uterque flevit cœtus. at timidum Phryges Mifere gemitum. clarius victor gemit.	
Hic ordo sacri. non stetit susus cruor,	1165
Humove summa fluxit. obduxit statim, Sævusque totum sanguinem tumulus bibit. HEC. Ite, ite, Danaï; petite jam tuti domos, Optata velis maria diffusis fecet	
Secura classis. concidit virgo, ac puer.	1170
Bellum peractum est. quo meas lacrimas feram? Ubi hanc anilis exspuam leti moram? Natam, an nepotem; conjugem, an patriam fleam? An omnia? an me? fola mors votum meum.	
Infantibus violenta, virginibus venis,	1175

of Helen and Menelaus) should go through a similar marriage, and in like manner, that adulterous Helen should be delivered over to her own husband! An inward dread possesses the astounded Grecian and Trojan crowds! Polyxena, herself, evinces a countenance of maidenly modesty, but her cheeks, however, show a slight blush, and her excessive beauty shines forth greater than ever! Even as the light of Phœbus seems more agreeable

to behold, when he is beginning to set, and when the stars are commencing to repeat their course, and the uncertain daylight is at length overpowered by the advancing night! All the common people are stupefied, and nearly all are inclined to praise the being that is about to be sacrificed—the beauty of her face wins the favor of some, her tender age works upon the feeling of others, and the changeable character of all things sublunary operates on the sympathies of others, whilst the courageous spirit and the way she meets death enlist the sympathies of all—She walks in front of Pyrrhus—the nerves of all are in a quiver, the spectators admire as well as pity! In the meantime, Pyrrhus reaches the summit of the mountain, so difficult of ascent, and the young man stood on the top of his father's tomb, as high as he could, but the courageous girl, with masculine spirit, did not start back or flinch one step, and as Pyrrhus stands up, with a ferocious expression, Polyxena leans forward to receive her death-blow. Then the intrepid courage of Polyxena impresses the minds of all, and now a novel spectacle presents itself! The courage of Pyrrhus seems to flag, as he faces his work of slaughter, but at last, he buries his sword deep down with his right hand with a successful thrust, and a sudden rush of blood flowed from the enormous wound, which caused her death, nor even as she is dying do her spirits desert her, she fell as if about to make the ground press down heavily on the ashes of Achilles! as with an angered look she dropped with her face downwards! Both the Grecian and Trojan crowd of spectators wept, but the Phrygians gave forth a stifled groan, while the conqueror groaned with satisfaction. This is the way the sacrifice took place, and the blood did not rest as in a pool, but it soaked deep in the ground, and it was covered in a moment, and thus the unrelenting tomb drank in the entire blood of its victim!

HEC. Go! Depart ye Greeks! now seek thy various native homesteads, in security, and the fleet with its wide-spread sails will plough the wished-for seas—Now the Virgin has gone as well as the boy—The war is now thoroughly over, but how shall I bear my own grief? When as an old woman do I reject with indignation any delay in the death which I desire for myself, shall I live to mourn a daughter, a grandson, a husband or my country? Or all combined? No! my only wish is for death alone! Oh! Unfeeling Death, thou visitest with violence—thou comest with readiness to Virgins like Polyxena, everywhere thou seemest active enough with

Ubicunque properas, fœva: me folam times,
 Vitaſque. gladios inter ac tela & faces
 Quæſita tota nocte, cupientem fugis.
 Non hoſtis, aut ruina, non ignis meos
 Abſumfit artus: quam prope a Priamo ſteti?
 NUNT. Repetite celeri maria, captivæ, gradu.
 Jam vela puppis laxat, & claſſis movet.

1180

thy work—But thou ſeemeſt reluctant to approach me! thou ſeekeſt out throughout the long dreary night for ſtray lives—Where ſwords, darts and conflagrations are doing their work for thee, but thou avoideſt me who ~~inviteth thy approach!~~ No enemy, no ruins, no conflagrations have kindly ſnatched away my body! and how near I ſtood to the altar, where Priam fell, yet no kindly hand ſlew me!

MES. Now, captives, look out to embark on the briny deep with quickened ſteps; the veſſels are now looſening ſails and the foremoſt ſhips of the fleet are already under way!

M E D E A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEDEA.
JASON.
CREON.

NUTRIX.
CHORUS CORINTHIORUM.
NUNTIUS.

ARGUMENTUM.

JASON cum uxore & liberis post interfectum Peliam Corinthi exulabat. Ubi cum Creon rex illum generum legisset, Medea res suas sibi habere a marito, ab rege aliud exilium quærere jubetur. Illa unius diei impetrata mora, Creusæ sponsæ, pallam & monile magicis infecta venenis mittit: quibus indutis ignem corripuit palla, misereque nova nupta, una cum patre in natæ auxilium accurrente, combusta est, Medea denique filiis, quos Jasoni pepererat, in patris conspectu trucidatis, per æra aufugit.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

MEDEA.

Medea deferta superos inferosque Jasonis ultores invocat.

DII conjugales tuque genialis tori
Lucina custos, quæque domitorem siet
Tiphyn novam frenare docuisti ratem,
Et tu profundi sæve dominator maris,
Clarumque Titan dividens orbi diem, 5
Tacitisque præbens conscium sacris jubar,
Hecate triformis, quosque juravit mihi
Deos Jason, quosque Medææ magis
Fas est precari, noctis æternæ chaos
Aversa Superis regna, Manesque impios, 10

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEDEA.
JASON.
CREON.

NURSE.
CHORUS OF CORINTHIANS.
MESSENGER.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the slaughter of Pelias, Jason lived as an exile at Corinth with his wife and children. But when Creon, the king, chose him for a son-in-law, Medea is required to be divorced from her husband, and ordered by the king to seek another place of exile. Medea, a delay of one day having been obtained, sends to Creusa a cloak and neckerchief, charged with some magic-produced material, which things having been put on by Creusa, the cloak instantly takes fire, and the new bride is cruelly destroyed by the flames; and the father, who ran to the assistance of his daughter, shares the same fate.—Then Medea, (the children she had by Jason being killed in the presence of their father) flies away through the air.

ACT I.

M E D E A.

Medea, when she finds herself deserted invokes the Gods above and the Gods below to visit their vengeance on Jason.

OH! ye Gods, who preside over things conjugal, and thou, Lucina, the special guardian of the hymeneal bed; and thou, Minerva, who taughtest Tiphys, the successful pilot, how to steer his vessel and combat the waves, and manage aright that novel Argonautic craft; and thou, Neptune, the stern ruler of the vasty deep; and thou, Phœbus, who dividest thy bright day between the two sides of our orb; and thou, the three-formed Hecate, (Hecate, Diana, Phœbe,) who givest forth thy nocturnal rays in full cognizance of what transpires at the secret mystic ceremonies things done secretly by night (and the deeds of the necromancer): and oh! ye Gods, before whom Jason swore his fidelity to me, and ye others, for whose aid it is the more decided right of Medea to ask (those who had been initiated by her in magical secrets, and the mystic infernal ceremonies);

Dominumque regni tristis, & dominam fide	
Meliore raptam, voce non fausta precor:	
Adefte, adefte sceleris ultrices Deæ,	
Crinem solutis squallidæ serpentibus,	
Atram cruentis manibus amplexæ facem,	15
Adefte: thalamis horridæ quondam meis	
Quales stetitis, conjugii letum novæ,	
Letumque focera & regiæ stirpi date.	
Mihi pejus aliquid, quod precer sponso malum:	
Vivat, per urbes erret ignotas egens,	20
Exful, pavens, invisus, incerti laris:	
Me conjugem optet; limen alienum expetat,	
Jam notus hospes: quoque non aliud queam	
Pejus precari, liberos similis patri,	
Simileque matri. parta jam, <u>parta ultio est.</u>	25
Peperi. querelas, verbaque incaustum sero.	
Non ibo in hostes? manibus excutiam faces,	
Cœloque lucem? spectat hoc nostri sator	
Sol generis! & spectatur, & curru infidens	
Per solita puri spatia decurrit poli?	30
Non redit in ortus, & remetitur diem?	
Da, da per auras curribus patriis vebi.	
Committite habenas, genitor, & flagrantibus	
Ignifera loris tribue moderari juga.	
Gemino Corinthos litore opponens moras,	35
Cremata flammis maria committet duo.	
Hoc restat unum: pronubam thalamo feram	
Ut ipsa pinum; postque sacrificas preces	
Cædam dicatis victimas altaribus.	
Per viscera ipsa quære supplicio viam,	40
Si vivis, anime: si quid antiqui tibi	
Remanet vigoris, pelle femineos metus,	
Et inhospitalem Caucasum mente induc.	
Quodcumque vidit Phæis aut Pontus nefas,	
Videbit Isthmos efferæ, ignota, horrida,	45
Tremenda cœlo pariter ac terris mala,	
Mens intus agitat; vulnera, & cædem, & vagum	

and thou, the Chaos of Eternal Night,—ye, the kingdoms that are below those which are immediately above the Earth, and the impious progeny of the Manes, and the ruler of that sad kingdom, (Pluto,) and thou, Proserpine, who wast carried away by Pluto, but with the faithful observance of his conjugal vows, (which has not fallen to my lot,) I pray thee, though with a modified degree of confidence, be present. Oh! ye Eumenides, the avenging goddesses of crimes, with your repulsive locks hanging down with the dangling serpents, be present, holding the dreaded torch in your blood-thirsty hands—stand ye forth, as ye did at my marriage ceremony, terrible to behold, causing death to reach this newly imported spouse!

Deal out destruction to the father-in-law, and the entire Corinthian royal race! And grant to me that the calamities shall be worse, which I may invoke to befall my husband! Let him live, let him wander amongst unknown and hostile countries, as a suspected vagrant, as an exile, always in dread of some terrible disaster, hated by everybody, with no fixed home of his own, deserted by his Lares—let him sigh in vain to have me back again! Let him have to seek the threshold of a stranger—he is already a marked man, too well known as a guest! In addition to which, I cannot wish for anything worse for him, than that his children, even born of me, should grow up counterparts of himself in perfidy! and like their mother in their propensities to poison and to perpetrate the most monstrous acts of cruelty! Having borne children, therein lies my revenge—I have now been talking of my complaints, but my mere words of remonstrance are late in the day, and of not much avail, but I have borne the children! Shall I not go into the enemy's camp? Shall I put out the marriage torches with my own hands and leave them all in darkness? Does Phœbus, the progenitor of my race, see all this? And, as he beholds it, will he still pursue his way, seated on his flaming chariot, by the same undeviating track along the spotless skies, regardless of my misery. Why does he not look horrified and hide his face? Why does he not return to his starting-place, the gorgeous east, and let the day be commenced over again (that is, put back the day, as he had done before, when Hercules was born). Grant me this—allow me to be conveyed in the paternal chariot throughout the skies. Oh! my father, hand thou the scorching reins to me, and let me guide the fiery horses of the sun, and Corinth, which is the opposing barrier between the two seas (Ionian and Ægean) being burnt up by the flames, of which I shall have the full command, the two seas will be joined as the result (Corinth being thoroughly destroyed, the two seas would be united). But there is still one thing left for me to carry out, that I myself shall put in an appearance at the marriage with my own hymeneal pine torch and, after the preliminary prayers, can myself slay the sacrificial victims before the sacred altars! Oh! my inward soul! if thou livest, that is if thou art alive to thy sought-for revenge, seek the road to such revenge, by way of their entrails, and if there is any of my ancient self left within me, let me cast aside all womanish fears, and assume the disposition of a fierce and cruel Caucasian; and whatever crimes either the Phasis or Pontus (Euxine) has witnessed, let Corinth see, in very earnest, the cruel unheard of, terrible visitations, to be trembled

Funus per artus, levia memoravi nimis.
 Hæc virgo feci, gravior exfurgat dolor.
 Majora jam me scelera post partus decent. 50
 Accingere ira, teque in exitium para
 Furore toto: paria narrentur tua
 Repudia thalamis, quo virum linquis modo?
 Hoc, quo secuta es, rumpe jam segnes moras:
 Quæ scelere parta est, scelere linquenda est domus. 55

CHORUS.

Chorus e mulieribus Corinthiis Jafonis & Creusæ nuptiis
epithalamium præcinit.

AD regum thalamos numine profpero,
 Qui cælum superi, quique regunt fretum,
 Adfint, cum populis rite faventibus.
 Primus sceptriferis colla Tonantibus
 Taurus celsa ferat tergore candido. 60
 Lucinam nivei femina corporis
 Intentata jugo placet. & asperi
 Martis fanguineas quæ cohibet manus,
 Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
 Et cornu retinet divite copiam, 65
 Donatur tenera mitior hostia.
 Et tu, qui facibus legitimis ades.
 Noctem discutiens auspicat dextera,
 Huc incede gradu marcidus ebrio,
 Præcingens roseo tempora vinculo. 70
 Et tu, quæ gemini prævia temporis
 Tarde stella redis semper amantibus:
 Te matres avidæ, te cupiunt nurus,
 Quamprimum radios spargere lucidos.
 Vincit virgineus decor 75
 Longe Cecropias nurus:
 Et quas Taygeti jugis

at both by the Heavens and the Earth (Gods and Men) have been duly and thoroughly thought over in my mind, as well as the wounds and slaughter, and the scattered funeral in waiting for them. (Alluding to the death of Absyrtus, whose body, scattered far and wide, had to be gathered up for the funeral pile.) I remember, however, these trifles, perhaps too vividly—all these things I did when I was a virgin; my present anger rises to a much higher pitch! Now, as a wife and mother, greater crimes suit my condition—better lay myself out with all my pent-up rage for something worthy of it, in the way of destruction! Let my divorce be talked about, as much as ever this marriage will be! (as regards the crime

connected therewith). But in what way do I propose to leave my husband? In the same way as that in which I followed him—as a criminal! Now let me put an end to impotent, sluggish delay—the palace which was obtained through the instrumentality of crime must be vacated with crime!

CHORUS.

The Chorus of the Corinthian women chant forth a marriage song in praise of the nuptials between Jason and Creusa.

OH! ye Gods above; thou, Jupiter, who rulest the heavens, and thou, Neptune, who rulest over the vast ocean—be present all of you with your encouraging felicitations, at the marriage of the royal personages, Jason and Creusa, with the populace seconding your favourable acknowledgment, with becoming ceremonial rejoicing and kind words.—Let a prime bull amongst the first, with a snow-white hide, raising proudly its lofty head, be sacrificed at the altars of the deities, Jupiter and Juno, who wield the sceptre in the kingdom, whence the lightnings are sent forth, and let a white heifer—whose neck has never been bent to the yoke,—be offered to gratify the eyes of Lucina; and thou, Concordia, the goddess of peace, who restrainest the sanguinary weapons of Mars, and who, instead, bestowest the blessings of amicable treaties upon warlike peoples, and who art recognized by husbanding in thy horn of plenty the plentiful fruits of the earth,—for thee, let a fitting emblem in the shape of a sheep, be awarded. (This was sacrificed in an especial manner, without blood sprinkled on the altars, as opposed to the free shedding of blood, which characterizes the operations of war.) And thou, Hymenæus, who comest with thy torches suggestive of thy legitimate functions, who drivest away the darkness of night with the torches in thy right hand—come hither, oh! thou debauched-looking God, with thy drunken rollicking gait, wearing on thy head the customary chaplet of roses, and thou Venus, the constellation, the forerunner of day and night (coming at two times), and always returning late for those engaged in their love affairs. (That is, the time always appearing long, which is looked forward to by ardent lovers on the matrimonial list.) The anxious matrons want thee,—the brides want thee—the moment thou sheddest forth those rays of thine. But really, the beauty of our Virgin Creusa surpasses by far that of all the other brides, as well as those whom that city, without the protection

Exercet juvenum modo, Muris quod caret, oppidum:	
Et quas Aonius latex,	80
Alpheosque facer lavat.	
Si forma velit aspici,	
Cedent Æsonio duci,	
Proles fulminis improbi,	
Aptat qui juga tigribus	85
Nec non qui tripodas movet,	
Frater virginis asperæ.	
Cedet castore cum suo	
Pollux cæstibus aptior.	
Sic, sic, Cœlicolæ, precor,	90
Vincat femina conjuges,	
Vir longe superet viros.	
Hæc cum femineo constitit in choro,	
Unius facies prænitet omnibus.	
Sic cum sole perit fidereus decor,	95
Et densi latitant Pleiædum greges,	
Cum Phœbe solidum lumine non suo	
Orbem circuitus cornibus alligat.	
Ostro sic niveus puniceo color	
Perfusus rubuit: sic nitidum jubar	100
Pastor luce nova rosçidus aspicit.	
Ereptus thalamis Phafidos horridis,	
Effrenæ solitus pectora conjugis	
Invita trepidus prendere dextera,	
Felix Æoliæ corripe virginem	105
Nunc primum foceris, sponse, volentibus.	
Concesso, juvenes, ludite jurgio.	
Hinc illinc, juvenes, mittite carmina.	
Rara est in dominos justa licentia.	
Candida thyrsiferi proles generosa Lyæi,	110
Multifidam jam tempus erat succedere pinum.	
Excute solemnem digitus marcentibus ignem,	
Festa dicax fundat convicia Fescenninus.	
Solvat turba jocos. Tacitis eat illa tenebris,	
Si qua peregrino nubit fugitiva marito.	115

of walls on the summit of Taygetum, constantly sees engaged in manly exercises, and those who lave their persons in the Aonian streams, and the sacred Alpheus; but if it is desirable to gauge the standard of excellence by the pretensions of beauty, decidedly the descendant of Æson, Jason, will carry off the palm as the successful competitor, outstripping that offspring of the harsh Thunderer, Bacchus, who yokes the tigers to his chariots, and Apollo even, who, mounted on his tripod, deals forth his oracles, and the brother of that rough-and-ready Virgin Diana (this refers to her as a huntress only), and Pollux too, who seems more at home with his Cæstus, must bate all

pretensions (as a rival) as well as his brother Castor!

Thus,—thus, oh! ye Gods above, I vow and maintain, that Creusa carries off the prize amongst the maids, and Jason, by a long way, outshines all the men.—When she stands up with the women of this chorus, the face of that one, Creusa, surpasses all the others in beauty! As when the starry splendors fade away into nothingness when bright Phœbus shows his effulgent face, and as with the thick cluster of the Pleiades when bright Phœbe has approximated her circuitous horns (full moon) and shows herself as a solid orb, although the light is not her own! Thus it is with Creusa, when her snow-white face becomes tinged with the exquisite pink, diffusing itself; and in like manner, as the morning shepherd, wet himself with the dews of night, beholds the bright face of Aurora with a renovated light, as she is fed by the same dews. (The ancients imagined that the Stellar bodies were nourished with moisture, hence the idea—increased brilliancy.) Thou, Jason, having been snatched away (released) from the horrible marriage bed of Phasian memory, accustomed as thou wert to the temper and caprices of a fierce wife, and who trembledst even as thou didst caress her with thy unwilling right hand, take to thyself with rapture the Æolian Virgin, and thou, oh thou Bridegroom, for the first time in thy life rejoice in having a father-in-law ready to receive thee with open arms—and oh! ye young men, give yourselves up to jollity, the privilege of running down your masters being now accorded to you,—and oh! ye, the young of both sexes, chant forth your tuneful lays, the men at one time, the women at another. (This singing separately was adopted that the female voices should not be drowned by those of the males.) The rare liberty is now accorded to you, and acknowledged as your right, to rail against your masters. (This is the custom at the Saturnalia, when masters and slaves change places, and say what they like.)

And oh! ye fortunate noble progeny of the Thyrsus-bearing Lyæus (Bacchus), now is the time to set fire to the split pines, and to brandish the solemn marriage torches with your fingers, till they are thoroughly fagged out (the pines, being slit up with the grain of the wood, burn freely when wafted to and fro briskly), and the reciters of the bantering Fescennine Verses may freely indulge in their licentious jocularities on this festive occasion, and the assembled throng are at liberty to crack their jokes as much as they like! But let Medea pass away into silent obscurity, she who became a fugitive and exile, and married a husband travelling about in foreign lands!!

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

MEDEA, NUTRIX.

Audito Hymenæo furit Medea, quam fedare nutrix laborat,
sed frustra.

MED. **O**CCIDIMUS, aures pepulit Hymenæus meas.
Vix ipsa tantum, vix adhuc, credo malum.
Hæc facere Jafon potuit? erepto patre,
Patria atque regno, fedibus solam exteris
Deferere? durus merita contemfit mea, 120
Qui scelere flammæ viderat vinci, & mare?
Adeone credit omne confutum nefas?
Incerta, vecors, mente vesana feror,
Partes in omnes, unde me ulcisci queam?
Utinam effet illi frater! est conjux. in hanc 125
Ferrum exigatur. hoc meis fati est malis?
Si quod Pelasgæ, si quod urbes. barbaræ
Novere facinus, quod tuæ ignorant manus;
Nunc est parandum. scelera te hortentur tua;
Et cuncta redeant. inclitum regni decus 130
Raptum; & nefandæ virginis parvus comes
Divifus ense, funus ingeftum patri;
Sparfumque ponto corpus; & Pelix fenis
Decocta aheni membra. funeftum impie
Quam sæpe fudi sanguinem! at nullum scelus 135
Irata feci. sævit infelix amor.
Quid tamen Jafon potuit, alieni arbitrii
Jurisque factus? debuit ferro obvium
Offerre pectus, melius, ah melius, dolor
Furiofe, loquere. si potest, vivat meus, 140
U't fuit, Jafon; fin minus, vivat tamen,
Memorque nostri muneri parcat meo.
Culpa est Creontis tota, qui sceptro impotens
Conjugia solvit; quique genitricem abstrahit
Natis, & arcto pignore adstrictam fidem 145
Dirimit. petatur solus hic; pœnas luat,
Quas debet, alto cinere cumulabo domum.
Videbit atrum vorticem flammis agi

ACT II.

MEDEA—NURSE.

Medea is in a furious rage when she hears of the marriage: the nurse tries her best to pacify her, but in vain.

MEDEA.

I AM at my wits' end,—these marriage chants are still ringing in my ears. I can scarcely accredit so gross a piece of villainy—hardly, as yet, at all events! Is Jason capable of doing such things? Snatched away from my father, my native country, my kingdom, and thus to be left alone forsaken,—in a foreign land! Has that ungrateful man learned to despise my meritorious services?—I, who, by my crimes, witnessed his triumph over the flames and the sea (by her sorceries over the flames, the brazen-footed, fire-vomiting bulls, and over the sea by throwing into it the body of her brother Absyrtus)—but he is so credulous as to suppose that I have exhausted my category of the evil arts which I can yet bring to my aid? In my wavering state of mind,—of maddened imagination,—I am goaded on to every kind of invention which an insane brain can conceive, as to the mode in which I shall be best able to execute my revenge. I wish Jason had a brother,—never mind,—he has a wife, and upon her the sword shall be visited;—but is this enough to satisfy my wrongs? If the Pelasgians, or even any Barbarian cities, have become acquainted with any specimen of crime not known already to these practised hands of mine, now is the time to make it known to me—let your crimes induce you to offer some sort of guidance, and let all my own deeds return to my memory—that glorious distinguishing ornament of a proud kingdom, the golden fleece (stolen by Jason, aided by my sorceries), and the young companion of a cruel virgin, cut up with the edge of the sword, and his remains thrust upon the notice of the father (to retard pursuit) and his body thrown into the sea, piece by piece (to appease Neptune). And the body of the aged Pelias boiled in a caldron—how impiously forsooth! And how often have I been reckless in the shedding of blood? But none of these things, mark, have I done when anger was urging me on! Now, my unsuccessful spurned affection will add fury to my operations! But what could Jason do? He has had the sanction and authority of another to aid and abet him in doing what he has done. But ought he not rather to have presented his breast to the sword's point, than to have deserted me? But let me speak more to the purpose, ah, with more moderation. Oh! this angered soul of mine! If it be possible, let Jason remain mine, as he once was; if not—let him still live, and be mindful of my past services, and my now sparing him. (My vengeance is to let him live to know that he owes his very existence to my forbearance.)

Malea, longas navibus flectens moras.	
NUTR. Sile, obsecro, questusque secreto abditos	150
Manda dolori. gravia quisquis vulnera	
Patiente & æquo mutus animo pertulit,	
Referre potuif. ira, quæ tegitur, nocet.	
Profecta perdunt odia vindictæ locum	
MED. Levis est dolor, qui capere consilium potest,	155
Et clepere sese. magna non latitant mala.	
Libet ire contra. NUTR. Siste furialem impetum,	
Alumna. vix te tacita defendit quies	
MED. Fortuna sortes metuit, ignavos premit.	
NUTR. Tunc est probanda, si locum virtus habet.	160
MED. Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus.	
NUTR. Spes nulla monstrat rebus afflictis viam.	
MED. Qui nil potest sperare, desperet nihil.	
NUTR. Abiere Colchi. conjugis nulla est fides,	
Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi.	165
MED. Medea superest. heic mare & terras vides,	
Ferrumque, & ignes, & Deos, & fulmina.	
NUTR. Rex est timendus. MED. Rex meus fuerat pater.	

The entire blame is with Creon, who, in his irrestrainable power, has dissolved my marriage with Jason, and it is he, who has separated a mother from her children, and ruthlessly disturbed that conjugal fidelity, by which we were both bound by the strictest pledges! No, he alone shall be sought out for this, he shall suffer that punishment which he so richly deserves—I will reduce his palace to a heap of cinders, and the promontory of Malea, which causes from its numerous bends so much obstruction and delay to navigators, shall witness a black whirlwind of smoke rise out of the flames. (Malea, which extended five miles into the sea, became proverbial for its danger.)

NURSE.

Be silent, I beseech thee, consign thy wrongs to the secret recesses of thy own angry bosom; whoever bears in silence, and with a patient unruffled spirit, the grievous stings of fate, can always place them to better account (to give like for like in revenge); anger which is pent-up, and not shown to the world, is always more effective, when brought into play—but grievances which are openly paraded lose many an opportunity for revenge! (e.g. apprising others of your intentions).

MEDEA.

That grievance is light indeed which can tolerate any advice from others, and hide itself away, as it were;

grievances of any magnitude will not be stifled in such a manner.—No, it is better to face one's difficulties openly!

NURSE.

Do restrain thy furious impulses, oh! my nursling! or thy reposeful silence, even, will not be a sufficient safeguard!

MEDEA.

Fortune favours the bold, but she tramples on the coward.

NURSE.

Then it remains to be proved whether determination and boldness have the requisite materials to work with.

MEDEA.

There never can be any place assigned to determination: it is the result which decides the matter.

NURSE.

Does no hope hold out any prospect to those in affliction?

MEDEA.

He who cannot hope for anything cannot reasonably despair of anything.

NURSE.

The Colchians are out of the question now; there is no fidelity to be expected from thy husband, and nothing now remains to thee,—even out of thy ample resources.

MEDEA.

Yes, indeed! Medea remains! And thou canst see for thyself the earth and the sea—then come the sword, the flames, the revengeful deities and Jupiter's lightnings!

NURSE.

But the king, surely, is to be feared?

MEDEA.

My father was a king, and I didn't fear him (but opposed him for Jason's sake).

NUTR. Non metuis arma? MED. Sint licet terra edita,
 NUTR. Moriere. MED. Cupio. NUTR. Profuge. MED. Pœnituit fugæ.
 Medea fugiam? NUTR. Mater es. MED. Cui fim, vides.
 NUTR. Profugere dubitas? MED. Fugiam: at ulciscar prius.
 NUTR. Vindex sequetur. MED. Forfan inveniam moras.
 NUTR. Compefce verba; parce jam demeas minis,
 Animosque minue. tempori aptari decet, 175
 MED. Fortuna opes auferre. non animum potest,
 Sed cujus ictu regius cardo strepit?
 Ipse est Pelafgo tumidus imperio Creon.

CREON, MEDEA.

Creon Medeam in exilium prope abire imperio urget:
 illa diei unius moram vix impetrat.

NURSE.

Dost thou not fear the blood-thirsty weapons of the warrior?

MEDEA.

No, not if they sprang forthwith from the earth! (alluding to the giants sprung from the serpent's teeth when thrown into the earth).

NURSE.

Thou mightst die!

MEDEA.

This is what I desire most.

NURSE.

Flee!

MEDEA.

I have had a little experience in fleeing, which I have had reason to repent.—Shall I, a Medea, attempt flight again, that have boldly faced every danger?

NURSE.

Thou art a mother,—thou hast children.

MEDEA.

Think rather of Jason, by whom I have been made that mother.

NURSE.

Why dost thou hesitate to flee?

MEDEA.

I may flee, but I will have my revenge first.

NURSE.

Vengeance will follow thee up, assuredly!

MEDEA.

Perhaps I may discover some opportunity for delay, as I did when my father pursued me. (Slaying Absyrtus *funus ingestum patri*, line 132.)

NURSE.

Spare thy menacing words, who art already enraged enough; spare further threats. Tone down thy anger,—it is best to adapt thyself to time and opportunity.

MEDEA.

Fortune can rob us of our riches, but not of our mental attributes! But, hark! Who is knocking?—The hinges of the palace-door are creaking,—Here is Creon himself, puffed up with all his pompous pride and power!

CREON—MEDEA.

Creon urges Medea to depart from his Kingdom into exile with all haste: she, with difficulty, obtains the delay of one day.

CR. M EDEA, Colchi noxium Æetæ genus, Nondum meis exportat e regnis pedem?	180
Molitur aliquid. nota fraus, nota est manus, Cui parcit illa? quemve fecurum finit?	
Abolere propere pessimam ferro luem Equidem parabam; precibus evicit gener.	
Concessa vita est. liberet fines metu;	185
Abeatque tuta, fert gradum contra ferox, Minaxque nostros propius affatus petit.	
Arcete, famuli, tactu & accessu procul. Jubete, fileat. regium imperium pati	
Aliquando discat. vade veloci via,	190
Monstrumque sævum, horrible, jamdudum avehe.	
MED. Quod crimen, aut quæ culpa mulctatur fuga?	
CR. Quæ caufa pellat, innocens mulier rogat.	
MED. Si judicas, cognosce: si regnas, jube.	
CR. Æquum arque iniquum regis imperium feras.	195
MED. Iniqua nunquam regna perpetuo manent.	
CR. I, querere Colcbis. MED. Redeo. qui advexit, ferat.	
CR. Vox constituto fera decreto venit.	
MED. Qui statuit aliquid parte inaudita altera, Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit.	200

CREON.

OH! Medea, the noxious progeny of the Colchian Æetas, hast thou not taken thyself off from out of my dominions? Thou art hatching something, some wicked crime has entered thy head, thy hands have again been employed upon some mischief! Whom or what does that woman spare? Whom will she ever allow to remain in security? Indeed, I have been making up my mind to destroy her forthwith, and to condemn her to suffer the worst punishment to which I could sentence her,—the sword! But my son-in-law, Jason, has won me over by his entreaties not to do so, and thus her life has been spared to her, but she must be caused to free my kingdom of any further fears (arising out of her evil machinations). Let her depart in safety, and let her ferocious nature guide her steps elsewhere! She employs her threatening language, boldly seeks me out and dares to address me personally! Drive her away, attendants,—put her as far from me as possible, from all contact or any means of getting near me. Carry out these orders, and make her keep silence—she must, at last, be made to yield to my regal authority! Go thy way with all possible speed; let me—it is time—remove hence this cruel, horrible monster!

MEDEA.

For what crime, for what fault, may I ask, am I to be punished with exile?

CREON:

What reason is there why I should drive thee away? An innocent woman could only ask me such a question as that!

MEDEA.

If thou art officiating as a judge, let me know; if thou art commanding because thou reignest, on the strength of that power I must obey thee.

CREON.

Thou wilt have to obey the authority of the king, no matter whether thou considerest the command just or unjust!

MEDEA.

True! But the unjust exercise of power does not rest for ever with the dispenser thereof.

CREON.

Go away! Let Colchis be thy destination.

MEDEA.

I will return willingly, but let Jason escort me thither,—he who introduced me here.

CREON.

Thy remark comes too late under any circumstances: my irrevocable decree has gone forth.

MEDEA.

The man, or judge, who issues his decrees so freely without hearing the other side of the question, although he may by chance ordain what is right, is not acting justly.

CR. Auditus a te Pelia supplicium tulit.
 Sed fare, causæ detur egregiæ locus.
 MED. Difficile quam sit animum ab ira flectere
 Jam concitatum; quamque regale hoc putet,
 Scepbris superbas quisquis admovit manus, 205
 Quæ cœpit, ire; regia didici mea.
 Quamvis enim sim clade miseranda obruta,
 Expulsa, supplex, sola, deserta, undique
 Afflicta; quondam nobili fulsi patre,
 Avoque clarum Sole deduxi genus. 210
 Quodcumque placidis flexibus Phasis rigat;
 Pontusque quidquid Scythicus a tergo videt;
 Palustribus qua maria dulcescunt aquis;
 Armata peltis quidquid exercet cohors
 Inclusa ripis vidua Thermodontiis: 215
 Hoc omne noster genitor imperio regit.
 Generosa, felix, decore regali potens
 Fulsi, petebant tunc meos thalamos proci,
 Qui nunc petuntur. rapida Fortuna ac levis,
 Præcepitque regno eripuit, exilio dedit. 220
 Confide regnis, cum levis magnas opes
 Huc ferat & illuc casus. hoc reges habent
 Magnificum & ingens, nulla quod rapiat dies,
 Prodesse miseris, supplices fido lare
 Protegere. solum hoc Colchico regno extuli; 225
 Decus illud ingens, Græciæ florem inclitum,
 Præsidia Achivæ gentis, & prolem Deûm
 Servasse memet. munus est Orpheus meum,
 Qui saxa cantu mulcet, & silvas trahit,
 Geminumque munus Castor & Pollux meum est; 230
 Satique Borea; quique trans Pontum quoque
 Summota Lynceus lumine immisso videt;
 Omnesque Minyæ. nam ducum taceo ducem;

CREON.

Was the punishment of Pelias awarded after a fair hearing of both sides? But tell me, at once,—an opportunity is now given thee of pleading to that very egregious crime!

MEDEA.

What a difficult thing it is to divert the mind from anger, when once it is fully roused; the man who has

grasped the sceptre with his proud hands thinks that every thing he does is screened by his royal prerogative, and is inclined to persevere in the course which he has set himself to follow. (Medea here wishes to suggest that the now hearkening to the entreaties of a suppliant is a part of Creon's plan.) I gleaned the knowledge of this fact from my observations in my own father's royal palace. Although I may be here at thy feet, ruined, utterly miserable, through my downfall;—driven away as a suppliant,—a deserted wife—and a fair target at every turn for any kind of affliction—I once shone forth myself as a cynosure in my noble father's palace, and I claim my illustrious descent from Phœbus himself, who is my grandfather! Whatsoever lands the Phasis washes with its winding placid streams, of whatever countries the Scythian sea commands the view along its shores, wherever the bitter salt sea is tempered by the numberless marshy streams flowing into it as tributaries, and those plains, where the armed battalions of virgins, with their moon-shape shields, strike terror, whilst they throng the banks of the Thermodon—over all those vast stracts, does my father rule I, of noble descent, with prospects of the brightest, shone forth, exercising considerable influence with my royal splendor, and then it was that suitors sought my hand in marriage (Jason) who in turn are now being sought for by others as sons-in-law (Creon). But fortune, ever fleeting and capricious, in a precipitate moment snatched me from my kingdom, and handed me over to exile! Put what trust thou likest in kingdoms, when thou ought to know how the most trifling incident may carry here—remove yonder—at any moment those great advantages which kings enjoy! But there is one great and glorious privilege, which kings at all times possess, and which, as long as they are kings, no day can deprive them of, and that is to do good to the wretched and fallen, and to provide safe surroundings (reliable Lares) for a suppliant. Think of the one treasure I brought from the kingdom of Colchis; my chief title to glory is to have brought safely with me that distinguished ornament,—the noble flower of Greece, the very safeguard of the Grecian nation, and the offspring of the Gods (the Argonaut Heroes.) Orpheus, who charms the very rocks and captivates the forest trees, is my gift, and the double present of Castor and Pollux emanated from my exertions, and the Sons of Boreas, and Lynceus, who, when he directs his keen eyes, sees things although they are at the bottom of the sea; and all those Thessalian Minyæ (companions of Jason in the Argonautic expedition)—for I am silent about the chief of all these leaders (Jason),

pro quo nihil debetur, hunc nulli imputo.	
Vobis revexi ceteros, unum mihi.	235
Inceffe nunc, & cuncta flagitiaingere;	
Fatebor. obici crimen hoc solum potest,	
Argo reversa, virgini placeat pudor.	
Paterque placeat; tota cum ducibus ruet	
Pelafga tellus. hic tuus primum gener	240
Tauri ferocis ore flammanti occidet.	
Fortuna causam, qua volet, nostram premat.	
Non poenitet fervere tot regum decus.	
Quodcumque culpa præmium ex omni tuli,	
Hoc est penes te, si placet, damna ream:	245
Sed redde crimen. sum nocens, fateor, Creon.	
Talem sciebas esse, cum genua attingi,	
Fidemque supplex præfidis dextræ petii.	
Terra hac miseris angulum & fedem rogo,	
Latebraque viles. urbe si pelli placet,	250
Detur remotus aliquis in regnis locus.	
CR. Non esse me, qui sceptrâ violenter geram,	
Nec qui superbo miseras calcem pede,	
Testatus equidem videor haud clare parum,	
Generum exfulem legendo, & afflictum, & gravi	255
Terrore pavidum. quippe te pœnæ expetit	
Letoque Acastus, regna Theffalica obtinens.	
Senio trementem debili atque ævo gravem	
Patrem peremtum queritur, & cæsi fenis	
Discissa membra; cum dolo captæ tuo	260
Piæ sorores impium auderent nefas.	
Potest Jason, si tuam causam amoves,	
Suam tueri: nullus innocuum cruor	
Contaminavit. abfuit ferro manus,	
Proculque vestro purus a cœtu stetit.	265
Tu tu malorum machinatrix facinorum,	
Cui feminea nequitia, ad audendum omnia	
Virile robur, nulla famæ memoria est,	
Egredere, purga regna; letales simul	

for bringing whom nothing is owing to me! I charge no one but myself for that act! I brought the others back in safety for thee—him (Jason) to please myself! Now set upon me, and heap up all things upon my shoulders, as crimes: I will confess to what is true, but can this solitary thing be thrown up in my teeth as a crime? Suppose the Argonauts had met with a reverse and it had suited me better, to have upheld the character of a virgin, and my wish had been to please my father; —all the Pelasgian land would have come to ruin, with

its noble leaders; first and foremost, thy intended son-in-law would have fallen a prey to the vomited flames of the ferocious bull! Fortune may deal even harshly with my case, if she likes, but I do not myself repent of having been the means of preserving the lives, the honor, the glory of so many noble heroes, the sons of kings! Whatever price I shall have to pay as the reward for all my crimes, this is a matter entirely in thy hands: therefore, if it pleases thee, condemn me as a criminal, but give me back my crime in full (Jason). I plead guilty, Creon, I confess; thou knewest what I was when I genuflected to thee and craved as a suppliant for that justice which is only expected in the fulfilment of a solemn pledge, and I now ask, in my hour of tribulation, only for a small corner and resting-place in this country,—any low hovel or hiding-place, but if it pleases thee only to expel me from the city, pray let some remote spot be accorded me, so long as it is in thy kingdom!

CREON.

I am far from being the man who wishes to wield his power with violent measures, nor am I one that can tread with a disdainful foot upon the misfortunes of any one; indeed, I have that reputation, not wanting either in being borne out by one very clear proof, which is not making my son-in-law an exile, afflicted as he is, and always in dread of some grave disaster; for Acastus is on the look out for thee to be punished for the murder of his father Pelias, trembling and feeble from advancing years and borne down by old age, and then at the body of the murdered old man being cut up in such a truculent manner, when the affectionate sisters, deceived by thy malignant arts, ventured to proceed with their impious task! (The daughters cut their father to pieces, having drawn off all the blood from the veins, on the assurance that Medea would replenish them by her incantations.) Could Jason defend his cause if thou art left out of the question?—he has never yet contaminated his hands with innocent blood, his hand has never used the sword in this way, for whilst all this was being done, he has always stood aloof—and at a distance from thy companionship—(from the midst of thy personal achievements)! No; thou! thou art the sole machinatrix of all these terrible crimes, thou whose wickedness as a woman is supplemented with that masculine strength which has endowed thee with the audacity to perpetrate such deeds—in fact, thou dost not seem to have any consciousness of thy infamy! Go forth!

Tecum aufer herbas. libera cives metu.	270
Alia sedens tellure follicita Deos.	
MED. Profugere cogis? redde fugienti ratem, Vel redde comitem. fugere cur solam jubes?	
Non sola veni. bella si metuis pati, Utrumque regno pelle. cur fontes duos	275
Distinguis? illi Pelia, non nobis jacet.	
Fugam, rapinasque adice; desertum patrem, Lacerumque fratrem. quidquid etiamnum novas Docet maritus conjuges, non est meum.	
Toties nocens sum facta, sed nunquam mihi	280
GR. Jam exisse decuit. quid feris fando moras?	
MED. Supplex recedens illud extremum precor, Ne culpa natos matris infontes trabat.	
CR. Vade, hos paterno, ut genitor, excipiam sinu.	
MED. Per ego auspiciatos regii thalami toros, Per spes futuras, perque regnorum status, Fortuna varia dubia quos agitat vice, Precor, brevem largire fugienti moram, Dum extrema natis mater infigo oscula, Fortasse moriens. CR. Fraudibus tempus petis.	285
MED. Quæ fraus timeri tempore exiguo potest?	290
CR. Nullum ad nocendum tempus angustum est malis.	
MED. Parumne miseræ temporis lacrimis negas?	
CR. Etfi repugnat precibus infixus timor,	

Clear thyself from out of my kingdom, and take with thee all thy poisoned herbs—Free my subjects from any further alarms, and in some other country settle down, and tire out the Gods with thy enchantments,—thy imprecations,—thy sorceries, if thou art anxious to do so!

MEDEA.

Thou orderest me to flee: restore my Argonautic craft, or give me up my partner (Jason). Why dost thou order me to go away alone? If thou fearest to suffer from all the calamities of war, send us both out of the kingdom! Why dost thou make this unfair distinction between two criminals? Pelias was not killed for Jason only, but for both of us conjointly! Don't forget the flight, and add to that the robbery of the fleece! The desertion of a father and the dismemberment of a brother, and whatever a husband instructs his newly-married wife to do, is not certainly her affair only! I have often and often been made to be a criminal, but never for myself alone!

CREON.

Now it is right thou shouldst go: why sow delays by further talk?

MEDEA.

One last thing as a suppliant I crave, before I go: do not let the crimes of a mother be visited upon her innocent children!

CREON.

Go! I will cherish them, even as a father, in my own paternal bosom.

MEDEA.

I entreat thee by the auspicious marriage-bed involved in this royal marriage, by all the future hopes in which thou mayst indulge, arising therefrom—by the stability of thy throne which uncertain fortune often invades with her varying capricious “ups” and “downs”, give me a short time to delay my departure while I as a mother may imprint my last kisses upon my children’s cheeks, before I go, perhaps to die!

CREON.

Thou art seeking to gain time, for some wicked purpose!

MEDEA.

What mischief can be feared from me, in so short a time?

CREON.

No time is too short to work out mischief for those that are evilly disposed.

MEDEA.

Thou wilt not, surely, deny a miserable creature some little time for mourning her lot!

CREON.

Although my mind had been made up thoroughly to resist thy entreaties, one entire day shall be spared to thee to prepare for thy departure.

Unus parando dabitur exilio dies. 295
 MED. Nimis est; recidas aliquid ex isto licet.
 Et ipsa propero. CR. Capite supplicum lues,
 Clarus priusquam Phœbus attollat diem,
 Nisi cedis Isthmo. sacra me thalami vocant,
 Vocat precari festus Hymenæo dies. 300

CHORUS.

Chorus in audaciam navigantium invecus primos nautas dignum
 audacia sua retulisse præmium canit. Scilicet Medeam.

AUDAX nimium, qui freta primus
 Rate tam fragili perfida rupit;
 Terrasque suas post terga videns,
 Animam levibus credidit auris;
 Dubioque secans æquora cursu, 305
 Potuit tenui fidere ligno,
 Inter vitæ mortisque vias
 Nimium gracili limite ducto.
 Nondum quisquam sidera norat;
 Stellisque, quibus pingitur æther, 310
 Non erat usus: nondum pluvias
 Hyadas poterant vitare rates:
 Non Oleniæ sidera capræ:
 Non quæ sequitur flectitque fenex
 Arcticæ tardus plaufra Bootes: 315
 Nondum Boreas, nondum Zephyrus
 Nomen habebant,
 Ausus Tiphys pandere vasto
 Carbasa ponto, legesque novas
 Scribere ventis. nunc lina sinu 320
 Tendere toto: nunc prolato
 Pede transversos captare Notos:
 Nunc antennas medio tutas
 Ponere malo: nunc in summo
 Religare loco, cum jam totos 325
 Avidus nimium navita flatus

MEDEA.

That is really more than I require or expect; thou
 mayst make it a shorter time if thou likest, and I will
 make all haste.

CREON.

Thou wilt be punished with death, unless thou quittest
 Corinth before bright Phœbus shines forth to commence

another day.—Come!—I am in a hurry, the marriage ceremonies demand my presence—a joyful occasion, like this, involves the suitable prayers, vows and sacrifices to the God Hymenæus!

CHORUS.

The Chorus inveighs against the boldness of navigators, and sings to the effect that the principal navigators (the Golden Fleece expedition) have reaped the reward they so richly deserved for their daringness; singling out Medea.

Oh! thou too daring one, who first braved the dangers of the treacherous waves, in a vessel so frail, and whilst still retaining in sight the land thou hadst left behind thee, and entrusted thy life even to light winds, and ploughing the sea, steering a doubtful course—how could any man rely on a thin plank, with so insignificant a margin between the journeys of life and death! Not as yet had any man learned anything about the stars, he had never made any scientific use of the constellations with which the firmament is so thickly adorned, not as yet had his vessels been able to escape the stormy Hyades, (noted for the rains and tempests they give rise to at their rising and setting), nor was that constellation, the Olenian she-goat, understood (named from the town of Olenum in Achaia, at which place Jupiter was fed on goats' milk by Amalthea, who was subsequently made a constellation, Capella), nor was that slow-paced old waggoner Boötes known—the constellation that follows and guides the Arctic (Polar) Chariots—not as yet was Boreas or Zephyrus even known by any distinguishing name; at last Tiphys ventured to spread his sails over the vast ocean, and to lay down laws, and to point out in what way the winds would be available for the navigator—at one time to know when to put all his ropes on the stretch (hauled taut) with the sails amply spread out (full sail), at another time when to avail himself of the south wind, blowing athwart ships, by drawing his wide-spread sail down to the lowest point, where it is fastened to the ship's side (the lower part stretched aft, so as to expose as much spread of canvas as possible, to the wind, as it was blowing amidships, but regulating all this with the rudder, hard to port or starboard, as the case might be, that is whether he was steering east or west), at another time, when to haul down the yards half-mast (under snug canvas), then again, running the yards up to the highest point, when

Optat, & alto rubicunda tremunt Suppara velo.	
Candida nostri fecula patres Videre, procul fraude remota.	330
Sua quisque piger litora tangens, Patrioque senex factus in arvo, Parvo dives, nisi quas tulerat Natale solum, non norat opes.	
Bene dissepti fœdera mundi Traxit in unum Theffala pinus, Jussitque pati verbera ponum; Partemque metus fieri nostri Mare sepositum. dedit illa graves	335
Improbo pœnas, per tam longos Ducta timores: cum duo montes, Claustra profundi, hinc atque illinc Subito impulsu, velut ætherio Gemerent sonitu; spargeret astra, Nubesque ipsas mare deprensam.	340
Palluit audax Tiphys, et omnes Labente manu misit habenas: Orpheus tacuit torpente lyra; Ipsaque vocem perdidit Argo.	
Quid! cum Siculi virgo Pelori, Rabidos utero succincta canes, Omnes pariter solvit hiatus, Quis non totos horruit artus, Toties uno latrante malo?	345
Quid! cum Aufonium diræ pestos Voce canora mare mulcerent; Cum Pieria resonans cithara Thracius Orpheus solitam cantu Retinere rates pœne coegit	355
Sirena sequi? quod fuit hujus Pretium cursus? aurea pellis; Majusque mari Medea malum, Merces prima digna carina Nunc jam cessit pontus, & omnes Patitur leges. non Palladia	360
Compacta manu regum referens Inclita remos quæritur Argo.	365

even then the too eager sailor wishes to avail himself, to the utmost, of the wind, he would cause the red streamers to quiver again, as they floated in the breeze, above the lofty sails! (These streamers no doubt answered the purpose of our topsails, or at least top-gallant sails, and were not merely ornamental.)—Our forefathers lived in more

unsophisticated times, avaricious fraud being the last thing thought of. Every man, then, relying on ease and peace (as his *summum bonum*) kept close to his own shores, and did so, till he became old, confining himself to his fields and plains, rich with the little he possessed: he knew not, therefore sighed not for, any more wealth than what his own native soil afforded him! The Argonauts in the Thessalian Pine (The Argo) attempted the task of uniting what the far-seeingness of creation had wisely kept apart, and ordered the oars to be plied with vigorous strokes upon the surface of the ocean, and the sea was then selected to be made the fruitful factor of dread and forebodings, and the ship, Argo, brought upon us grievous sufferings, already having conducted its voyage through so many sources of alarm.—When the two mountains, one here, the other there, closing in the Euxine sea, driven together by a sudden collision, sound like a clap of thunder (from the sudden displacement of the air) and scatter the sea, which is forced upwards, into very clouds, towards the skies (by the same sudden displacement)—the bold Tiphys grew pale, and let go the helm from his feeble hands—Orpheus became silent and his lute was dumb—and Argo, herself lost her voice (from dread). (The Argo was said to have been prophetic, communicative and oracular, like the Dodonean Oak, in which were two hen doves, which gave responses. Some of the beams of the Argo were constructed of this oak, from which wood was derived her oracular power of warning those on board of her against approaching calamities.) What is this? They are all wondering, when the virgin of the Sicilian Pelorus presents herself! (Scylla the daughter of Phorcus,) surrounded by her girdle of rabid dogs, and she causes them all to bark at one time! Who would not have trembled all over his body, at such a phenomenon? What next to relate? When the dreadful pests, the Sirens, were charming the Ausonian Sea with their melodious strains, the Thracian Orpheus gave forth the sweet sounds from his Pierian Harp (given to him by his mother Calliope), and he almost compelled the bewitched Sirens to follow the Argo—those very Sirens who had always been accustomed to attract other navigators with their music, and detain their ships! And what was to be the crowning reward of all this?—the golden fleece, and Medea, a greater calamity than the sea itself, certainly a reward worthy of the first ship that had ever rashly put to seal. Now the sea is brought under control, and obeys all the recognized rules of seamanship! No illustrious Argo built by the hands of a Minerva is now required with kings to man (handle)

Quælibet altum cymba pererrat,
 Terminus omnis motus, & urbes
 Muros terra posuere nova. 370
 Nil, qua fuerat fede, reliquit
 Pervius orbis.
 Indus gelidum potat Araxem:
 Albi Perfæ Rhenumque bibunt.
 Venient annis secula feris, 375
 Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
 Laxet, & ingens pateat tellus,
 Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
 Nec fit terris ultima Thule.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

NUTRIX, MEDEA.

In vindictam præceps fertur Medea, nutrice incaffum eam
dehortante.

NUTR. **A**LUMNA, celerem quo rapis tectis pedem? 380
 Refiste, & iras comprime, ac retine impetum.
 Incerta qualis entheos curfus tulit,
 Cum jam recepto Mænas insanit Deo,
 Pindi nivalis vertice, aut Nyfæ jugis;
 Talis recurfat huc & huc motu efferro, 385
 Furoris ore signa lymphati gerens.
 Flammata facies spiritum ex alto citat.
 Proclamat: oculos uberi fletu rigat.
 Renidet. omnis specimen affectus capit;
 Hæret, minatur, æstuat, queritur, gemit. 390
 Quo pondus animi verget? ubi ponet minas?
 Ubi se iste fluctus franget? exundat furor.
 Non facile secum verfat aut medium scelus.
 Se vincet: iræ novimus veteres notas.
 Magnum aliquid instat, efferum, immane, impium. 395
 Vultum furoris cerno. Dii fallant metum!

the oars! Any vessel can now sail about on the sea! Old landmarks have disappeared, and cities inclose themselves with walls, upon fresh, newly-discovered lands! The world, universally traversable, has left nothing in that place, in which it was originally found! The swarthy Indian sips the cooling streams of the Alaxis; the Persians quench their thirst with the waters of the Elbe and Rhine! The times will arrive later on, as the years

roll onwards, in which the ocean will remove the impediments which now retard human affairs, and a new earth will be opened up to mankind, and the votaries of Tiphys (followers of the sea) will discover fresh worlds, and the present Thule (that island in the Northern Ocean) will not be the Ultima Thule in future worlds!

ACT III.

NURSE—MEDEA.

Medea rushes headlong towards the execution of her revenge, the nurse dissuading her from her projects, but in vain.

NURSE.

OH! Nurseling, why pacesst thou about the house so excitedly? Do not give way thus, but control thy passion and curb thy impetuosity! As when the Mænad (Bacchanal) becomes furious, from the influence she receives from the God, on the summits of snowy Pindus, or mountain-tops of Nysa, and just as she might have followed up wildly her inspired movement, so hither and thither Medea runs to and fro in a similarly wild manner, and revealing in her expression the look of maddened fury; her flushed face shows that she is drawing her breath hard, (from the lowest parts of her lungs)—she cries, and her eyes are overflowing with the tears arising out of her temper! She then brightens up on a sudden—laughs—in fact every passing mental mood takes its turn, as it is uppermost, (at one time pleased with the hope of carrying out her revenge, at another, anger at her past thwarted aspirations). She seems, one minute to hesitate as to what she should do, then she begins to threaten, shaking her head,—then storms furiously,—wails and groans! To what end will this weight of mental pressure lead? Upon whom will she wreak her threatening anger? When will that tempestuous wave of passion exhaust itself? Her anger is now at an overflowing height! I am certain she is not meditating within her mind any ordinary or moderate scheme of revenge! She will surpass herself! I am well acquainted with some of her past and gone bursts of anger, but something, I am positive, is now brewing that is dreadful, something on a large scale—something truly impious! I see fury marked on her countenance! May the Gods above only undeceive me as to my apprehensions, that is all!

MED. Si quæris odio, misera, quem statuas modum, Imitare amorem, regias egon' ut faces Inulta patiar? fegnīs hic ibit dies, Tanto petitus ambitu, tanto datus?	400
Dum terra cœlum media libratum feret, Nitidusque certas mundus evolvēt vices, Numerusque arenis deerit, & solem dies, Noctem sequentur astra; dum siccās polus Verfabit Arctos; flumina in pontum cadent;	405
Nunquam meus cessabit in pœnas furor, Crescetque semper. quæ ferarum immanitas, Quæ Scylla, quæ Charybdis, Ausonium mare Siculūque forbens, quæque anhelantem premens Titana, tantis Ætna fervescit minis?	410
Non rapidus amnis, non procellosum mare, Pontusque Coro fœvus, aut vis ignium Adjuta flatu, possit inhibere impetum Irasque nostras, sternam & evertam omnia. Timuit Creontem, ac bella Theffalici ducis?	415
Amor timere neminem verus potest. Sed cefferit coactus, & dederit manus; Adire certe, & conjugem extremo alloqui Sermone potuit: hoc quoque extimuit ferox. Laxare certe tempus immitis fugæ	420
Genero licebat. liberis unus dies Datus duobus. non queror tempus breve: Multum patebit. faciet, hic faciet dies, Quod nullus unquam taceat. invadam Deos, Et cuncta quatiām. NUTR. Recipe turbatum malis, Hera, pectus. animum mitiga. MED. Sola est quies, Mecum ruina cuncta si video obruta. Mecum omnia abeant. trahere, cum pereas, libet. NUTR. Quam multa sint timenda, si peritas, vide. Nemo potentes aggredi tutus potest.	430

MEDEA (*to herself*).

If thou wishest, oh my miserable self, to decide what limits thou shouldst impose upon thy justly-evoked hatred, take as a guide the inordinate amount of love thou hast wasted, and follow that! Shall I for one moment endure unrevenged the sight of this royal marriage rivalling my own legitimate pretensions? Shall this "one" day then be spent to an idle purpose?—sought for with so much importunity, granted by Creon with such great reluctance! Whilst this earth of ours continues to be poised in the heavens, and whilst the world of shining constellations continues to show themselves at certain recurring seasons, and as long as the sands on the sea-shore continue as they are,—numberless—and as long as the bright day appears as soon as Phœbus peeps above the horizon, and as long as the stars continue

to show themselves with the advent of night, and so long as the polar heavens regulate the movement of the Northern Bear, and preserve it, in its siccity (the Bears are called "siccæ", or dry, as they never set), and so long as the tidal rivers find their way back to the sea, never will my thirsty rage cease to urge me on to inflict the punishment I am now contemplating, and, what is more, it will only increase in its intensity! What savage ferocity of the wild beasts,—what Scylla—what Charybdis, swallowing in their irresistible gulfs the Ausonian and Sicilian seas,—what Ætna, which pressed down with its weight the panting Titan (Enceladus), ever burns so vividly or so much as my flaming anger? Not the rapidly flowing river—not the tempestuous ocean, nor the sea raging from the violence of the East wind, nor the heat of the flames fanned into intensity by the wind playing upon them, could possibly restrain the force of my anger! I will scatter and overthrow every thing in my path! Am I silly enough to believe that Jason goes in any fear of Creon, or the threatened warlike invasion of Acastus, the Thessalian King? No!—True love can never be made to fear any one! But let us suppose that he may have yielded under compulsion and surrendered his authority in the matter, he might have come to me, that is certain, and spoken a few last parting words to his wife! But, does he, although fierce enough on other occasions, fear to do even this? It was quite within the power of a son-in-law to relax the cord and give me a little more time for my flight! One entire day is set apart to bid my children good-bye! I do not complain of the shortness of the time, but much lies before me, for my accomplishment—this day shall do it, and may it be done thoroughly! Considering that no one can be depended on for silence, I will appeal direct to the Gods, but I will put every thing in motion, as low down as Acheron, if needs be!

NURSE.

Oh my mistress, rid thyself of a mind so disturbed by evil passions, do calm thy temper.

MEDEA.

There can be only one rest for me, to see everything that is opposed to me fall utterly in one common ruin, together with myself—it is pleasing to know, when one perishes oneself, that one is dragging others into destruction at the same time.

NURSE.

Consider how many contingencies are to be dreaded, if thou wilt persist; no one can attack the will and power of a king with impunity.

JASON, MEDEA.

Jasonem, gravatim Medeam deferentem, seque excusantem, aggreditur
Medea opprobriis, precibus, simulata conciliatione.

O	D URA fata semper, & fortem asperam, Cum sævit, & cum parcat, ex æquo malam! Remedia toties invenit nobis Deus Periculis pejora? si vellem fidem Præstare meritis conjugis, leto fuit	435
	Caput offerendum: si mori nolim, fide Miseram carendum est. non timor vicit virum, Sed trepida pietas. quippe sequeretur necem Proles parentum o sancta, si cælum incolis, Justitia, numen invoco ac testor tuum.	440
	Nati patrem vicere. quin ipsam quoque, Et si ferax est corde, nec patiens jugi, Consulere natis malle, quam thalamis, reor. Constituit animus precibus iratam aggredi. Atque ecce, viso memet, exsiluit, furit.	445
	Fert odia præ se, totus in vultu est dolor. MED. Fugimus, Jason, fugimus. hoc non est novum, Mutare fedes. causa fugiendi nova est. Pro te solebam fugere. discedo, exeo.	
	Penatibus profugere quam cogis tuis, Ad quos remittis? Phasin & Colchos petam, Patriumque regnum, quæque fratremus cruor Perfudit arva? quas peti terras jubes? Quæ maria monstras? Pontici fauces freti?	450
	Per quas revexi nobiles regum manus, Adulterum secuta per Symplegadas? Parvamne Iolcon, Theffala an Tempe petam? Quascunque aperui tibi vias, clusum mihi. Quo me remittis? exfuli exsilium imperas, Nec das. eatur. regius jussit gener.	455 460

JASON—MEDEA.

Medea attacks Jason with violent reproaches for deserting
her and excusing himself, and then at his entreaties,
pretends to be conciliated.

JASON.

Oh! ye Fates always severe, oh the bitter condition
of my own lot, equally so in its results, whether it
is accorded as an angry visitation, or whether it is
intended to be an act of clemency! How often does
the Deity devise remedies for us, which are more disas-
trous in their effects than the evils they are intended to

ameliorate! (For example.) If I wish to manifest my fidelity towards the reasonable claims of a wife, my life would be demanded as the sacrifice! If I should not feel disposed to die in this manner, I should be taunted with not holding to my unfortunate vows (in another quarter), and it would not be that this arose from any lack of manly spirit, but simply the anxious affectionate love I entertain for my children; for the offspring would be sure to have to undergo the fate of the parent! Oh holy Astræa! (Goddess of Justice) if thou art still to be found in the heavens, I invoke thee and call to my aid thy divine assistance! The love for my children has compelled me to elect to live, and I suppose that Medea herself, although she is of a naturally ferocious disposition, would rather consult the interests and welfare of her children, than trouble her head any more about this marriage business! At all events, I have made up my mind to approach her with my intercessions, however angry I may find her!

(This as she is coming here.) Ah! Behold! Here she comes, and directly she catches sight of me, she jumps about, and becomes frantic! She is really exceeding herself in her hatred, and anger shows up in every lineament of her visage!

MEDEA.

Jason, I am sent into exile,—I shall flee,—such a thing as changing my habitat is no new thing to me, but the reason for my doing so now is rather a novel one. Formerly I exiled myself, for thy sake, and to avoid an angry father, and again to get out of the way of Acastus.—I am leaving this country and I go as an exile: how is it that thou compellest me to fly from thy tutelary Penates? To whom art thou consigning me? Shall I have to seek Phasis or Colchis—and my father's kingdom, and the country where my brother's blood was spilled? What land dost thou command me to seek? What seas canst thou point out? The straits of the Euxine, through which I once conducted back, in safety, the noble troop of kings (the Argonauts). I followed the adulterous Jason across the Symplegadæ, or shall it be the unpretentious Iolchus, or shall I seek out the Thessalian Tempe? Now all these places, which I have brought to thy notice are closed to me! (I have made my own country and Thessaly hostile to me)—where dost thou mean to send me? Thou orderest me to be exiled, but thou dost not provide me with a place of exile! Let it be so then! The Royal son-in-law has only to command,

Nihil recuso. dira suppliciaingere;	
Merui. cruentis pellicem pœnis premat	
Regalis ira, vinculis oneret manus,	
Clusamque faxo noctis æternæ obruat;	
Minora meritis patiar. ingratum caput!	465
Revolvât animus igneos tauri halitus,	
Interque sævos gentis indomitæ metus,	
Armifero in arvo flammeum Æetæ pecus,	
Hostisque subiti tela: cum jussu meo	
Terrigena miles mutua cæde occidit.	470
Adice expetita spolia Phrixei arietis,	
Somnoque jussum lumina ignoto dare	
Insomne monstrum: traditum fratrem neci;	
Et scelere in uno non semel factum scelus;	
Jussasque natas fraude deceptas mea,	475
Secare membra non revicturi fenis.	
Aliena quærens regna, deferui mea.	
Per spes tuorum liberum, & certum larem,	
Per victa monstra, per manus, pro te quibus	
Nunquam peperci, perque præteritos metus,	480
Per cœlum, & undas, conjugii testes mei,	
Miserere: redde supplici felix vicem.	
Ex opibus illis, quas procul raptas Scythæ	
Usque a perustis Indiæ populis petunt,	
Quas quia referta vix domus gazas capit,	485
Ornamus auro nemora, nil exul tuli,	
Nisi fratris artus. hos quoque impendi tibi.	
Tibi patria cessit, tibi pater, frater, pudor.	
Hac dote nupsi. redde fugient sua.	
JAS. Perimere cum te vellet infestus Creon,	490
Lacrimis meis evictus, exilium dedit.	
MED. Pœnam putabam; munus, ut video, est fuga.	
JAS. Dum licet abire, profuge, teque hinc eripe.	

and it is I, who cannot refuse to obey—heap on me the most cruel punishments, if thou likest—I deserve it all,—let Creon's royal anger, too, oppress me with the most merciless penalties, just as if I were some common concubine—let him load my hands with chains, and shut me out from the world, hidden away in some Scythian cave, surrounded by perpetual darkness—I shall suffer less than I deserve, thou mayst think, oh! thou ungrateful man (alluding to her acts towards her father, mother and Pelias). Does thy memory take thee back, Jason, to the flames, breathed forth by the Bull? and, when exposed to the savage terrors of that indomitable race, the ferocious troop, which sprang up already armed in the plains of Æeta, and when the darts of that suddenly arriving enemy were threatening thee, and how, at my command, those earth-born soldiers fell one after the other,

fighting amongst themselves! Add to this, that much coveted prize, the Golden Fleece of the Phrixean ram! and how I caused, by my enchantment, that draconian monster, which had never before known what sleep was, to be brought under the influence of my Lethæan soporific! How, too, my brother was handed over to death, and each crime committed by me, but not simultaneously, is now to be quoted as one crime, my crime! And when the daughters of Pelias, cajoled by my deceitful machinations, were ordered to cut up the body of their ancient father who was never to live again, as I had promised he should; all this was when I was seeking another kingdom, (for thee) and deserting my own! I conjure thee, Jason, by the hopes thou mayst entertain regarding any children born to thee, by Creusa,—by the security of thy domestic surroundings,—by the monster I have conquered for thy benefit, by these very hands of mine, which have never spared themselves where thou wert concerned, and by the past dangers from which I have rescued thee,—by the heavens above—by the waters below, the witnesses of my marriage, have some mercy on me, and thou, in thy prosperity, do me, a suppliant, a good turn in my adversity! Out of all the wealth, which the remote Scythians seek out for plunder, as far even as the countries inhabited by the parched-up swarthy Indian, and which our palace, so overloaded is it, will scarcely contain, that we positively ornamented our trees with gold (the Golden Fleece used to hang from the branches of an oak)—as an exile, I brought none of these things, nothing but the limbs of a murdered brother. I lay these entirely to thy account—My country was given up for thee—my father—my brother—my maidenly shame! I married thee having these as my dowry, return them to me, as I am about to enter upon my exile!

JASON.

When Creon wished for thy death, prevailed on by my tears, he conceded the alternative of exile.

MEDEA.

I thought exile was intended as a punishment, now I am to regard it in the light of a valuable gift!

JASON.

Take my advice, whilst thou art able to get away, but take flight, and get thyself hence—The anger of kings is always a difficult thing to deal with.

Gravis ira regum est semper. MED. Hoc fuades mihi, Prætas Creufæ, pellicem invifam amoves.	495
JAS. Medea amores obicit? MED. Et cædem, & dolos.	
JAS. Objicere crimen quod potes tandem mihi?	
MED. Quodcunque feci. JAS. Reftat hoc unum infuper, Tuis ut etiam fccleribus fiam nocens.	
MED. Tua illa, tua funt illa, cui prodeft fcclus, Is fecit. omnes conjugem infamem arguant; Solut tuere, folus infantem voca.	500
Tibi innocens fit, quifquis est pro te nocens.	
JAS. Ingrata vita est, cujus acceptæ pudet.	
MED. Retinenda non est, cujus acceptæ pudet.	505
JAS. Quin potius ira concitum pectus doma. Placare natis. MED. Abdico, ejuro, abnuo.	
Meis Creufa liberis fratres dabit?	
JAS. Regina natis exfulum, afflictiſ potens.	
MED. Non veniat unquam tam malus miferis dies, Qui prole fœda mifceat prolem inclitam; Phœbi nepotes Sifyphi nepotibus.	510
JAS. Quid, mifera, meque teque in exitium trahis?	

MEDEA.

Dost thou really persuade me to do this—Thou preferest thy beloved Creusa, and want to have me moved away as an objectionable rival or some cast-off mistress!

JASON.

Does Medea object so much then to my amours?

MEDEA.

Yes, and thy murders and deceitful perfidious deeds as well!

JASON.

What is the crime, after all, with which thou wishest to charge me?

MEDEA.

With whatever I have been induced to commit!

JASON.

Furthermore, this one thing remains, in which thou still persistest that I am to be viewed as a criminal, on account of thy crimes!

MEDEA.

They are thine—they are all thine, certainly; he virtually commits a crime, who is an accessory before the fact, and who gladly partakes of the proceeds of a crime! Suppose then, that every one points to thy wife and brands her with infamy, thou art the only champion who is bound to defend her, and the only one bound to call her innocent! Whoever is acting in thy interests, in a criminal capacity, deserves, at least some claim for innocence at thy hands!

JASON.

Life is very distasteful, when one has cause to blush for it.

MEDEA.

Then life needs no longer to be retained, when the blushing fit supervenes!

JASON.

But, really, is it not rather desirable for thee to restrain the anger raging in thy heart, and to quiet thyself for the sake of the children?

MEDEA.

I renounce them—I resign them,—I utterly repudiate them! Will not Creusa furnish brothers for my children?

JASON.

A powerful queen will be the protectress of the children of an exile.

MEDEA.

Never shall such a miserable day as that arrive for me, when my illustrious progeny, the grandsons of a Phœbus, shall be huddled together with the ignoble descendants of a Sisyphus!

JASON.

Why, miserable woman, dost thou wish to drag me into exile with thyself? Go away, I beseech thee.

Abscede, quæso. MED. Supplicem audivit Creo.	
JAS. Quid facere possim, eloquere. MED. Pro me? vel scelus.	515
JAS. Hinc rex, & illinc. MED. Est & his major metus, Medea. nos configere certemus; sine, Sit pretium Jason. JAS. Cedo defessus malis, Et ipsa casus sæpe jam expertos time.	
MED. Fortuna semper omnis intra me stetit.	520
JAS. Acastus instat, propior est hostis Creo.	
MED. Utrumque profuge. nolo ut in focerum manus Armes; nec ut te cæde cognata inquines, Medea cogit. innocens mecum fuge.	
JAS. Et quis resistet, gemina si bella ingruant? Creo atque Acastus arma si jungant sua?	525
MED. His adice Colchos, adjice Æeten ducem, Scythas Pelægis junge. demersos dabo.	
JAS. Alta extimesco sceptrâ. MED. Ne cupias, vide.	
JAS. Suspecta ne sint, longa colloquia amputa.	530
MED. Nunc summe toto Juppiter cælo tona. Intende dextram. vindices flammâ para, Omnemque ruptis nubibus mundum quate: Nec diligenti tela librentur manu. Vel me, vel istum: quisquis e nobis cadet, Nocens peribit. non potest in nos tuum	535

MEDEA.

Even Creon listened to me as a suppliant!

JASON.

What can I do? Explain thyself fully.

MEDEA.

For me! Everything! Any crime even!

JASON.

Two kings are against us—Creon here—and Acastus yonder!

MEDEA.

If the truth be known, Medea is a greater source of dread to them, than they are to her! Let me enter the lists, single-handed, for our joint benefit! I can fight,—let me do so,—and Jason shall be the reward of my victory!

JASON.

I acknowledge myself dead-beaten,—with troubles,—thoroughly worn out, and thou, thyself, hadst better go in dread of repeating some of thy old experiments

MEDEA.

Fortune, hitherto, has always been at my feet!

JASON.

Acastus is on the march, and the other enemy, Creon, is nearer!

MEDEA.

Let us fly together; I am unwilling to arm my hands against any father-in-law, nor does Medea urge, by any means, that Jason should soil his hands with the blood of his kinsman. Fly then, with me, and thou wilt be innocent of such deeds!

JASON.

And who could resist such a force, if a double war be entered upon, as it were, if Creon and Acastus were to join their armies!

MEDEA.

Now think of the Colchian battalions—now think of the generalissimo of Æeta with his army, and then add to them the Scythian and Grecian contingents,—why, I would drive the enemy into the sea with these.

JASON.

I really fear the terrible power appertaining to the sceptrel

MEDEA.

Rather consider whether it is thou art hankering after it thyself!

JASON.

Lest we may excite suspicion by this long interview, let me suggest that our conversation should come to a close.

MEDEA.

Now, oh! mighty Jupiter, thunder forth throughout the entire heavens—Stretch forth thy right hand, prepare thy avenging lightnings, and shake up the whole universe, as they dispel the clouds with their violence, nor let thy lightnings be delicately balanced for any defined aim! It does not matter, let them strike either myself or Jason, whichever of the two might happen to fall, a culprit will be sure to perish therefrom, so that thy lightnings can make no mistake, as to the one upon whom they should strike!

Errare fulmen. JAS. Sana meditari incipe, Et placida fare. si quid ex foceri domo Potest fugam levare, solamen pete.	
MED. Contemnere animus regias, ut fcis, opes Potest, foletque: liberos tantum fugæ Habere comites liceat, in quorum sinu Lacrimas profundam. te novi nati manent.	540
JAS. Parere precibus cupere me, fateor, tuis; Pietas vetat. namque istud ut possim pati, Non ipse memet cogat & rex, & focer.	545
Hæc causa vitæ est, hoc perusti pectoris Curis levamen. spiritu citius queam Carere, membris, luce. MED. Sic natos amat? Bene est. tenetur. vulneri patuit locus.	550
Suprema certe liceat abeuntem loqui Mandata. liceat ultimum amplexum dare. Gratum est & illud. Voce jam extrema peto, Ne si qua nofter dubius effudit dolor, Maneant in animo verba: melioris tibi	555
Memoria nostri fubeat, hæc iræ data Obliterentur. JAS. Omnia ex animo expuli. Precorque, & ipsa fervidam ut mentem regas, Placideque tractes. miserias lenit quies.	
MED. Discessit. itan' est? vadis oblitus mei, Et tot meorum facinorum? excidimus tibi? Nunquam excidemus. hoc age, omnes advoca Vires & artes. structus est scelus tibi, Nullum scelus putare. vix fraudi est locus.	560
Timeamur, hac aggredere, qua nemo potest Quidquam timere. perge. nunc aude, incipe,	565

JASON.

Now do begin to meditate reasonable things, and speak of more pleasant topics, and, if anything can be done to lighten the blow of having to quit the palace of the father-in-law,—seek my aid.

MEDEA.

My disposition, as thou full well knowest, is accustomed, and can afford, to despise royal assistance—only let me have my children as companions in my exile, upon whose bosoms I can occasionally shed my maternal tears. Fresh children will remain for thee, the gifts of Creusa!

JASON.

I freely confess, that I should be willing to comply with thy wishes in that respect, but my own affection for

my children would forbid such a thing! And not even a King or a father-in-law would compel me to do what I could not under any circumstances permit myself to do! My children are now the chief object of my life, the only solace to a heart burnt up with carking care! I could give up the very breath I draw with greater willingness—my own miserable body would rather deny itself the very light of heaven.

MEDEA.

So I see! He dearly loves his children! I have him there at all events. I know, now, where to strike my blow! (this said to herself). Surely, I might be allowed to say a few parting words to my children, before I go, and be permitted to give them a last embrace, that indeed would be a great consolation, and I ask for that favor most earnestly, and if any undue or unintentional anger has been manifested on my part, let what I have said in my excited state of mind be regarded as empty words, in fact, unsaid, and let thy memory hark back to kinder things, as regards myself, let what could be imputed to anger be entirely forgotten.

JASON.

I have banished all these things from my mind, and I entreat thee henceforward to control thy hasty temper, and deal with things in a calm spirit—Rest is a marvellous sedative to the troubled mind.

MEDEA.

He has gone! And is this the way he goes? Thou, Jason, go away! And I am simply to pass out of thy memory as well as the many dreadful deeds I have done in thy behalf! I am forgotten by thee, eh! But I will never be forgotten by thee, nevertheless! Now, set to work, Medea; call to thy aid all thy resources, and magical arts,—thus, this is the climax of all the crimes that I have committed for thee, to have arrived at this conclusion,—that nothing I can do now can be viewed in the light of a crime!

But there is scarcely any opportunity now for any of my experimental jugglery. I am suspected,—I am watched,—let my plan of attack be devised in such a mode that no one can possibly suspect anything. Let

Quidquid potes, Medea, quidquid non potes.
 Tu, fida nutrix, focia mœroris mei,
 Variique casus, misera consilia adjuva.
 Est palla nobis, munus ætheriæ domus, 570
 Decusque regni, pignus Ætæ datum
 A Sole generis. est & auro textili
 Monile fulgens; quodque gemmarum nitor
 Distinguit aurum, quo solent cingi comæ.
 Hæc nostra nati dona nubenti ferant, 575
 Sed ante diris illita ac tincta artibus.
 Vocetur Hecate. sacra luctifica appara.
 Statuantur aræ, flamma jam tectis fonet.

CHORUS.

Canit Chorus, *Rejectæ uxori quot amore dolores polluto, notumque
 furens quid femina posset, & cum cæteri Argonautæ pœnas
 dederint violati maris, Jafoni bene precatur.*

NULLA vis flammæ, tumidique venti
 Tanta, nec teli metuenda torti: 580
 Quanta, cum conjux viduata tædis
 Ardet & odit.

Non ubi hibernos nebulosus imbres
 Aufter advexit; properatque torrens
 Ister, & junctos vetat esse pontes, 585
 Ac vagus errat.

Non ubi impellit Rhodanus profundum;
 Aut ubi in rivos nivibus solutis
 Sole jam forti, medioque vere
 Tabuit Hæmus. 590

Cæcus est ignis stimulatùs ira,
 Nec regi curat, patiturve frenos.
 Haud timet mortem, cupit ire in ipfos
 Obvius enfes.

Parcite, o Divi. veniam precamur.
 Vivat ut tutus, mare qui subegit. 595
 Sed furit viaci dominus profundì
 Regna fecunda.

Ausus æternos agitare currus
 Immemor metæ juvenis paternæ, 600
 Quos polo sparsus, furiosus ignes
 Ipse recepit.

me proceed, at once, let me dare any deed, and let me
 now begin!

Thou, my faithful nurse, companion in my miseries,

and sharer in my various aspects of fortune, assist me in carrying out my wretched projects! Thou knowest, there is a cloak of mine, the gift to our celestial family, and the proud heirloom of our dynasty, a token given to Æeta by Phoebus, to commemorate his lofty descent; there is also a neck-ornament, interwoven with gold embroidery, and another article, a chaplet which I used to wear round my head, and in which the brilliant gems show off the gold to great advantage! The sons shall bear these presents from me to the bride, as my especial wedding gifts, but let these presents be dipped and impregnated beforehand with my destructive preparations, and got ready for their fatal purpose: then Hecate must be invoked! Let me prepare the funeral sacrifices—let the altars be got ready, and may the palace resound with the alacrity of the flames, as they play before the altar.

CHORUS.

The Chorus sings of the inordinate anger entertained by a cast-off wife at her thwarted love, and what a furious woman is capable of to make it felt, and whilst the rest of the Argonauts have suffered punishment for having infringed the sanctity of the sea, Jason is fervently prayed for.

No violence of the angry flames, no tempestuous winds—no arrow that was ever shot from the bow—are to be dreaded so much as a wife bereaved of her nuptial rights and who (at the same time) is obstinately clinging to her love, and is nursing her pent-up wrath, when it is unacknowledged. Not less, indeed, than when the south wind, charged with its cumulous nebulosities, bursts upon us with its winter rains,—nor when the swollen Danube rushes on in torrents, and breaks down the bridges built across it, and overflows its very banks! Nor when the angry Rhone is forcing back the waves, nor when Mount Hæmus denuded of its snowy mantle sends down in torrents towards the rivers the snows which have been melted by the fierce solar heat—following that of mid-spring.—The blind unreasoning passion is excited more and more by the rage engendered through its being thwarted, it does not care to be influenced by reason and will suffer no restraint—it does not even fear death, and is willing to face the point of the sword itself! Be merciful, oh! ye gods, we implore your pardon, that Jason who subdued the sea shall live in security, and although the Deity of the Ocean depths (Neptune) is angry that his, the second Kingdom, should have been triumphed

Constitit nulli via nota magno.
 Vade, qua tutum populo priori:
 Rumpe nec sacro, violente, sancta
 Fœdera mundi. 605

Quifquis audacis tetigit carinæ
 Nobiles remos, nemorisque sacri
 Pelion densa spoliavit umbra:
 Quifquis intravit scopulos vagantes, 610
 Et tot emensus pelagi labores,
 Barbara funem religavit ora,
 Raptor externi rediturus auri;
 Exitu diro temerata ponti
 Jura piavit. 615

Exigit poenas mare provocatum.
 Tiphys in primis domitor profundi
 Liquid indocto regimen magistro,
 Litore externo procul a paternis 620
 Occidens regnis, tumuloque vili
 Tectus, ignotas jacet inter umbras.
 Aulis amiffi memor inde regis
 Portubus lentis retinet carinas
 Stare quereutes.

Ille vocali genitus Camœna, 625
 Cujus ad chordas modulante plectro
 Restitit torrens, siluere venti;
 Cui suo cantu volucris relicto
 Adfuit tota comitante filva,
 Thracios sparfus jacuit per agros. 630
 At caput tristi fluitavit Hebro.
 Contigit notam Styga, Tartarumque,
 Non rediturus.

Stravit Alcides Aquilone natos.
 Patre Neptuno genitum necavit, 635
 Sumere innumeras solitum figuras.
 Ipse post terræ pelagique pacem,
 Post feri Ditis patefacta regna,
 Vivus ardenti recubans in Ceta,
 Præbuit sævis sua membra flammis, 640
 Tabe confumtus gemini cruoris
 Munere nuptæ.

Stravit Ancæum violentus ictu
 Setiger. fratres, Meleagre, matris
 Impius mactas; morerisque dextra 645

over, as it was, by the Argonauts,—that youth Phaeton, who did not pay attention to his father's track, dared to

drive the eternal chariots of the sun recklessly through space, and he only met with a fiery end! (struck down by Jupiter's lightnings.) The well-known beaten track is attended with danger to no man: let us go then, where people before us have trodden with safety, do not let us attempt to break through the time-sanctified institutions of the Universe by any violent measures of our own! ✓
Whoever handled the illustrious oars of that audacious Argo, and actually despoiled for their construction the sacred forests of Pelion of their luxuriant umbrageous adornments; whoever dared to brave the dangerous rocks scattered about the sea, which they might have encountered (to their destruction) and having crossed such a sea after much difficulty, at last, fastened their cable (let go their cable) upon a barbarous coast, to return, as the captors of the golden fleece, by a terrible end, they have all expiated their rash invasion of the dignity of the ocean depths, for those ocean depths, when provoked, deal out their penalties with severity! Tiphys, among the first, that subduer of the waves, left his code of navigating instructions to inexperienced pilots, and dying far away from the land of his fathers on a foreign shore was buried in some mean grave, and is now smouldering in the dust, amongst the remains of other ordinary but unknown mortals! Aulis, mindful of the missing King, retained the ships in the harbours, with a dead calm, whilst the mariners complained loudly at their detention! Orpheus, who was born of the vocal muse Calliope, the sound of whose lyre, struck by his music-evoking plectrum, actually stayed the force of the very torrents, and silenced the winds themselves, at whose harmonies the birds ceased their canorous warblings, and the entire forest responded in company with them to his bewitching melodies, Orpheus' remains lie scattered over the Thracian plains, and his head floated down the waters of the sorrowing Hebrus. (Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Ciconian women.) ✓
He has reached his final home, the Styx, and the realms of Tartarus, never more to return! Alcides slew the sons of Boreas (Zetes and Calais)—he also slew the grandson of Neptune (Periclymenus) who was accustomed to assume a variety of shapes, and after peace ensued between the sea, and after the terrible Kingdom of Pluto had been laid open to his view, Alcides himself, whilst still alive, lay across the burning Oëta, and surrendered his body to the cruel flames, having been previously exhausted by the lethal effects of a double poison, the virus of the serpent of Lerna, and the poisoned robe, prepared from the hoof of the Centaur Nessus, and given as a present to Alcides, by his wife, (to recover his waning affection)

Matris iratæ. meruere cuncti.
 Morte quod crimen tener expiavit
 Herculi magno puer irreptus?
 Raptus est tutas puer inter undas.
 Ite nunc fortes; perarate pontum
 Fonte timendo. 650

Idmonem, quamvis bene fata noffet,
 Condidit serpens. Libycis arenis
 Omnibus verax, sibi falsus uni
 Concidit Mopsus, caruitque Thebis. 655

Ille si vere cecinit futura,
 Exful errabit Thetidis maritus.
 Igne fallaci nociturus Argis
 Nauplius præceps cadet in profundum.
 Patrioque pendet crimine pœnas 660

Fulmine & ponto moriens Oileus.
 Conjugis fatum redimens Pheræi
 Uxor impendes animam marito.
 Ipse, qui prædam spoliūque iussit
 Aureum prima revehi carina, 665
 Ustus accenso Pelias abeno
 Arsit angustas vagus inter undas.
 Jam fatis, Divi, mare vindicatis.
 Parcite iusso.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

NUTRIX.

Quid agat Medea, quid paret, narrat Nutrix.

PAVET animus, horret; magna perniciēs adest. 670
 Immane quantum augefcit, & semet dolor
 Accendit ipse, vimque præteritam integrat.
 Vidi furem, sæpe & aggressam Deos,
 Cælum trabentem. majus his, majus parat
 Medea monstrum. namque ut attonito gradu 675

—Ancæus perished by the fangs of the ferocious wild boar—Oh! Meleager, thou sacrificedst the brothers of thy mother, and will die by the hands of that angry mother! Thus they have all richly deserved their fate! But, what offence has that tender little boy Hylas, who was never found by the mighty Hercules, expiated by his death? Alas! He was supposed to have been conveyed over very tranquil waters! Depart on your hardy enter-

prises, oh ye mariners, and you, that could aforetime dread a simple fountain, may now wander at will over the seas. Idmon, although he arrogated to himself a prescience of coming events, was buried away at last in the throat of the serpent on the sands of Libya (and of course met his end). Mopsus too, the infallible oracle with everybody, played false to himself only at last, and died far away from Thebes! If Mopsus had only predicted the future with accuracy, the husband of Thetis, Peleus, was to wander as an exile in foreign lands, and Nauplius, who was bent upon injuring the Greeks by his misleading fires, threw himself headlong into the sea.—Oileus (Ajax) will expiate the crimes of his father, and will die by the lightnings of Jupiter and find a resting-place in the sea! Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias, to avert the fate of her Pheræan husband (Admetus) will give up as a compensation her own life to save his! And Pelias himself, who ordered the booty and stolen fleece to be carried back in the first vessel returning to Colchis, had his remains thoroughly consumed in the heated caldron, his dismembered parts tossing about angrily, as they were being boiled in a scanty supply of water! Now, we have sung enough, oh! ye gods! You have fully vindicated the honor of the God of the Sea (Neptune), but please in mercy spare Jason, who, after all, was a mere instrument in the hands of others! He only did as he was ordered.

ACT IV.

NURSE.

The Nurse reports what Medea is doing, and what she is preparing to carry out.

My mind grows alarmed, is terrified,—some disaster is imminent—how Medea's terrible anger is waxing still greater, and she seems to be consuming herself inwardly with its intensity; she appears to be resuming all her ancient power over her magical accessories! I have noticed her raging and often assuming a threatening attitude, as she was addressing the gods, and invoking with her incantations, the very heavens to assist her in her operations (the Moon and the Stars). Medea is now concocting something monstrous grander in its scope than anything she has ever done before, for she slips away, and at a furious pace, and at length arrives at her terror-striking secluded sanctum. She displays all her

Evafit, & penetrare funeftum attigit; Totas opes effudit, & quidquid diu Etiam ipfa timuit, promit; atque omnem explicat Turbam malorum: arcana, fecreta, abdita.	
Et triftæ læva comprecans facrum manu, Peftes vocat, quafcunque ferventis creat Arena Libyæ, quafque perpetua nive Taurus coerces frigore Arctoo rigens; Et omne monftrum. tracta magicis cantibus Squammiſera latebris turba deſertis adefit.	680
Heic fera ſerpens corpus immenſum trahit, Trifidamque linguam exfertat, & quærens quibus Mortifera veniat carmine audito ſtupet, Tumidumque nodis corpus aggeftis plicat, Cogitque in orbem. parva ſunt, inquit, mala, Et vile telum eſt, ima quod tellus creat: Cœlo petam venena. jam nunc tempus eſt Aliquid movere fraude vulgari altius.	685
Huc ille vaſti more torrentis jacens Deſcendat anguis, cujus immenſos duæ, Major minorque, ſentiunt nodos feræ; Major Pelafgis, apta Sidoniis minor. Preſſafque tandem ſolvat Ophiuchus manus, Virufque fundat. adſit ad cantus meos Laceſſere auſus gemina Python numina. Et hydra, & omnis redeat Herculeæ manu Succifa ſerpens, cæde ſe reparans ſua.	695
Tu quoque relictiſ perſvigil Colchis ades, Sopite primum cantibus ſerpens meis. Poſtquam evocavit omne ſerpentem genus, Congerit in unum frugis infauſtæ mala: Quæcunque generat invius faxis Eryx; Quæ fert opertiſ hieme perpetua jugis Sparſus cruore Caucaſus Promethei; Pharetraque pugnaſ Medus, aut Parthus levis; Et queis ſagittas divites Arabes linunt; Aut quos ſub axe frigido fuccos legunt Lucis Suevi nobiles Hercyniis.	700
	705
	710

magical paraphernalia and is getting ready with something, which for a long time she has not had the courage to tackle; she then brings into view a whole hoſt of inſtruments of miſchief, ſecret preparations, myſterious objects and things utterly unknown to any one but herſelf, and with her left hand raiſed (the left hand was always uſed before the gods that dealt in the black art) ſhe utters a ſolemn, doleful prayer, and invokes all the peſts and plagues, the elements of death and deſtruction, to come to her aid!—Whatever are produced in the ſcorching ſands of Libya,—or whatever glacial Taurus, with its arctic, rigorous cold, has kept back beneath its perpetual

snows, and every conceivable monster from both quarters, —thereupon a scaly multitude present themselves, drawn from their hiding-places by her magical incantations! In one place a slowly-moving serpent drags its huge body along, and protrudes its three-forked tongue, as if seeking upon what it should dart forth its death-dealing stings—it seemed stupefied by the incantations it had just listened to, and it folds its swollen body in a spiral fashion, its knots presenting the appearance of a huge knob. And she then turns her thoughts to this orb, and remarks that the mischief to be expected out of this does not amount to much, and it is a sorry engine for my purpose, which this lower earth can bring forth at its best. No, no, I must look to the heavens above for what I want, and now it is full time to put into motion and to exert myself for something more worthy of my skill than an ordinary, everyday piece of wickedness! Let that serpent which lies along the heavens, like some huge river, come down hither at my bidding, of whose immense nodes (this refers to an anatomical peculiarity of the serpent tribe) the two Bears, the major and the minor, feel the influence, the major serving the ends of the Grecian navigators, and the minor being more favorable to the Tyrian mariners: let this enormous serpent-containing constellation Ophiucus release itself from any surroundings that are restrictions to its capabilities (literally, release its hampered hands) and let it pour forth a very volume of virus, which I may be able to utilise—(Medea here breathes the suggestion that, being such an extensive group, they might hamper each other). Then let the Python that once had the audacity to attack the twins, Apollo and Diana, answer to my incantations, and the Hydra, and every part of that serpent, return, which was cut off by the hands of Hercules, and which multiplied after each part was destroyed, come to my aid, and oh, thou dragon always on the watch, leaving Colchis behind, that I first lulled to sleep for the first time in thy existence by the potency of my incantation, also come to me! After Medea had evoked every kind of serpent, she collects together in one mass all the poisonous products of the vegetable world—whatever the inaccessible Eryx generates in its disintegrated rocks—whatever the Caucasus sprinkled with the blood of Prometheus, can afford me from beneath those summits covered with perpetual snow, and whatever poisons the rich Arabs rub over the points of their arrows, and the warlike Mede, with his deadly quivers, or the swift Parthian horsemen, and whatever poisonous juices the intrepid Suevi in their frigid climate, can gather from the Hercynian forests,

Quodcunque tellus Vere nidifico creat; Aut rigida cum jam Bruma decussit decus Nemorum, & nivali cuncta constrinxit gelu;	715
Quodcunque gramen flore mortifero viret, Dirusve tortis succus in radicibus Causas nocendi gignit, atrectat manu.	
Hæmonius illas contulit pestes Athos; Has Pindus ingens, illa Pangæi jugis Teneram cruenta falce depoluit comam;	720
Has aluit altum gurgitem Tigris premens; Danubius illas; has per arentes plagas Tepidis Hydaspes gemmifer currens aquis,	725
Nomenque terris qui dedit Bætis fuis, Hesperia pulsans maria languenti vado; Hæc passa ferrum est, dum parat Phœbus diem;	
Illius alta nocte succisus frutex; At hujus ungue secta cantato seges Mortifera carpit gramina, ac serpentium	730
Saniem exprimit, miscetque & obscœnas aves, Mœstique cor bubonis, & raucæ strigis Exsecta vivæ viscera. hæc scelorum artifex	
Discreta ponit. his rapax vis ignium, His gelida pigri frigoris glacies inest.	735
Addit venenis verba, non istis minus Metuenda. sonuit ecce vesano gradu, Canitque. mundus vocibus primis tremitt.	

M E D E A.

Invocatis manibus, & rite conceptis incantationibus, Medea
veneficiis illitam pallam cum monili, aureoque crinali,
dono mittit ad Creufam per filios suos.

COMPRECOR vulgus silentum, vosque ferales Deos, 740
Et Chaos cæcum, atque opacam Ditis umbrosi domum,
Tartari ripis ligatos squallidæ Mortis specus,

and whatever poison is produced during the nest-building spring, or when the rigorous winter ruthlessly destroys the beauty of the gladsome grove, and hardens every thing with its nipping winter frosts,—whatever grass that grows, aspiring to produce, even one poisonous floret! and whatever dangerous juices, giving rise to injurious properties from their roots having been carefully manipulated—Medea holds all these in her hands! (Medea then begins their enumeration.) Ah! Thessalian Athos has

contributed these poisonous specimens, lofty Pindus this! And this one is from the summits of Pangæus, and I see it has drooped its tender head, at the approach of the blood-stained pruning-knife! Well! The banks of the Tigris with its deep rapids, has reared this gem of a poison! This one comes from the Danube—this from the banks of the gem-yielding Hydaspes, which, in its course, waters with its tepid streams the arid plains around, and the banks of the Bætis which gives its name to the adjacent lands, and coursing onwards in languid streams, throws itself into the Hesperian Sea—This specimen, (taking up another,) I see, has been cut with a knife, before Phœbus entered upon his diurnal track (before day-light), this shrub evidently was cut in the dead hour of the night, but this one (handling it very carefully) is the golden harvest (god-send) of the entire collection, for it has been nicked with the nail of some one versed in magical incantations! She then gathers together the poisonous grasses, and squeezes out all the virus from the serpents! Then she devotes some time to the poisons yielded by the foul birds of prey,—she selects the heart of the mournful-voiced, common owl, and the entrails cut out of the inside of the screech-owl—whilst alive—these venomous articles of destruction this architect of crimes, this scientific poisoner arranges in order! She then adds to these the rapacious power of the most active flames, as an important item, and whatever resides in the icy frost arising from the most rigorous degree of cold, she adds as another element. Having then examined all the poisons, seriatim, she ejaculates some menacing, mystic words, which, from their tone, do not sound less terrible than all the poisons put together! Hark! Here she comes along at a maddened pace, sings forth some magic strains, and as she is commencing her solemn chants, the very earth seems to tremble at her first utterances.

M E D E A.

The Manes being invoked, and the incantations having been duly carried out, Medea sends through her sons to Creusa a cloak impregnated with a destructive agent, together with a neck-band, and a golden head ornament, as wedding presents.

I CONJURE that silent multitude, the Manes, and oh! ye deities that preside over the affairs of those departed spirits, Pluto and Proserpine, and darkest chaos, and the sombre palace of the God of the infernal regions, and the dark caverns of loathsome Mors, hemmed in

Supplicis animæ remissis currite ad thalamos novos. Rota refingat membra torquens; tangat Ixion humum Tantalus securus undas hauriat Pirenidæ.	745
Gravior pœna fedaat conjugis focero mei: Lubricus per saxa retro Sisyphum volvat lapis. Vos quoque, urnis quas foratis irritus ludit labor, Danaïdes, coite; vestras hic dies quærit manus.	750
Nunc meis vocata facris noctium fidus veni, Pessimos induta vultus, fronte non una minax. Tibi more gentis vinculo solvens comam, Secreta nudo nemora lufravi pede. Et evocavi nubibus siccis aquas; Egique ad imum maria, & Oceanus graves Interiorius undas æstibus victis dedit.	755
Pariterque mundus lege confusa ætheris Et solem & astra vidit; & vetitum mare Tetigistis Urfæ. temporum flexi vices. Æstiva tellus floruit cantu meo, Messera coacta vidit hibernam Ceres. Violenta Phasis vertit in fontem vada; Et Ister, in tot ora divisus, truces Compressit undas, omnibus ripis piger. Sonuere fluctus, tumuit infanum mare Tacente vento. nemoris antiqui domus Amisit umbram vocis imperio mææ. Die relicto Phœbus in medio stetit. Hyadesque nostris cantibus motæ labant. Adeffe facris tempus est, Phœbe, tuis.	760
Tibi hæc cruenta ferta texuntur manu, Novæ quæ serpens ligat: Tibi hæc, Typhœus membra quæ discors tulit, Qui regna concussit Jovis.	765
Vectoris istic perfidi sanguis inest, Quem Nessus exspirans dedit.	770
Cetæus isto cinere defecit rogas, Qui virus Herculeum bibit.	775

by the banks of the Tartarus, and let the guilty souls released from their punishment, for the nonce, hasten to the forthcoming novel marriage! (Medea calls it novel, because she considers herself the wife.) Let the wheel, which is turning round the body of Ixion, stop its rotations, and suffer him to reach the ground once more! Let Tantalus, unbalked in his efforts, freely quench his thirst in the waters of the Pirenean fountain. Let a much heavier punishment than his fall to the lot of the father-in-law of my husband (Creon). Let the slippery rock cease to roll back from the mountain upon Sisyphus!

Oh! ye Danaïdes, assemble ye likewise, cease to expend your vain labor of filling the perforated urn—this is the

day which will require useful exertions at your hands (acting up to thy previous example, of slaying thy husbands on the first night of thy marriage.) And now! Oh! thou Star of the Night (the Moon), invoked by my sacred appeals, come forth, assume thy most angry looks, but be thou not threatening in one of thy aspects only! but in all three of them. (Diana, Hecate, Phœbe.) It is for thee, releasing my tresses from their fastenings, after the fashion of nocturnal magicians, that I have wandered through the solitary groves with my naked feet, and have drawn down, by my incantations, copious showers from a cloudless sky, and have caused the sea to sink down to its lowest depths, whilst the ocean, with its impetuous tides subdued by my powers, has retired with its ponderous waters quite below its accustomed bed, and in like manner the entire laws of the firmament have been controverted and placed in abeyance, and the wonder-struck world has been known to be gazing at the sun, and the stars at one and the same moment of time, and the Arctic Bears, which are expressly forbidden to fall below the horizon, have been made by me to dip themselves in the sea! I have changed the very order of the seasons, the Earth has flourished with all the golden tints of summer, and Ceres has been coerced into yielding a plenteous harvest in the very depths of winter—The turbulent waves of the Phasis I have transformed into whimpering streams! And the Danube, which is divided into so many estuaries, has been caused by me to draw in its threatening waters, and has only modestly approached its various banks! The waves have sounded, one moment, like thunder, and the sea has swelled with very rage, when the winds were absolutely quiescent; at my word of command the entire area of some ancient forest has been suddenly denuded of its foliage—Phœbus has stopped at my bidding his fiery chariot in the middle of the day, and the Hyades, moved by my incantations, have absolutely trembled! Oh Phœbe, come thou to the sacrifice which I have prepared in honor of thee, this chaplet intertwined with nine serpents thereon has been woven for thee by my very own blood-stained hands, which are herewith at thy disposal are the very portions (the serpents) of the body although out of character once possessed by the recalcitrant Typhœus, (some of the giants had those appendages to their feet) when he shook from its very foundations the mighty Kingdom of Jupiter! Here is some of the blood of that treacherous abductor, Nessus, which he gave me himself, when he was dying! These cinders are just imported from the funeral pile at Oëta, which swallowed up the poison, that destroyed

Piæ fororis, impiæ matris facem, Ultricis Althææ vides.	780
Reliquit iftas invio plumas specu Harpyia, dum Zeten fugit. His adice pennas faucis Stymphalidos, Lernæa passæ spicula.	
Sonuitis <i>xi</i> , <i>xi</i> . tripodas agnosco meos, Favente commotos Dea.	785
Video Triviæ currus agiles, Non quos pleno lucida vultu Pernox agitat; sed quos facie Lurida mœsta, cum Theffalicy Vexata minis, cœlum freno Propiore legit. sic face tristem Pallida lucem funde per auras;	790
Horrore novo terre populos; Inque auxilium, Dictynna, tuum Pretiosa sonent æra Corinthi.	795
Tibi fanguineo cæspite sacrum Solemne damus. tibi de medio Rapta sepulcro fax nocturnos Sustulit ignes. tibi mota caput Flexa voces cervice dedi.	800
Tibi funereo de more jacens Passos cingit vitta capillos. Tibi jactatur tristis Stygia Ramus ab unda, tibi nudato Pectore Mænas sacro feriam Brachia cultro.	805
Manet noster fanguis ad aras. Affuesce, manus, stringere ferrum, Carosque pati posse cruores.	810
Sacrum laticem percussa dedi. Quod si nimium sæpe vocari Quereris, votis ignosce, precor. Causa vocandi, Perfei, tuos Sæpius arcus, una atque eadem Semper, lason. tu nunc vestes Tingue Creusæ, quas cum primum Sumserit, imas urat serpens Flamma medullas. ignis fulvo Clufus in auro latet obscurus;	815
Quem mihi, cœli qui furta luit Viscere foeto, dedit, & docuit Condere vires arte Prometheus.	820

Hercules! Here, you see the veritable torch of the revengeful mother, the impious Althæa, but at the same time affectionate sister—(Althæa killed her own son, because he slew her brothers).

Here are the identical feathers which the Harpy left

behind it, in the cave so difficult of access, when it flew away from Zetes! To these let me add the feathers of one of the Stymphalides, which was wounded (brought down) by an arrow charged with the poison of the Lernæan Hydra! Hark! Hark! The altars are giving out a sound of some sort, I fancy my tripod is in motion, the goddess then is favorable! I behold the graceful chariot of the tri-une goddess (on account of her three capacities), and not wearing that full serene face with which she usually shines all the night through, but with that sad expression on her pale countenance which she presented when, harassed by the threatening importunities of the Thessalian magicians, when she drew rein as she described her downward journey in quitting the skies! And in like manner let me diffuse through the air a doleful irradiation, with my torch feebly burning, let me astonish the people with this newly-devised scare of mine, and oh! Dictynna (another name for Phœbe), the tinkling brazen cymbals of Corinth, held in such high estimation, shall come to thy aid! It is to thee I will offer up a solemn sacrifice on the blood-strewn leafy grass—for thee, that the torch from the accommodating tomb has kept up its nocturnal blaze—it is for thee I was uttering my supplications, when I turned round and moved my head excitedly (corybantically), it was for thee that that my head-dress surmounted my disordered locks, after the fashion adopted at funerals! It is for thee, that my hand is waving this mournful branch, which was washed up by the Stygian streams—it is for thee that with my breast laid bare as a Mænad, I will pierce my arms with the sacred knife, that my own blood may flow at thy altars! Let me accustom myself to the drawing of the sword, and let me be able to spare the loss of blood, which now is all the more precious to me. (She means she will require all her physical vigor to carry out the slaughter of her children.) I have wounded (struck) myself, and have supplied the sacrificial fluids. But, if thou shouldst complain that I call upon thee too much, I entreat thee pardon my importunate demands! Oh! Perseis, (another name for Hecate) they are always for one and the same object, that I implore thy valuable assistance, always, Jason! And now let me impregnate this cloak for Creusa, which as soon as she puts it on, the creeping flames will consume the body down to the innermost marrow, and the very bones containing it!

The fiery element inclosed in this gold is in a latent state at present, and therefore not detectable—this is what Prometheus gave me himself, who paid the penalty for this theft from heaven, with his re-producing entrails (a vulture

Dedit & tenui fulfure tectos Mulciber ignes. & vivacis	825
Fulgura flammæ de cognato Phaethonte tuli. habeo mediæ Dona Chimæaræ. Habeo flammæ ufto tauri	
Guttire raptas; quas permixto Felle Medufæ, tacitum iuffi Servare malum.	830
Adde venenis ftimulos, Hecate, Donifque meis femina flammæ Condita ferva. fallant vifus,	835
Tactufque ferant. meet in pectus Venafque calor. ftillent artus, Offaque fument; vincatque fuas Flagrante coma nova nupta faces.	
Vota tenentur; ter latratus Audax Hecate dedit, & facros Edidit ignes face luctifera.	840
Peraçta vis eft omnis. huc natos voca, Pretiofa per quos dona nubenti feras. Ite, ite nati, matris infauftæ genus, *	845
Placate vobis munere & multa prece Dominam & novercam. vadite, & celeres domum Referte greffus, ultimo amplexu ut fruar.	

CHORUS.

Furorem Medæ Chorus timet, malitiam ejus exsecratus.

Q UONAM cruenta Mænas	
Præceps amore sævo Rapitur? quod impotenti Facinus parat furore? Vultus citatus ira Riget, & caput feroci Quatiens fuperba motu	850
Regi minatur ultro. Quis credat exfulantem? Flagrant genæ rubentes, Pallor fugat ruborem.	855

fed on them, each day, when they would re-appear) and who, at the same time, told me the best way of utilising its potency—and Vulcan gave me some of his fire from Ætna, covered over with thin layers of sulphur, and I

have also some of the identical lightning from the thunderbolt, with which Jupiter killed Phaëthon, a kinsman of my own! I have likewise a contribution from that monster, Chimæra, which will be useful; I have some of the veritable flames, which were breathed from the fiery mouth of the bull of Colchis, which I have taken care to preserve, as an especial destructive agent, defying all detection, mixing them with some of Medusa's gall! Oh! Hecate! Give energy to my various poisons, preserve under thy careful surveillance these quintessences with my other offerings—let them defy all detection by the human eye, and let them bear handling, without suspicion—when brought into operation, let the intense heat, given out, penetrate the chest, and run through every vein! Let it traverse through every limb in the body, and let the very bones send up their fumes (thoroughly carbonizing them). Let this new bride far outshine with her own burning locks (effects of the flames), her nuptial torch! My vows are held in favor! Hecate, who has dared all this for me, has just given me the watch-cry, three significant shouts! And she has brought her own sacred fire, in her luminous torch every power is now brought to bear! Call the sons hither, nurse, to whom thou must intrust these precious gifts for the bride-elect! Now, go, oh my sons, offspring of an ill-starred repudiated mother, commend yourselves to the favourable consideration, in presenting these gifts with many benedictions to your future mistress, and step-mother! Now go, and hasten your return to the palace, that I may still have time for a last embrace!

CHORUS.

The Chorus dreads the fury of Medea, and execrates her malicious deeds.

By what cruel passion, is this blood-thirsty Mænad being carried away headlong? What terrible crime is Medea now concocting in her ungovernable madness? Her countenance, inflamed with anger, has quite a set expression and the proud woman is shaking her head wildly, and judging from her gestures, she is threatening the King, with something quite beyond our conception! Who would believe that Medea was a condemned exile? Her reddened cheeks are burning at one moment, and the next, a deadly pallor takes the place of that redness! She does not retain either color for any

Nullum vagante forma Servat diu colorem. Huc fert pedes & illuc, Ut tigris orba natis, Curfu furente lufrat	860
Gangeticum nemus: sic Frenare nefcit iras Medea, non amores. Nunc ira amorque causam Junxere. quid fequetur?	865
Quando efferet Pelafgis Nefanda Colchis arvis Greffum, metuque folvet Regnum, fimulque reges?	870
Nunc, Phoebe, mitte currus Nullo morante loro. Nox condat alma lucem. Mergat diem timendum Dux noctis Hefperugo.	875

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS, CHORUS, NUTRIX, MEDEA, JASON.

Narrat nuntius, Creufam cum patre regiaque tota flagraffe perniciofo Medea munere. Medea filios fuos trucidat, & aufugit.

P NUNT. P ERIERE cuncta. concidit regni ftatus. Nata atque genitor cinere permixto jacent.	880
CHOR. Qua fraude capti? NUNT. Qua folent reges capi; Donis. CHOR. In illis effe quis potuit dolus?	
NUNT. Et ipfe miror; vixque jam facto malo Potuiffe fieri credo. CHOR. Quis cladis modus?	

length of time on her changeable face! Hither and thither she paces wildly, even as a tigress, robbed of her cubs, searches with instinctive anxiety the forests of the Ganges, raging furiously as it follows up the track, and thus Medea is unable to resist the force of her anger, and the strength of her repudiated passion! Now when anger and baulked love join in hostile array, what may not the consequences be? When will this wicked woman from Colchis take her departure from our Pelasgian country? Or will she keep the kingdom, and at the same time the kings themselves in a perpetual state of alarm?

Now, Phœbus, send on thy chariots quickly, let no tightening of the reins release the speed (this, in allusion to the day granted to Medea) and let merciful darkness obscure the light! Let the herald of the coming night, Hesperus, obliterate with its advent this fearful Day!

ACT V.

MESSENGER—CHORUS—NURSE—MEDEA—JASON

The messenger reports that Creusa, her father and the entire palace have been consumed by the flames arising from the present sent by Medea.

MESSENGER.

ALL things have perished! The stability of the Kingdom has collapsed, father and daughter are laid low in death—their ashes are intermingled!

CHORUS.

By what wicked treachery were they thus deprived of life?

MESSENGER.

By gifts, as Kings usually are deluded! (In the same manner, that fishes are accustomed to be taken in by the hook!)

CHORUS.

But what treachery can there be in their case?

MESSENGER.

And I wonder myself, what it can be, I can scarcely believe, even now, that it occurred as the work of an incendiary!

CHORUS.

But how was this terrible destruction first brought about? (Does there appear any limit to it?)

NUNT. Avidus per omnem regiæ partem furit, Ut iussus, ignis: jam domus tota occidit, Urbi timetur. CHOR. Unda flammæ opprimat.	885
NUNT. Et hoc in ista clade mirandum accidit, Alit unda flammæ, quoque prohibetur magis, Magis ardet ignis: ipsa præfidia occupat.	890
NUTR. Effer citatum sede Pelopeia gradum, Medea. præceps quas libet terras pete.	
MED. Egon' ut recedam? si profugissem prius, Ad hoc redirem. nuptias specto novas. Quid, anime, cessas? sequere felicem impetum.	895
Pars ultionis ista, qua gaudes, quota est? Amas adhuc, furiosa, si fatis est tibi Cælebs Jason. quære pænarum genus Haud usitatum: jamque sic temet para. Fas omne cedat. abeat expulsus pudor.	900
Vindicta levis est, quam ferunt puræ manus. Incumbe in iras, teque languentem excita, Penitusque veteres pectore ex imo impetus Violentus hauri. quidquid admiffum est adhuc, Pietas vocetur. hoc age, & saxo, sciant,	905
Quam levia fuerint, quamque vulgaris notæ, Quæ commodavi scelera. prolucit dolor Per ista nofter. quid manus poterant rudes Audere magnum? quid puellaris furor? Medea nunc sum. crevit ingenium malis.	910
Juvat, juvat rapuisse fraternal caput. Artus juvat secuisse, & arcano patrem Spoliassè sacro. juvat in exitium senis Armassè natas. quære materiam, dolor: Ad omne facinus non rudem dextram afferes.	915
Quo te igitur, ira, mittis? aut quæ perfido Intendis hosti tela? nescio quid ferox	

MESSENGER.

A most destructive fire is raging at this present moment throughout every part of the palace; it looks more now as if it were the work of some incendiary, and now that the whole palace has fallen a prey to the flames, serious fears are entertained, lest it might spread all over the city!

CHORUS.

Does not the water keep down the flames?

MESSENGER.

No! The curious feature presenting itself in this calamitous business is, that the water only seems to feed the

flames, instead of extinguishing them, and the greater the efforts made to restrain them, the more fiercely the fire rages, it seems only to strengthen itself by what is done to keep it down!

NURSE.

Oh! Medea, hasten thy steps from this land of Pelops, seek out, whatever country thou likest!

MEDEA.

Why should I go away? If I had gone away some time ago, I should return now (most certainly) for I take a great interest in this novel marriage! Oh my soul, why should I cease my task? Let me follow up this happy turn of events; otherwise, to what does my part in this act of revenge end, in which I have so much reason to rejoice!

Oh! Medea, in thy maddened condition, is it that thou still lovest Jason? If thou considerest the present calamities sufficient for that now celibate Jason!

No! Let me seek for some uncommon kind of punishment! And such being the case, let me get myself ready for any thing! Let every known law yield to my will, and let all absurd tears, once shaken off, be for ever absent from my mind! That revenge is confessedly slow work, in which hitherto unstained hands have been engaged. (By this is meant a justification for the slaughter of Creon and Creusa, therefore *pure unstained*, Creon being an enemy, and Creusa an interloping mistress.) Let me hark back to all my pristine wrath, and let me shake myself out of any languorous yearnings, and let me draw forth from the lowest recesses of my soul some of the old forces, which are still within me! But let them, if anything, be more violent than ever! So that what has heretofore been accomplished by me, may appear in the light of comparative innocence! Now let me set to work, I would that they should be made fully to understand how trivial, how commonplace, the crimes which I have already perpetrated have really been! My anger has merely been passing through its premonitory stages, (a mere prologue to the tragedy). What raw novice would dare to attempt anything on a really grand scale! What, for example, did my girlish anger (achievements) amount to? Now I am Medea (if you please) and my abilities have improved during my long career of crime! Things gave me satisfaction at the time. I was pleased when I took away my brother's life, I was pleased also,

Decrevit animus intus, & nondum fibi Audet fateri. stulta properavi nimis. Ex pellice utinam liberos hostis meus	920
Aliquos habere! quidquid ex illo tuum est, Creufa peperit. placuit hoc poenæ genus, Meritoque placuit. ultimum agnosco scelus. Anime, parandum est. liberi quondam mei, Vos pro paternis sceleribus poenas date.	925
Cor pepulit horror, membra torpescunt gelu, Pectusque tremuit. ira discessit loco, Materque tota conjuge expulsa redit. Egon' ut meorum liberum ac prolis meæ Fundam cruorem? melius, ah demens furor!	930
Incognitum istud facinus, ac dirum nefas A me quoque absit. quod scelus miseri luent? Scelus est Jason genitor, & majus scelus Medea mater. occidant: non sunt mei. Pereant? mei sunt. crimine & culpa carent.	935
Sunt innocentes. fateor: & frater fuit. Quid, anime, titubas? ora quid lacrimæ rigant? Variamque nunc huc ira, nunc illic amor Diducit? anceps æstus incertam rapit. Ut læva rapidi bella cum venti gerunt;	940
Utrinque fluctus maria discordes agunt, Dubiumque pelagus fervet: haud aliter meum Cor fluctuatur. ira pietatem fugat, Iramque pietas. cede pietati, dolor. Huc cara proles, unicum afflictæ domus	945
Solamen, huc vos ferte, & infusus mihi Conjungite artus. habeat incolumes pater Dum & mater habeat. urget exilium, ac fuga. Jam jam meo rapiuntur avulsi e finu, Flentes, gementes. osculis pereant patris;	950
Periere matris. rursus increfcit dolor, Et fervet odium. repetit invitam manum Antiqua Erinnyes. ira, qua ducis, sequor. Utinam superbæ turba Tantalidos meo Exiffet utero, bisque septenos parens	955

when I handed the weapons of destruction to the daughters of Pelias, to deal the finishing blow to that poor old man! Let my present anger, however, seek out for adequate materials upon which to finish my crowning revenge! I shall not, at all events, be employing hands inexperienced in crime for any thing I may decide upon! But where, into what channel, may I ask myself, am I now steering? Or, again, what are the exact weapons that I should level against that perfidious enemy, Jason? I really do not know, at present, what my angry mind has determined upon within itself! Probably I have as yet been in rather too much foolish haste! But

I wish this much, that my enemy had had some children by that concubine Creusa; whatever there are, are mine, as far as Jason has made them so!

I must suppose that Creusa gave birth to them, tutor my mind to that belief! This kind of punishment has pleased me, and deservedly pleased me, and I acknowledge that it is a veritable consummation of my desires! Oh my soul, let preparations be made! Oh! ye children, once suffer punishment for your father's wickedness! A feeling of horror vexes my soul, my limbs are stiffened with the chill which comes over me, and my heart is in a flutter! My anger has quitted its post and the "Mother" only becomes the ascendant force, and prevails over the other, the "repudiated wife"! And can I really bring myself to shed the blood of my children, my own very offspring!

Better perhaps! Alas! my mad rage, that ever such a crime should have been thought of, and would that such cruel wickedness had kept itself out of my mind! What crime have those children committed, that they should suffer punishment? Yes! Jason is the crime! Jason is their father, and the greater crime is Medea—they must perish, if they are not mine! Let them be sacrificed, if they are mine, they are free both of crime and blame, I confess, and so was my brother! What! Oh, my soul, art thou hesitating again? Why do the tears course down my cheeks? And why does my anger lead me on vacillatingly, hither one minute, and love (repudiated love) draw me thither the next? A wavering impetuous tide controls me, as when the tempestuous winds proclaim a cruel war, and the contending waves, swelling here, surging there, at every turn exert their dominion over the sea, and the perplexed ocean, as it were, boils up in anger! Alas! Oh! my anger, let me now yield to affection—Bring yourselves, hither, oh! my darling offspring, the only consolation left to me from my afflicted home, and embrace me with your arms thrown around me! May your father afford you his safe protection, and although your mother would protect you in like manner, exile,—flight,—are driving me from you! And now they may soon be torn, weeping and mourning, from my bosom! Let them be dead to the kisses of a father if they are to be dead to those of a mother! My anger is getting the upper hand again, and my mind will still nurse its hatred! Erinnys, as of old, urging me on to a fresh crime, repeats her odious assistance! Oh! my anger! wherever thou leadest me, I must follow!

I only wish then, that a whole army of proud Tantalides had emerged from my womb, and that I had been

Natos tuliffem! sterilis in pœnas fui.	
Fratrî patrique quod fat est, peperî duos.	
Quonam ista tendit turba Furiarum impotens?	
Quem quærit? aut quo flammeos ictus parat?	
Aut cui cruentas agmen infernum faces	960
Intentat? ingens anguis excuffo fonat	
Tortus flagello. quem trabe in festa petit	
Megæra? cujus umbra disperfis venit	
Incerta membris? frater est. pœnas petit.	
Dabimus. sed omnes fige luminibus faces:	965
Lania, perure. pectus en furiis paret.	
Discedere a me, frater, ultrices Deas,	
Manesque ad imos ire securas jube:	
Mihi me relinque, & utere hac, frater, manu,	
Quæ strinxit enssem: victima manes tuos	970
Placemus ista. Quid repens affert sonus?	
Parantur arma, meque in exitium petunt.	
Excelsa nostræ tecta conscendam domus	
Cæde inchoata. perge tu mecum comes.	
Tuum quoque ipsa corpus hinc mecum aveham.	975
Nunc hoc age, anime. non in occulto tibi est	
Perdenda virtus. approba populo manum.	
JAS. Quicumque regum cladibus fidus doles,	
Concurre, ut ipsam sceleris auctorem horridi	
Capiamus. huc, huc, fortis armigeri cohors,	980
Conferte tela. vertite ex imo domum.	
MED. Jam jam recepi sceptrâ, germanum, patrem;	
Spoliumque Colchi pecudis auratæ tenent.	
Rediere regna. raptâ virginitas rediit.	
O placida tandem numina! o festum diem!	985
O nuptialem! vade. perfectum est scelus;	
Vindicta nondum perage, dum faciunt manus.	
Quid nunc moraris, anime? quid dubitas? potes.	
Jam cecidit ira. pœnitet. facti pudet.	
Quid, misera, feci? misera, pœniteat licet,	990
Feci. voluptas magna me invitam subit;	

the parent of fourteen sons! I have been restricted in my punishments! (*Medea wishes for fourteen children, in order to punish Jason all the more arithmetically.*) I have only brought forth two, which must be enough, one for my slaughtered brother, and the other for the outraged father! I wonder, though, what that redoubtable group of Furies are bent upon? Whom are they seeking? Or for whom are they preparing, with their burning blows? Or whom, that the tribe from the infernal regions are threatening, with their cruel torches? There, a huge serpent, curled up, is hissing as it shakes out its whips! For whom is Megæra looking now, with that horrible flaming beam of fire? (a huge torch.) Whose

shade is this, which is now approaching with its dismembered body—it is not very clear to my mind?

Ah! yes! I see now, it is that of my brother, he is seeking for some one's punishment. I will give it to him, and therefore hurl all thy torches at my eyes, if thou wilt, tear me in pieces,—consume me entirely with thy fires! Look! My breast is open to the Furies, for their attack! Oh! my brother, let those representatives of the avenging Goddesses depart from my sight, in security to the Manes below! Leave me to myself, oh, my brother, and I, who unsheathed this sword, let it be employed by the hand which now holds it! I will appease the Manes, with this victim! (Here Medea strikes down the first child.)—What sudden sound is that, which reaches my ears? A clanking of weapons indicates some slaughtering preparations, and they are evidently seeking me for destruction! My killing operations having already commenced, I will mount up to the lofty chambers of the palace, and come thou, nurseling, with me, as a companion! I will carry thy body with me from this place. (This said to the slaughtered child.)

(Medea carries the dead body of one son, and leads the other by the hand to the rooms above.)

Now, oh my soul, once set to work, my presence of mind must not forsake me at this juncture, let me show my power to these people—the advanced guard.

JASON.

Now then, whatever faithful followers amongst you, who grieve for the slaughter of your king, assemble! So that we may seize upon the real perpetrix of all these horrible crimes. Come hither—hither advance, thou band of brave warriors, get ready your weapons, and destroy this house from its lowest foundations!

MEDEA.

Already, Jason, already I have got possession of the sceptre, my brother,—my father, and they represent to me the recovery of the treasure stolen from Colchis—the golden fleece.—My kingdom has verily returned to me, and my virginity of which thou deprivedst me, appears to be restored to me! At last, I can exclaim. Oh! ye benignant Deities! Oh! the joyful day come at last! Oh! what nuptial delight! Let me go, my crimes have been literally crowned—not as yet, however, has my revenge been got rid of, let me exert myself, whilst my hands are in training, for the task before me. Why do

Et ecce crefcit. deerat hoc unum mihi, Spectator ipfe. nil adhuc factum reor. Quidquid fine ifto fecimus fccleris, periiit.	
JAS. En ipfa tecti parte præcipiti imminet.	995
Huc rapiat ignes aliquis, ut flammis cadat Suis perufta. MED. Congere extremum tuis Natis, Jafon, funus, ac tumulum frue. Conjux focerque iufta jam functis habent A me feputli. natus hic fatum tulit.	1000
Hic te vidente dabitur exitio pari. JAS. Per numen omne, perque communes fugas, Torofque, quos non noftra violavit fides, Jam parce nato. fi quod eft crimen, meum eft: Me dede morti; noxium mafta caput.	1005
MED. Hac, qua recufas, qua doles, ferrum exigam. I nunc, superbe, virginum thalamos pete. Relinque matres JAS. Unus eft pœnæ fatis. MED. Si poffet una cæde fatiari manus, Nullam petiffet. ut duos perimam tamen,	1010
Nimum eft dolori numerus anguftus meo. In matre fi quod pignus etiamnum latet, Scrutabor ente vifcera, & ferro extraham. JAS. Jam perage coeptum facinus, haud ultra precor; Moramque faltem fuppliciis dona meis.	1015
MED. Perfruere lento fcclere; ne propera, dolor. Meus dies eft: tempore accepto utimur.	

I now slacken my resolutions. Oh my soul, why hesitate at all? Thou hast all the strength and power about thee—my anger sometimes subsides—I repent, I repent of the deed I have committed—What have I done, oh, miserable, it is allowable to be in a penitent mood, after I have done the deed; nevertheless, a great inward satisfaction takes possession of me, in spite of my temporary unwillingness, and, what is more, it increases with me—only one thing was wanting to make things perfect, and that was Jason himself as an eye-witness! I am inclined for that reason to think nothing of what has been done, whatever crime I have committed without him as a witness, seems to count for nothing!

JASON (*to his soldiers*).

Behold, there she is, leaning over a precipitous projection of the roof; let one of you bring some fire hither, that she may fall a victim to the same flames she has used against others.

MEDEA.

Jason, rather heap up the materials for a funeral pile for thine own sons, and prepare a tomb for them. A wife and father-in-law have had the justice done to them which is due to the dead (the fire), they were duly buried by me, (pointing to the first son killed) that son has met his fate already, and this one, in thy very own sight, shall receive a similar end.

JASON.

By every known deity—by the exile which we have shared in common—and by our marriage-bed, and of which, I can truly say, I have never violated the nuptial confidence, of my own free will;—do spare me one son at all events! If there be any criminal it is I, myself—hand me over to death—sacrifice my criminal life.

MEDEA.

I shall use the sword where thou dost not wish it to be visited, and which thou wilt most grieve for—Go now! Proud adulterer, seek for thy marriage-bed amongst the virgins, and quit the presence of her, whom thou hast made a mother!

JASON.

One child surely is enough punishment for thee to exact!

MEDEA.

No! If I could possibly have been satisfied with one slaughter, I should not have sought for any—so that I shall have to slay two, and a small number too, in proportion to the extent of my wrath; and what is more, if there were the most latent germ of motherhood left within my body, I would search out my womb with this sword and extract it forthwith.

JASON.

Now finish completely the wickedness thou hast so successfully commenced with, and grant me as short a time as possible before thou beginnest to visit me with punishment!

MEDEA.

No! Enjoy at thy leisure the results of thy one crime; do not be in any hurry—oh! my angered spirit!—this day is mine—let me use profitably the time agreed upon!

JAS. Infesta memet perime. MED. Mifereri jubes.
 Bene est, paractum est. plura non habui, dolor,
 Quæ tibi litarem. lumina huc tumida alleva, 1020
 Ingrate Jason, conjugem agnoscis tuam?
 Sic fugere soleo. patuit in cœlum via.
 Squammofa gemini colla serpentes jugo
 Summiffa præbent. recipe jam natos parens.
 Ego inter auras aliti curru vehar. 1025
 JAS. Per alta vade spatia sublimi ætheris:
 Testare nullos esse, qua veheris, Deos.

JASON.

Oh! cruel woman, let me perish myself!

MEDEA.

Thou askest me to pity thee! (Here she strikes down the second son.) I am satisfied my task is now fully accomplished—I have nothing more, if I could, to sacrifice to my anger!—Ungrateful Jason!

Raise towards me thy swollen orbs! Dost thou now acknowledge that thou hast a wife? This is my mode of taking up my exile! My usual style of flight! The way to the heavens is open to me, two dragons (green griffins) submit their scaly necks to the yoke of my chariot, and Jason, thou parent, take great care of thy sons, whilst I am borne along to the aerial regions in my swift chariot!

JASON.

Through those lofty spaces of the sublime sky along which thou mayst be conveyed, there surely must be no gods, who will bear witness to thy flight—with impunity!

AGAMEMNON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THYESTES.	AGAMEMNON.
CLYTÆMNESTRA.	CASSANDRA.
NUTRIX.	EURYBATES.
ÆGISTHUS.	ELECTRA.
CHORUS ARGIVARUM sive	STROPHIUS.
MYCENÆARUM.	CHORUS ILIADUM.
ORESTES, muta perſona.	PYLADES, muta perſona.

ARGUMENTUM.

THYESTIS umbra, ulcifcendi injuriarum (de quibus vide Thyestis argumentum) cupida, filium Ægifthum in cædem Agamemnonis incitat. Ille itaque Agamemnonem victorem a Troja reducem in convivio impervia irretitum veste occidit, confilii cædisque particeps Clytæmneſtra, quam absente marito Agamemnone corruerat. Caſſandram deinde Agamemnoni amatam ab aris avulſam occidit. Electram, quod fratrem Orestem amandarât, carceri mancipari jubent.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

THYESTIS UMBRA.

Thyestis umbra ab inferis adveniens Ægifthum ad vindictam sibi ab oraculo promissam invitat.

O PACA linquens Ditis inferni loca,
 Adſum profundo Tartari emiſſus ſpecu,
 Incertus utras oderim ſedes magis.
 Fugio Thyestes inferos, ſuperos fugo.
 En horret animus, & pavor membra excutit: 5
 Video paternos, immo fraternos lares.
 Hoc eſt vetuſtum Pelopiæ limen domus.
 Hinc auſpicari regium capiti decus
 Mos eſt Pelasgis, hoc cedent alti toro,
 Quibus ſuperba ſceptra geſtantur manu. 10

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THYESTES.	AGAMEMNON.
CLYTÆMNESTRA.	CASSANDRA.
NURSE.	EURYBATES.
ÆGISTHUS.	ELECTRA.
CHORUS OF ARGOS or MYCENÆ WOMEN.	STROPHIUS.
ORESTES, mute personage.	CHORUS OF TROJANS.
	PYLADES, mute personage.

ARGUMENT.

THE shade of Thyestes, anxious to avenge his injuries, (for which see argument to Thyestes) urges on Ægisthus, his son, to kill Agamemnon (who returns as a conqueror from Troy), at a banquet, having enveloped him in a cloak from which he could not extricate himself—Clytæmnestra, whom he had seduced when her husband Agamemnon was absent, aiding and abetting him in the murder. Ægisthus, after that, slays Cassandra, the captive mistress of Agamemnon, dragging her away from the altar. They, Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra, order Electra to be thrown into prison, because she had sent away Orestes, who had been conveyed to a place of security:

ACT I.

SHADE OF THYESTES.

The shade of Thyestes, arriving from the infernal regions, calls upon Ægisthus to carry out the revenge, which had been promised him by the oracle.

HERE I am, having just quitted the dark abodes in the infernal regions of Pluto, an emissary from the profound caves of Tartarus, and I am quite uncertain in my mind which habitations I prefer the more, and I, Thyestes, whilst I am flying on this temporary journey from Hell, absolutely feel a reluctance to face these upper regions of the Earth. Oh! my mind is in a horrible state, and fear shakes my very limbs. I see around me my paternal Lares, yea, I see my brother's also! This is the veritable threshold of the ancient palace of Pelops—here, I recollect it was the custom amongst the Pelasgi,

prey feeds perpetually upon the re-produced entrails of Prometheus! Or, where Tantalus burning with his parching thirst, longingly beholds the streams around him, and vainly seeks to quench that consuming thirst with the waters, as they retreat from his disappointed lips! This is the way he was made to expiate his crime, the memorable feast he once offered to the gods! But how large a proportion of punishment is that old man undergoing for the sins of our family! We must reckon them all: first, those criminals whom the Gnosian Magistrate, Minos, condemned for their wicked acts to that eternal Urn. But I, Thyestes, put all the others to the blush with my performances (evil deeds), yet I think I must award the palm, after all, to my brother Atreus, for through his machinations my inside has been replenished with three children, buried away in my interior. I have been made to derive nourishment from my own entrails—nor, up to that time, had bad luck stigmatized me in my paternal capacity (for he committed the crime of eating his own offspring in utter ignorance). But another greater crime than any which Fortune has dared to saddle me with; I was destined by the Oracle, to seek for an impious sexual connexion with my own daughter, and the worst of it was I received the decree with no sort of abashed alarm, but caught at the offence rather anxiously than otherwise! Therefore, in order that I might pose to the world as a parent on a grand scale, it was ordained that my propagating capabilities should be visited upon my entire progeny (meaning his own children), and my own daughter, in obedience to the oracle, appears on the scene, with an impregnated womb worthy, I say, in every way of such a father! The laws of nature have verily been reversed! Oh! dreadful to think of: I have given rise to a singular medley, parent and grand-parent,—husband and father—son and grandson, a thorough case of dark night and bright day, attempting to appear at one and the same time! But, at length, the sincerity of that uncertain oracle, though late in the day after the fate of myself and brother had been disposed of—looks nevertheless with some favor upon those worn out with their troubles. That King of Kings, Agamemnon, the acknowledged head of the generals, whose thousand ships following his standards, have literally covered the Phrygian seas with their flaunting sails, is now coming back from vanquished Troy after an absence of ten years, during which time Phœbus has been driving his incessant chariots (annual courses)—to give up his neck, forsooth to the poignard of his own wife! And as before, so again the palace will flow with the blood arising out of alternating

Adest, daturus conjugi jugulum suæ.
 Jam jam natabit fanguine alterno domus.
 Enses, fecures, tela, divifum gravi 45
 Ictu bipennis regium video caput.
 Jam scelera prope sunt; jam dolus, cædes, cruor.
 Parantur epulæ, caufa natalis tui,
 Ægiffhe, venit. quid pudor vultus gravat?
 Quid dextra dubio trepida confilio labat? 50
 Quid ipse temet confulis, torques, rogas,
 An deceat hoc te? respice ad matrem; decet.
 Sed cur repente noctis æftivæ vices,
 Hiberna longa spatia producunt mora?
 Aut quid cadentes detinet stellas polo? 55
 Phœbum moramur, redde jam mundo diem.

CHORUS ARGIVARUM.

Chorus e mulieribus Argivis feu Mycenæis (vid. argum. primi
 chori Thyestæi) excellam fortunam queritur inftabilem, anxiam,
 periculis obnoxiam; mediocrem itaque illi præfert.

OREGNORUM magnis fallax
 Fortuna bonis, in præcipiti
 Dubioque nimis excelsa locas.
 Nunquam placidam fceptra quietem, 60
 Certumve fui tenuere diem.
 Alia ex alia cura fatigat,
 Vexatque animos nova tempeftas.
 Non fic Libycis Syrtibus æquor
 Furit alternos volvere fluctus; 65
 Non Euxini turget ab imis
 Commota vadis unda, nivali
 Vicina polo;
 Ubi cæruleis immunis aquis,
 Lucida verfat plauftra Bootes. 70
 Ut præcipites regum cafus

slaughter; the blood already shed (my children) and now
 the blood of this son of Atreus! I see already the swords
 —the battle-axes—the javelins! I can see in my mind's
 eye, the royal head of Agamemnon, being cut off by a
 blow from a powerful woman, with her two-edged weapon.
 (Clytæmnestra was a fine woman, and the strongest of the
 Tyndarides.) Now the real business of murder is not far
 off, and now for the snare (the cloak), the slaughter and
 the blood! The Banquet is ready (Thyestes is thinking
 of his own memorable banquet). Ægiffthus, the end and

aim of thy having been born is now within reach, awaiting execution. Why, pray, does mock shame cause thy countenance to assume such a grave look? Art thou being ashamed at having defiled the wife of an Uncle? Why does thy right hand appear to tremble hesitatingly, making thee unequal to the task before you? Why dost thou appear to be taking counsel with thyself? Why dost thou shift about and appear to be asking thyself, what thou shouldst do and how thou shouldst do what thou art to do? Does all this sort of thing become thee? Come! Come! think of what is due to thy mother (for complying with the oracle, as regards her relations with her father), it is right—I consider that thou shouldst do so! But why on a sudden, as it were, is it that the short nights of summer should drag out their length with all the tardy dreariness of a long winter's night? Why is it that the stars are detained so long (visible) in the heavens before they set? Ah! I see! I am the cause of this delay on the part of Phœbus—he does not like to face me! Well! I will go now and quit these upper regions, and thou, oh! Phœbus, restore bright day to the world!

CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF ARGOS.

The Chorus of the Women of Argos or Mycenæ, (see the argument of the first chorus in Thyestes) complains of exalted fortune, as unstable, full of anxieties and cares, and exposed to vicissitudes, and therefore gives the preference to mediocrity.

OH! Fortune, the incidental lot of kingdoms, so treacherous with the lavish gifts, it appears to be bestowing! Thou simply placest those whom thou raisest to a lofty height of an uncertain precipice! The proud sceptre never attains the enjoyment of placid repose, and the wielder thereof never passes a day in a state of certainty, as to his possible fate! One care tires us out, as it follows another, and a fresh tempest of troubles springs up to harass our souls, not even is it less irksome (to contend against in proportion) than when the sea in the Libyan Syrtes is raging angrily, as the waves are surging first one way and then the other; nor when the sea so near the North Pole, excited into wrath by the tempests becomes more swollen in anger, when that sea is augmented by the low streams from the Euxine! where, holding aloof from the blue ocean, Boëtes regulates the course of his bright waggon! How fortune does revolve in its capricious wheel, the hazardous affairs

Fortuna rotat!	
Metui cupiunt, metuique timent.	
Non nox illis alma recessus	
Præbet tutos; non curarum	75
Somnus domitor pectora solvit.	
Quas non arces scelus alternum	
Dedit in præceps; impia quas non	
Arma fatigant? jura, pudorque	
Et conjugii sacrata fides,	80
Fugiunt aulas: sequitur tristis	
Sanguinolenta Bellona manu,	
Quæque superbos urit Erinnyes,	
Nimias semper comitata domos:	
Quas in planum quælibet hora	85
Tulit ex alto. licet arma vacent,	
Cessentque doli,	
Sidunt ipso pondere magna,	
Ceditque oneri Fortuna suo.	
Vela secundis inflata Notis,	90
Ventos nimium timuere suos.	
Nubibus ipsis inferta caput	
Turris pluvio vapulat Austro:	
Densaque nemus spargens umbras	
Annosa videt robora frangi.	95
Feriunt celos fulmina colles.	
Corpora morbis majora patent.	
Et cum in pastus armenta vagos	
Vilia currant, placet in vulnus	
Maxima cervix. Quidquid in altum	100
Fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.	
Modicis rebus longius ævum est.	
Felix, mediæ quisquis turbæ	
Sorte quietus,	
Aura stringit litora tuta;	105
Timidusque mari credere cymbam,	
Remo terras propiore legit.	

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CLYTÆMNESTRA, NUTRIX.

Sibi male conscia Clytæmnestra, atque adulterii pœnas, redeunte jam marito, verita, κακὰ κακότης ἰσθαι statuit, meditatur itaque Agamemnoni exitium: diffuadet nutrix.

of kings! They wish to be feared, and they dread being feared, and the quiet stillness of night affords no safe retirement for them—sleep, the great sedative of anxious care does not lighten the heaviness of their over-burdened souls! What lofty palace, at one time or another, has not fallen arising out of recriminating revenge (that is to say, one crime being avenged by another crime)?

what lofty palaces, again, are not harassed by impious wars? Constituted laws, becoming self-government and the sacred obligations of the marriage vow, seem to avoid, altogether, the palaces of the great! Thus it is that Bellona appears on the scene, followed in her train, by her sanguinary bands! And cruel Erinnyes, who is always in waiting, at the households of overgrown ambition inflames, all the more, the minds of the proud and haughty, whose lofty habitations any hour might suffice to level to the ground; and although there might not be any military display (absence of arms) and all kinds of treachery might be in abeyance, yet great kingdoms sink under their own weight, and like every condition of life must yield to the burdens imposed upon it, so elevated Fortune, by virtue of such elevation yields to its peculiar burdens! The very sails filled by a favorable south wind, are ever distrustful of the force which enables them to propel the ships along! A tower raising its lofty summit into the very clouds groans again from the impetuosity of the rainy south wind, and the proud forest, scattering far and wide the densest of shades, sees its aged oaks broken down by the storm! The lightnings smite the lofty hills! great bodies are more exposed to the inroads of disease! (The poet here alludes to the size, but he is not correct in a pathogenetic sense, for they only present a larger surface.) And when the ordinary (indiscriminate) members composing the herd, are allowed to roam at large over the feeding grounds, those with the largest necks (the bulls) are the ones which are selected for the sacrificial knife! Whatever fortune has borne to a lofty eminence, is raised, simply that it is doomed to fall (that is from a greater height). Durability preserves its character, only when mediocrity is sought after! Sensible is that man who rests quietly in the midst of a tremendous crowd, remaining like one who hugs the shore with a safe breeze, and so is that man who plies his oars as near the shore as he can, and who trusts with great misgivings his pinnacle to the smoothest of seas!

ACT II.

CLYTÆMNESTRA—NURSE.

Clytæmnestra, conscious within herself of her wickedness, and fearing the punishment she deserves for her adulterous practices, now that her husband has just returned, has set up the doctrine of crime being a remedy, for her guidance, and therefore meditates the destruction of Agamemnon, the Nurse, however, dissuading her from adopting such a step.

CLYT.	Q UO, fegnīs anime, tuta consilia expetis?	
	Quid fluctuaris? clusa jam melior via est.	
	Licuit pudicos conjugis quondam toros,	110
	Et sceptrā casta vidua tutari fide.	
	Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides,	
	Et qui redire, cum perit, nescit pudor.	
	Da frena, & omnem prona nequitiam incita:	
	Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.	115
	Tecum ipsa nunc evolve femineos dolos,	
	Quod ulla conjux perfida, atque impos fui,	
	Amore cæco; quod novercales manus	
	Aufæ; quod ardens impia virgo face,	
	Phasiaca fugiens regna Thefalica trabe:	120
	Ferrum, venena. vel Mycenæas domos,	
	Conjuncta socio profuge furtiva rate.	
	Quid timida loqueris furta, & exsilium, & fugas?	
	Soror ista fecit. te decet majus nefas.	
NUTR.	Regina Danaüm, & inclitum Ledæ genus,	125
	Quid tacita verfas? quidve consilii impotens	
	Tumido feroces impetus animo geris?	
	Licet ipsa fileas, totus in vultu est dolor.	
	Proin quidquid est, da tempus ac spatium tibi.	
	Quod ratio nequit, sæpe fanavit mora.	130
CLYT.	Majora cruciant, quam ut moras possim pati.	
	Flammæ medullas & cor exurunt meum.	
	Mixtus dolori subdidit stimulos timor.	
	Invidia pulsat pectus, hinc animum jugo	
	Premit Cupido turpis, & vinci vetat,	135
	Et inter istas mentis obfessæ faces,	
	Fessus quidem, & dejectus, & pessumdatus	
	Pudor rebellat. fluctibus variis agor:	
	Ut cum hinc profundum ventus, hinc æstus rapit,	
	Incerta dubitat unda, cui cedat malo.	140

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

OH! irresolute soul of mine! Why dost thou seek to carry out those designs only which are not fraught with dangerous consequences? The path open to thee, which is really the better one to take, is shut against thee! At one period, it was fully in thy power to uphold the honor of thy husband's marriage couch and to defend with thy chastest regard, the sceptre left for a time in thy conjugal keeping! But, lo! morals—law—respect for unsullied reputation—conjugal affection—and fidelity to the marriage-bed, have long since ceased to exist, and female modesty, when it has once been lost

sight of, is a thing ignorant of the road back into the paths of virtue!—Let me, therefore, banish all restraint, and let me, rather, in my downward course, encourage every and any wickedness suitable to my ends! The only safe road along the paths of crime, is to be armed with those forces which are antagonistic to the consequences arising out of crime,—therefore let me devise out of my own fertile brain every feminine treachery! That any other perfidious wife, forsooth, who had lost all self-control, would do, urged on like myself by a blind passion! What have not step-mothers, aforesaid, dared to carry into effect? What has not a Virgin, burning with all the ardour of an impious passion done aforesaid, when quitting the Phasian kingdom in the Thessalian Argo (the ship Argo)? Let me, then, have recourse to the sword—poison—or let me fly with my companion in crime, from my Mycenæan home, in some vessel in search of plunder! But why should I speak in this croaking fashion of plunders—exiles—flight? One of my sex (my own sister Helena amongst the number) has certainly done all these things, but it will become me to achieve some deed of greater wickedness!

NUR. Oh! Queen of the Greeks! Oh! thou illustrious offspring of Leda, why dost thou silently brood over thy designs? And why dost thou cherish such ferocious passions within thy swollen breast? Although thou art silent, thy anger fully proclaims itself in thy countenance—whatever thou intendest in the future, give thyself time—delay thy deliberations!

CLYT. Such great troubles are now harassing my peace of mind that I cannot possibly entertain any thoughts of delay—the flames of my passion are positively burning up the very narrow of my bones, and my heart itself! Another element becomes mixed up with my grievances, furnishes additional stings to my harrowed mind, and that is, jealousy! Jealousy invades my soul, and then a hateful criminal passion binds down my inclinations with its irresistible yoke, and defies me to subject it to any sort of control, and amongst these passions taking possession of my mind, shame, wearied out at last, despondent and finally overcome, openly rebels, and I am thus tossed about by the capricious waves (of conscience) as when the wind, at one time, seizes upon the mastery of the sea, and then, the perpetual ebbings and flowings of the impetuous tides, lead the opposition! The poor sea, in a state of bewilderment, knows not what to do—to which calamity it should succumb! Henceforward, I

Proinde omni regimen e manibus meis.
 Quocunque me ira, quo dolor, quo spes feret,
 Huc ire pergam. fluctibus dedimus ratem.
 Ubi animas errat, optimum est casum sequi.

NUTR. Cæca est temeritas, quæ petit casum ducem. 145
 CLYT. Cui ultima est fortuna, quid dubiam timet?
 NUTR. Tuta est, latetque culpa, si pateris, tua.
 CLYT. Perlucet omne regiæ vitium domus.
 NUTR. Piget prioris, & novum crimen struis?
 CLYT. Res est profecto stulta, nequitiae modus. 150
 NUTR. Quod metuit, auget, qui scelus scelere obruit.
 CLYT. Et ferrum & ignis sæpe medicinæ loco est.
 NUTR. Extrema primo nemo tentavit loco.
 CLYT. Rapienda rebus in malis præceps via est.
 NUTR. At te reflectat conjugii nomen sacrum. 155
 CLYT. Decem per annos vidua respiciam virum?
 NUTR. Meminisse debes sobolis ex illo tuæ.
 CLYT. Equidem & jugales filiae memini faces,
 Et generum Achillem. præstitit matri fidem.
 NUTR. Redemit illa classis immotæ moras, 160
 Et maria pigro fixa languore impulit.
 CLYT. Pudet, pigetque! Tyndaris, cæli genus,
 Lufrale classis Doricæ peperit caput.
 Revolvit animus virginis thalamos meæ,
 Quos ille dignos Pelopia fecit domo, 165
 Cum stetit ad aras ore sacrificio pater,
 Quam nuptiales? horruit Calchas fuæ

shall dismiss all thoughts of a rudder from the regulation of my future plans, and I shall pursue that journey in whatever way, my anger—my disappointment—or my hopes point themselves out to me, as the best! Whenever I think my mind is erring in its travels, I shall commit my craft, although rudderless, to the mercy of the waves—I shall deem it best to follow chance!

NUR. That form of rashness is blind indeed, which depends upon chance, as its only guide!

CLYT. Why should any one be in a hesitating mood, when bad luck has reached the length of its tether. (In an extreme condition, when nothing could possibly be worse.)

NUR. Thy fault is safe and hidden, if thou wilt only suffer it to remain so.

CLYT. Every crime, in a royal palace, is before every one's eyes, and in everybody's mouth.

NUR. But whilst thou art grieving about a former crime, thou art devising a fresh one!

CLYT. Really, it would be a silly thing to prescribe any limits to crime!

NUR. That person only adds to the fear, she may already entertain, who thinks she can stifle one crime by committing another.

CLYT. Even the sword (the knife) and fire are sometimes used instead of medicine! (By this is meant the use of the actual cautery—amputation of diseased and mortified parts under certain conditions.)

NUR. But no one tries these extreme remedies, till they utterly despair, as to milder or useless ones.

CLYT. In combating some evils, a bold determined course of action must be adopted! (This points to the heroic method and radical-cure cases, but not to political or warlike affairs, and least of all to criminal ones.)

NUR. But the honored obligations of the marriage tie stops thee from committing any deed indiscriminately.

CLYT. Can I look upon a man with affection, that has left me for ten long years?

NUR. But it behoves thee, to remember the offspring thou hast had by him.

CLYT. Yes indeed! and I remember the marriage of my daughter, Iphigenia, and Achilles as well, who was to have been my son-in-law! Did Agamemnon faithfully fulfil the promises which he made to a mother?

NUR. That act removed the delay of the fleet, which could not sail for the want of favourable winds, and forced the sea to rouse itself from its languorous inactivity.

CLYT. It makes me ashamed, and it pains me likewise to think, that I, the offspring of Tyndarus, and tracing my ancestry as far back as to Jupiter himself, should have given birth to any child, that was doomed to be sacrificed for the purposes of the Grecian Fleet, and I often turn over in my mind this marriage affair of my virgin daughter, which Agamemnon thought a befitting match for a daughter of the House of Pelops, and when too, that father stood up at the altar, with all the assumed air of a priest at his sacrifices! Ah me! What a marriage ceremony too! To be sure! Why Calchas himself

Responſa vocis, & recedentes focos. O ſcelera ſemper ſceleribus vincens domus! Cruore ventos eminus, bellum nece.	170
NUTR. Sed vela pariter mille fecerunt rates. CLYT. Non eſt ſoluta proſpero claſſis Deo: Ejecit Aulis impias portu rates. Sic auſpicatus bello, non melius gerit. Amore captæ captus, immotus prece,	175
Sminthea tenuit ſpolia Phœbei ſenis, Ardore ſacræ virginis jam tum furens. Non illum Achilles flexit indomitus minis; Non ille ſolus fata qui mundi videt, In nos fidelis augur, in captas levis;	180
Non populus æger, & relucentes rogi. Inter ruentis Græciæ ſtragem ultimam Sine hoſte victus marcet, ac Veneri vakat, Reparatque amores: neve deſertus foret A pellice unquam barbara cælebs torus,	185
Ablatam Achilli diligit Lyrneſſida: Nec rapere puduit e ſinu avulſam viri. En Paridis hoſtem! nunc novum vulnus gerens Amore Phrygiæ vatis incenſus furit: Et poſt tropæa Troica, ac verſum Ilium,	190
Captæ maritus remeat, & Priami gener. Accingere, anime; bella non levia apparatus: Scelus occupandum eſt. pigra, quem exſpectas diem? Pelopia Phrygiæ ſceptra dum teneant nurus? An te morantur virgines viduæ domi;	195
Patrique Oreſtes ſimilis? horum te mala Ventura moveant, turbo queis rerum imminet. Quid miſera ceſſas? en adeſt natis tuis Furens noverca. per tuum, ſi aliter nequit, Latus exigatur enſis, & perimat duos.	200
Miſce cruorum, perde pereundo virum. Mors miſera non eſt. commori cum quo velis.	

shivered again at the responses of the oracle and as he saw the very fires of the altar, started back in astonishment! Oh! this race of mine always endeavouring to annul one crime, by the perpetration of another and greater one! We of our race, purchase the very winds that blow at the expense of family blood, and we assist in cruel wars with sacrifices!

NUR. But thou shouldst bear in mind, that a thousand ships were enabled to set sail, through what was done.

CLYT. The fleet was not set free by a favorable god, but by Diana—Aulis was only too glad to get rid of the impious ships out of its harbors—thus begun, under such auspices, as the slaughter of its commander—he did not carry out his plans any better, for being seized with a mad passion

for Astynome, a captive maiden, and being utterly inexorable towards the prayers and entreaties of her father Chryses, and he retained, as he would any other warlike spoil, this daughter of the aged Priest of Apollo Smintheus, at the very same time too, that he was raging with ardent passion, for the prophesying virgin Cassandra! The indomitable Achilles, even, could not deter him from his purpose by any amount of threats, nor even Calchas, that prophet who alone knows the destinies of mankind, always to be relied on when we are interested, although somewhat inconsiderate where captives are concerned, not even towards a whole population stricken down with the plague, and when funeral piles preparing for the active flames, are only waiting to be kindled, and in short, nothing does deter Agamemnon! And amidst the extreme ravages befalling languishing Greece (alluding to the mortality from the plague) here is the man, conquered without an enemy in his front, intent upon love-making and indulging in a series of amours, nor, indeed, has his couch ever been free of some barbarian concubine or another—he fell in love with Briseis of Lyrnessus, whom he took away from Achilles, nor did he even hesitate to snatch a woman from the very arms of a husband! Behold! if thou pleasest this enemy of Paris, now smarting from a fresh wound—he is now raging and burning with love for the Phrygian prophetess, Cassandra, and after the division of the Trojan spoils, accruing from down-trodden Troy—he now poses, as the husband of a captive, and becomes a son-in-law of Priam! Buckle to in earnest, Oh! my soul, thou art preparing, and not for the slightest of battles! The crime must be entered upon! Oh! thou slow to act! Why dost thou wait for a single day? While the rival Phrygian maids are holding the sceptre! (That is, influencing the holder of it, Agamemnon.) Why should unwedded wenches, (said in great contempt) installed at the palace, delay thee in any way? Or, Orestes, such a facsimile of his Father? Will not the calamities which are to happen to them and the whirlwind of direful events which are threatening them, be the means of moving me to prompt action? Why do I thus halt in my scheme, after this wretched fashion? Let me only picture to my mind a furious step-mother, for my son's future lot! No! if I am to do nothing more than that, let me apply the sword to my side and let me kill the pair of us! Let me mix our blood—let me perish, if I only killed a husband at the same time! Death, after all, is not such a miserable arrangement, as that so much depends upon the person with whom you might wish to die in company!

NUTR. Regina, frena temet, & fiste impetum, Et quanta tentes, cogita. victor venit Asiæ ferocis, ultor Europæ: trahit	205
Captiva Pergama, & diu victos Phrygas. Hunc fraude nunc conaris & furto aggredi? Quem non Achilles ense violavit fero, Quamvis procacem torvus armasset manum.	
Non melior Ajax, morte decreta furens; Non sola Danais Hector & bello mora; Non tela Paridis certa; non Memnon niger; Non Xanthus armis corpora immixtis gerens, Fluctusque Simois cæde purpureos agens; Non nivea proles Cycnus æquorei Dei;	210
Non bellicoso Thressa cum Rheo phalanx; Non picta pharetras, & securigera manu Peltata Amazon: hunc domi reducem paras Mactare, & aras cæde maculare impia?	215
Victrix inultum Græcia hoc facinus feret? Equos & arma, classibusque horrens fretum Propone, & alto sanguine exundans solum, Et tota captæ fata Dardaniæ domus Regesta Danais. comprime affectus truces, Mentemque tibimet ipsa pacifica tuam.	220 225

ÆGISTHUS, CLYTEMNESTRA, NUTRIX.

Clytemnestram nutricis consiliis cedere paratam, jamque dubiam
superveniens Ægisthus avertit rursus atque in præceps trahit.

ÆGISTH. **Q**UOD tempus animo semper ac mente horruï,
Adest protecto rebus extremum meis.
Quid terga vertis, anime? quid primo impetu
Deponis arma? crede perniciem tibi,
Et dira sævos fata moliri Deos. 230.
Oppone cunctis vile supplicis caput,
Ferrumque & ignes pectore adverso excipe.

NUR. Oh! my Queen! curb thyself and check thy impetuous feelings, and do thou reflect on what great projects, thou art about to embark—behold! think of the great conqueror of proud Asia who is coming, that avenger of Europe! He is bringing in his train all the Phrygian captives, and Phrygians, moreover, only conquered after a campaign of ten years' duration! And wilt thou venture to attack him with treachery and clandestine snares? Him upon whom, not even Achilles ventured to use his drawn sword! (Minerva advised him not to do so) although

in savage mood he had already armed himself with that intention—not even was Ajax a braver man, he who raged so, when his death had been decided on! Nor Hector, who was the only real obstacle to the Greeks, and the speedier termination of the war! Nor the certain arrows of Paris, nor the swarthy Memnon, who led the Persian battalions to Troy, nor was the Xanthus a greater source of horror, that river which received the bodies of those who fell in battle with all their arms and military paraphernalia—nor the Simois, which falls into it, but sending on its waters red with the blood of the slain, nor the white Cycnus, that offspring of the god of the sea (Neptune), nor the Thracian battalions of Penthesilea with her painted quivers and moon-shaped shield, and with the battle-axe carried in her warlike hand! And yet thou art preparing to sacrifice such a man as that when he returns to his palace, and to defile the altars with impious slaughter! Will victorious Greece suffer such a crime to pass unrevenged? Only picture to thy imagination, the array of cavalry, the bristling arms of the infantry, and the sea itself dismayed by the formidable display of ships, as there would be to avenge such a crime, and then think of the very soil beneath thee, overflowing with brave and noble blood and thus the calamities of captive Troy would be repeated in a Grecian Palace! Restrain thou thy truculent spirit, and calm down thy determinations, for by so doing, thou wilt be serving thyself!

ÆGISTHUS—CLYTÆMNESTRA—NURSE.

Ægisthus coming on the scene succeeds in diverting Clytæmnestra from her new-born resolution, and leads her on again towards her rash purpose, whilst she is already in a hesitating mood and prepared to yield to the wise counsels of the Nurse.

ÆGISTHUS.

FOR what a time, have I been kept in a state of dread and uncertainty of mind! Surely the very extreme stage of my human affairs is arrived at! Oh! My soul! Why dost thou now turn thy back upon matters in hand? Why dost thou, at the first brush with the enemy, down arms? Let me rather believe, that certain destruction is awaiting me, and that the cruel gods are preparing some punishment for me, and with a hostile front, let me face the foe and the sword!

CLYT. Ægistiche, non est pœna sic nato mori. ÆGISTH. Tu nos pericli socia, tu Leda fata Comitare tantum: sanguinem reddet tibi	235
Ignavus iste ductor, ac fortis pater. Sed quid trementes circnit pallor genas, Jacenque vultus languido obtutu stupet?	
CLYT. Amor jugalis vincit, ac flecit retro. Referamur illuc, unde non decuit prius Abire: vel nunc casta repetatur fides. Nam fera nunquam est ad bonos mores via. Quem pœnitet peccasse, pœne est innocens.	240
ÆGISTH. Quo raperis amens, credis aut speras tibi Agamemnonis fidele conjugium? ut nihil Subesset animo, quod graves faceret metus; Tamen superba & impotens flatu nimis Fortuna magno spiritus tumidos daret. Gravis ille fociis stante adhuc Troja fuit. Quid rere ad animum, suapte natura truce[m], Trojam addidisse? rex Mycenarum fuit. Veniet tyrannus. prospera animos efferunt. Effusa circa pellicum quanto venit Turba apparatu! sola sed turba eminet, Tenetque regem famula veridici Dei.	245
Feresne thalami victa confortem tui? At illa nolet. ultimum est nuptæ malum, Palam mariti possidens pellex domum. Nec regna socium ferre, nec tædæ sciunt.	255
CLYT. Ægistiche, quid me rursus in præceps rapis, Iramque flammis jam residentem incitas? Permisit aliquid victor in captas sibi: Nec conjugem hoc respicere, nec dominam decet. Lex alia folio est, alia privato in toro. Quid quod seferas ferre me leges viro	260
Non patitur animus, turpis admissi memor? Det ille veniam facile, cui venia est opus.	265

CLYT. Ægisthus, it would not be a great punishment for you, (I should think) as an incestuous son to be allowed to die. (This is said in most contemptuous satire.)

ÆG. Thou art the companion in any danger which might befall us in common—Oh! thou offspring of Leda, I ask thee only to be my companion—That cowardly king and brave father, where his own children only are concerned, will repay himself with thy blood, but why that ghostly pallor around those restless eyes (of thine) and that heavy countenance looking utterly vacant, with thy languid stare?

CLYT. The fidelity due to conjugal love is exacting its binding influence over me and makes me retreat from the path I have been following—let us both turn back to that road, from which it was wrong ever to have swerved, at

all events let the chaste vows I once took, come into operation again! For the way back to correct morals is never too late! She, who repents of a sin which she may have committed, is almost on a footing with an innocent person!

ÆG. To what step wilt thou be led next, in thy madness? Dost thou believe, or canst thou hope to find in an Agamemnon anything simulating fidelity in his matrimonial capacity? In the first place, how can anything be dismissed from thy mind, which cannot give rise to the gravest fears? However, the brilliant successes achieved by Agamemnon, already intolerable from the puffed-up pride, to which they have given rise, are bound to develop a further degree of haughty insolence in his bearing towards others—And, I can tell thee this much, he was ever severe and morose towards his comrades in arms, even whilst Troy was standing! What canst thou think of a disposition naturally savage, when thou comest to tack on the pride of having conquered Troy? He was the King of Mycenæ; he will return as Tyrant, invested with full authority over all and prosperity invariably brings out a man's natural characteristics (shows him in his true colors)—And then, with what unworthy display his bevy of concubines will be scattered about when he appears on the scene! But this group of females will reign supreme! Already, that maiden Cassandra, the priestess of the God of Oracle, holds the key of the King's affections! And wilt thou tamely put up with only a miserable partnership in the marriage-bed? But Cassandra, herself, would not consent to it, if thou wouldst, and the last unkind cut of all, which can befall any wife is when a concubine openly poses, as the legitimate possessor of the wife's share of a palace! Kings are not prone to share their regal authority with another and Venus equally shuns the notion of copartnership, as regards the marriage-bed!

CLYT. Oh! Ægisthus, why dost thou wish to urge me headlong into crime, and excite afresh the passion, that was just beginning to subside? A conqueror is allowed some amount of latitude with his captives! Nor, is it the right thing to do, towards a husband, for a wife to inquire too closely into such matters! There is one law for the occupant of a throne and another for those of less degree, besides why should I, bearing in mind my own infamous behaviour, be inclined to prescribe none but the strictest code of morality as regards my husband? No! I say, let that person grant pardon willingly, who stands so much in need of it herself!

ÆGISTH. Ita est. pacifici mutuam veniam licet. Ignota tibi sunt jura regnorum aut nova.	
Nobis maligni judices, æqui tibi,	270
Id esse regni maximum pignus putant, Si quidquid aliis non licet, folis licet.	
CLYT. Ignovit Helenæ. junctæ Menelao redit, Quæ Europam & Asiam paribus afflixit malis.	
ÆGISTH. Sed nulla Atridem Venere furtiva abstulit, Nec cepit animum conjugii obstrictum suæ.	275
Jam crimen ille quærit, & causas parat. Nil esse crede turpe commissum tibi.	
Quid honesta prodest vita, flagitio vacans, Ubi dominus odit? fit nocens, non quæritur.	280
Spartamne repetes spreta, & Eurotan tuum, Patriasque sedes profuga? non dant exitum Repudia regum. spe metum falsa levas.	
CLYT. Delicta novit nemo, nisi fidus, mea.	
ÆGISTH. Non intrat unquam regium limen fides	285
CLYT. Opibus merebor, ut fidem pretio obligem.	
ÆGISTH. Pretio parata, vincitur pretio fides.	
CLYT. Surgit residuus pristinae mentis pudor. Quid obstrepis? quid voce blandiloqua mala Confilia dictas? scilicet nubet tibi	290
Regum relicto rege, generosa exuli?	
ÆGISTH. Et cur Atrida videor inferior tibi, Natus Thyestæ? CLYT. Si parum est, adde & nepos.	
ÆGYSTH. Auctore Phœbo gignor. haud generis pudet.	
CLYT. Phœbum nefandæ stirpis auctorem vocas,	295
Quem nocte subita frena revocantem sua Cælo expulistis? quid Deos probro advocas? Surripere doctus fraude geniales toros, Quem Venere tantum scimus illicita virum.	

ÆG. Let it be so! Ye must ask each other's pardon then! But the code of laws set up by kings, must either not be thoroughly understood by thee or fresh laws must have come into fashion quite recently! As judges thou must understand kings are unmerciful towards others, but lenient towards themselves; in fact, they regard it as the especial prerogative of regal power that they will not allow a thing to others to which they claim the sole right, themselves!

CLYT. When Helen returned, who brought misfortunes alike upon Europe and Asia, she came back as "the wife" to Menelaus—Menelaus pardoned his Helen!

ÆG. Yes! that's true! but in that case, no captive maid had stolen away the affections of Menelaus, with her insidious pretences of love, nor did such a maid, trench upon the

conjugal fidelity which bound him to his wife so inviolably! Already, Agamemnon is on the look-out for any crime thou mayst have committed, and is now only paving the way for a possible divorce! Believe thou this, that there is no crime too infamous for that man to commit! Of what avail is it, then, to try to lead an honest life, and keep thyself aloof from wickedness? When thou hast incurred the hatred of a husband, thou art, at once, pronounced a criminal, without the formula of any court of inquiry, and wilt thou, thus spurned, seek Sparta again, thy beloved Eurota and thy ancestral palaces, as an outcast? Women divorced from kings do not so easily escape their powerful grasp, and therefore do not banish thy fears, with any such fallacious ideas!

CLYT. No one has known about my crime, but a trustworthy confidant.

ÆG. Confidence obtained by money, can easily be bought back again with money.

CLYT. The shame, that is left in me from my former chaste mind, is rising forcibly in my bosom, asserting itself! Why dost thou interrupt me, when I am speaking? (Ægisthus does not relish this special pleading.) Why dost thou presume, with thy honeyed words, to dictate to me such wicked counsels? And, as a plain matter of fact, could I, born as I am, of a noble race, after I had left the King of Kings, stoop to marry thee, an exile thyself!

ÆG. And why, pray, am I to be considered thy inferior? I, a "son" of Thyestes!

CLYT. Certainly! and if that is not sufficient, we might say—"grandson," into the bargain!

ÆG. I was begotten, under the authority and patronage of Phœbus, and I need not be ashamed of my birth, on that very account!

CLYT. So thou citest Phœbus, as a patron of thy abominable race, whom thy family drove from the Heavens, as he drew in his reins suddenly in the night and stopped his chariot! So that he should not witness the villainous deeds of Atreus—why dost thou, thus insinuatingly brand the gods, as participators in such infamy? Thou who art so skilful in surreptitiously obtaining possession of the marriage-bed of another by thy devices; thou whom

Faceffe propere, ac dedecus claræ domus 300
 Afporta ab oculis, hæc vacat regi ac viro.
 ÆGISTH. Exfilia mibi sunt haud nova. affuevi malis.
 Si tu imperas, regina, non tantum domo
 Argifve cedo: nil moror iuffu tuo
 Aperire ferro pectus ærumnis grave. 305
 CLYT. Siquidem hoc cruenta Tyndaris fieri finam?
 Quæ junctâ peccat, debet & culpæ fidem.
 Secede mecum potius, ut rerum ftatum
 Dubium ac minacem junctâ confilia explicent.

CHORUS ARGIVARUM.

Chorus e virginibus Mycenæis & Argivis canit Apollinis Pæana ob
 partam victoriam, interfirit autem Junoni, Minervæ &
 Jovi laudes fuas.

CANITE, o pubes inclita, Phœbum. 310
 Tibi fefta caput turba coronat:
 Tibi virgineas laurum quatiens
 De more comas innuba fundit
 Stirps Inachia. tu quoque nostros,
 Thebais hofpes, comitare choros, 315
 Quæque Erafini gelidos fontes,
 Quæque Eurotam, quæque virenti
 Tacitum ripa bibis Ifmenon,
 Quam fatorum præfcia Manto
 Sata Tirefia Latonigenas 320
 Monuit facris celebrare Deos,
 Arcus victor pace relata,
 Phœbe, relaxa,
 Humeroque graves levibus telis
 Pone pharetras; refonetque manu 325
 Pulsa citata vocale chelys.
 Nil acre velim,
 Magnumque modis intonet altis:
 Sed quale soles levioze lyra
 Flectere carmen simplex; lufus 330
 Cum docta tuos Mufa recenfet.
 Licet & chorda graviore fones,
 Quale canebas, cum Titanas
 Fulmine victos videre Dei;
 Vel cum montes montibus altis 335

every one recognizes as branded with an illicit amour—
 an adulterer! Get away quickly, and remove from my
 vision the presence of such a dishonorable trespasser on
 the precincts of a Noble Palace! The Palace, Sir, is
 waiting for a King and a Husband!

ÆG. Exile is no new thing to me—I am accustomed to the 'ups' and 'downs' of life, if, Oh! Queen thou commandest me. I not only shall depart from thy palace and from Argos; and at thy commands, I shall make no unnecessary delay, in laying bare with the sword this breast of mine, which is so heavily weighted with my troubles!

CLYT. If indeed, as a daughter of Tyndarus, I could permit myself to be so cruel, as to allow thee to do that! No! she who sins as a confederate with another, owes a debt of fidelity, even, to that accomplice in crime! Go away with me rather and let our united counsels throw some light upon the doubtful and threatening aspect of our joint position!

CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF ARGOS.

The chorus of the women of Mycenæ and Argos sing a triumphal hymn in honor of Apollo, on account of the victory gained, but introduces laudatory addresses likewise, to Juno, Minerva and Jupiter.

OH! thou illustrious assemblage of youthful virgins, sing joyful hymn to Phœbus! Let the rejoicing throng crown thy head. Oh! Apollo, thou! Let the Inachian virgins after the time-honored custom, let down their locks waving thy favorite laurels! and thou, also, my Theban virgin, appearing as a guest amongst us, join in our chorus! And whoever thou art, that sippest from the cool springs of Erasinus—whoever too that drinkest from the streams of Eurota, and whoever refreshest thyself from the slowly-flowing waters of the Ismenus, and all ye votaries, whom Manto, the foreteller of our destinies and daughter of Tiresias, invites to offer up sacrifices to the Deities, sprung from Latona (Diana and Apollo). Oh! Phœbus, thou conqueror, avenger of the perfidious Laomedon, peace has visited us at last—unbend thy bow, and let thy quiver, so full of the arrows of such swiftness of flight, rest on thy shoulders! And let the harmonious lute struck by thy gentle finger, send forth its dulcet strains! We would rather not have any of the war-inspiring melodies, or that thou shouldst sound thy grandiose notes pitched in a lofty key, but simple measures, such as thou usedst to evoke from thy slender harp, when the cultivated muse recited her plays to thee! Although thou mayst sound with a louder note, as once thou didst when thou sangest of the joy felt by the Gods, when the giants fell, vanquished by the thunderbolts of Jupiter; or, when mountain heaped upon mountain afforded

Superimpositi fluxere gradus Trucibus monftris ftefit imposita Pelion Offa : piniſer ambos Preffit Olympus.	
Ades, o magni foror & conjux, Confors ſceptri, regia Juno :	340
Tua te colimus turba Mycenæ : Tu follicitum ſupplexque tui Numinis Argos ſola tueris ; Tu bella manū pacemque regis ;	345
Tu nunc lauros Agamemnonias Accipe victrix. Tibi multifora tibia buxo Solenne canit, tibi fila movent Docta puellæ carmine molli.	350
Tibi votivam matres Grajæ Lampada jaçant. ad tua conjux Candida tauri delubra cadit, Nefcia aratri, nullo collum Signata jugo.	355
Tuque o magni nata Tonantis Inclita Pallas, quæ Dardanias Sæpe petiſti cupide turres : Te permixto matrona minor Majorque choro colit, & referat	360
Veniente Dea templa ſacerdos : Tibi nexilibus turba coronis Redimita venit. Tibi grandævi laſſique ſenes Compote voto reddunt grates, Libantque manu vina trementi.	365
Et te Triviam nota memores Voce precamur. tu maternam Siftere Delon, Lucina, jubes Huc atque illuc prius errantem	370
Cyclada ventis. nunc jam ſtabilis Fixa terras radice tenet ; Reſpuit auras, religatque rates Affueta ſequi. Tu Tantalidos Funera matris victrix numeras.	375
Stat nunc Sipyli vertice ſummo Flebile faxum, Et adhuc lacrimas marmora fundunt Antiqua novas.	
Colit impenſe femina virque	380

a ladder to thoſe truculent monſters, when they endeavoured to ſcale the heavens, when Oſſa was heaped upon Pelion, and the pine-growing Olympus preſſed down

upon both of them! Come! Oh! thou puissant Juno, sister and wife of Jupiter, and the sharer of his sceptre, the people of Mycenæ approach thee adoringly, this day! Thou it is who alone watchest over the anxious and suppliant Argos, with thy divine protection! Thou it is who controlllest the affairs of peace or war, with thy powerful influence! Oh! thou conquering goddess, accept these laurels in honor of Agamemnon—the flute, made from the wood of the box-tree with its multitude of holes, plays its accustomed harmonies in honor of thee, and the virgins, likewise, in honor of thee, play up skilfully on their stringed instruments. some of their most soothing melodies—and let the Grecian matrons, wave their torches, which they use at the sacrifices, and let the white companion of the fierce bull, (the heifer) which has never dragged the plough, and whose neck leaves no traces of the pressure of the yoke! And thou, oh! glorious Minerva, the daughter of thundering Jove who so often visitedst the lofty Dardanian towers with showers from thy darts, let the older matrons and the younger matrons, in happy concert, offer their adorations to thee in this chorus, and the priest will rejoicingly unlock the temple portals, when thou, the goddess, approachest! A group of worshippers, adorned with woven chaplets arrive to greet thee! Very old men, and men utterly broken down by bodily infirmities, render thee thanks, for their prayers, which have been so graciously responded to! And, Oh! Diana, we offer to thee our homage, remembering that our accents will be fully recognized by thee! For it is thou, Lucina, (in her capacity of watching over child-birth) that commandedst Delos to stand firmly (when, before, it was one of the Cyclades, tossed about anyhow by the winds, sometimes above water and sometimes below its surface), and now, in its stability it rests on the earth with a permanent foundation—It can now resist the tempestuous winds, and any vessel, that approaches it now, can come to a safe anchorage at its banks! And thou, as the avenging conqueror of that mother, Niobe, canst enumerate the various deaths of the Tantalides, the children of Niobe, where now the still weeping rock stands, on Mount Sipylus, and even now, still in existence, the ancient marble summits drip sorrowfully with ever flowing tears! Both man and woman, regardless of trouble or expense, worship thee, the three-fold Deity! And thou, above all, father and ruler, all-powerful with thy lightnings, at whose nod the farthest and extremest heavens tremble at one and the same time—Oh! thou Jupiter, the father of the great grandfather of Atreus, look down with favor upon thy by no

Numen geminum. tuque ante omnes Pater ac rector, fulmine pollens, Cujus nutu simul extremi Tremuere poli, generis nostri Jupiter auctor, cape dona libens;	385
Abavusque tuam non degenerem Respice prolem. Sed, ecce, vasto concitus miles gradu Manifesta properat signa lætitiæ ferens. Namque hasta summo lauream ferro gerit: Fidusque regi semper Eurybates adest.	390

ACTUS TERTIUS.

EURYBATES, CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Eurybates narrat, Agamemnona reducem advenire, tempestatem a Pallade immiffam, Naupliique dolo aggravatam; parantur Diis victimæ & convivium Agamemnoni, captivæ adducuntur.

D EUR. FLUERA & aras cœlitum, & patrios Lares Post longa fessus spatia, vix credens mihi, Supplex adoro. vota superis solvite: Telluris altum remeat Argolicæ decus	395
Tandem ad penates victor Agamemnon suos. CLYT. Felix ad aures nuntius venit meas. Ubinam petitus per decem conjux mihi Annos moratur? pelagus, an terras premit?	
EUR. Incolumis, auctus gloria, laude inclitus Reducem expetito litori impressit pedem.	400
CLYT. Sacris colamus prosperum tandem diem, Et si propitios, attamen lentos, Deos. Tu pande, vivat conjugis frater mei, Et pande, teneat quas foror fedes mea.	405
EUR. Meliora votis posco, & obtestor Deos. Nam certa fari fors maris dubii vetat.	

means degenerate progeny! But listen! Look! a soldier is hastening towards us with lengthened strides, bringing us, evidently from his manner, a budget of joyful news, and what is more, his lance is decked with laurels, at the sword-end of it! Lo! it is Eurybates, the trusty henchman of the king of kings who is now advancing. (Eurybates acted as the herald and messenger of Agamemnon.)

ACT III.

EURYBATES—CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Eurybates reports that Agamemnon has returned and is now approaching—that a tempest was visited upon them by Pallas, which was made worse for them, through the treachery of Nauplius—Sacrifices are prepared for the gods, and a feast is got ready for Agamemnon.—The captives are brought forward.

EURYBATES.

WEARIED out after such a long absence, for I can scarcely believe myself even whilst I am speaking, I now appear as a suppliant and offer up my adorations at the temples and altars of the Gods—perform the vows to the Gods above; at last, Agamemnon the conqueror re-appears amongst us, as the proud ornament of the land of Argos, and has now returned to his household gods.

CLYT. Why did my husband thus tarry? (said hypocritically) having been expected by me for ten long years? Does the sea still retain him, or has he landed on "terra firma" in safety?

EUR. Safe and sound! Of greater renown than ever, rendered famous with the universal praise accorded him, and he has planted his foot again on those shores he has so much longed for.

CLYT. If that be the case, then, we will celebrate the auspicious day, with becoming sacrifices; and do tell me all about the kind gods, although they have been so dilatory—does the brother of my husband still live (Menelaus) and what about my sister (Helen), in what land has she, at last, settled down?

EUR. I pray for better results than I can vouch for at present, and I call the Gods to witness as to my sincerity when I say so; for in the first place, the certain disasters connected with the vicissitudes of a capricious sea forbid me to say much especially, when I have to observe that the marvel is, how the scattered fleet escaped the sea at all! and the ship, that was sailing as consort with our own,

Ut sparſa tumidum claſſis excepit mare,
 Ratis videre focia potuit ratem.
 Quin ipſe Atrides æquore immenſo vagus 410
 Graviora pelago damna, quam bello, tulit;
 Remeatque victo ſimilis, exiguas trahens
 Lacerasque victor claſſe de tanta rates.
 CLYT. Effare, caſus quis rates hauſit meas?
 Aut quæ maris fortuna diſpulerit duces? 415
 EUR. Acerba fatu poſcis. inſauftum jubes
 Miſcere læto nuntium. refugit loqui
 Mens ægra, tantis atque inhorreſcit malis.
 CLYT. Expromē. clades ſcire qui refugit ſuas,
 Gravāt timorem. dubia plus torquent mala. 420
 EUR. Ut Pergamum omne Dorica cecidit face,
 Diviſa præda eſt. maria properantes petunt.
 Jamque enſe feſſum miles exonerat latus;
 Neglecta ſummas ſcuta per puppes jacent;
 Ad militares remus aptatur manus; 425
 Omnique nimium longa properanti mora eſt.
 Signum recurſus regia ut fulſit rate,
 Et clara lentum remigem monuit tuba,
 Aurata primas prora deſignat vias,
 Aperitque curſus, mille quos puppes fecent. 430
 Hinc aura primo lenis impellit rates,
 Allapſa velis. unda vix actū levi
 Tranquilla Zephyri mollis afflatu tremit;
 Splendetque claſſe pelagus, & pariter latet.
 Juvat videre nuda Trojæ litora, 435
 Juvat relicti ſola Sigæi loca.
 Properat juvenus omnis adductos ſimul
 Lentare remos. adjuvat ventos manu,
 Et valida niſu brachia alterno movet.
 Sulcata vibrant æquora, & latera increpant; 440
 Dirimuntque canæ cærum ſpumæ mare.
 Ut aura plenos fortior tendit ſinus,
 Poſuere tonſas creditat eſt vento ratis:

loſt ſight of the companion-ſhip, which contained Menelaus! But Agamemnon himſelf, tossed about over the immense ocean waſtes, ſuffered much more ſevere miſfortunes than he even endured during the whole of the war, and he is now returning much more like a beaten-down ſoldier than as a conqueror, dragging, as he is doing, in his rear, a lot of battered diſabled ſhips, left to him out of ſuch a noble fleet, too!

CLYT. Speak freely, tell me what miſfortunes have befallen our dear ſhips (ſaid with affectation of extreme tenderness) or what particular diſaſters of the ſea, ſeparated the Naval commanders.

EUR. Thou askest me to tell what is very disagreeable to speak of.—Thou art requiring me, as a reporter of leading events to interlard a great deal of what is truly shocking to narrate, with that which is a matter for general rejoicing; my unwilling lips almost forbid me to articulate and my very soul shudders again, when I recall such horrible disasters to my memory!

CLYT. Be explanatory; he who shrinks from narrating a horrible story, only aggravates the fears of those who are eagerly waiting to hear it.

EUR. When all Troy succumbed to the Grecian Fires, the spoils were divided and all hands eagerly wished to put to sea, and by this time, I must tell you the worn-out soldier was only too ready to doff the sword which had dangled at his side so long; and the shields, of course, now no longer required, lay piled on the top of each other, about the ships' poops! The oars, too, were gladly handled by the eager rowers, and the least hitch in getting away appeared a perfect age to those expectant men so anxious to make a start. At last, the flaming signals flashed from the royal flag-ship, and the shrill bugle, sounding with a will, notified to the lingering sailors "t was time to man the oars." The ship with the gilded prow (Agamemnon's) leads the way, and indicates the course, which the thousand ships are to take, as they plough the watery main! At first, a gentle breeze wafts the ships along, and all sail is lowered to the welcome wind, (the sails were drawn up, when furled) and the sea, so smooth is it, appears scarcely ruffled by the balmy zephyrs, as the vessels are impelled onwards, and the sea itself, looks resplendent with the ships in such close order, so much so, indeed, that the watery main itself is hardly distinguishable! Ah! and what pleasure it gave us to cast our eyes back upon the naked coasts, of Troy, and what joy it was, to have quitted the Sigæan promontory and to leave it to itself—the whole of the eager young sailors hasten to lend a vigorous hand with the oars brought forward, and they assist with their manual exertions the gentle winds and they strain their powerful arms, as the oars reach the water after the alternate pause (that is to say, the interval between raising and lowering the oars). The ploughed waters toss bewildered, and as they recede with the onward progress made, strike the quarters and creaking sides of the ships—and lo! The white foam divides the blue sea, (a line of foam) and as the wind rises and blows stronger, it stretches out the sails, and the rowers, thereupon, lay down their oars! (The word "tonsa" signifies the broad extremity of the

Fufufque tranſtris miles, aut terras procul, Quantum recedunt vela, fugientes notat:	445
Aut bella narrat: Hecſtoris fortis minas, Currufque, & empto redditum corpus rogo: Sparfum cruore regis Hercenm Jovem. Tunc qui jacente reciprocus ludit ſalo, Tumidumque pando tranſilit dorſo mare	450
Tyrſthenus omni piſcis exultat freto. Agitatque gyros, & comes lateri adnatat, Anteire naves lætus, & rurfus ſequi. Nunc prima tangens roſtra laſcivit chorus, Milleſimam nunc ambit & luſtrat ratem.	455
Jam litus omne tegitur, & campi latent, Et dubia parent montis Idæi juga. Et jam, quod unum pervicax acies videt, Iliacus atra fumus apparet nota. Jam laſſa Titan colla relevabat jugo;	460
In aſtra jam lux prona, jam præceps dies, Exigua nubes fordido creſceens globo Nitidum cadentis inquinat Phœbi jubar. Suspecta varius occidens fecit freta. Nox prima cœlum ſparſerat ſtellis. jacent	465
Deſerta vento vela. tum murmur grave Majora minitans collibus fummis cadit, Tractuque longo litus ac petræ gemunt. Agitata ventis unda venturis tumet: Cum ſubito luna conditur, ſtellæ latent.	470
In aſtra pontus tollitur. cœlum petit. Nec una nox eſt. denſa tenebras obruit Caligo, & omni luce ſubducta fretum Cœlumque miſcet. undique incumbunt ſimul, Rapiuntque pelagus infimo everſum ſolo	475
Adverſus Euro Zephyrus, & Boreæ Notus. Sua quiſque mittunt tela, & inſeſti fretum Emoliantur. turbo convolvit mare. Strymonius altas Aquilo contorquet nives; Libycuſque arenas Auſter ad Syrtis agit.	480

oar, for, as ſpread out, it operates upon a larger ſurface) and now, the veſſels are handed over to the winds only, and the ſoldiers diſtributed about the tranſtra (the ſeats of the rowers) begin to ſpin their different yarns, ſometimes, about the land in the diſtance—they wonder how far the ſails have carried them or they talk about the incidents of the war—about that threatening ſcowl of Hector, when he ſet fire to the Grecian ſhips, or they ſpeak about the car of Achilles, when it dragged Hector around the walls of Troy, and then they talk about, how the body of Hector was ransomed and given up to be honored with the funeral pile—then they ſpeak of poor old Priam, and how his blood was ſcattered at the altar

of Jupiter Herceus,—then there appears something that plays about on the surface of the water, when they are becalmed, and leaps about the swollen waves, with its curved back—this is the Tyrrhenian Dolphin, that performs its gyrations, with every wave—they swim on like companions by the side of the ship—sometimes briskly forging ahead of us as if enjoying the sport, and then following us, at our stern—then a crowd of leaping dolphins seem to be revelling in their wanton sport, as they go in and out, and around the prows of the ships, and finally, encompass the Thousandth ship, the last of the Fleet. And now every trace of the shore has disappeared and the once well-known plains are hidden from our view, and then, it is a matter for speculation, whether what is (suddenly) seen is the summit of lofty Ida, but afterwards a closer inspection revealing it to be only the smoke of Troy which appears like a black streak in the horizon! And now tired Phœbus relieves the necks of the chariot horses, from their yokes (sets), then his rays descend upon the stars, now that the day has declined. A small cloud, increasing into a globular mass of darkness, completely obscured the bright rays of Phœbus, and this changeable setting has caused us to be alarmed, about the seas, we might expect (this appearance portended a coming storm). The first part of the night had freely scattered the stars throughout the sky and the sails began to flap as the wind fell (deserted by the winds)—then, a huge murmuring sound descending from the highest mountain lands, threatened us with even greater danger, the shore and the rocks groan again over an extended track, and the sea agitated by the approaching winds, swells with anger—when, suddenly, the moon is hidden and the stars disappear, and the sea appears to be raised towards the skies; they are, as it were, seeking the very heavens, nor is it night, simply! A dense blackness displaces only the existing darkness, and all presence of light completely vanishing: the sea and the sky seem so intermixed, that you could not discern the one from the other, and on all sides, opposing forces appear to be meeting, and draw the sea, as it were, everted from its lowermost bed! The west wind opposing the east wind and the south wind doing the same thing with rude Boreas, and each displays its own peculiar fury, and these angry winds cast the sea out by absolute force—a perfect whirlwind turns the sea round and round—the north-east cold wind blowing over the Strymon, whirls about the deep snows, and the south wind blowing over Libya, drives the sands on to the Syrtes, nor is this the only thing remaining to be effected by the south wind, for that same wind

Nec manet in Austro; fit gravis nimbis Notus, Imbre auget undas; Eurus Orientem movet, Nabathæa quatiens regna, & Eos sinus. Quid rapidus ora Corus Oceano exerens?	
Mundum revelli fedibus totum suis, Ipsoque rupto crederes cælo Deos Decidere, & atrum rebus induci chaos. Vento resistet æstus, & ventus retro Æstum revolvit. non capit sese mare:	485
Undaque miscent imber & fluctus suas. Nec hoc levamen denique ærumnis datur, Videre saltem, & nosse, quo pereant malo. Premunt tenebræ lumina, & diræ Stygis Inferna nox est excidunt ignes tamen, Et nube dirum fulmen elisa micat:	490
Miserisque lucis tanta dulcedo est malæ, Hoc lumen optant. ipsa se classis premit, Et prora proræ nocuit, & lateri latus. Illam dehiscens pontus in præceps rapit, Hauritque, & alto redditam removit mare.	495
Hæc onere fudit, illa convulsum latus Summittit undis. fluctus hanc decimus tegit. Hæc lacera, & omni decore populato levis Fluitat; nec illi vela, nec tonsæ manent;	500
Nec rectus altas malus antennas ferens, Sed trunca toto puppis lonio natat. Nil ratio & usus audet. ars cessit malis. Tenet horror artus. omnis officio stupet Navita relicto. remus effugit manus.	505
In vota miseros ultimus cogit timor, Eademque superos Troes & Danaï rogant. Quid fata possunt! invidet Pyrrhus patri, Ajaci Ulysses, Hæctori Atrides minor, Agamemno Priamo, quisquis ad Trojam jacet, Felix vocatur, cadere qui meruit gradu,	510
Quem fama servat, victa quem tellus premit.	515

becomes loaded with clouds, which burst and augment the sea, with the rains which follow—the east wind, raging from an easterly direction, greatly disturbs the Nabathæan Kingdom (Arabia) and the shores first favored with the visits of Aurora! Why is the impetuous north-west wind (Corus) raising its head from the Ocean, and blowing from the west? And you would believe that the whole world was being torn up from its very foundations, and that the sky, having burst, the Gods themselves had fallen from them, and that black Chaos was coming upon us again! The sea resists the winds, and the winds hurl the tides back again! And the sea, no longer its own

master, overruns its banks and the ceaseless rains mix up with the waves, and the raging sea is carried upwards, and seems to be on a level with the sky! Nor amidst all this, is the relief afforded us in our misery of being able to see or to guess, what our approaching end is likely to be! Darkness drives away every vestige of light, and the infernal night of the Tartarian Styx is upon us! However, when the lightnings fall around us, and the terrible flashes shine again, as they cut their way through the clouds, there is a relative sweetness even, in such a sinister kind of illumination, and we, absolutely, appreciate a light like this! The very fleet becomes a source of danger to itself, and the prow of one ship damages the prow of another, whilst the broadside of one crashes with and damages the broadside of another. The gaping sea suddenly seizes one, and swallows it in the yawning gulf, and then casts it up again, mockingly returned from its depths, at some distance from where it had disappeared—one ship, presumably water-logged, founders with all hands (its burden), another with its side stove in, falls a prey to the waves—the tenth wave (the maximum wave) submerges another with its rigging torn in shreds, and with its pennants and ornamental gear carried away bodily, floats about in no fixed direction—another has neither sails nor oars, nor does its still remaining mast retain even its yards, but as a floating tub, it simply drifts all over the Ionian sea never to be seen or heard of again! All the skill and nautical experience of the commanders are of no avail! They can attempt nothing, and their seamanship counts for naught, in presence of these trying difficulties! Horror seizes upon every fibre of their bodies! Every sailor abandons his post, fairly stunned by what he sees around him, his oars drop from his hands! At last, extreme fear induces these wretched men to offer up their prayers, and both Trojans and Greeks are asking the Gods for the same things - that they may escape these cruel dangers, and not meet with a watery grave! (*“As carnal seamen in a storm, turn pious converts and reform.”*) Then it was, that we learned what unexpected things can be brought about by the hands of Fate! Pyrrhus actually envies the quiet repose being enjoyed by his father Achilles—Ulysses envies Ajax (on account of his supposed invulnerabilities), Menelaus envies the fate of Hector! Agamemnon envies the fate of Priam, and whoever is now lying quietly at rest at Troy, is considered to be enjoying a happy lot! he, who achieved honorable glory, and died at his post! he whom his fame has well handed down to posterity and is still preserved in memory and to whom, that country, which he had conquered, offers a peaceful tomb! Will

Nil nobile aufos pontus atque undæ ferent?
 Ignava fortes fata confument viros?
 Perdenda mors est. quifquis es nondum malis
 Satiare tantis cœlitum, tandem tuum 520
 Numen ferena. cladibus noſtris daret
 Vel Troja lacrimas. odia ſi durant tua,
 Placetque mitti Doricum exitio genus;
 Quid hos ſimul perire nobiſcum juvat,
 Quibus perimus? ſiſtite infeſtum mare. 525
 Vehit iſta Danaos claſſis? & Troas vehit.
 Nec plura poſſunt. occupat vocem mare.
 Ecce alia clades. fulmine irati Jovis
 Armata Pallas, quidquid aut haſta minax,
 Aut ægide & furore Gorgoneo poteſt, 530
 Aut igne patrio, tentat; & cœlo novæ
 Spirant procellæ, ſolus invictus malis
 Luſtatur Ajax. vela cogentem hunc ſua
 Tenſo rudente flamma perſtrinxit cadens.
 Libratur aliud fulmen. hoc toto impetu 535
 Certum reducta Pallas excuſſit manu,
 Imitata patrem, tranſit Ajacem, & ratem,
 Ratiſque partem ſecum & Ajacis tulit.
 Nil ille motus, ardua ut cautes ſalo
 Ambuſtus exſtat, dirimit inſanum mare, 540
 Fluctuſque rumpit peſtore, & navem manu
 Complexus in ſe traxit, & cæco mari
 Collucet Ajax. omne reſplendet fretum.
 Tandem occupata rupe, furibundum intonat,
 Superaſſe nunc ſe pelagus, atque ignes: juvat 545
 Viciffe cœlum, Palladem, fulmen, mare:
 Non me fugavit bellici terror Dei;
 Et Heſtorem una ſolus & Martem tuli.
 Phœbea nec me tela pepulerunt gradu.
 Cum Phrygibus iſtos vicimus. tene horream? 550
 Aliena inerti tela mittis dextera?
 Quid ſi ipſe mittat? Plura cum auderet furens,
 Tridente rupem ſubruit pulſam pater
 Neptunus, imis exerens undis caput,

the ſea and the rapacious waters claim only thoſe, that have dared nothing requiring courage? Will the cruel fates victimize as well, the only brave men amongſt us? If ſo, then death will be deprived of all that was worth dying for! Oh! thou God, whoever thou art of the heavenly hoſt, be ſatisfied with the great evils already inflicted upon us, and calm down thy anger! Even Troy, herſelf, would ſhed tears of condolence at the miſfortunes that we are undergoing—if thy anger is to continue for ever, and if it pleases thee that the Grecian portion of the human freight is to be handed over to final extinction,

why should it be agreeable to thee that the Trojan captives should perish along with us, and for whose revenge we are doomed to perish! Oh! ye powerful Gods becalm this troubled sea, this same fleet is carrying the Greeks, and likewise transporting the Trojans! Nor can we urge any thing more, for the sea muffles our very voices! Behold another catastrophe! Pallas, armed with the lightnings of angry Jupiter, is trying all she can, whatever her threatening spear, her *Ægis*, armed with the head of Medusa (striking terror from its well-known powers), together with her father's lightnings, can bring about! and fresh storms spring up in the sky. The invincible Ajax is the only one that shows overt resistance in this state of things, and as he was hauling taut the rope that enabled him to furl his sails, the lightning falling upon him simply grazed his body; another more efficacious description of lightning is then determined upon by Pallas, and to make things doubly sure, she imitates her unerring father, and with her whole strength hurls it forth from her right hand (great virtue resided in this right hand). The flash passes through Ajax, and the body of the vessel carrying away Ajax, and the hull of the craft with him! But Ajax, not at all disconcerted starts up, but very much scorched, like a sturdy rock would hold itself up in the sea, and striking out right and left, cleaves the raging waters, and contends with his powerful chest against the angry waves, and catching hold of some part of the vessel with his hand, draws himself into it again, and he shines forth with the brilliant lightning around him in the dark sea around, the entire ocean is ablaze with the lightnings. At length landed on a rock, which he had found, he thunders forth in a furious voice, that he had now conquered the seas and defied the lightnings! It gave him great satisfaction to have triumphed over the heavens, Pallas, the lightning and the sea—not even the terrors of the bellicose God (Mars) have been able to subdue him, and he had borne up, aforetime, single-handed against the conjoint onslaught of Hector and Mars! Not even the arrows of Apollo had subdued him with their attacks! He had overcome them all, as he once did with the Trojans, and shall he learn at last, what it is, to be scared? Should he fear those imitation lightnings, which had been sent forth with the unpractised hand of a woman? No! and not even if Jupiter himself were to hurl them at him! Whilst in his swollen rage, he was saying all this, and a great many things too horrible for you to hear, Neptune struck the rock, on which he was resting, with his trident, suddenly raising his head from the ocean depths, and causing the rock to disappear,

Solvitque montem; quem cadens secum tulit:	555
Terraque & igne victus & pelago jacet.	
Nos alia major naufragos pestis vocat.	
Est humilis unda, scrupis mendax vadis,	
Ubi saxa rapidis clusa vorticibus tegit	
Fallax Caphareus æstuat scopulis fretum,	560
Fervetque semper fluctus alterna vice	
Arx imminet prærupta, quæ spectat mare	
Utrinque geminum. Pelopis hinc oras tui,	
Et Isthmon, arcto qui recurvatus solo	
Ionia jungi maria Phrixeis vetat;	565
Hinc scelere Lemnon nobilem; hinc & Chalcida;	
Tardamque ratibus Aulida. hanc arcem occupat	
Palamedis ille genitor, & clarum manu	
Lumen nefanda vertice e summo efferens,	
In saxa duxit perfida classem face.	570
Hærent acutis rupibus fixæ rates.	
Has inopis undæ brevia comminuunt vada.	
Pars vehitur hujus prima, pars scopulo sedet.	
Hanc alia retro spatia relegendem ferit,	
Et fracta frangit. jam timent terram rates,	575
Et maria malunt, cecidit in lucem furor.	
Postquam litatum est Ilio, Phœbus redit,	
Et damna noctis tristis ostendit dies.	
CLYT. Utrumne doleam, læter an reducem virum?	
Remeasse lætor. vulnus at regni grave	580
Lugere cogor. redde jam Grajis. pater,	
Altifona quatiens regna, placatos Deos.	
Nunc omne læta fronde veletur caput.	
Sacrifica dulces tibia effundat modos;	
Et nivea magnas victima ante aras cadat.	585
Sed ecce turba tristis, incomtæ comas,	
Iliades adfunt, quas super celso gradu	
Effrena Phœbas entheas laurus quatit.	

carrying with it, him to whom it had just before afforded a resting-place, and thus he fell conquered—by the earth—the lightning—and the sea! Another still greater calamity awaits us distressed, practically ship-wrecked mariners! There is a portion of the sea, when it is low water very deceiving with its rocky channels, where the treacherous Caphareus (a mountain of Eubœa) hides from the view the multitude of rocks in the rapid gulfy streams, over which it raises its majestic height! The sea rages with great severity round about these rocks, and the waves always observe the same angry attitude, whether the sea is ebbing or flowing! There is a lofty tower on the summit of a rugged mountain, which commands a view of the double sea, on both sides, from this coign of vantage, you can see the coasts of the land of Pelops,

and the isthmus, which bending itself back with its narrow neck of land, prevents the junction of the Ionian sea with the Hellespont; from this point, you have a view of Lemnos so notorious for the crimes committed there—here also, you can spy Chalcis and Aulis, which retarded the Grecian ships. The father of Palamedes (Nauplius) occupies a citadel here, and displaying from its lofty heights, a brilliant light to further his wicked ends, has caused the ships to run aground upon the rocks, misled as we were by his treacherous fires—the vessels, in consequence were fast bound by the sharp rocks, and the shallow streams, on account of the scanty waters, caused the ships to fall to pieces on the said rocks. The prow of one ship is in the water whilst its stern rests on a rock and then another vessel strikes against it, just as it is making for another safer place, and then a mutual crash! And now comes the time, when the ships begin to dread the land, and would rather have to do with the sea! The fury of the storms begins to abate, when day-light approaches, and when Phoebus returns, after Troy has been thus avenged, and the light of day fully reveals to us the damage effected during the past sad night!

CLYT. Which really ought I to do, after all thou hast told me? Ought I to grieve or rejoice at the return of my husband? No! I rejoice, inexpressibly rejoice that he has come back, but I am forced to grieve for the grave disasters, which have visited our kingdom, as it were. Grant this boon to the Greeks, oh! thou father of the thunders, which shake the heavens, with its lofty echoes—grant that the angry Gods may be appeased at last! In the meantime let every head be adorned with the triumphal verdant foliage, and let the sacred lute tune forth its most dulcet melodies, and the snow-white victim fall in sacrifice before the altars! But listen! look! a lugubrious collection of women, with neglected locks, ah! the Trojan captives are now advancing preceded by the frantic priestess of Apollo, Cassandra, with a lofty carriage and flourishing the prophetic laurels, which she is carrying in her hand!

CHORUS ILIADUM, CASSANDRA.

Chorus Iliadum Trojæ fata cafumque luget, Caffandra furore Phœbeio correpta, quæ Agamemnoni imminent, vaticinatur.

HEU quam dulce malum mortalibus additum,
 Vitæ dirus amor: cum pateat malis
 Effugium, & miferos libera mors vocet, 590
 Portus æterna placidus quiete!
 Nullus hunc terror, nec impotens
 Procella Fortunæ movet,
 Aut iniqui flamma Tonantis. 595
 Pax alta, nullos civium cœtus
 Timet, aut minaces victoris iras;
 Non maria aſperis infana Coris:
 Non acies feras,
 Pulvereamque nubem, 600
 Motam barbaricis equitum catervis;
 Hoſtica aut muros populante flamma,
 Urbe cum tota populos cadentes:
 Indomitumve bellum. perumper omne
 Servitium contemtor levium Deorum, 605
 Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
 Qui Styga triftem non triftis videt,
 Audentque vitæ ponere finem.
 Par ille regi, par fuperis erit.
 O quam miferum eſt neſcire mori! 610
 Vidimus patriam ruentem nocte funeſta,
 Cum Dardana teſta Dorici raperetis ignes.
 Non illa bello victa, nec armis,
 Ut quondam Herculea cecidit pharetra;
 Quam non Pelei Thetidifque natus, 615
 Caruſque Pelidæ nimium feroci
 Vicit, acceptis cum fulſit armis,
 Fuditque Troas falſus Achilles:
 Aut cum ipſe Pelides animos feroces
 Suſtulit luſtu, celeremque falu 620
 Troades fummiſ timuere muris.
 Perdidit in malis extremum decus;
 Fortiter vinci. reſtitit annis
 Troja bis quinis,

CHORUS OF TROJANS - CASSANDRA.

The Chorus of Trojans bewail the fates and the misfortunes of Troy. Cassandra being ſeized with one of her prophesying paroxyſms, foretells what dangers are threatening Agamemnon.

CHORUS.

ALAS! what a calamity, however much it may be cherished, has been fastened upon us, poor mortals in the shape of our unfortunate love of life! When the way out of our misfortunes is open to us, and kind Death summons the wretched, and a tranquil harbour of refuge, with eternal rest, is given us, in exchange for those troubles—No such terrors affect such a man then, nor is he tossed about by the cruel storms of fate, nor is he, any longer, the victim of the unjust fulminations of thundering Jove—he then enjoys peace in its plenitude! He fears no seditious gatherings of disaffected citizens, nor the angry scowl of a tyrannical conqueror! Nor does he then dread the sea lashing itself into fury, with a tempestuous north-wester, nor does he go in fear of the sanguinary battlefield, nor is he disturbed by the clouds of dust stirred up by the war steeds of the barbarian horsemen, as they gallop about the plain during their hostile incursions! Nor is he terrified by the enemy's fires, laying waste his homestead, nor does he fear the entire downfall of the population, with their entire city destroyed! Not even the ceaseless prolongation of war will disturb the man, who, as a despiser of the frivolous gods, will trample on every kind of bondage;—the man, who, with mental composure can gaze upon the lugubrious Styx (in imagination) and who, as a view of the black Acheron is pictured to his mind, can summon up the courage to put an end to his own existence is on a par with very Kings, aye, with the actual Gods above! Oh! what a wretched thing it is, this not knowing how and when to die! Here are we! We see our very country ruined in one dreadful night—when the Grecian flames seized upon the Trojan habitations, our Troy was not conquered through honorable warfare, nor overpowered by the arms of the victors, as it certainly was once, when it fell by the quiver of Hercules—Our Troy, which neither the Son of Peleus and Thetis (Achilles) nor Patroclus, that dear friend of the extremely ferocious Achilles, really conquered, not even, when he stalked forth accoutred with his borrowed arms and when that sham Achilles did rout us only for a time, or even when Achilles roused himself from grieving for his friend, and all his angry ferocity returned, the Trojans were certainly scared, when he appeared suddenly on the lofty walls and to observe him being so swift in the leap he took! The very last honorable satisfaction has been denied us, of being conquered, by arms overpowering valor! Our Troy resisted—successfully resisted for ten long years, and then, oh!

Unius noctis peritura furto.	625
Vidimus simulata dona molis immensæ; Danaumque fatale munus duximus nostra Creduli dextra: tremuitque sæpe Limine in primo fonipes, cavernis Conditos reges bellumque gestans:	630
Et licuit verfare dolos, ut ipsi Fraude sua capti caderent Pelasgi. Sæpe commotæ fonuere parmæ, Tacitumque murmur percussit aures; Et fremuit male subdolo	635
Parens Pyrrhus Ulyffi. Secura metus Troica pubes Sacros gaudet tangere funes. Hinc æquævi gregis Aftyanax, Hinc Hæmonio desponfa rogo,	640
Ducunt turmas: hæc femineas, Ille viriles. Festæ matres votiva ferunt Munera Divis: festi patres Adeunt aras. unus tota est Vultus in urbe.	645
Et, quod nunquam post Hectoreos Vidimus ignes, læta est Hecube. Quid nunc primum, dolor infelix, Quidve extremum deflere paras?	650
Mœnia Divûm fabricata manu, Diruta nostra? An templa Deos super ufta fuos? Non vacat istis lacrimare malis. Te, magne parens, flent Iliades.	655
Vidi, vidi, fenis in jugulo, Telum Pyrrhi vix exiguo Sanguine tingi. CASS. Cohibete lacrimas, omne quas tempus petit, Troades, & ipsæ veftra lamentabili	660
Lugete gemitu funera. ærumnæ meæ Socium recufant. cladibus queftus meis Removete. nostris ipsa sufficiam malis. CHOR. Lacrimas lacrimis mifcere juvat. Magis exurunt, quos fecretæ	665
Lacerant curæ. juvat in medium Deflere fuos. nec enim, quamvis	

sad, that she should perish at last, through the treachery enacted, in a single night! We had seen the pretended gift represented by that huge mountainous mass (the Trojan Horse) and in our confidingness, we believed in Sinon, we led along the fatal gift of the Greeks with our trusting right hand, and we observed that the horse, more than once, regularly trembled, just as it passed the thresh-

hold of our gates, carrying within its hollow cavernous interior armed kings themselves, hidden up with all their implements of battle and it might have been permitted, to have turned their treachery against its authors, so that the Pelasgi, themselves, (Greeks) might have fallen as easy captives, through that dreadful imposture! Their shields, striking against each other, very often gave forth a sound and even whispering noises would sometimes reach our listening ears, and Pyrrhus, whilst he sullenly obeyed the orders of crafty Ulysses, groaned with disgust! The Trojan lads and young virgins, without any fear delighted to handle those fatal ropes that hung about the horse. There, Astyanax played at soldiers and marched, (military fashion,) at the head of boys of his own age—there, our virgins accompanied the engaged Princess Polyxena, to the tomb of Achilles! Such and such a woman heading the females, such and such a man the male portion of the retinue. The matrons inclined to be joyous, bring their votive offerings to the Gods. The fathers of their children, in a rejoicing mood, approach the altars, and there is one look of universal joy in the City, and Hecuba, even, appears to be jubilant, a thing we never before noticed since Hector's body had been ransomed and handed over to the funeral pile! Oh! miserable anguish! what will be the next, what will be the last misfortune, we are making ready to weep about? These walls built by the hands of the Gods and now destroyed by the hands of man! Or, (shall we weep about) our temples burnt and the débris immuring their own Gods? No! We have no time to weep over these misfortunes, it is for thee, that great Sire of our nation, Priam, that the Trojans weep! We have seen, yes, we have actually seen the sword of Pyrrhus plunged into the chest of that old man, and when withdrawn, to be scarcely tinged with blood!

CASS. Oh! ye Trojans, restrain your tears, you will have plenty of time for that, and grieve rather, now, for your own personal calamities, funereal enough in their character—my own misfortunes require no sharer—cease then to grieve for my troubles, I shall suffer enough, without needing sympathizing tears, for my own calamities, when they arrive!

CHOR. 'Tis pleasant to mix our own tears, with the tears of others; they whom hidden troubles disturb suffer more from lack of companions in sorrow! It is much better for them to air their grievances! Nor could you, although a harsh virago and capable of bearing ordinary mis-

Dura virago patiensque mali, Poteris tantas flere ruinas.	
Non quæ verno nobile carmen Ramo cantat tristis aedon, Ityn in varios modulata fonos; Non quæ tectis Bistonos ales Refidens fummis impia diri Furta mariti garrula deflet;	670 675
Lugere tuam poterit digne Conquesta domum: licet ipse velit Clarus niveos inter olores Istrum cygnus Tanaimque colens Extrema loqui: licet alcyones Ceyca suum fluctu leviter Plangente sonent, cum tranquillo Male confisæ credunt iterum Pelago audaces, scetufque suos Nido pavidæ titubante sovent:	 680 685
Non si molles imitata viros Tristis laceret brachia tecum, Quæ turritæ turba parenti Pectora rauco concita buxo Furit, ut Phrygium luceat Attin. Non est lacrimis, Cassandra, modus, Quia quæ patimur vicere modum.	 690
Sed cur sacratas deripis capiti infulas? Miferis colendos maxime superos reor. CASS. Vicere nostra jam metus omnes mala. Equidem nec ulla cœlites placo prece: Nec, si velint sævire, quo noceant habent. Fortuna vires ipsa consumpsit suas, Quæ patria restat? quis pater? quæ jam foror? Bibere tumili sanguinem atque aræ meum.	 700
Quid illa felix turba fraterni gregis? Exhausta nempe: regia miseri fenes Vacua relicti, totque per thalamos vident, Præter Lacænam, ceteras viduas nurus. Tot illa regum mater, & regimen Phrygum Fœcunda in ignes Hecuba, fatorum novas Experta leges, induit vultus feros.	 705

fortunes patiently, weep sufficiently for such calamities, as we are grieving over! Not the sorrowing nightingale (Philomela) which, at early spring chants forth her plaintive notes on yonder branch, and sings still for her lamented Itys her different melodies! Nor could the Bistonian Swallow (Progne) which settles on our house-tops and bewails garrulously, the impious and incestuous adulteries of her cruel husband Tereus! bewail more

worthily the sad misfortunes of your dynasty! Nor would it be possible for the swan so bright amongst the other white swans which inhabit the waters of the Danube and the Tanais (the Don) to utter its last dying notes in its usual way, if it thought of your troubles! (When the swan is dying, its accents are considered quite musical.) Let the kingfishers lightly sound forth their mournful notes, in harmony with the fluctuating murmurings of the gentle waves, for the death of Ceyx, when, although distrustful, they muster up courage to risk the tranquil sea again, and timorously cherish their tender broods in the unsteady nest! nor if that mournful tribe of Corybantic priestesses, imitating the effeminate men, should bruise and mutilate their arms for your sorrows, that tribe which after their parent, whose head was crowned with rising turrets (refers to the mode of dressing their hair, turret-fashion) work themselves up into a state of frenzy, and tear their breasts, stirred up by the harsh screechings of their box-wood flutes, so that they may sufficiently bewail their Phrygian Attis! Cassandra! there is no limit to our tears, because the evils we have suffered from have already exceeded all bounds! But why dost thou remove from thy head thy sacred garlands? (A series of woollen threads let down with the hair, when they prophesied.) We suppose that the gods above ought to be specially honored with the strictest observances, by the wretched suppliants, who seek their aid!

CASS. My misfortunes have effectually steeled me against all fears, inasmuch indeed, that I never endeavour now to soften the deities with any of my prayers, nor, if they wish to grow wrathful, have they it in their power to injure me—Even capricious fate, you perceive, exhausts its own capabilities in time! What country is there left to me? What father? What sister have I now? The dreadful tomb and the exacting altars have swallowed up the blood of all my race! What has become of my once happy brothers? They have perished away from life's scene! The Palace of Aged Priam is empty! deserted! and out of so many spouses that were domiciled there formerly, there is not one sister left, except Helen, that is not a widow! That mother of so many Kings, and that Phrygian Queen, Hecuba, so prolific in her parturitions, as regards the fiery elements (allusion is here made to her dream before the birth of Paris), has earned some experience of what novel decrees, the fates are capable of ordaining, and has now assumed the visage of a wild animal, and barks aloud, as she prowls about the ruins of her once "own city"! (Hecuba was turned into a

Circa ruinas rabida latravit suas,
 Trojæ superstes, Hæctori, Priamo, sibi.
 CHOR. Silet repente Phœbas, & pallor genas, 710
 Creberque totum possidet corpus tremor.
 Stetere vittæ, mollis horrefcit coma.
 Anhela corda murmure incluso fremunt.
 Incerta nutant lumina; & versi retro
 Torquentur oculi. rursus immites rigent. 715
 Nunc levat in auras altior solito caput,
 Graditurque celsa. nunc reluctantes parat
 Referare fauces; verba nunc cluso male
 Custodit ore, Mænas impatiens Dei.
 CASS. Quid me furoris incitam stimulis novi, 720
 Quid mentis inopem sacra Parnassi juga
 Raptitis? recede, Phœbe. jam non sum tua.
 Exstingue flammæ pectori infixas meo.
 Cui nunc vagor vesana? cui bacchor furens?
 Jam Troja cecidit. falsa quid vates ago? 725
 Ubi sum? fugit lux alma, & obscurat genas
 Nox alta, & æther abditus tenebris laiet.
 Sed ecce gemino sole præfulget dies;
 Geminumque duplices Argos attollit domos.
 Idæa cerno nemora. fatalis fedet 730
 Inter potentes arbiter pastor Deas.
 Timete reges, moneo, furtivum genus.
 Agrestis ille alumnus evertet domum.
 Quid ista vecors tela feminea manu
 Destricta præfert? quem petit dextera virum 735
 Lacæna cultu ferrum Amazonio gerens?
 Quæ versat oculos alia nunc facies meos?
 Victor ferarum colla vexatus jacet
 Ignobili sub dente Marmaricus leo,
 Morsus cruentos passus audacis lææ. 740
 Quid me vocatis fospitem solam e meis,
 Umbrae meorum? te sequor, tota pater
 Troja sepulte. frater, auxilium Phrygum,
 Terrorque Danaum, non ego antiquum decus

dog.) A legacy to Troy! A reminiscence of Hector! A memento of Priam! A metamorphosis of her quondam self!

CHOR. Cassandra is suddenly silent, and pallor seizes her cheeks and a frequent tremor pervades her entire frame! The very fillets around her head grow stiffened, and her soft locks stand on end, and have lost their well-combed appearance—her panting bosom resounds with smothered murmurs—her uncertain, (changing) gaze is cast in every direction, and her eyes roll about and sometimes seem to be turning back, as it were, into their very sockets,

and then, they suddenly become stern and cruel! Then she raises her head, and looks taller than usual, and steps out with a lofty carriage—At one time, she is preparing to open her reluctant mouth—at another she suppresses her words with difficulty, and mutters with her lips closed. In short, she looks like some Mænad struggling with the god, that is inspiring her! In spite, however, of her resistance, the God, Apollo, forces her to speak as follows: Why should I excite myself with any fresh prophetic impulses? Why dost thou drag me away to the tops of Parnassus (sacred to Apollo)? Leave me! Phœbus! I am no longer thine! I now belong to Agamemnon—extinguish the divining spirit, thou hast caused to reside in my breast! For what am I now, wandering about as a demented prophetess? For whom am I now raging, like a frantic Mænad? Troy has now fallen! Why should I again act the part of a false prophetess? (Cassandra whilst speaking is seized with some kind of fit, and she goes on, with her utterances, still under its influence.) Where am I? The kind light of heaven has left me, and the sombre blackness of night has blinded my eyes, and the sky around is hidden from me, through the obscurity, that prevails—(She then has a vision and exclaims:) Behold the day is shining forth, as it were, with two suns, (This is the *visus duplicatus* peculiar to drunkards and vulgarly called “double vision”, and is a symptom also of some nervous affections of the optic apparatus) and a double Argos also raises two sets of palaces! I see the forests of Ida, where dwelt that fatal shepherd, who adjudicated upon the rival claims of the three goddesses (Paris). Go in fear of Kings, take my advice avoid their incestuous offspring (alluding to Ægisthus). That rustic nurse-child will overturn the palace! (The name of Ægisthus was given him, because he was suckled by a she-goat). Why does that mad woman, I see, brandish a drawn sword, in front of me, in that feminine hand of hers? What man is she seeking to destroy, that Laconian woman attired in the garb of some bold Amazon? What other face, too, is engaging the attention of my visual organs? Oh! the conqueror of all the other wild beasts—the lion of Marmarica is lying dead (Agamemnon) having suffered death, through the deadly fangs of yonder bold lioness (Clytæmnestra). Oh! ye shades of my departed ones! Why do you summon me as the sole salvatrix of all my kith and kin? I am following you with my eyes! Oh! Father mine, buried away, together with all Troy! Oh! Brother mine, I see thee, too, the potent auxiliary of the Phrygian cause, and the terror of the Greeks! (Hector) I cannot see that glorious ornament of the past

Video, aut calentes ratibus exultis manus:	745
Sed lacera membra, & faucios vinclo gravi	
Illos lacertos. te fequor, nimium cito	
Congresse Achilli, Troile. incertos geris,	
Deiphobe, vultus, conjugis munus novæ.	
Juvat per ipsos ingredi Stygios lacus;	650
Juvar videre Tartari fævum canem,	
Avidique regna Ditis. hæc hodie ratis	
Phlegethontis atri regias animas vehet,	
Victamque, victricemque. vos, Umbræ, precor,	
Jurata superis unda, te pariter precor,	755
Referate paulum terga nigrantis poli,	
Levis ut Mycenæ turba prospiciat Phrygum.	
Spectate miseri. fata se vertunt retro.	
Instant sorores squallidæ.	
Sanguinea jactant verbera.	760
Fert læva femustas faces,	
Turgentque pallentes genæ,	
Et vestis atri funeris	
Exesa cingit ilia;	
Strepuntque nocturni metus,	765
Et ossa vasti corporis	
Corrupta longinquo situ	
Palude limosa jacent.	
Et ecce defessus fenex	
Ad ora ludentes aquas	770
Non captat, oblitus sitis,	
Mœstus futuro funere.	
Exultat, & ponit gradus	
Pater decoros Dardanus.	
CHOR. Jam pervagatus ipse se fregit furor,	775
Caditque; flexo qualis ante aras genu	
Cervice taurus vulnus incisa gerens.	
Relevemus artus entheos. tandem fuos.	
Victrice lauro cinctus Agamemnon adit;	
Et festa conjux obvios illi tulit	780
Gressus: reditque juncta concordæ gradu.	

and gone, nor the hands that waxed so hot with the burning of the ships, but I espy some mutilated limbs, and those arms wounded (bruised) by the heavy chains—I see thee, also Troilus, who contended with Achilles, too mighty for thy juvenile arms! Oh! Deiphobus, thou art showing a most indescribable appearance, but the especial gift of thy new spouse (Helen betrayed him to Menelaus who mutilated and slew him cruelly). It is really quite pleasant to stroll round about the Stygian lakes—it does one good to see the savage dog of Tartarus, and reconnoitre the domains of greedy Pluto! That craft

of Charon's which plies over the black Phlegethon this day, will convey the souls of two royal individuals, as passengers, the conquered one's (mine) and the conqueror's (Agamemnon). I implore you, oh! ye shades, and I pray thee, oh! thou Styx, by which the gods above do swear—open up to view the interior of thy black heavens, that the gentle tribe of Phrygians may see Mycenæ, and that the shades of the Trojans may have the consolation of seeing Agememnon, killed by his wife, as a sort of acceptable sacrifice to their Manes! The fates are reversing themselves (changing the order of events). Then the hideous furies are coming upon the scene, they are flourishing their blood-thirsty whips! Their left hands are holding the half-burnt torches, and their pale cheeks are puffed out, and the habiliments of black death environ their emaciated sides! And those nocturnal sources of terror, then give forth subdued noises, and the bones of some vast giant are now paraded before my vision, partially eaten away through their long continuance in a muddy marsh, and I behold the wearied old man, he cannot reach with his lips the tricky waters, he is actually forgetting all about his thirst, and he is sad, on account of the imminent death of his great grandson, but Dardanus, our great, great grandsire (Tritavus) chuckles with delight, and steps about with a most dignified air of triumph to see his offspring thus avenged. (The divining spirit quitting her, the chorus resumes, and now Cassandra fairly breaks down, and falls to the ground, just as the bull, that has received the well-directed blow, which has severed its neck, trembles and falls with its bent knees, before the altar. Let us raise that body, which till now, was filled with divine inspiration! At last, Agamemnon approaches those, who are expecting his arrival, with his head adorned with the victorious Laurel, and his (apparently only) joyful wife going forth to meet him, returns side by side with him to the banqueting Hall.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA.

Agamemnoni reduci prædicit Cassandra fatum, nec creditur.
Troad. verf. 34.

TANDEM revertor fofpes ad patrios lares.
O cara falve terra, tibi tot barbaræ
Dedere gentes fpolia, tibi felix diu
Potentis Afia Troja fubmifit manus. 785
Quid ifta vates corpus effufa, ac tremens
Dubia labat cervice? famuli, attollite.
Refovete gelido laticæ, jam recipit diem
Marcente vifu. fufcita fensus tuos.
Optatus ille portus ærumnis adefl. 790
Feflus dies efl. CASS. Feflus & Trojæ fuit.
AGAM. Veneremur aras. CASS. Cecidit ante aras pater.
AGAM. Jovem precemur pariter. CASS. Herceum Jovem?
AGAM. Credis videre te Ilium? CASS. Et Priamum fimul.
AGAM. Heic Troja non efl. CASS. Ubi Helena efl, Trojam puto. 795
AGAM. Ne metue dominam famula. CASS. Libertas adefl.
AGAM. Secura vive. CASS. Mors mihi efl fecuritas.
AGAM. Nullum efl periculum tibimet. CASS. At magnum tibi efl.
AGAM. Viçtor timere quid poteft? CASS. Quod non timet.
AAM. Hanc fida, famuli, turba, dum excutiat Deum, 800
Retinete, ne quid impotens peccet furor.
At te, pater, qui fæva torques fulmina
Pellifque nubes, fidera & terras regis,

ACT IV.

AGAMEMNON—CASSANDRA.

Cassandra, when Agamemnon returns, predicts his fate,
but she is not believed.

AGAMEMNON.

AT last, I have returned to my paternal dwelling!
Oh! my dear country! I hail you with joy—The
barbarian nations have rendered up to you many
valuable fpoils! Troy, the capital of Proud Asia, fo long
a flourishing Kingdom, has yielded to our valiant arms!
But, why is that prophetess on the ground in fuch a
fate of bodily proflration? She is trembling, and feems
to raife her head with difficulty! Here! Quick, ye atten-

dants! Raise the princess up, sprinkle ye her with some cold water! Ah! she is opening her eyes, and recovering from her vacant look! Come! Cassandra dear! Do rouse thy senses! The long-looked-for haven out of thy troubles is now at hand! This is a day of rejoicing for all of us!

CASS. And it was once a day of rejoicing at Troy:

AG. Let us, prostrating ourselves, offer up our adorations before the altar.

CASS. 'Twas at the foot of the altar, that my father fell! (Priam.)

AG. Let us address Jupiter, likewise, with our prayers.

CASS. What Jupiter? Dost thou mean Jupiter Herceus?

AG. Dost thou still think Cassandra, that thou art gazing at thy Troy?

CASS. Yes! and at Priam as well!

AG. But I am telling thee, this place is not Troy.

CASS. Where is Helen? I can think of nothing but Troy.

AG. Come, Cassandra! don't, like any common servant, go in fear of a mistress! while thou knowest, that thou art beloved by me!

CASS. My liberty is not far off!

AG. Live, Cassandra, in comfort and security.

CASS. Death will be my security.

AG. There is no danger, that thou mayst fear.

CASS. But there is great danger for thee.

AG. What can a conqueror fear?

CASS. The very identical thing, that he does not fear!

AG. Here! trusty attendants, take care of this prophetess till she shakes herself out of this horrible deity—inspiring business, lest, during one of these frantic moods, she may do herself or some one else some bodily mischief—and oh! Father Jupiter, who drivest away the clouds and hurlest forth the dreadful lightnings—who rulest the earth and the starry firmament, to whom the conquerors are

Ad quem triumphi spolia victores ferunt;
 Et te forem cuncta pollentis viri,
 Argolica Juno, pecore votivo libens
 Arabumque donis, suppliance & fibra colam.

805

CHORUS ARGIVARUM.

Chorus Argivarum Herculis laudes canit, nutriti scilicet Argis, cujusque
 sagittæ fato poscebantur ad secundum Trojæ excidium.

ARGOS nobilibus nobile civibus,
 Argos iratæ carum novercæ,
 Semper ingentes educas alumnos;
 Imparem æquasti numerum Deorum:
 Tuus ille bisfeno meruit labore
 Allegi cælo magnus Alcides;
 Cui lege mundi Juppiter rupta
 Roscidæ noctis geminavit horas,
 Jusfitque Phœbum tardius celeres
 Agitare currus, & tuas lente
 Remeare bigas, pallida Phœbe;
 Retulit pedem, nomen alternis
 Stella quæ mutat, seque mirata est
 Hesperum dici; Aurora movit
 Ad folitas vices caput, & relabens
 Imposuit fenis humero mariti.
 Sensit Ortus, sensit Occafus,
 Herculem nasci, violentus ille
 Nocte non una poterat creari.
 Tibi concitatus substitit mundus.
 O puer magnum subiture cælum;
 Te sensit Nemeæus arcto
 Pressus lacerto fulmineus leo,
 Cervaque Parrhafis.
 Sensit Arcadii populator agri.
 Gemuitque taurus, Dictæa linqvens
 Horridus arva.
 Morte fœcundum domuit draconem,
 Vetuitque collo pereunte nasci,
 Geminoisque fratres pectore ab uno
 Tria monstra natos, stipite incusso
 Fregit insultans: dnxitque ad ortus

810

815

820

825

830

835

bringing the spoils of their triumphant victory, and oh! Juno, thou especially protectrix of all Argos, and sister as well as spouse of thy all-puissant husband, we will offer to thee, joyfully, in adoration our animal sacrifices,

and the perfumes and frankincense of Arabia, and with every fibre, of our nature, we will approach thee suppliantly, with our adorations!

THE CHORUS OF ARGOS WOMEN.

The Chorus of Argos Women sing the praises of Hercules, especially, as he was brought up at Argos, and they maintain that his arrows were required by the fates, for the second downfall of Troy.

OH! Argos celebrated for thy illustrious citizens! Oh! Argos, dear, even to an angry step-mother (it was hateful to Juno on account of Jupiter's concubines, who were in strong force there) thou always bringest up foster-children, that turn out something great; thou, now hast equalized the number of the Gods in that respect—thy great Alcides! he has fully deserved to be elected, as a fit recipient of divine honors, for his twelve labors—Alcides! for whom, indeed, the laws of the universe were set aside (Jupiter doubled the hours of dewy night and ordered Phœbus to drive his swift courses at a more moderate speed, and pale Phœbe, to come back at a slower travelling pace, with her two-horse chariot! And the star of Venus, which changes her name alternately, as she returned, marvelled why her cognomen should be altered from Aurora to Hesperus! Aurora turned aside to her accustomed position and reclined on the shoulders of her aged Tithonus—the Eastern Hemisphere perceived—the Western Hemisphere was reminded that a Hercules was born into the world! That great man could not be created (ushered in) in a single night. The astonished world, under orders, stood still awaiting his arrival! Oh! that little boy, who was destined at birth, finally to enter the kingdom of Jupiter's heaven! The angry Nemæan Lion, that had been squeezed to death by his tight-pressing arms, knew him again! And the Parrhasian stag and the ravaging wild boar of the Arcadian plains knew him again! As well as the horrible bull, that groaned so loudly, when it quitted the Cretan pastures! And he effectually subdued the prolific Lernæan Hydra (with death), and by destroying its neck, preventing its power of growing again (re-animation, as one head was destroyed, two were said to spring up), and the trigeminal brothers, which from one vital centre common to all three, were developed into a triple monster—whom Hercules with a sort of amused triumph promptly despatched with one well-directed blow from his club, and

Hesperium pecus, Geryonæ spoliium triformis.	840
Egit Threicium gregem. Quem non Strymonii gramine fluminis, Hebrive ripis pavit tyrannus; Hospitum dirus stabulis cruorem	845
Præbuit sævis; tinxitque crudos Ultimus rictus sanguis aurigæ. Vidit Hippolyte ferox, Pectore in medio rapî spoliium: & fagittis	850
Nube percussa Stymphalis alto Decidit cælo, Arborque pomis fertilis aureis Extimuit manus infueta carpi. Fugitque in auras levioere ramo: Audiuit fonitum crepitante lamna	855
Frigidus custos nescius fomni. Linqueret cum jam nemus omne fulvo Plenus Alcides vacuum metallo. Tractus ad cælum canis inferorum Triplici catena, tacuit, nec ullo	860
Latravit ore; lucis ignotæ Metuens colorem. te duce fuccidit Mendax Dardaniæ domus, Et fenfit arcus iterum timendos: Te duce concidit totidem diebus	865
Troja, quot annis.	

ACTUS QUINTUS.

CASSANDRA.

Cassandra vel illa non videns vaticinatur, vel in profcenio stans
quæ intus & in ἐξώστρῳ gerantur, de cæde Agamemnoni,
narrat.

RES agitur intus magoa, par annis decem.
Eheu, quid hoc est? anime, confurge, & cape
Pretium furoris. vicinus victi Phryges.
Bene est! resurgis, Troja, traxisti jacens

870

he drove the Hesperian flocks of this three-headed giant Geryon, to feed upon Eastern pastures! He set free the horses from Diomedes, the Thracian King, which their tyrant owner had not allowed to graze upon the pasture lands of Strymon, nor yet on the fertile banks of the Hebrus, but instead of that, the cruel owner gave

them the blood of his guests, and the last human blood, that moistened their lips was that of the barbarous Charioteer himself! The fierce Hippolyte was doomed to see her shield and girdle taken from her side and then given up to Hercules as the spoil of war! And the Stymphalides were struck down by his arrows from the very highest regions of the skies! And that tree, which produced the golden apples, unaccustomed to be robbed of its burden and feared the approach of designing hands, he caused to resume its position, but with its branches lightened of their load, and the cold-blooded dragon, the guardian of the apples, and which never knew what sleep was, only heard the crepitating sound of the metallic fruit, when Hercules, loaded with the golden apples (yellow metal) had already effected a safe exit from every part of the grove! The dog of Tartarus was dragged to the upper regions, with a tripled chain, preserved its silence, and never attempted to bark at all, but feared the impression made upon him, by that light (day-light) which he had never experienced before! The lying, perfidious dynasty of Troy, has aforesaid (Laomedon's) under thy generalship, felt that the arrows were to be dreaded a second time and, when thou leddest the way as general, Troy fell in as many days, as it has just taken Agamemnon ten years to bring about!

ACT V.

CASSANDRA.

Cassandra, although she (actually) sees nothing, and is only in the Proscenium, foretells what is to happen, and she narrates everything, that is progressing, in the banqueting hall to those outside, concerning the slaughter of Agamemnon.

A GREAT event is being enacted inside, quite equal to anything, that may have happened during the ten years' war! Alas! What does it all mean? Oh! my soul, rise to the occasion, and receive the full reward due to thy inspirations! We, the down-trodden Trojans have now turned conquerors! It is well, thus far! Oh! my Troy, you are being resuscitated; although fallen, you have dragged Mycenæ into the mire with you! The conqueror is now retreating! And the inspiration of my foreseeing mind, has never indicated anything more evident—more clearly to my perception, for I actually

Pares Mycenæ. terga dat victor tuus. Tam clara nunquam providæ mentis furor. Ostendit oculis. video, & interfûm, & fruor. Imago vifus dubia non fallit meos. Spectamus. epulæ regia inſtructæ domo, Quales fuerunt ultimæ Phrygibus dapes, Celebrantur. oftro lectus Iliaco nitet; Merumque in auro veteris Affaraci trahunt: Et ipſe picta veſte ſublîmis jacet	875
Priami ſuperbas corpore exuvias gerens. Detrahere cultus uxor hoſtiles jubet, Induere potius conjugis fide manu Textos amictus. horreo, atque animo tremo. Regemne perimet exful, & adulter virum? Venere fata, fanguinem extremæ dapes Domini videbunt, & cruor Baccho incidet. Mortifera vincitum perfidæ tradet neci Induta veſtis. exitum manibus negat, Caputque laxi & invii cludunt ſinus. Haurit trementi femivir dextra latus, Nec penitus adigit: vulnere in medio ſtupet.	880
At ille, ut altis biſpidus ſilvis aper, Cum caſſe vincitum tentat egreſſus tamen. Arctatque motu vincla, & incaſſum furit: Cupit fluentes undique & cæcos ſinus Difficere; & hoſtem quærit implicitus ſuum. Armat bipenni Tyndaris dextram furens. Qualiſque ad aras colla taurorum prius Designat oculis, antequam ferro petat; Sic buc & illuc impiam librat manum. Habet. peractum eſt. pendet exigua male Caput amputatum parte, & hinc trunco cruor Exundat, illinc ora cum fremitu jacent. Nondum recedunt. ille jam exanimem petit, Laceratqun corpus. illa fodientem adjuvat. Uterque tanto ſcelere reſpondet fuiſ. Hic eſt Thyeſte natus, hæc Helenæ foror. Stat ecce Titan dubius emerito die, Suave currat, an Thyeſtæa via.	885
	890
	895
	900
	905

see, am interested in what I do see, and I am now enjoying the fullest fruits of my prophetic power! This is not any doubtful vision or ignis fatuus, which is deluding my vision (mental): it is a reality! I positively see the banquet, that is going on, in the royal palace, such as the feasts of old were celebrated amongst the Trojans—the royal couch is resplendent with the purple coverings stolen from Troy, and they are drinking their wine out of the very golden goblets which belonged to the ancient Phrygian King Assaracus, and Agamemnon himself is lolling in his embroidered garments, and wearing about

his person, the habiliments worn by Priam himself, but his wife (Clytæmnestra) is (cunningly) persuading him to respect the susceptibilities of the Trojans, to take off the attire of the enemy, and to put on, in preference, some clothing actually woven by the dear hands of an affectionate wife! Oh! I dread what I am suspecting, I am pausing in my mind, whether this adulterous exile will dare to kill a King; and that King, the husband of his accomplice! The fates have come true! And the second course of the feast will witness the flow of blood, and that blood will be shed just as the loving-cup passes round. (It was a custom with the ancient Greeks to pass round the loving-cup,—*philotesia*). That garment when it is put on will bind him fast and hand him (Agamemnon) over to a treacherous death. It shuts out all means of escape to the hands and the loose inextricable folds completely envelop the head, (when any attempt is made to remove it, is here meant). Then that effeminate adulterer, Ægisthus, stabs the King in the side with his right hand, trembling the while, but does not send the weapon home, for he appears to be lacking in resolution, whilst he is inflicting the wound! But Agamemnon, just as the bristly wild-boar in the depths of the forest, attempts to effect its escape whilst bound hard and fast by the hunter's net and merely tightens the cords which bind it, through its frantic exertions, and only rages in vain at its failure! In a similar way, Agamemnon seeks to tear away this flowing robe, which enveloped him, and which permitted of no exit, and thus imprisoned, he looks round inquiringly to see, who was his enemy! The daughter of Tyndarus, raging with excitement, takes a two-edged sword in her right hand, and as the sacrificing priest before the altar marks out with his eye measuring the distance, before he takes his deadly aim at the neck of the bull, as there, so here, Clytæmnestra (as it were) scientifically poises her wicked hand! She has it now! She has struck the blow, and the head being divided, hangs only by a small portion of integument—then, the blood flows profusely from the wound, and he dies with a groan! But the murderous couple do not go away—Ægisthus approaches him, now that he is dead, and mutilates the body, and Clytæmnestra assists him in the process of cutting and maiming—Both are taking after their family predecessors, in this great crime—One is the son of Thyestes—The other, the sister of Helen! Behold! Phœbus is in a quandary! Will he stop his chariot in celebration of such a meritorious day's work, as he did in the case of the notorious supper of Atreus, or will he go on with that chariot as usual?

ELECTRA, STROPHIUS, ORESTES
ET PYLADES, mutæ personæ.

Electra fratri suo Oresti subducto fugam suadet, eumque Strophio opportune occurrenti tradit abducendum; ipsa ad aram confugit.

EL.	F UGE, o paternæ mortis auxilium unicum, Fuge, & scelestas hostium evita manus. Everſa domus est funditus. regna occidunt. Hospes quis iste concitos currus agit? Germane, vultus veste furabor tuos.	910
	Quos, anime demens, refugis? externos fugis? Domus timenda est. pone jam trepidos metus, Oreſta. amici fida præſida intuo.	915
STROPH.	Phocide relicta Strophius, Elea ioclitus Palma revertor. cauſa veniendi fuit, Gratari amico, cujus impulſum manu	920
	Cecidit decenni Marte concuſſum Ilium. Quænam iſta lacrimis lugubrem vultum rigat, Pavetque mœſta? regium agnoſco genus. Electra, fletus cauſa quæ læta in domo eſt?	
EL.	Pater peremptus ſcelere materno jacet. Comes paternæ quæritur natus neci. Ægiſthus arces Venere quæſitas tenet.	925
STROPH.	O nulla longi temporis felicitas!	
EL.	Per te parentis memoriã obteſtor mei, Per ſceptra terris nota, per dubios Deos, Recipe hunc Oreſten, ac pium furtum occulte.	930
STROPH.	Eſti timendum cæſus Agamemnon docet, Aggrediar, & te, Oreſta, furabor libens. Poſcunt fidem ſecunda, at adverſa exigunt. Cape hoc decorum ludicri certaminis, Inſigne frontis, læva victricem tenens	935
	Frondem virenti protegat ramo caput. Et iſta donum palma Piſæi Jovis Velamen eadem præſtet atque omen tibi.	

ELECTRA—STROPHIUS—ORESTES AND
PYLADES—MUTE PERSONAGES.

Electra persuades her brother Orestes to take flight, and luckily encounters Strophius, and she hands him over to Strophius, to be carried away. Electra flies to the altar for protection.

ELECTRA.

FLEE! oh! thou only hope of avenging a father's murder! Flee, and avoid the wicked hands of our enemies—The Palace is utterly overthrown! The

Kingdom has collapsed! Ah! what guest is it, I wonder, that is now approaching and driving those spirited coursers? Oh! my dear brother, I will conceal thy face with some of my garments! Oh! my bewildered soul! From whom are we fleeing? Are we fleeing from strangers? Yet, the Palace is to be dreaded, it is no longer safe—Come, Orestes, put aside thy trembling fears—I can trust the safe protection of a friend!

STR. (Electra demands, who it is, of this stranger.) Who am I? I am Strophius—I have just left Phocis, my Kingdom, and am now returning, honored and distinguished, through having gained a prize in the chariot race at the Olympic Games; and the reason for my coming on hither, was simply to congratulate an old friend, by whose prowess shattered Troy has been finally overcome after a ten years' campaign. And may I ask why thou art deluging thy face with tears, and with such a sad look of terror about thee? I know thy royal race! What is the cause of all this weeping? in thy joyful palace too!

EL. My father is lying murdered through my mother's wickedness, and now the Son, Orestes, is being sought for, that he may follow his father, as a companion, to be murdered in a similar manner! Ægisthus holds the seat of power now, which he has attained by means of a lover's intrigue!

STR. Ah! of what short duration is human felicity!

EL. I conjure thee, by the memory of my lost parent—by his sceptre, which was acknowledged throughout all lands—by the uncertain Deities—let this boy, Orestes, receive thy protection, and hide away this pious relic, I have filched away!

STR. Although Agamemnon is slain, it behoves us to be on our guard—I will receive and willingly hide away Orestes—Prosperity easily discovers friends, but adversity puts them to the test! Take this foliaceous wreath in thy left hand—use it as an ornamental appendage to thy head; it was awarded to me, as the victor's prize at the chariot races—it will protect thy face with its ever-green branches, and this palm, the gift of Jupiter Pisæus, will serve alike the office of a sun-shade, as well as the trophy of victory, and they will be to thee a significant memento, as regards the revenge owing for the slaughter of thy

Tuque o, paternis affidens frenis comes.	940
Condidice, Pylade, patris exemplo fidem.	
Vos, Græcia nunc teste, veloces equi	
Infida curfu fugite præcipiti loca.	
EL. Excessit. abiit currus effreno impetu	
Effugit aciem. tuta jam opperiar meos	945
Hoftes, & ultro vulneri opponam caput.	
Adest cruenta conjugis victrix fui,	
Et signa cædis veste maculata gerit,	
Manus recenti fanguine etiamnum niadent,	
Vultusque præ se scelera truculenti ferunt.	953
Concedam ad aras. patere me vittis tuis,	
Cassandra, jungi paria metuentem tibi.	

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ELECTRA,
ÆGISTHUS, CASSANDRA.

Electram ab ara detrahi & in carcerem conjici jubet Cly-
tæmneftra. Cassandra jugulatur.

H OSTIS parentis, impium atque audax caput,	
Quo more cætus publicos, virgo, petis?	
EL. Adulterorum virgo deferui domum.	955
CLYT. Quis esse credat virginem? EL. Natam tuam.	
CLYT. Modestius cum matre. EL. Pietatem doces.	
CLYT. Animos viriles corde tumefacto geris;	
Sed agere domita feminam difces malo.	
EL. Nifi forte fallor, feminas ferrum decet.	960
CLYT. Et esse demens te parem nobis putas?	
EL. Vobis? quis iste est alter Agamemnon tuus?	
Ut vidua loquere. vir caret vita tuus.	

Father! And thou, oh! Pylades, the companion now sitting in thy father's chariot, learn in earnest, the responsibility attaching to the example of a father! And Greece! be now my witness, that you, my swift coursers fly with your headlong speed from these treacherous regions!

EL. He has gone—he has left us, and his steeds are galloping away with a wild speed, from this battlefield of the enemy! Now, I am sufficiently protected from the foe! I will willingly offer my own head to the assassin's sword! The sanguinary conqueress of her slain husband is now approaching, and shows the traces of murder on her stained garments—her hands, even now, are moist with the blood only just shed, and her fierce visage car-

ries in its expression the very imprint of crime! I will betake myself to the altars for refuge, and Cassandra, allow me to wear thy fillets (the fillets thou wearest at thy supplications) when as a crowned prophetess, thou fleddest to the altar as a suppliant, to be associated with thee thus far, I fear the same death is in store for thee as well as for myself!

CLYTÆMNESTRA—ELECTRA—ÆGISTHUS—
CASSANDRA.

Clytæmnestra orders Electra to be dragged away from the altar and thrown into prison—she stabs Cassandra.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

OH! thou enemy of thy mother, thou wicked and audacious upstart, by what new-fangled custom dost thou, a virgin, pose as the frequenter of public gatherings?

EL. It is simply because I am a Virgin, that I have quitted the palace of an adulteress and her accomplice in adultery!

CLYT. Who will believe, that thou art a Virgin?

EL. Those who know, that I am thy daughter.

CLYT. Be then a little more respectful in addressing that mother.

EL. Thou teachest me the way to be affectionate.

CLYT. Thou hast the disposition of a Virago, with thy inflated imagination, but being tamed down by punishment, thou wilt learn to act more like a woman.

EL. Unless I am mightily mistaken, is it becoming or the usual thing for women to carry swords?

CLYT. And dost thou suppose, with thy insane notions, that thou art on an equality with us?

EL. With us! Who is the other Agamemnon, that belongs to thee? whilst thou art speaking as a widow, thy husband is lying dead.

CLYT. Indomita post hæc virginis verba impiæ Regina frangam, citius interea mihi Ediffere, ubi sit natus, ubi frater tuus.	965
EL. Exiit Mycenæ. CLYT. Redde nunc natum mihi. EL. Et tu parentem redde. CLYT. Quo latitat loco? EL. Tutò; quietus, regna non metuens nova: Juffta parenti fatis, at iratæ parum.	970
CLYT. Morieris hodie. EL. Dummodo hac moriar manu; Recedo ab aris. five te jugulo juvat Merfiffe ferrum; præbeo jugulum volens; Seu more pecudum colla refecari placet; Intenta cervix vulnus exspectat tuum.	975
Scelus peractum est. cæde reperfam viri Atque obfoletam fanguine hoc dextram abluæ. CLYT. Confors pericli pariter ac regni mei, Ægiftæ, gradere. nata geotricem impie Probris laceffit. abditum fratrem occultit.	980
ÆGISTH. Furibunda virgo, vocis infandæ fonum, Et aure verba indigna materna opprime. EL. Etiam monebit fccleris infandi artifex, Per fcclera natus, nomen ambiguum fuis? Idem fororis natus, & patris nepos?	985
CLYT. Ægiftæ, ceffas impium ferro caput Demetere? fratrem reddat, aut animam statim. ÆGISTH. Abftrufa cæco carcere & faxo exigat Ævum, per omnes torta pœnarum modos. Referre, quem nunc occultit, forfan volet	99.
Inops, egens, inclufa, pædore obfita, Vidua ante thalamos, exful, invifa omnibus, Æthere negato. fero fuccumbet malis. EL. Concede mortem. ÆGISTH. Si recufares, darem. Rudis eft tyraunus, more qui pœnam exigit.	995
EL. Mortem aliquid ultra eft? ÆGISTH. Vita, fi cupias mori.	

CLYT. I, as thy Queen, will soon stamp out those unruly utterances of the wicked Virgin! In the meantime, tell me without any more ado! Where is this Son? Where is that brother of thine, I mean?

EL. He has left Mycenæ.

CLYT. Restore, I say, my son to me.

EL. Restore, I say, my parent to me.

CLYT. Come! In what place is he hiding?

EL. In safety! He is perfectly free from anxiety and goes in no fear of the new establishment set up by thyself and that adulterer, Ægisthus! Enough for a just parent to know, but possibly too little for one, that is only seeking him out, to wreak her vengeance upon!

CLYT. Thou shalt die this day!

EL. 'No matter! so long as I die by thy hand; I shall now remove myself from the altar, whether it pleases thee or not to stab me with thy sword, and for that purpose, I will give my neck up to thee with all willingness, or will it please thee more, that my neck should be dealt with after the fashion of cattle slaughter! However, that neck is only waiting for thy wounds—thy crime must be fully carried out—wash thy right hand besprinkled with my life blood—that hand which has already been stained with the blood of a husband!

CLYT. Come! Ægisthus consort mine, sharer of my dangers, as well as my Kingdom! This daughter is tiring her mother out with her theft, in a most defiant manner too—she has actually hidden away the brother, whom she has impudently stolen from us!

ÆG. Furious virgin thou! restrain the accents of thy wicked tongue, and desist from the utterances unfit for a mother's ear!

EL. Even the very artificer of crime can now afford to admonish—a son actually born into the world as the direct result of crime, with a doubtful name from his own parents—the same man, who is a son of his own sister and the grandson of his own father.

CLYT. Dost thou hesitate, Ægisthus, to cut off her impious head with the sword? She shall give up that brother, or die forthwith.

ÆG. No! she shall pass the remainder of her life in some dark dungeon dug out of a rock—tortured with every kind of punishment, perhaps,—starvation, privation of every necessary, close confinement with repulsive filth around her,—and then, perhaps, she may be willing to tell us where she is now hiding him—a widow before being a wife—an exile—an odious sight for every one to behold, and the air of heaven being denied her; she must yield to these measures, even if she is backward in doing so now!

EL. Grant me death.

ÆG. If thou refusest, I will punish thee, that tyrant is a wretched novice, who inflicts death as a punishment!

EL. Is there anything more thou canst do, than to visit me with death!

ÆG. Yes! Life! if thou wishest to die.

CLYT. Abridite, famuli, monſtrum, & avectam procul
 Ultra Mycenæ, ultimo in regni angulo
 Vincite ſeptam nocte tenebroſi ſpecus,
 Ut inquietam virginem carcer domet. 1000
 At iſta pœnas capite perſolvat ſuo,
 Captiva conjux, regii pellex tori.
 Trahite, ut ſequatur conjugem ereptum mihi.
 CASS. Ne trahite, veſtros ipſa præcedam gradus:
 Perferre prima nuntium Phrygibus meis 1005
 Propero; repletum ratibus everſis mare;
 Captas Mycenæ; mille ductorem ducum,
 Ut paria fata Troicis lueret malis,
 Periffe dono feminæ, ſtupro, dolo.
 Nihil moramur. rapite. quin grates ago. 1010
 Tantum juvat vixiſſe, poſt Trojam juvat.
 CLYT. Furibunda morere. CASS. Veniet & vobis furor.

CLYT. Attendants, ſeize this monſter and convey her far away from Mycenæ; ensure her confinement, immured in the perpetual gloom of ſome dark cave, in the remotest corner of the kingdom, ſo that a life of imprisonment may tame this lawleſs Virgin! But that captive wife Cassandra ſhall pay the penalty with her head, that concubine of the royal marriage bed. Drag her forth that ſhe may follow my worthy huſband!

CASS. Do not drag me out! I will anticipate thee by walking out—I haſten to be the meſſenger of what has occurred to my fellow Trojans in Elyſium—the ſea has been filled with the wrecked ſhips of the enemy! Mycenæ has been captured (by the adulterer Ægiſthus) and the proud leader of the thouſand captains, in order that he might ſuffer the ſame fate, as that which he viſited upon the Trojans, has periſhed through the gift of a woman—adultery and treachery! I wiſh for no delay, ſeize me, I give myſelf up willingly; already, over and over again, it delights me ever to have lived at all, it delights me, that I have ſurvived the fate of Troy!

CLYT. Die, thou furious harlot! (alluding to her prophetic ravings.)

CASS. And a furious end is in ſtore for thee, the vengeance of thy own family!

HERCULES CÆTÆUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERCULES.	PHILOCTETES.
HYLLUS.	CHORUS ŒCHALIARUM VIR-
ALCMENA.	GINUM.
CHORUS ÆTOLARUM MULIERUM.	LICHAS, muta persona.
NUTRIX.	IOLE ET CHORUS ŒCHALIDUM
DEJANIRA.	sunt <i>πρωταγικά πρόσωπα.</i>
IOLE.	

ARGUMENTUM.

DEJANIRA, indigne ferens sibi prælatam Iolen Euryti regis Œchalia filiam, Herculi tunicam mittit imbutam sanguine Centauri Nessi, sagitta Herculis hydræ felle tincta vulnerati; efficacissimum credens philtum præsentissimumque amoris remedium, quod illam monuerat moriens Nessus. Quam simul ac induisset in Cenæo Eubœæ promontorio sacrificaturus Hercules, ignem concipit virus, vestisque corpori adhærentis æstus carnem, ossa interiora absumit. Nessi fraude intellecta, sibi mortem consciscit Dejanira. Hercules, interfecto Licha, qui munus letale attulerat, mandat Philoctetæ (cui moriens arcum & sagittas tradit) extrui sibi in monte Œta pyram, in qua se cum clava ac leonis pelle cremat. Alcmenæ denique matri apparet, ipsamque confolatur jam in cœlitum numerum adscriptus.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

HERCULES.

Scena hæc prima cum choro seq. in Eubœa statuitur, ubi Hercules, in Cenæo promontorio sacrificaturus, vota de cœlo, quod rebus gestis (quas enumerat) meruisse se gloriatur, concipit. reliquæ Tragediæ scena est Trachine.

SATOR Deorum, cujus excussam manu
 Utræque Phoebi sentiunt fulmen domus,
 Secure regna: protuli pacem tibi,
 Quacunq; Nereus porrigi terras vetat.
 Non est tonandum. perfidi reges jacent, 5
 Sævi tyranni. fregimus, quidquid fuit
 Tibi fulminandum. sed mihi cœlum, parens,
 Adhuc negatur? parui certe Jove
 Ubique dignus: teque testata est meum
 Patrem noverca. quid tamen nectis moras? 10
 Numquid timetur? numquid impositum sibi

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERCULES. HYLUS. ALCMENA. CHORUS OF ÆTOLIAN WOMEN. NURSE. DEJANIRA. IOLE.	PHILOCTETES. CHORUS OF CÆCHALIAN VIRGINS. LICHAS (Dumb Personage) IOLE AND CHORUS OF CÆCHALIANS ARE PRO- MINENT CHARACTERS.
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ARGUMENT.

Dejanira suffering grievously at seeing that Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, King of Cæchalia, had been preferred before herself, sends Hercules a coat, which had been impregnated with the blood of the Centaur Nessus, who had been mortally wounded by an arrow shot by Hercules, which arrow had been poisoned by the virus (gall) of the Hydra, believing it to be a most efficacious philtre as regards the means of bringing back to her the love of Hercules, which, Nessus as he was dying, assured her, that it would prove to be. The poison of which, no sooner had Hercules put it on, became ignited, and the fire fastened on his body, burnt the flesh, and penetrated to the very bones. This deception of Nessus, being brought home to her, Dejanira condemned herself to death. Hercules (Lichas, who had brought the lethal present being slain) gives orders to Philoctetes, to whom when dying he bequeaths his bow and arrows, that he should be placed on the funeral pile on Mount Ceta, on which he was to be burnt with his club and the Nemæan lion's skin; Hercules appears afterwards to his mother, Alcmena, and consoles her, that he has been enrolled amongst the Gods.

ACT I.

HERCULES.

The first scene, with the chorus following is laid at Eubœa, where Hercules, about to offer sacrifices on the promontory of Ceneum, records his wishes, concerning his pretensions to a place in the heavens, and which he recounts, and boasts he has deserved. The rest of the Tragedy is laid at Trachine.

Non poterit Atlas ferre cum cœlo Herculem?
 Quid Afra, genitor, quid negas? mors me tibi
 Certe remisit. omne concessit malum,
 Quod terra genuit, pontus, aer, inferi 15
 Nullus per urbes errat Arcadias leo.
 Stymphalis icta est, Mœnali nulla est fera.
 Sparſit peremptus aureum serpens nemus.
 Et hydra vires posuit. & notos Hebro
 Cruore pingues hospitem fudi greges: 20
 Hostisque traxi spolia Thermodontiae.
 Vidi silentum fata; nec tantem redii,
 Sed trepidus atrum Cerberum vidit dies,
 Et ille solem. nullus Antæus Libys
 Animam refumit. cecidit ante aras suas 25
 Bufiris. una est Geryon sparſus manu.
 Taurusque populis horridus centum pavor.
 Quodcunque tellus genuit infesta, occidit,
 Meaque fufum est dextera. iratis Deis
 Non licuit esse. si negat mundus feras, 30
 Animum noverca, redde nunc nato patrem,
 Vel aftra forti. nec peto, ut monſtres iter.
 Permite tantum, genitor: inveniam viam.
 Vel si times, ne terra concipiat feras;
 Properet malum quodcunque, dum terra Herculem 35
 Habet, videtque. nam quis invadet mala?
 Aut quis per urbes rursus Argolicas erit
 Junonis odio dignus? in tutum meas
 Laudes recepi. nulla me tellus filet.
 Me fenſit Urſæ frigidum Scythicæ genus, 40
 Induſque Phœbo ſubditus, Cancro Libys.
 Te, clare Titan, teſtor. occurri tibi,

Oh! Father of the Gods, by whose hand the lightnings, when hurled forth, are fully recognized in both of the dominions traversed by Phœbus—the East and the West—on his rising and at his setting! Oh! thou Deity, secure as far as thy Kingdom is concerned, I have by my labors, brought about peace for thee, wherever Nereus forbids the earth's surface to be covered with the Ocean which he controls—We need not thy angry thunders now! treacherous things and blood-thirsty tyrants have fallen! In fact, I have destroyed every thing that is worthy of thy thunder! But still, oh! my Parent, heaven continues to be withheld from me! And surely I have shown myself everywhere as worthy of Jupiter—even my step-mother, Juno, bears witness that thou and only thou couldst possibly be my father, judging from what I have done! Why, therefore, dost thou contrive thy delay in admitting me into Heaven? I wonder what there is now to inspire further fears! Is it, may I suggest, because Atlas

would never be able to support the heavens on his shoulders again, if the weight of Hercules were superadded thereto? Why, oh! my father, dost thou deny me a place amongst the constellations? Why dost thou refuse me? Surely, when I visited the regions of Mors, and was permitted to return therefrom, it must be that it was for thee that I came back! Every monster and every thing objectionable have disappeared through my services, whether brought forth on the earth, the sea or the air, or even in the infernal regions! There is now no wild stag at Mænalus to commit its ravages, and the Stymphalides have fallen from their ærial abode above by means of my arrows—no lion now prowls about at large amongst the cities of Arcadia! and that dragon, the vigilant custodian of the garden of the Hesperides—the golden grove—fell destroyed by my hand, and the Hydra, killed by me, lost its power for further mischief—and the well-fed flocks on the banks of the Hebrus, the horses of Diomedes, and notorious for consuming the blood of his guests—them I successfully put to the rout! I likewise captured spoils from the hostile queen of the Amazons, Hippolyte! I witnessed personally the fates of the wretched Manes, nor did I return alone, for I brought with me a companion, but the astonished world had never beheld before such a sight as the fierce Cerberus, any more than Cerberus had ever known before what Light was! There is now, no Antæus of Libya, who gained fresh strength each time he alighted on Mother Earth—Busiris fell in front of his own altars, and the three-bodied Geryon yielded to my unaided strong arm, and that terrible bull, the terror of a hundred peoples, and whatever else the cruel earth gave birth to, succumbed and was dispersed by my right hand! And the Gods have no reason to be angry, if Juno my step-mother is withholding her wrath, and if the world is now denying us any more wild beasts or monsters. Come forward now and show thyself as a Parent towards a son, and for my brave deeds, receive me into heaven amongst the starry group, not that I ask, oh! my father, that thou shouldst point out the way! give me the permission only and I will find out the means of getting there! Or, if thou art in any doubt, lest the earth might create fresh monsters, let such calamities be hastened in their advent, whilst the earth has Hercules upon it, and can look to him to remove them, for who is there except myself that could grapple with such monsters? Or, who will be the next one in the Argolic cities deserving of the hatred of Juno? I have gained all my triumphs with perfect safety to myself, in fact, no land is silent in recording my successes! The people in the cold regions exposed to

Quacunq̄e fulges. nec meos lux profequi
 Potuit triumphos. Solis excessi vices.
 Infraque nostras subſtitit metas dies. 45
 Natura ceſſit. terra defecit gradum.
 Laxata per me nox. & extremum chaos
 In me cucurrit. inde ad hunc orbem redii,
 Unde retro nemo. tulimus Oceani minas,
 Nec ulla valuit quater tempeſtas ratem, 50
 Quacunq̄e preſſi. pars quota eſt, quam proſequor?
 Jam vacuus æther non poteſt odio tuæ
 Sufficere nuptæ; quaſque devincam feras
 Tellus timet concipere, nec monſtra invenit.
 Feræ negantur. Hercules monſtri loco 55
 Jam cœpit eſſe. quanta nunc fregi mala,
 Quot ſcelera nudus? quidquid immane obſtitit,
 Solæ manus ſtravere. nec juvenis feras
 Timui, nec infans. quidquid eſt juſſum, leve eſt.
 Nec ulla nobis ſegnīs illuxit dies. 60
 O quanta ſudi monſtra, quæ nullus mihi
 Rex imperavit! inſtitit virtus mihi
 Junone pejor. ſed quid impavidum genus
 Feciſſe prodeſt? non habent pacem Dei. 65
 Purgata tellus omnis in cœlo videt,
 Quodcunq̄e timuit. tranſtulit Juno feras.
 Ambit peremptus Cancer ardentem plagam,
 Libyæque fidus fertur, & meſſes alit.
 Annum fugatæ tradit Aſtrææ leo.
 Att ille jaçtans fervidam cœlo jubam, 70
 Auſtrum madentem ſiccet, & nimboſ trahit.
 Invaſit omnis ecce jam cœlum fera,
 Meque anteceſſit. victor e terris meoſ
 Specto labores. aſtra portentis priuſ

the blaſts of the Scythian Bear have known of me, and the ſwarthy Indians, ſubject to the boiling heat under the tropical cancer! And thou, bright Titan, I call upon thee to endorse what I ſay; wherever thou haſt ſhed thy rays, haſt thou not encountered me? Nor could indeed, even thy penetrating luminosity follow me in ſome of my various triumphs! (Alluſion is here particularly made to his viſit to the Infernal Regions.) Thus, I have exceeded the very limits of the Sun which has reached its goal, far within the tranſactions of my diurnal routine. (Hercules here means that his day is ſo much longer than that of Phœbuſ.) Nature (on every ſide) has yielded to me, the earth even has ceaſed to find me ſtanding room for my exploits, and the regions of Tartarus were then opened through my exertions, and extreme chaos has been encountered by me, and after all, I made good my return to this orb, from that abyſm, whence no one ever came back when once

engulphed therein! I have braved and withstood the ocean's wild tempests and no fierce storm was ever able to wreck the craft, which I had pressed down with my weight! But all this, that I am now advancing, is nothing, only a part of what I have gone through! Already, the sky has been cleared of the Stymphalides by me, and that (even) does not satisfy the hatred of thy Wife! I will undertake to conquer any wild beasts or monsters, but the Earth dreads to introduce them, nor has Juno been able to discover them, therefore wild beasts are now denied me! Hercules himself, therefore, must begin to pose as some wonderful monster! How many enemies of mankind have I not subdued? how many crimes have I not punished, without the aid of weapons?—whenever any huge or (apparently) insuperable difficulties have presented themselves, my unaided hands have signally put them aside and rendered them harmless, nor even as a mere child did I ever fear wild beasts; nor as a baby-boy did I dread the two serpents sent by Juno, when I was in my cradle! In short, whatever I have been commanded to do, I have found quite easy of accomplishment! Nor has the light of day ever shone upon me, that has been passed in an idle manner, without some kind of victory! Oh! how numerous have been the monsters and such like that I have destroyed, which no Eurystheus ever ordered me so to do. The fact is, the invincible desire that possesses me always to be conquering something or other, is far greater than the anger of Juno, which suggests their being done, but of what good is it, to have made mankind on this earth to have their objects of fear removed, when the gods above are not to enjoy a reign of peace! Juno has transferred all the monsters and wild beasts, and whatever else was dreaded by man, and the earth, purged of their presence, only sees them shining in the Heavens—the very crab I killed and which nipped my toe, when I was despatching the Hydra, describes its celestial course, as the torrid Zone, and serves as an especial constellation for the burning plains of Libya, and ripens the harvests with the heat it gives out. The Lion (Leo) hands over the fleeting year to the Astræan Virgin (Virgo) who fled this earth in disgust at its wickedness. But he, Leo, tosses that angry mane of his round his neck, and dries up the South winds charged with excessive humidities and drives away the clouds. Behold therefore, that every wild beast has taken up its abode in the heavenly regions, and have, been selected in preference to me! And I, their conqueror, am only permitted to gaze upon them from the earth below! Juno, no doubt, has given priority to wild

Ferisque Juno tribuit, ut cœlum mihi Faceret timendum. sperferit mundum licet, Cœlumque terris pejus, ac pejus Styge Irata faciat; dabitur Alcidae locus.	75
Si post feras, post bella, post Stygium canem, Nondum astra merui, Siculus Hesperium latus Tangat Pelorus; una jam tellus erit: Illinc fugabo maria, si jungi jubes Committat undas Isthmus, & juncto falo Nova ferantur Atticæ puppes via.	80
Mutetur orbis. vallibus currat novis Ister, novasque Tanais accipiat vias, Da, da tuendos, Juppiter, faltem Deos. Illa licebit fulmen a parte auferas, Ego quam tuebor: sine glaciale polum, Seu me tueri fervidam partem jubes, Hac esse superos parte securos puta.	85
Cirrhæa Pæan templa, & ætheream donum Serpente cæso meruit. at quoties jacet Python in hydra? Bacchus & Perseus Deis Jam se intulere. sed quota est mundi plaga Oriens subactus? aut quota est Gorgon fera? Quis astra natus laudibus meruit suis Ex te & noverca? quem tuli, mundum peto.	90
Sed tu, comes laboris Herculei Licha, Præfer triumphos, Euryti victos lares, Stratumque regnum: vos pecus rapite ocuis, Qua templa tollens ara Censæ Jovis Austro timendum spectat Euboicum mare.	100

CHORUS ŒCHALIARUM VIRGINUM, IOLE.

Iole Choro Œchalidum mixta patriæ excidium, suorum internecionem, suam denique servitutem plangit.

CHOR. **P**AR ille est superis, cui pariter dies
Et fortuna fuit, mortis habet vices, 105
Lente cum trahitur vita gementibus.

beasts and monsters as constellations that she might make the heavens a place to be dreaded by me, and although she has scattered the sky with them, will she, in her unbridled anger succeed in making the heavens more formidable than the earth, or worse than the infernal regions? If so, that place will have to be given up to Alcides! If, after my triumphs over the wild beasts, after my successful wars, after subduing the Stygian Cerberus, I shall not have deserved my promotion to the starry firmament then I will join the Sicilian promontory Pelorus, with the coast of Hesperia, and they shall be joined as one land! With this

view, I will dissipate the seas, which separate them if thou orderest them to be united—the isthmus of Corinth shall be submerged and the Ægæan and Ionian seas being mingled, the Attic vessels shall be navigated over (this new route. The very Orb's surface shall be transformed! The Danube shall flow by fresh channels, and the Tanais shall shape a different course! Grant me, oh! grant me, at least, oh! Jupiter, the privilege of mounting guard over the safety of the Gods—it will then be in thy power to take away the lightnings altogether from that part of the heavens, which I shall defend and whether thou commandest me to protect the icy Pole, or the hottest part of the heavens, make up thy mind, that the gods above will be perfectly protected in such a part! Apollo was considered worthy to receive the Cirrhæan temple and obtained an ethereal abode, for one serpent slain, the Python, but what is that to my achievement with the Hydra? How many Pythons were there in one Hydra? (As soon as one head was removed, two appeared.) Bacchus and Perseus have installed themselves amongst the Gods! But what an inconsiderable patch of a country out of the whole world, is this India, which was subdued by Bacchus! And of what great importance was that wild Gorgon (Medusa) who amongst all the sons thou hast had by Juno, my step-mother, has gained the heavens, by such triumphs, as I have achieved? I am, after all, only asking for what I once carried on my shoulders. (Hercules supported the heavens, thus, as he says.) But thou, Lichas, (the companion of Hercules in all his labors) carry the report of my victory to my wife—all about the scattered household Gods and trophies of Eurytus, and tell her, his kingdom is completely wrecked—gather together, then, quickly the sacrificial animals and drive them on to the temple, where an altar is raised to Jupiter Cenæus, and which overlooks the Eubœan sea that is so much dreaded by the stormy South winds!

CHORUS OF CECHALIAN VIRGINS—IOLE.

Iole joining in with the chorus of Cechalians, bewails the destruction of her country, the slaughter of her father and kinsfolk and lastly, her own position of servitude.

CHORUS.

THAT man is equal to the Gods above, whose good fortune keeps pace with the days that are passing onwards, whilst existence only enacts the roll of a living death, when life has been slowly eked out, by those

Quisquis sub pedibus fata rapacia, Et puppem posuit fluminis ultimi, Non captiva dabit brachia vinculis Nec pompæ veniet nobile ferulum.	110
Nunquam est ille miser, cui facile est mori. Illum si medio decipiat ratis Ponto, cum Boream expulit Africus, Aut Eurus Zephyrum, cum mare dividunt, Non puppis laceræ fragmina colligit, Ut litus medio speret in æquore.	115
Vitam qui poterit reddere protinus, Solut naufragium non poterit pati. Nos turpis macies, & lacrimæ tenent, Et crisis patrio pulvere fordibus.	120
Nos non flamma rapax, non fragor obruit. Felices sequeris, Mors, miseros fugis. Stamus: nec patriæ est mœnibus, heu! locus At silvis dabitur; lapsaque fordidiæ Fient templa cæcæ. jam gelidus Dolops	125
Hac ducet pecudes, qua tepet obrutus, Stratæ qui superest Cæchaliæ, cinis, Illo Thessalicus pastor in oppido Indocta referens carminia fistula, Cantu nostra canet tempora flebili.	130
Et dum pauca Deus fecula contrahit, Quæretur, patriæ quis fuerit locus. Felix incolui non steriles focos, Nec jejuna foli jugera Thessali.	
Ad Trachina vocor, faxa rigentia, Et dumeta jugis horrida torridis, Vix gratum pecori montivago nemus. At si quas melior fors famulas vocat, Illas aut volucer transferet Inachus; Aut Dirceæ colent mœbia, qua fluit	135
Ísmenos tenui flumine languidus. Heic mater tumidi nupserat Herculis. Quæ cautes Scythiæ, quis genuit lapis? Num Titana ferum te Rhodope tulit, Te præruptus Athos, te fera Cæspia,	140
Quæ virgata tibi præbuit ubera?	145

who are perpetually groaning over their miseries! Whoever can manage to stamp under foot the greedy Fates, and who disregards that craft of Charon's which plies across that eventful river will never resign his arms, as a captive, to any sort of bondage—nor enrol himself as a contribution to the triumphal pomp of any conqueror). That man is never miserable, to whom death is quite an easy sort of business—for, if the craft of such a man should break down in mid-sea, (spring a leak or become otherwise disabled) when the South-West wind has got the

better of blustering Boreas, or the East wind has triumphed over that blowing from the West, and when these said winds, as it were, divide the sea against itself (producing what sailors would call a trough in the sea) (he is not bewildered) and does not collect together the shattered timbers of his craft that have been carried away) (to stop up the divided parts in the hope that he may find some snug shore (harbour) in the middle of the ocean; he, who can, at once, give up his life, when summoned, is the only one that can with unconcern bear up against the horrors of a ship-wreck! A repulsive, emaciated (feature-drawn) look and tears (in profusion) take possession of us, and our locks are still soiled with the ashes of our country, we are to prefer base slavery to honorable death! Neither the rapacious flames nor the crash of falling walls, have been allowed to snatch us away! Oh! cruel Mors, thou only seekest as thy victims, those that are basking in the rays of happiness, the wretched thou dost abandon to their cold despair! We live (that is true enough), but our country is without cities or walled towns—Alas! the land will be given up to forests, and our fallen temples have subsided into contemptible huts, and already, the frozen-out Dolops is conducting his flocks thither, even where the cinders are spread about and still retaining their caloric, and they are all that now remains of our overthrown Echalial! The Thessalian shepherd, in the times to come, when he is rehearsing his unpolished sonnets on his primitive flute, in that city of ours that once was, will chant his tristful strains in sympathy with the history of our past! And when the Gods have brought our short career to a close, the question will be asked! Is this the spot, where that once glorious country flourished? I myself dwelt in a home with luxurious surroundings, and the first fruits were yielded abundantly by the fields around—now, forsooth, I am brought to Trachine encompassed by barren rocks, or else by dreadful thickets on the scorching mountain side, the forests scarcely affording pasturage for the wild goats that wander and climb hither and thither in search of their pabulum. But, if any more favourable lot befalls some of the slaves, then either the swiftly-flowing Inachus will convey them to Argos, or they will find some abode in the Dircean city (Thebes) where that slowly-flowing Ismenus glides along with its gentle streams—'Twas here that the mother of that puffed-up Hercules married her Amphitryon! But I wonder whatever rock of Scytha, whatever stony place gave birth to such a man? I wonder whether Rhodope brought him forth or that rugged Athos, and what Caspian (Caucasian) striped wild beast gave the use of its

Falsa est de geminis fabula noctibus, Æther cum tenuit fidera longius, Commisitque vices Lucifer Hespero, Et solem vetuit Delia tardior.	150
Nullis vulneribus pervia membra sunt. Ferrum sentit hebes; lentior est chalybs. In nudo gladius corpore frangitur, Et saxum reflit, fataque negligit, Et mortem indomito corpore provocat.	155
Non illum poterant figere cupides, Non arcus Scythica tenfus arundine, Non quæ tela gerit Sarmata frigidus; Aut qui foliferæ suppositus plagæ Vicino Nabathæ vulnera dirigit Parthus Cnothiacis certior ictibus. Muros Æchaliæ corpore propulit. Nil obtare valet. vincere quod parat, Jam victum est. quota pars vulnere concidit? Pro fato patuit vultus iniquior, Et vidisse fat est Herculeas minas.	160 165
Quis vastus Briareus, quis tumidus Gyges, Supra Thessalicos constitit aggeres, Ut cælo infereret vipereas manus, Hoc vultu riguit? commoda cladibus Magnis magna patent, nil superest mali. Iratum miseræ vidimus Herculem. IOLE. At ego infelix, non templa suis Collapsa Deis, sparsove focos, Natis mixtos arsisse patres, Hominique Deos, templa sepulcris; Nullum querimur commune malum. Alio nostras Fortuna vocat Lacrimas. alias flere ruinas Mea fata jubent. Quæ prima querar? Quæ summa gemam? pariter cuncta Deflere juvat. nec plura dedit Pectora tellus, ut digna fonent Verbera fati. me vel Sipyli Flebile saxum fingite, superi, Vel in Eridani ponite ripis,	170 175 180 185

teats for his sustenance! It is all false about the doubled night and that report about the stars being ordered to remain on duty longer than usual, and that Lucifer gave up her turn of duty to Hesperus, and that Delia (Diana, the moon) was slower in progressing with her chariot which then stood in the way of that of Phœbus (the Sun)—the fact is, his limbs are penetrable by no wounds, and his pachydermatous hide blunts the very sword that touches it—the hardest steel is of no use, where his skin is concerned—the weapon is shivered into atoms, which

perchance, is aimed at his naked body, and even stones rebound again, when hurled at that frame of his—and he is utterly regardless of such trifles as fates or destinies, and openly invites and defies death with that unconquerable bodily structure of his? No javelin, that ever was, could penetrate his body, nor any bow stretched by the Scythian's arrow affect him in the least, nor any darts, which the Sarmatian, in his frigid cold regions, could level against him! Nor the Parthian living in a country subject to the rays of a broiling sun, and more expert with their arrows than even the Gnosian archers, with their practised arms, and who discharge their murderous shafts against the Nabathæ (of Arabia Petræa) who occupy the neighbouring country! He has overthrown the Cæchalian walls entirely, with the impetus of his own irresistible frame—nothing is of any use to withstand his onslaughts, and what he is making ready to overcome, we must already regard as an accomplished fact! Alas! how great a part, arising from this last blow which he has dealt us, has fallen to our lot! His angry look, alone, is looked upon simply as a death-warrant! And to have once witnessed the menacing countenance of Hercules has answered the purpose of the most lethal weapons! What huge Briareus—what inflated Gyges, when he stood upright on the Thessalian Mound (Pelion, Ossa and Olympus piled on the top of each other) that he might seize the heavens with his venomous grasp, would not have looked aghast, when Hercules gave him one of his quailing glances? Great advantages sometimes spring out of huge disasters! But with us, nothing but misfortunes remain! We, miserable wretches, have seen, (to our cost,) this angry Hercules!

IOLE. But I, the unhappy one, do not simply deplore the temples that have collapsed with the gods they contained—I, that have witnessed the scattered homesteads, and parents burnt along with their children, gods indiscriminately jumbled together with the human species, nor of the temples thus converted into tombs! I complain of no calamity, which has been felt by all! Destiny calls forth my tears thus, in other directions—my lot enjoins me to weep for other kinds of ruin! Why should I be the first to complain? Why should I be the chief of the mourners? It is enough for me to bewail all things in an equal measure, but unfortunately, nature has only endowed me with one bosom, to do all this, to heave those sighs which are due for those cruel blows inflicted by the unrelenting Fates! Oh! ye Gods above, transform me into a weeping rock of Sipylius, or deposit me on the

Ubi mœsta sonat Phaethontiadum Silva fororum. me vel Siculis Addite faxis, ubi fati gemit Thessala Siren: vel in Edonas	190
Tollite filvas; qualis natum Daulias ales solet Ifmaria Flere sub umbra. formam lacrimis Aptate meis, refonetque malis	195
Aspera Trachin. Cypria lacrimas Myrrha tuetur: raptum conjux Ceyca gemit. sibi Tantalus est Facta superstes. fugit vultus Philomela suos, natumque sonat Flebilis Atthis. cur mea nondum	200
Capiunt volucres brachia plumas? Felix, felix, cum silva domus Nostra feretur, patrioque sedens Ales in agro referam querulo Murmure casus: volucremque Iolen	205
Fama loquetur. vidi, vidi Miseranda mei fata parentis. Cum letifero stipite pulsus, Tota jacuit sparsus in aula. Prò, si tumulum fata dedissent,	210
Quoties genitor quaerendus eras! Potuine tuam spectare necem, Nondum teneras vestite genas, Necdum forti sanguine Toxeu?	215
Quid vestra querar fata, parentes, Quos in tutum mors æqua tulit? Mea me lacrimas fortuna rogat. Jam jam dominæ captiva colos Fufosque legam: prò, sæva decor, Formaque mortem paritura mihi:	220
Tibi cuncta domus concidit uni, Dum me genitor negat Alcidiæ, Atque Herculeus focer esse timet. Sed jam dominæ tecta petantur. CHOR. Quid regna tui clara parentis, Proavosque tuos respicis amens?	225
Fugiat vultus fortuna prior. Felix, quisquis novit famulum Regemque pati, vultusque suos	

banks of Eridanus, where the lugubrious groves resound with the plaintive sobs of the sisters of Phaethon, or place me on some Sicilian rock where the Thessalian Siren bemoans her fate (the Sirens were daughters of Achelous) or convey me to the groves of Edon! Or, let me be like the Daulian bird (Philomela) which is in the habit

of bewailing her lost son under the shady boughs of Ismarus, and let me, as some winged mourner—give me such a shape in which to shed my tears—cause the rocks of Trachine to resound with my cries of woe! Myrrha, that Cyprian offender, is allowed to record her repentance in shedding her tears, (the gum escapes from the tree so-called, resembling tears) and Alcyon, the bereft wife, bewails her Ceyx, and the Tantalid Niobe, was made to survive her grief in the shape of a stone retaining her form, and is still seen to weep! Philomela has escaped from her former appearance, (changed into a bird) and the dismal Atthis causes the air to resound with her cries, after the son which she lost! Why, then, cannot my arms be covered with feathers, and assume the shape of wings? Oh! happy I should be, if the woods could become my habitation, and, if perched upon some tree in my native soil, I could warble forth my misfortunes, in plaintive melodies and be able to go down to posterity as the lark who was changed into a bird! I saw—I witnessed with my own eyes, the shocking fate of my parent! He was struck down with that death-dealing club of Hercules, and his bodily remains were scattered on the floor of the palace! Alas! if fate had given him a tomb, how often and much would my father have had to be searched for! (Alluding to the different parts, which would require burial, as they were collected. See Hippolytus, v. 1256—1259.) Nor could I bear to see thy death, Toxeus, with thy tender cheeks still unbearded nor as yet arrived at full manhood! Why should I bewail thy fate, oh! my parents, whom death, unsparing to me, has taken into a safer place, where ye cannot weep as I am doing! My downright misfortunes imperatively call forth my tears now, and henceforward; and I, as a captive shall have to hold the distaff and turn the spindle! Oh! the disastrous consequences of female comeliness! Oh! that fatal beauty of mine that was paving the road to my destruction! An entire dynasty has crumbled (into dust) in consequence of my beauty alone! When my father refused to give me to Alcides, and dreaded that he should ever become the father-in-law of such a man as Hercules, but nevertheless, the palace of his wife, now my mistress, must be sought out!

CHOR. Why dost thou in such a silly way hark back upon the charming palace of thy parent and quote thy grandfathers, and great grandfathers? The thing is absurd! Let all thy former surroundings vanish from thy mind's eye; blessed is that individual who knows how to lead the life of slave or monarch, and can assume the

Variare potest. vires pepulit
 Pondusque mali, casus animo
 Qui tulit æquo. 230

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

NUTRIX, DEJANIRA, LICHAS, muta persona.

Furens zelotypia Dejanira conspecta Iola vindictam meditatur
 vestemque venenatam Herculi mittit.

NUTR. **O** QUAM cruentus feminas stimulat dolor,
 Cum patuit una pellici & nuptæ domus!
 Scylla, & Charybdis Sicula contorquens freta 235
 Minus uft timenda. nulla non melior fera est.
 Namque ut reluxit pellicis captæ decus,
 Et fulsit Iole, qualis innubis dies,
 Purumve claris noctibus sidus micat:
 Stetit furenti similis, ac torvum intuens 240
 Herculea conjux: fœta ut Armenia jacens
 Sub rupe tigris, hoste conspecto exfilit:
 Aut iussa thyrsum quater, conceptum ferens
 Mænas Lyæum, dubia quo gressus agat,
 Hæsit parumper: tum per Herculeos lares 245
 Lymphata rapitur; tota vix satis est domus.
 Incurrit, errat, fistit. in vultus dolor
 Processit omnis: pectori pæne intimo
 Nihil est relictum. fletus insequitur minas.
 Nec unus habitus durat, aut uno furit 250
 Contenta vultu. nunc inardescunt genæ,
 Pallor ruborem pellit, & formas dolor
 Errat per omnes. queritur, implorat, gemit.
 Sonuere postes: ecce præcipiti gradu
 Secreta mentis ore confuso exferit. 255
 DEJAN. Quamcunque partem sedis æthereæ premis,
 Conjux Tonantis, mitte in Alcidem feram,
 Quæ mihi satis sit: si qua fœcundum caput
 Palude tota vastior serpens movet,
 Ignara vinci: si quid excessit feras, 260
 Immane, dirum, horribile, quo viso Hercules
 Avertat oculos; hoc sinu immenso exeat.
 Vel si feræ negantur, hanc animam precor

character appertaining to each position as chance occurs!
 That man, who bears his troubles with an unruffled mind
 deprives misfortune of its sting and materially lightens
 the burdens which it imposes!

ACT II.

NURSE—DEJANIRA—LICHAS (Dumb Personage).

Dejanira, furious with jealousy, when she sees Iole, meditates revenge, and sends a poisoned garment to Hercules.

NURSE.

Oh! how bitter jealousy will work upon a woman's feelings, when the same domicile is made to hold a wife and the concubine of her husband—Scylla and Charybdis, when there is a whirlpool in the Sicilian sea are much less to be dreaded—no wild beast could be worse, and in proportion too, as the attractiveness of the captive concubine shines forth conspicuously, and Iole's really did thus shine forth!—she was like unto the serene day itself, and as the unsullied (spotless) star sparkles brightly on a cloudless night! Dejanira stood like some fury and stared with a savage expression, even as the tiger with her cubs, reposing beneath some Armenian rock, leaps forth furiously, directly she spies the hunter, or like some Mænad acting under the inspiration of the God Lyæus hesitates for a time, undecided what she shall do, before she sets herself the task of flourishing the Thyrsus, after the usual wild fashion—so Dejanira, after the first burst of surprise, becomes transported with rage, and rushes through the rooms belonging to Hercules—the whole palace seems scarcely big enough for her—she rushes on—she wanders without purpose, then stops still, and every lineament of her visage is the concentration of anger, every other feeling has left her—almost nothing else dominates in the deepest recesses of her soul! Violent weeping then succeeds to this display of anger—nor does one train of mind last, nor does her rage content itself with any fixed expression—at one moment, her cheeks are burning—then pallor takes the place of the flushed face, and thus her anger passes through a succession of phases—she wails—she begins to implore (wildly) and then finishes off with a groan—the doors are creaking, and as she advances with hurried steps, she betrays the secrets of her mind, in the look of utter confusion revealed by her countenance!

DEJ. Oh! wife of the Thundering Jove, in whatever part of thy ethereal dominions thou mayst now be, do send some wild beast to Alcides, as the representative of my anger, something commensurate with what I am now

Converte in aliquid: quodlibet possum malum Hac mente fieri. commoda effigiem mihi Parem dolori. non capit pectus minas.	265
Quid excutis telluris extremæ sinus, Orbemque verfas? quid rogas Ditem mala Omnes in isto pectore invenies feras, Quas timuit, odiis accipe hoc telum tuis.	270
Ego sum noverca: perdere Alcidem potes. Profer manus quocunque. quid cessas, Dea? Utere furente. quod jubes fieri nefas? Reperi. quid hæres? ipsa jam cesses licet, Hæc ira satis est. NUTR. Pectoris sani parum, Alumna, questus comprime, & flammæ doma.	275
Frena dolorem. conjugem ostende Herculis. DEJAN. Iole meis captiva germanos dabit Natis? Jovisque fiet e famula nurus? Num flamma cursus pariter & torrens ferent, Et urfa pontum sicca cæruleum bibet? Non ibo inulta; gefferis cælum licet, Totusque pacem debeat mundus tibi: Est aliquid hydra potius; iratæ dolor Nuptæ. Quis ignis tantus in cælum furit	280
Ardentis Ætæ? quidquid est victum tibi, Hic vincet animus. capta præripit toros? Adhuc timebam monstra. jam nullum est malum. Cessere pestes. in locum venit feræ Invisa pellex. summe pro rector Deam, Et clare Titan. Herculis tantum fui Conjux timentis. vota quæ superis tuli, Cessere captæ. pellici felix fui.	285
Illi meas audistis, o superi, preces: Iocolumis illi remeat. o nulla dolor	290
	295

undergoing (thy own hatred outweighed the wild beasts in its ferocity)—if there be any repullulating Hydra, too vast for any marsh to contain, one that is incapable of being overcome—or if there be aught else, any thing that exceeds in fierceness the ordinary wild beast—one of huge dimensions terrifying to behold and of such horri-fying aspect, that at the bare sight of which Hercules would be glad to avert his gaze—if so, let it at once, emerge from the bowels of the earth; or if wild beasts should not be forthcoming, I implore thee to transform me into something of the sort so that, whatever mischief my anger may meditate, can be carried out to the full, allow me something, the very fac-simile of my anger, for I feel that this breast of mine is not large enough for my wrath! Why should I have to search out the extremities of the earth for my revenge, or even be under the necessity of so industriously calling this orb into requisition

at all, for that revenge? Why should I appeal to Pluto for any instrument of mischief? I shall find plenty of wild beasts in this bosom of mine, something, too, which Hercules will have reason to fear! Let this anger of mine unite with that of thine, Oh Juno! I am a step-mother, as well! (Dejanira here alludes to the prospect of offspring by Iole) thou couldst destroy Hercules, stretch forth thy power whatever it may be! Why! Oh Goddess, dost thou hesitate? use me as the vehicle of thy anger—whatever crime thou orderest shall be perpetrated by me! Ah! I have thought of something, why dost thou hesitate? well mayst thou thus hesitate! for my own anger will be sufficient to accomplish what I desire!

NUR. Oh! my nursling, there's too little discretion in that bosom of thine; cease thy complaints and quench the flames of thy wrath and curb thy jealousy—let every body see that thou art the wife of Hercules!

DEJ. This captive, Iole, will be furnishing brothers for my own children, and the worst of all is, that a sister-in-law is to be manufactured out of a captive maiden, imported by this son of Jupiter! I wonder whether the (running) flames and the flowing river can mix their streams in cordial partnership? (that is, will fire and water mix) (as Iole and myself are as likely to do). And will the Arctic Bear, who likes to keep her fur dry, descend from the sky, and dip herself in the blue, blue sea? (Yes! when Iole and myself amalgamate)—I shall not go unrevenged, Master Hercules, although thou once didst carry the heavens on those broad shoulders of thine, although the world owes a large amount of its peace and comfort to thy achievements! There is still a something left, more potential than any Hydra, and that is the jealousy of an outraged wife! What flames from burning Ætna, ascending angrily into the sky are so great? Whatever has been conquered by thee, this anger of mine shall surpass! Shall a captive maiden forestal me in my marriage-bed? Formerly, I was somewhat afraid of monsters, but now, that there are none to fear and plagues have gone out of fashion, in lieu of wild beasts (and plagues) a hateful concubine has been introduced! Oh! thou exalted ruler of the Gods, and thou, oh! bright Phœbus I find that after all, I have been the wife of Hercules, only as long as he was in a position to apprehend disasters from his exploits! After all the vows, I have registered with the Gods above, they have only redounded to the benefit and exaltation of a captive maiden, and I have been consoled in the person of a

Cōtente pœna, quære supplicia hōrrida, Incogitata, infanda. Junonem doce, Quid odia valeant. nescit irasci fatis. Pro me gerebas bella. propter me vagas Achelous undas fanguine infecit suo,	300
Cum lenta serpens fieret; in taurum trucem Nunc flecteret serpente deposita minas; Et mille in hoste vinceres uno feras. Jam displicemus, capta prælata est mihi. Non præferetur. qui dies thalami ultimus	305
Nostri est futurus, hic erit vitæ tuæ. Quid hoc? recedit animus, & ponit minas. Jam cessit ira, quid miser langues dolor? Perdis furorem? conjugis tacitæ fidem Mihi reddis iterum. quid vetas flammæ ali?	310
Quid frangis ignis? hunc mihi ferva impetum. Pares eramus. non erit votis opus. Aderit noverca, quæ manus nostras regat, Nec invocata. NUTR. Quod paras demens scelus?	315
Perimes, maritum, cujus extremus dies Primusque laudes novit, & cœlo tenus Erecta terras fama suppositas habet? Rogos in istos terra confurget parens, Domusque fœceri prima, & Ætolum genus	320
Sternetur omne; faxa jamdudum & faces In te ferentur vindicem tellus suam Defendet omnis. una quot pœnas dabis? Effugere terras crede, & humanum genus Te posse: fulmen genitor Alcidæ gerit.	325
Jam jam minaces ire per cœlum faces Specta, & tonantem fulmine excusso diem. Mortem quoque ipsam, quam putas tutam, time. Dominatur illic patruus Alcidæ tui. Quocunque perges, misera, cognatos Deos Illic videbis. DEJAN. Maximum fieri scelus	330

concubine! Oh! ye gods above, thou hast listened to my prayers for him, that he might return to me in safety! Oh! for my jealousy satisfied with no punishment; let me now seek for some terrible penalties, some never dreamed of before—let me give Juno herself a lesson on anger, that is to say, what anger is capable of! Juno does not know the way to be angry enough for me! Hercules, thou once wagedst war for me, and on my account! Achelous tinged with his blood the wandering streams, so that he might become a trailing serpent; whilst at another time, having laid aside his serpentiform transformation, thou, Hercules, wouldst be turning thy angry onslaught on a savage bull, and thus, thou wast encountering a thousand wild beasts, whilst engaged with one enemy (Achelous

was a suitor of Dejanira's and possessed the power of changing himself into any thing he liked). Now, forsooth, I displease thee, a captive maiden is now preferred before me, but she shall not be preferred for long, for when that day arrives, on which she usurps my marriage-bed, that day shall be the last one in thy earthly career! What possesses me? Is my resolution giving way? And is my anger displacing itself? And has my indignation begun to hesitate? Why does my wretched hatred appear to be declining? Indeed, I am relaxing in my wrath, and do feel to be returning to the old paths of conjugal devotion and uncomplaining wifeliness! Why do I thus impose any check upon the nurture of my burning anger? Why do I seek to quench the fires raging within me? (Rage and Indignation.) Let me preserve all this energy, for my own ends. My anger makes me feel quite equal to Hercules in strength, and which, if it continues, will not necessitate the invocation of any divine aid; but Juno, who will direct my plans, is sure to come upon the scene, nevertheless, without any invitation of mine!

NUR. What mad crime art thou devising? Wouldst thou dare to sacrifice a husband, whose triumphs are blazoned forth from East to West, and that fame which he has earned for himself on this earth below reaches to the very skies above—that earth which cherished his existence (the people on it) would rise up, "en masse," and avenge such a death! And the first to suffer would be the palace of his father-in-law; thy own father and the entire Ætolian race would be exterminated; and the moment after such a deed, the indignant rabble, who idolize him, would stone thee and brand thee with their torches! Every known land would rise up and proclaim itself as an avenger, and thou alone wouldst suffer the penalty! Dost thou believe, if thou couldst escape the vengeance of every land, and the whole of the human race, does not the father of Alcides, Thundering Jove, still wield the lightnings? Now, at this very moment, look at the angry flashes passing along the heavens, the light of day itself trembles in awe at the thunders which follow those repeated discharges of lightning! Go in fear too, of that death, which thou fanciest would ensure thee future security! Bear thou in mind that down below, an uncle of Hercules (on the father's side) rules in this third kingdom, and oh! miserable child, wherever else thou mightest go thou wouldst be sure to encounter some of his family connections!

DEJ. I must be candid and freely acknowledge that

Et ipsa fateor, fed dolor fieri jubet.
 NUTR. Moriere. DEJAN. Moriar Herculis nempe inditi
 Conjux. nec ullus nocte discussa dies
 Viduam notabit, nec meos pellex toros
 Captiva capiet, ante ab Occasu dies 335
 Nascetur. Indos ante glacialis polus
 Scythasve tepida Phœbus inficiet rota,
 Quam me relictam Theffalæ aspiciant nurus.
 Meo jugales sanguine extinguiam faces.
 Aut pereat, aut me perimat. elisis feris 340
 Et conjugem addat. inter Herculeos licet
 Me quoque labores numeret. Alcidx toros
 Moritura certe corpore amplectar meo.
 Ire, ire ad umbras Herculis nuptam libet;
 Sed non inultam. si quid e nostro Hercule 345
 Conceptit Iole, manibus evellam meis
 Ante, & pee ipsas pellicem invadem faces.
 Me nuptiali victimam feriat die
 Infestus, Iolen dum supra exanimem ruam.
 Felix jacet, quicumque, quos odit, premit. 350
 NUTR. Quid ipsa flammis pacis? & vastum foves
 Ultro dolorem misera? quid cassum times?
 Dilexit Iolen; nempe dum flarent lares,
 Regisque natam peteret. in famulæ locum
 Regina cecidit. perdidit vires amor, 355
 Multumque ab illo traxit infelix status.
 Illicita amantur; excidit, quidquid licet.
 DEJAN. Fortuna amorem pejor inflamat magis.
 Amat vel ipsum, quod caret patrio lare,
 Quod nudus auro crinis & gemma jacet: 360
 Ipsas misericors forsan ærumnas amat.
 NUTR. Hoc usitatum est Herculi, captas amat.
 Dilecta Priami nempe Dardanii foror
 Concessa famulo est. adice, quot nuptas prius,

a crime of enormous magnitude would be perpetrated, but my jealousy insists on my committing it.

NUR. But thou wouldst have to die!

DEJ. It is true, but I should then die as the wife of the renowned Hercules, nor would any forthcoming day mark me as a widow, when the shades of night had been dispelled, and before any concubine could ensconce herself in my marriage-bed—the sun shall first learn to rise in the West and set in the East! The North Pole shall become the country of the dusky Indian, and Phœbus shall darken the cold Scythian with his burning rays rather than that the Thessalian Matrons should behold in me, the deserted wife! I would extinguish

their nuptial torches with my own blood, and either he should perish or he should kill me, and then he could add a wife to the number of wild beasts that he had slaughtered, and he would be able, also, to sum me up amongst his other Herculean labors! At all events, when in the arms of Death, I should like to embrace with my hands the nuptial couch of my husband! (This is said to indicate her desire at the last, that the couch had not passed into other hands, whilst she lived). Let me, however, if it be so willed, go to the shades below, but let me go, as the wife of Hercules, but not unrevenged! And if Iole has become pregnant by my Hercules, I would tear the fœtus out of her very womb with my own hands rather than that it should arrive at maturity, and I would attack that concubine in the middle of the marriage ceremony, if that cruel man should strike me down on that nuptial day, when I should be able to fall on the lifeless form of Iole! Whoever drags down any one that she hates, to meet the same fate as herself, dies a happy woman!

NUR. Why dost thou fan the flames which are thus devouring thee? And obstinately encourage that overwhelming jealousy which aggravates thy misery? Why dost thou conjure up tears which are to no purpose? It is true that Hercules has been smitten with Iole, but this probably was when her worldly surroundings were on a better footing—he then sought the hand of a king's daughter, but that young princess has now sunk to the level of a mere captive; thou knowest that all love loses its ardour in time, and her unfortunate position, as a captive, may now neutralize much of that infatuation—things, that are forbidden, are often the more eagerly sought after; whatever is easy of being arrived at, sooner escapes from the longing desire of being retained by us!

DEJ. Thou art mistaken—her fallen fortunes only serve to kindle the imagination of Hercules, and he even loves her the more, inasmuch as she has lost her parental home and because her locks are no longer bedecked with jewellery of gold and priceless gems: perhaps pity is prone to strengthen love and he may love her more on account of her misfortunes; this kind of thing always was the case with Hercules, he has a weakness for loving those that he has made captives.

NUR. But think of this! Did he not become enamoured of the sister of Trojan Priam, and when he got tired of her, did he not hand her over to one of his military

Quot virgines dilexit. erravit vagus.	365
Arcadia nempe virgo, Palladios choros	
Dum necitit Auge, vim stupri passa excidit,	
Nullamque amoris retinet Herculei notam.	
Referam quid alias? nempe Thespiades vacant,	
Brevique in illas arsit Alcides face.	370
Hospes Timoli Lydiam fovit nurum,	
Et amore captus, ad leves fedit colos,	
Udum feroci flamen intorquens manu.	
Nempe illa cervix spolia depofuit feræ,	
Crinemque mitra preffit, & famulus stetit,	375
Hirtam Sabæa marcidus myrrha comam.	
Ubique caluit, fed levi caluit face.	
Hæerere amantes post vagos ignes solent.	
Famulamne & hostis præferet natam tibi?	
DEJAN. Ut alta filvas forma vernantes alit,	380
Quas nemore nudo primus investit tepor;	
At cum solutos expulit Boreas Notos,	
Et sæva totas bruma decussit comas,	
Deforme folis aspicias truncis nemus:	
Sic nostra longum forma percurrens iter,	385
Deperdit aliquid semper, & fulget minus,	
Nec illa Venus est. quidquid in nobis fuit	
Olim petitum, cecidit & partu labat;	
Materque multum rapuit ex illo mihi.	
Ætas citato senior eripuit gradu.	390
Vides, ut altum famula non perdat decus?	
Cessere vultus penitus, & pædor fedet;	
Tamen per ipsas fulget ærumnas decor,	
Nihilque ab illa casus & fatum grave	
Nisi regna traxit. hic meum pectus timor,	395
Altrix, laceffit; hic rapit somnos pavor.	
Præclara totis gentibus conjux eram;	

chums? and in addition to this, reflect on the number of wives, and the multitude of virgins, that man has fallen in love with? Why! He is a most fickle inconstant lover! For example, the Arcadian Virgin Auge, whilst she was officiating as a priestess at the choral celebrations of Minerva, after having been positively ravished by him, soon fell out of his memory, and he speedily showed no traces of this Herculean love affair! Why should I speak of other intrigues? Yes! I must mention, however, the Thespiades, the daughters of Thespius—Alcides burned with amorous passion towards the whole fifty at one time, and impregnated forty-nine of them in one night (brevi face) Then, as a guest of Timolus, he cherished an affection for the Lydian Queen, (Omphale) and captivated by her, he sat down in front of the frivolous distaff and directed with those ferocious fingers of his, the threads

in the spindle, making it more easy to be worked with the occasional use of his own saliva! (Udum. No doubt in those antiquated periods, saliva was more likely to be used than water, and conforms largely with modern usage) and then, to crown the whole, he removed from his shoulders, the Nemæan lion's skin, and covering his rude locks with a mitre, he stood before the Queen, like some serving-man, his shaggy hair being smoothed (flattened) down with a thick layer of Sabæan Myrrh! (a greasy compound used by the ancients and scented with Myrrh and other perfumes). He fell in love everywhere, but he always loved with a brief and inconstant passion! And (what is more) lovers after such indiscriminate indulgence of their passions are expected to waver, and canst thou suppose that he will prefer for long, a captive maiden and the daughter of an enemy too, before thyself?

DEJ. How the lofty beauty of the forest trees contributes its share to the grace imported to them by the advent of spring (what a transcendent loveliness pervades the verdant woods)! A little before nothing but a naked grove, which the first heat of glorious spring transforms into branching trees with densely foliated boughs! But when rude Boreas has by its force driven back the mild South winds, and harsh winter has nipped off from the trees their foliaceous clothing, thou beholdest naught but an unsightly wood, with an array of naked trunks! In like manner our beauty, although passing through a long career, is always losing some of its pristine attractiveness and shines forth less and less brilliantly till at last all pretensions to vie with Venus are at an end! (That is to say, all the elements to constitute beauty are wanting) and what was once mostly prized by us, slips away from our possession and is lost for ever, through the trials of child-bearing! And as a mother myself, I may say, a great deal has been taken out of me from that cause, and advancing age has stolen in upon me, with a somewhat quickened step! Canst thou not see for thyself, that this captive maiden has not lost her transcendent loveliness, whilst my good looks have completely left me, and comparative plainness has taken their place! And notwithstanding her captivity and misfortunes this beauty of hers shines conspicuously, and her trials and grievous destiny seem to have robbed her of nothing, but her royal rank! This circumstance, my dear Nurse, troubles my mind, and it is this source of vexation, which interferes with my sleep, because I must tell thee, I was once, myself, a particularly handsome wife; more so, I may safely say, than the general run of so-called beauties, and every matron, with an

Thalamofque noſtros invido voto nurus Optabat omnis: quo nimis quiſquis Deos Orabat ullos. nuribus Argolicis fui	400
Menſura voti. quem Jovi focerum parem, Altrix, habebo? quis ſub hoc modo mihi Dabitur maritus? ipſe, qui Alcidae imperat, Facibus fuiſ me jungat Eurystheus licet, Minus eſt. toro caruiſſe regnantis leve eſt.	405
Alte illa cecidit, quæ viro caret Hercule. NUTR. Conciliat animos conjugum partus fere. DEJAN. Sic ipſe forſan dividet partus toros NUTR. Famula illa trahitur interim donum tibi.	
DEJAN. Hunc, quem per urbes ire præclarum vides, Et viva tergo ſpolia geſtantem feræ, Qui regna miſeris donat, & celiſ rapit, Vaſta gravatus horridam clava manum, Cujus triumphos ultimi Seres canunt, Et quiſquis alius orbe conſepto jacet;	415
Levis eſt, nec illum gloriæ ſtimulat decor. Errat per orbem, non ut æquetur Jovi, Nec ut per urbes magnus Argolicas eat. Quod amet, requirit. virginum thalamos peti. Si qua negata, rapitur. in populos furit;	420
Nuptas ruinis quærit: & vitium impotens Virtus vocatur. cecidit Cæchalia inclita, Unuſque Titan vidit atque unus dies Stantem & cadentem: cauſa bellandi eſt amor.	
Toties timebit, Herculi natam parens Quoties negabit. hoſtis eſt, quoties focer Fieri recuſat. ſi gener non eſt, furit. Poſt hæc quid iſtas innocens fervero manus,	425

envious regret, only longed that they had but made such a marriage, as I had done, through my beauty! And to obtain something of a like character, every woman prayed fervently to any deity that she thought would be able to further her matrimonial aspirations! I was held up as a sort of pattern-model, by which they could regulate their vows, by all the marriageable women round about, and I can assure thee, Nurse, the common cry was—"I wonder whether I shall ever be able to get a father-in-law to compare with Jupiter! What husband, under heaven, could have been provided like mine (for any woman?) Although, Eurystheus himself, who issued his commands to Alcides would have wished to have been joined in marriage with me, but such a match was not desirable in my eyes! And it would not be a trifling matter to be debarred from the marriage-bed of the king (meaning Eurystheus), but that woman would fall from a great height who would lose a husband like Hercules!

NUR. As a general rule, the fact of having children (by a husband) tones down conjugal squabbles (animosities).

DEJ. But in like manner Iole's having children, might perhaps be the means of putting me out of court. (Aside).

NUR. In the meantime, at all events, that captive is delivered over to thee, as a present.

DEJ. That man whom thou seest passing through the cities, exalted before all and wearing on his shoulders the skin of the Nemæan lion, a trophy taken from something that had possessed life—a living foe (viva, a living spoil in contra-distinction to any spoil of an inanimate nature). He who captures kingdoms from the high and mighty ones and bestows them on the indigent and miserable, poisoning in his terrible hand a huge club, whose triumphs are sung by the far-off Seres—and by whomsoever else, that pass their lives in some hedged-in country or another, is nothing more than a frivolous and inconstant love-maker! Nor does the distinction arising from his triumphs, spur him on to noble things—he wanders about the earth, not that he may be thought equal to Jupiter, (I give him credit for that,) nor that he may show off, as the "great one" of the earth, amongst the Argolic Cities! No! he simply demands, as an absolute right whatever he takes a fancy to, and is always on the hunt after the couches of virgins! And if any such one be refused to him, she is forthwith taken by force! he storms and raves at all the people she is mixed up with, and seeks his future wives by first creating their downfall, and his ungovernable debauchery is euphoniously paraded as a signal proof of valour! The illustrious (Echalian country has fallen, and one Sun! (one day) has seen it standing in all its glory and that same Sun has witnessed its fall! And love, so-called, was the origin of this warlike deed! And as often as a Parent denies his daughter to Hercules, so often will that father have to go in fear, and Hercules to become his deadly enemy! And as often as he declines the honor of being his father-in-law, so often does he storm and rage, at the honor which he offered in being a son-in-law, having been declined! (with thanks!) How can I keep my hands from mischief, after all such things as these? Until, I suppose, he feigns madness again, and draws his bow with that murderous hand of his, and kills me and my son! (alluding to the case of Megara). Thus it is that Alcides gets rid of his wives! These are his sort of divorces! (with a vengeance!) Nor can he

Donec furem simulet, ac sæva manu Intendat arcus, meque natumque opprimat?	430
Sic conjuges expellit Alcides suas: Hæc sunt repudia! nec potest fieri nocens. Terris videri sceleribus causam suis Fecit novercam. quid stupes, fegnus furor?	
Scelus occupandum est: perge, dum fervet manus.	435
NUTR. Perimes maritum? DEJAN. Pellicis certe meæ. NUTR. At Jove creatum. DEJAN. Nempe & Alcmena fatum. NUTR. Ferrone? DEJAN. Ferro NUTR. Si nequis? DEJAN. Perimam dolo.	
NUTR. Quis iste furor est? DEJAN. Quem meus conjux docet. NUTR. Quem nec noverca potuit, hunc perimes virum?	440
DEJAN. Cœlestis ira quos premit, miseros facit; Humana nullos. NUTR. Parce, miseranda, & time. DEJAN. Contempsit omnes ille, qui mortem prius. Libet ire in enses. NUTR. Major admisso tuus, Alumna, dolor est. culpa par odium exigit.	445
Cur sæva modicis statuis? ut læsa es, dole. DEJAN. Leve esse credis pellicis nuptæ malum? Quidquid dolorem pacifit, hoc nimium puta, NUTR. Amorne clari fugit Alcidx tibi?	
DEJAN. Non fugit, altrix. remanet, & penitus fedet	450
Fixus medullis, crede: sed magnus dolor, Iratu amor est. NUTR. Artibus magicis fere Conjugia nuptæ precibus admixtis ligant. Vernare jussi frigore in medio nemus, Missumque fulmen stare. concussi fretum	455
Cessante vento. turbidum explicui mare: Et sicca tellus fontibus patuit novis.	

ever be made to appear as a criminal! he makes out to the world, that Juno, his step-mother, is the cause of all his crimes committed in the various countries! But oh! that dilatory anger of mine, art thou dumb-founding my faculties? The crime I contemplate must be done, so let me push on, and strike whilst the iron is hot! (whilst my inclination is eager for action!)

NUR. Wilt thou kill thy husband?

DEJ. Without doubt thou meanest the husband of my concubine rival!

NUR. But one of the race of Jupiter!

DEJ. What dost thou mean? One springing from Alcmena, through Jupiter's adultery?

NUR. Shalt thou use the sword?

DEJ. Yes, a sword!

NUR. But if thou art unable to do it with the sword?

DEJ. Then I will kill him by some stratagem!

NUR. Whatever can this madness suggest?

DEJ. The example which he has given me, when he slaughtered Megara in his rage!

NUR. And thou thinkest thou couldst kill that man whom no step-mother could succeed in doing!

DEJ. When celestial anger is brought to bear, it makes its objects miserable only, but the anger of mortals substitutes annihilation.

NUR. Forbear! Although thou art to be pitied, and go in fear of consequences.

DEJ. That man who is always ready to meet the sword's attack, looks with contempt upon all men who have not learned to treat death with indifference—I myself, am ready to do so!

NUR. Thy anger, nurse-child, is greater than circumstances justify, a crime only deserves to be visited with the vengeance that is due! Why dost thou determine upon such a severe punishment for such small sins? Grieve only in proportion as thou art injured.

DEJ. Dost thou regard this grievance of a marriage with a concubine as a trivial one? Dost thou suppose that any thing can be excessive which only keeps alive that indignation which is called forth.

NUR. And has all love for the renowned Alcides left your bosom?

DEJ. It has not fled, Nurse, it remains and rests permanently rooted, even in the very marrow of my bones, believe me, as to that; but remember, excessive resentment is only outraged love.

NUR. Very often wives make the marriage knot more binding by magical devices conjoined with fond entreaties. A grove, for instance, has by such means been made to look verdant in the middle of winter, and lightning itself,

Habuere motum faxa. discuffi fores. Umbræ stetit: & mea iussi prece Manes loquuntur. fonuit infernus canis.	460
Mare, terra, cœlum, & Tartarus servit mihi. Nox media solem vidit, & noctem dies: Nihilque leges ad meos cantus tenent, Flectemus illum. carmina invenient iter.	
DEJAN. Quas Pontus herbas generat, aut quas Theffala Sub rupe Pindus? aut ubi inveniam malum, Cui cedit ille? carmine in terras mago Descendat astris luna defertis licet, Et bruma messes videat, & cantu fugax Stet deprehenfum fulmen, & versa vice	465
Medius coactis ferveat stellis dies: Non flectet unum. NUTR. Vicit & superos amor. DEJAN. Vincetur uni forsan, & spoliū dabit, Amorque fumus fiet Alcidæ labor. Sed te per omne cœlitum numen precor,	470
Per hunc timorem; quidquid arcani apparo, Penitus recondas, & fide tacita premas. NUTR. Quid istud est, quod esse secretum jubes? DEJAN. Non tela sunt, non arma, non ignis minax.	475
NUTR. Præstare fateor posse me tacitam fidem, Si scelere careat. interim scelus est fides. DEJAN. Circumspice, agedum, ne quis arcana aucupet, Partemque in omnem vultus inquirens eat.	480
NUTR. En locus ab omni tutus arbitrio vacat. DEJAN. Est in remoto regiæ fedis loco	485

in its transit through the sky, has been intercepted in its progress — I have myself set the sea in commotion, when there was a total cessation of wind, and on the other hand, I have caused the troubled waves to appear as a calm lake, and a dry soil has been brought into view, displaying the most unexpected fountains—rocks have been endowed with motion—I have broken open the portals leading to the infernal regions—and oh! ye shades, ye have stood forth, and commanded through my invocations, the Manes have spoken—the dog of hell has barked at my solicitation—the sea, the earth, the heavens, and even Tartarus are ever ready to wait upon me! The Sun has been seen in the middle of the night, and the day has been converted into night—nothing is regulated by its usual laws, when I employ my incantations! Let us turn the heart of Hercules, my magical strains will find their way even into the soul of a Hercules!

DEJ. Whatever poisonous herbs are grown in Pontus (celebrated for poisonous plants and castors), or whatever plants may flourish at the foot of the Thessalian moun-

tains, or wherever else I may discover something deadly, to which Hercules might succumb; let the moon be induced to descend upon the earth and desert the companionship of the stars by my magical incantations! and let the cold winter behold the ripened corn, and let the swift lightning stand still, arrested by my magic strains, and the entire course of things being utterly reversed, let there be the heat of mid-day with the stars shining in the firmament at one and the same time, but all this magical business would not move the heart of one particular man, and that man is Hercules! to abandon his love for Iole!

NUR. Cupid, aforesaid, thou knowest, has conquered the Gods above, and may conquer, even Hercules!

DEJ. Perhaps, Cupid, himself, may be conquered by this "one particular Hercules," and despoiled of his arms (Cupid may yield up his bow and arrows to Hercules as a trophy) and this love's representative, Cupid, thus conquered by Alcides may be converted into the last and greatest of his labors. But I entreat thee, Nurse, by every Deity amongst the Gods above, by the fear thou mayst have of displeasing me, that whatever secret design I may get ready to carry out, thou wilt hide away in the innermost recesses of thy soul, and conceal it with the strictest fidelity.

NUR. What is it may I ask, that thou enjoimest me to keep so profoundly secret?

DEJ. They are not darts nor weapons of destruction nor threatening flames!

NUR. I tender my willingness to observe the strictest secrecy, so long as there is no crime with it, for sometimes a promise of that kind might assume the proportions of a crime.

DEJ. Come this way: mind and be circumspect lest a single soul should be listening, and catch at my secret, and then some inquisitive eyes might be casting searching looks towards every spot.

NUR. Look! yonder is a snug place, secure against any prying lookers-on!

DEJ. There is an unfrequented cave in the region of the royal domain taking care of my secret—the place does not admit the light of early morn, nor even at

Arcana tacitus nostra defendens specus. Non ille primos accipit foles locus, Non ille feros, cum ferens Titan diem Lassam rubenti mergit Oceano rotam. Illic amoris pigous Herculei latet.	450
Altrix, fatebor, Nessus est auctor mali, Quem gravida Nephele Theffalo genuit duci, Qua celsus astris inserit Pindus caput, Ultraque nubes Othrys eductus riget. Namque ut subactus Herculis clava horridi Achelous, omnes facilis in species dari, Tandem peractis omnibus patuit feris, Unoque turpe subdidit cornu caput: Me conjugem dum victor Alcides habet, Repetebat Argos. forte per campos vagus Evenos altum gurgitem in pontum ferens Jam pæne summis turbidus ripis erat. Transire Nessus vorticem solitus vadis Pretium poposcit: meque jam dorso ferens, Qua jungit hominem spina deficiens equo, Frangebat ipsas fluminis tumidi minas. Jam totus undis Nessus exierat ferrox, Medioque adhuc errabat Alcides vado, Vasto rapacem vorticem scindens gradu. Ast ille ut esse vidit Alcidem procul, Tu præda nobis, inquit, & conjux eris. Prohibetur undis; meque complexus ferens Gressum citabat. non tenent undæ Herculem: Infide vector, inquit, immixti licet Ganges & Ister vallibus junctis cant, Vincemus ambos. consequar telo fugam. Præcessit arcus verba. tum longum ferens Arundo vulnus, tenuit hærentem fugam; Mortemque fixit. ille jam quærens diem Tabum fluentem vulneris dextra excipit, Traditque nobis unguæ infertum fuæ, Quam forte sæva sciderat avulsam manu. Tum verba moriens addit: Hoc, inquit, magæ Dixere amorem posse defigi malo. Hoc docta Mycale Theffalas docuit nurus, Unam inter omnes Luna quam sequitur magam, Astris relictis. illitas vestes dabis	505 510 515 520 525

any later portion of the day, either when Titan paramountly rules that day, or when he sinks down with his weary chariot below the ruddy ocean (the reddened horizon). In that spot, lies concealed what will be a crucial test of Hercules' love for me (a poison having the property of reclaiming the lost love of Hercules)—I will confess to thee, Nurse; Nessus is the author of this innocent fraud, he whom Nephele, made pregnant

by Ixion, bore to that Thessalian king, where the lofty Pindus insinuates its peak, as high as the stars—where Othrys, too, raising itself above the clouds is covered with its perpetual mantle of ice and snow.—For as soon as Achelous was subdued by the club of that terrible Hercules, he was ready for transformation into any shape, and at last presented himself as a bull, after all the wild beasts whose forms he had assumed, had been disposed of by Hercules, and sank down his damaged head (with one of his horns gone) in some of his familiar streams—whilst this conquering Alcides, looked upon me as a wife, he was fond of visiting Argos, and on one occasion the Evenus (a river) pursuing its wandering course through the plains around, urging forwards a very whirlpool of its deep waters towards the sea, rose in its (swelling) boisterousness almost to the level of its highest banks, and Nessus (the Centaur) accustomed to this vortex, required some reward for carrying me across these wild waters on his back, where that part of his back representing a horse broke off abruptly and became joined to the remainder, which assumed the form of a man (thus, half man, half horse). All on a sudden, the ferocious Nessus got completely out of the middle of the stream, cutting his way through the rapacious vortex, at a great pace, when Nessus saw that Hercules was some distance off, exclaims “You are my property, and shall be my wife—Hercules is being kept back by the waters,” and embracing me, Nessus flew on at a terrible rate, but the water did not detain Hercules long, and he shouted out, “Oh, thou treacherous porter, although the Ganges and the Danube mixing their streams should flow over the intermediate valleys, as over one river-bed, I would overcome both, and follow up thy retreat with one of my arrows!” The bow was drawn before Nessus could have heard the words, and the arrow causing a deep wound, arrested his flight and sealed his doom; and whilst his eyes were wandering and trying to distinguish the light of day, he gathered up with his right hand some of his poisoned blood, as it flowed, and handed it to me deposited in one of his hoofs, which he violently tore off with his savage hand; then his dying words were, with this poison (a magic aphrodisiac) he went on to say, the magicians have declared to me that love can be implanted (in the bosom of those brought under its influence). Mycale, so learned in the magic art, told this to the Thessalian matrons—she was the only magician out of all the others, by whose incantations the moon could be made to come down upon this earth, and quit the companionship of her fellow luminaries (the stars). Then he went

Hac, inquit, ipfa tæbe, fi pellex tuos
 Invida thalamos tulerit, & conjux levis
 Aliam parenti dederit altiſſimo norum. 530
 Hoc nulla lux afpiciat, hoc tenebræ tegant
 Tantum remotæ. fic potens vires fuas
 Sanguis tenebit: verba deprendit quies,
 Mortemque laſſis intulit membris ſopor,
 Tu, quam meis admittit arcanis fides, 535
 Perge, ut nitentem virus in veſtem datum,
 Mentem per artus adeat, & tactu intimas
 Intret medullas. NUTR. Qcuius juſſa exſequar,
 Alumna precibus tu Deum invictum advoca,
 Qui certa tenera tela dimittit manu. 540
 DEJAN. Te, te precor, quem mundus & ſuperi timent,
 Et æquor, & qui fulmen Ætænum quatit,
 Timende matri teliger sævæ puer;
 Intende certa ſpiculum velox manu,
 Non e ſagittis levibus, ex bumero, precor, 545
 Graviore profer, quod tuæ nondum manus
 Miſere in aliquem. non levi te'lo eſt opus,
 Ut amare poſſit Hercules. rigidis manus
 Intende, & arcum cornibus junctis para.
 Nunc', nunc ſagittam prome, qua quondam horridus 550
 Jovem petiſti; fulmine abjecto Deus
 Cum fronte ſubita tumuit, & rapidum mare
 Taurus puellæ vector Aſſyriæ ſcidit.
 Immitte amorem. vincat exempla omnia.
 Amare diſcat conjugem. ſi quas decora 555
 Ioles inuſit peſtori Herculeo faces,
 Exſtingue totas. perbibat flammæ mei.
 Tu fulminantem sæpe domuiſti Jovem,
 Tu ſurva nigri ſceptra geſtantem poli,
 Turbæ ducem majoris, & dominum Stygis. 560
 Tu, qui noverca es gravior irata Deus,
 Cape hunc triumphum. ſolus evince Herculem.
 NUTR. Prolata vis eſt, quæque Palladia colu
 Laſſavit omnem texta famularem manu.

on to ſay, with this poiſon rubbed on their garments; (for example) if ſome odious concubine ſhould uſurp thy marriage-bed, or if ſome unfaithful husband ſhould bring into thy preſence another daughter-in-law, for that Jupiter who ſends forth from above his mighty peals of thunder.—It muſt not be expoſed to the air, but darkneſs be it ever ſo far off, muſt ſhield it from the ſmalleſt access of light, and by that means this potent ſpecific (blood) will preſerve its virtues. His laſt end followed theſe words, and the ſleep of death ſtole over his powerful frame! And thou, Nurſe, whom my ſincere truſt in thy fidelity, has admitted into my ſecret, proceed with thy taſk ſo that the virus ſhall thoroughly penetrate every

filament of the handsome robe, which I shall give thee—and in its travel, it will enter his very soul, whilst it traverses the innermost marrow of his bones!

NUR. I will carry out thy commands with all despatch my dear nurse-child, but invoke thou the invincible God Cupid, with thy prayers, that god which sends forth his certain arrows, with such a gentle hand.

DEJ. I pray thee, thee of whom the gods above, and the world below (the celestial, terrestrial and marine animals) go in dread, and, thee, who rulest the sea, and who shakest the universe with the lightnings of Ætna, and oh! thou dart-bearing boy, to be feared, even (with anxious regard) by thy morose mother, send forth with thy unerring aim the swift arrow, but I pray thee, not one of the lighter sort, which thou carriest on thy shoulder, but come to my aid with a heavier kind, one of greater power, the like of which thy hand has never yet hurled at any one, for it is more than a gentle dart that will be required to make Hercules love in earnest! Stretch thy hands firmly till thou makest the very cornua of the bow nearly meet (that is to say, the extreme ends of the bow approximated to the utmost by drawing the string to its maximum). Now! Now is the time to get the arrow ready, in the way thou didst once, although half-frightened at what thou wast doing, when that God threw the lightnings aside, and suddenly assumed a ferocious aspect, and as a bull with the Tyrian damsel on his back (Europa) he cut his way through the waves of the tempestuous sea! Instil thou love into the obdurate heart of Hercules—let it outstrip all thy former successes! Let Hercules learn to love his wife, and destroy at once and for ever any passionate flames by which the loveliness of Iole, have burnt their way into the breast of Hercules, and let him imbibe the tender passion for my benefit! Thou hast often aforetime subdued the heart of lightning-hurling Jupiter, thou hast likewise subdued him who wields that murky sceptre in the sombre heavens, him who rules the largest portion of subjects (the majority) who dominates over the Stygian realms! Thou, who as a deity canst make thyself more acutely felt than any anger of a step-mother—regard thou this as the triumph of triumphs, and compliment thyself that thou art the only one that can conquer a Hercules!

NUR. The poison has been brought! and here is the specimen of the textile Palladian art turned out from the distaff, which has tired out thou sayest the fingers of all

Nunc congeratur virus, ut vestis bibat 565
 Herculea peffem. precibus augebo malum.
 In tempore ipfo gnavus occurrit Lichas.
 Celandã vis est dira, ne pateat, doli.
 DEJAN. O, quod superbæ non habent unquam domus,
 Fidele femper regibus nomen, Licha, 570
 Cape hos amictus, noffra quos nevit manus,
 Dum vagus in orbem fertur, & victus mero
 Tenet feroci Lydiam gremio nurum,
 Nunc pofcit Iolen. fed jecur fors horridum
 Flectam merendo. merita vicerunt malos. 575
 Non ante vestes induat conjux, jube,
 Quam thure flammã pascat, & placet Deos,
 Cana rigentem populo vincit comam.
 Ipsa in penates regio greffus feram,
 Precibusque amoris horridi matrem colam. 580
 Vos, quas paternis extuli comites focis,
 Calydoniæ, deflete lugendas vices.

CHORUS ÆTOLARUM MULIERUM.

Mulieres Calydoniæ Dejaniræ fortem deflent: ambitionem,
 avaritiam, luxum, ceteraque mortalium studia inania
 defestantur, privatam fortunam laudant.

FLEMUS casus, Cenei, tuos,
 Comitum primos turba per annos:
 Flemus dubios, veneranda, toros. 585
 Nos Acheloi tecum folitæ
 Pulfare vadum, cum jam tumidas
 Vere peracto poneret undas,
 Gracilisque gradu ferperet æquo,
 Nec præcipitem volveret amnem 590
 Flavus rupto fonte Lycormas.
 Nos Palladias ire per aras,
 Et virgineos celebrare choros:
 Nos Cadmeis orgia ferre
 Tecum folitæ condita ciftis, 595
 Cum jam pulfo fidere brumæ
 Tertia foles evocat æftas,
 Et fpiciferæ conceffa Deæ
 Aitica myftas claudit Eleufin.

the females who have been working at it! Now the magic aphrodisiac (virus) must be collected carefully, and this Herculean robe must soak it all in, and I will increase its efficacy by my incantations—at that moment, the never-failing Lichas is putting in an appearance, (aside) but the fatal secret of this plot must be concealed from Lichas or it may become known to Hercules!

DEJ. Oh! Lichas, thou ever faithful confidant of the kings thou servest under, a reputation which not every one serving in a proud palace can boast of—take charge of this garment, which was woven by my very own hands, whilst my husband was roaming about the World—at this moment. (Dejanira is soliloquizing aside) he is sitting at his table in a maudlin mood, and in his flights of fancy, is hugging to his bosom his darling Omphale (the Lydian Queen) under the influence of his vinous potations—in another minute, he is mumbling inquiringly, for Iole, but the chance still exists, that I shall prevail upon him, to conquer this morbid passion by showing that I am deserving in his estimation, for downright merit has always got the better of unworthiness in the long run—But, let this injunction, Lichas, be faithfully observed, before my husband enrobes himself with this tunic let him ply the altar fires liberally with frankincense, and when he offers up his prayers to the Gods, let him be sure to encircle those harsh locks of his with the white poplar. I myself will betake my steps to the Royal Palace, and lose no time in devoutly approaching the Goddess mother of that cruel deity, who countenances the reproachable amorousness of my husband, with my most urgent prayers and ye Ætolian (Calydonian) women whom I have brought as attendants from thy paternal homesteads, bewail in concert, my miserable lot!

CHORUS OF ÆTOLIAN WOMEN.

The Ætolian women bewail the lot of Dejanira, they express their dislike of ambition, avarice, luxury and other frivolous pursuits of mankind, and praise the inferior conditions of life.

OH! Dejanira, thou much adored daughter of Cæneus, we bewail thy unhappy lot as the assembled companions of thy early years: we deplore the precarious aspect of thy marriage outlook (divorce, desertion) we, who were accustomed to wade in the shallow streams of Achelous in company with thee, when the spring was over, and the swollen waters had subsided, and when, with a graceful flow, they would glide along at a moderate pace, nor would the muddy Lycormas, its fountain-sources being interrupted, roll on, as heretofore as a boisterous river—we would then repair to the altars of Minerva, and celebrate the dances of the virgins, as we were accustomed with our mystic Bacchanial symbols, triennially hidden away in our Theban baskets, in honor

Nunc quoque cafum quemcunque times,	600
Fidas comites accipe fatis.	
Nam rara fides, ubi jam melior	
Fortuna ruit.	
Tu quicumque es, qui fcepra tenes,	
Licet omne tua vulgus in aula	605
Centum pariter limina pulfet:	
Cum tot populis ftipatus eas,	
In tot populis vix una fides.	
Tenet auratum limeu Erinnyis,	
Et cum magnæ patuere fores,	610
Intrant fraudes, cautique doli,	
Ferrumque latens, cumque in populos	
Prodire parant, comes invidia eff.	
Noctem quoties fommovet Eos,	
Regem toties credite nafci.	615
Pauci reges, non regna colunt:	
Plures fulgor concitat aulæ.	
Cupit hic regi proximus ipfi	
Clarus latas ire per urbes:	
Urit miserum gloria pectus.	620
Cupit hic gazis implere famem:	
Nec tamen omnis plaga gemmiferi	
Sufficit Iftri; nec tota fitim	
Lydia vincit; nec, quæ Zephyro	
Subdita tellus, ftupet aurato	625
Flumine clarum radiare Tagum;	
Nec ū totus ferviat Hebrus;	
Ruraque dives cingat Hydafpes;	
Intraque fuos currere fines	
Speftet toto flumine Gangem.	630
Avidis, avidis natura parum eft.	
Colit hic regem, regumque lares,	
Non ut preffo vomere femper	
Nunquam ceffet curvus arator,	
Vel mille fecent arva coloni:	635
Solas optat, quas donet, opes.	
Colit hic reges, calcet ut omnes,	
Perdatque aliquos, nullumque levat.	
Tantum ut noceat, cupit effe potens.	
Quota pars moritur tempore fati!	640
Quos felices Cynthia vidit,	

of Bacchus in company with thee! When the star of winter disappeared and the third summer would arrive, we would invoke the presence of Phœbus, (summer heat) and Attica having served up its offerings, as being consecrate to the harvest producing Goddess, Ceres, Eleusis would witness the Athenian priestesses, shut up in their temples with their mystic paraphernalia! Now, verily, thou art fearful of some disaster, depend upon us, as faithful com-

panions in thy troubles! For fidelity is a rare commodity enough, when our better fortunes forsake us, and whosoever thou art, that wieldest a sceptre, although all thy fawning subjects throng the hundred entrances of thy palace at the same time and with the same objects, thou simply goest forth oppressed by the presence of so many people. for amongst that large concourse, of human units, there is scarcely one amongst them, that you can trust! Erinnys mounts guard at the gilded threshold, and when the spacious portals are opened fraud and wily treachery make their entrance, as well as the concealed dagger, and when the kings make ready to show themselves in person, amongst the populace, envy accompanies their footsteps, and as often as Aurora dispels the night (early morn), believe in thy own mind, that thou mayst be said to be coming forward at day-light, as some fresh king (as often as a king has escaped the snares and perils of the night, not to say death itself, let him believe that a new king is born, so much danger hanging over kings every night). Few kings do not love and venerate their kingdoms: the glitter of the palace enraptures so many, whilst another man sighs to be the nearest to that very king when he sallies forth in all his splendor amongst the cities far and wide, and this, in order to raise his own importance—that thirst for glory fairly inflames their miserable minds: another longs to satisfy his craving hunger for riches—not even the entire land of the gem-producing Danube is sufficient for him, nor does the wealth of all Lydia assuage his longing thirst for gold, nor any land blown upon by the mild Zephyr, but he is dazzled somewhat with the thought that the bright Tagus shines for him with its golden streams, nor would he be satisfied if the entire Hebrus were placed at his disposal, and the rich fields, whose banks are laved by the fertilizing Hydaspes—not even, if he could behold the Ganges itself, with its numerous tributaries passing through his own territories. Nature is quite a niggardly arrangement, on the part of Providence, for the greedy—for the ambitious! One man will worship a King and every thing that belongs to that King! not that the ploughman, with his stooping back, will ever cease to force his way through the soil with his diligent ploughshare, or the husbandman ever relax from gathering in the harvests from his thousand fields! He only desires the riches which they will yield him—another is addicted to king-worship, so that he may trample down every one else, destroy and ruin some, and give a helping hand to none—such a man desires to wield his power only that he may be able to oppress others! How large a proportion of ambitious mortals meet their fate before their

Vidit miseros enata dies. Rarum est, felix, idemque fenex. Cæspes Tyrio mollior ostro, Solet impavidos ducere somnos.	645
Aurea rumpunt tecta quietem, Vigilesque trahit purpura noctes. O si pateant pectora ditum, Quantos intus sublimis agit Fortuna metus! Brutia Coro Pulsante fretum mitior unda est.	650
Pectora pauper fecura gerit. Tenet e patula pocula fago, Sed non trepida tenet illa manu. Carpit faciles vilesq̄ue cibos, Sed non strictos respicit enses.	655
Aurea miscet pocula fanguis. Conjux modico nupta marito Non disposito clara monili Gestat pelagi dona rubentis, Nec gemmiferas detrahit aures	660
Lapis Eoa lectus in unda; Nec Sidonio mollis ahenō Repetita bibit lana rubores; Nec Mæonia distinguit acu, Quæ Phœbeis subditus Euris Legit Eois Ser arboribus.	665
Quælibet herbæ tinxere colos, Quas indoctæ nevere manus: Sed non dubios fovet illa toros.	670
Sequitur dira lampade Erinny's Quarum populi coluere diem. Nec sibi felix pauper habetur, Nisi felices cecidisse videt.	675
Quisquis medium defugit iter, Stabili nunquam tramite curret. Dum petit unum præbere diem, Patrioque puer constitit axe, Nec per solitum percurrit iter, Sed Phœbeis ignota secat	680
Sidera flammis errante rota, Secum pariter perdidit orbem. Medium cœli dum fulcat iter, Tenuit placitas Dædalus oras, Nullique dedit nomina ponto:	685

time! The newly-arrived day sees many men miserable, whom Cynthia (last night's moon) had seen the night before, radiant and happy! It is seldom that you see an old man (and at the same time) a happy man represented by the same individual! The green sward softer than the Tyrian purple, allows you to enjoy your

sleep from apprehensions—the gilded ceilings (roof) often disturb the rest, and those clothed in their purple only pass wakeful nights! Oh! if the hearts of the rich could be laid bare, what an amount of misery we should discover, that elevated fortune brings in its train! The Sicilian sea is not so rough, when the North West wind is contending against its waves; a poor man possesses a serene mind, as he holds in his hand the rude drinking-cup, carved out of the wide-spreading beech tree, nor does he raise it to his lips with that hand in a trembling condition! He gathers in his daily food, either that which costs him nothing at all or what is of the very cheapest kind, but he does not know any thing about the sword of Damocles, and blood (that is, the price of it) does not mix up with the contents of his golden goblet! The wife married to the humble man does not bedeck herself with a necklace mounted with the bright ornaments, yielded up from the Red Sea! Nor does the Oriental pearl found at the bottom of the ocean weigh down the lobes of her ears as a gem-laden pendant! Nor does the soft wool of the poor man's wife imbibe the red dyes from such repeated immersions in the Sidonian copper vessel! Nor does the Mæonian matron carefully ply with her embroidery needle the delicate threads, which the Ser living under an Oriental Sun, gathers from the trees in those Eastern Woods—any common plant suffices to yield up its colors to the materials issuing from the poor woman's distaff which, too, have been spun by the very roughest of hands, but such a woman, as that, does not harass her mind by dwelling upon the unfaithfulness of the marriage-bed! Erinnys follows up with her unrelenting torch the people who celebrate with pomp and public demonstrations their natal days, nor is even a poor man satisfied in his own mind, that he is a happy man till he sees some of the high and mighty fall from their lofty eminence! Whoever eschews the paths of moderation, can never proceed on his way, along a track to be depended on for its safety! When the boy Phaëthon madly asked that one day should be granted him to drive the horses of the Sun, and settled himself down in his father's chariot, it was not allowed to travel the usual path, but with the eccentrically-driven Chariot, he cut his way through those regions in space, altogether strange to the fiery steeds of Phoebus and he might have destroyed the earth as well as himself! Dædalus preserved his serenity of countenance, when he ploughed the middle way in the sky and have his name to no sea! But when Icarus had the temerity to outstrip the birds themselves in his aerial flight and whilst that conceited boy totally disregarded

Sed dum volucres vincere veras Icarus audet, patriaque puer Depicit alas, Phœboque volat Proximus ipsi, dedit ignoto Nomina ponto.	690
Male penfantur magna ruinis. Felix alius, magnusque sonet; Me nulla vocet turba potentem. Stringat tenuis litora puppis. Nec magna meas aura phafelos Jubeat medium scindere pontum.	695
Transit tutos Fortuna sinus, Medioque rates quærit in alto, Quarum feriunt suppara nubes. Sed quid pavido territa vultu, Qualis Baccho faucia Mænas, Fertur rapido regina gradu? Quæ te rurfus fortuna rotat, Miseranda, refer. licet ipsa neges, Vultus loquitur, quodcunque tegis.	700 705

ACTUS TERTIUS.

DEJANIRA, CHORUS.

- Dejaniram, periculo veneni ad solem expositi flammaeque concipientis factò, consilii sui pœnitet.

DEJAN. V AGUS per artus errat excuffos tremor. Erectus horret crinis. impulsis adhuc Stat terror animis, & cor attonitum falit, Pavidumque trepidis palpitat venis jecur. Ut fractus Austro pontus etiamnum tumet, Quamvis quiescat languidis ventis dies: Ita mens adhuc vexatur excuffo metu. Semel profecto premere felices Deus Cum cœpit, urget. hos habent magna exitus.	710
CHOR. Quis tam impotens, o misera, te casus rotat?	715
DEJAN. Ut missa palla est, tabe Nessæa illita.	

the un aspiring wings of his father's, and flew quite near to the Sun which melted the wax of his wings, and falling gave his name to an unknown sea! A lofty condition does not compensate for the ruin involved therewith —another man, more fortunate and rejoicing in his greatness, may fly about (sometimes with impunity) but let no flattering crowd call you great! A fragile skiff may graze the shore unharmed, but a heavy breeze should

never tempt that craft to cut its way to the middle of the ocean! Good fortune only attends upon those who hoist easy canvas, and goes on a vain errand, in quest of those crafts doomed to destruction that venture into the middle of the deeps, with their topsails made to strike the very clouds! (that is to say, they come to grief.) But why is the Queen coming on (advancing) with such a rapid step? Why does she look so terrified in her expression, like some wounded Mænad full of her inspiring God, Bacchus? Tell us, oh! miserable Dejanira, what capricious turn of Fortune's wheel has again affected thee thus? Although thou mayst deny the accusation thy very face reveals that whatever thou art fancying, thou art hiding from us!

ACT III.

DEJANIRA—CHORUS.

Dejanira repents of her design, when she is acquainted with what danger the poison has brought about, and which calamity, as predicted from its exposure to the sun, had now taken place.

DEJANIRA.

A WANDERING tremor travels all over my convulsed frame, my hair stands erect from my fright and (inward) terror still possesses my agitated soul! I am so bewildered in my mind and my natural sensibilities are so much wrought upon, that my terrified heart leaps and throbs, and my very liver beats against my side with its blood-vessels in tremulous commotion—as the sea still remains swollen and angry after it has been vanquished by the South wind, although the tempest has quieted down, the winds having become more gentle, so my inward soul is harassed from the effects of the fears, which had been left behind—of a truth, when once the angry deity tries to oppress those that were once happy, he perseveres with the task he commenced with (great undertakings generally have anxious and calamitous endings).

CHOR. What terrible calamity, oh! miserable princess, causes thee to shake thus?

DEJ. When the cloak was sent to me, with the Nessus poison rubbed into it, being cast down by my sorrows, I

Thalamisque mœrens intuli gressum meis, Nescio quid animus timuit, & fraudem fruit. Libet experiri. folibus virus serum Flammisque Nessus fanguinem ostendi arcuit.	720
Hic ipse fraudes esse præmonuit Deus. Et forte nulla, nube resperfus jubar Laxabat ardens fervidum Titan diem. (Vix ora solvi patitur etiam nunc timor)	
Medios in ignes folis, & claram facem Quo tincta fuerat palla, vestisque illita, Abjectus horret sanguis, & Phœbi coma Tepefactus ardet vix queo monstrum eloqui.	725
Nives ut Eurus solvit, aut tepidus Notus, Quas vere primo lubricus perdit Mimas; Utque involutos frangit Ionio falo Opposita fluctus Leucas, & lassus tumor In litore ipso spumat; aut cœlestibus Aspersa tepidis thura laxantur focus:	730
Sic languet omne vellus, & perdit comam. Dumque ipsa miror, causa mirandi perit. Quin ipsa tellus spumeos motus agit, Et quidquid ille tabe contactum est, labat. [Tumenisque tacita sequitur, & quatit caput]	735
Natum paventem cerno & ardenti pede Gressus serentem. prome, quid portes novi.	740

HYLLUS, DEJANIRA, NUTRIX.

Intellecto ex Hylo funesti muneris malo, Dejanira sibi
mortem consciscit.

I , PROFUGE, quære si quid ulterius patet Terris, freto, sideribus, Oceano, inferis. Ultra labores, mater, Alcidae fuge.	
DEJAN. Nescio quod animus grande præfagit malum.	745

wended my steps towards my bed-chamber, and I know not, why I had my fearful misgivings and I somehow suspected that some fraud had been planned out, I thought, however, I would give it a trial; Nessus laid great stress on the precaution, that his blood, which was a virulent poison should not be exposed to the light nor brought under the influence of heat; my good genius forewarned me there was some fraud intended, but Titan, (the Sun) by chance, with no clouds hanging about, as he let loose the burning day, must have shed his rays on it; my excessive timidity, even now, will scarcely allow me to find utterance for my thoughts.—The blood, with which the cloak was impregnated, and the other garment, which

was rubbed with it also, exposed to the heat of a mid-day sun and the glaring light of the bright day began to tremble visibly (the calorific and luminous rays combined to cause a bubbling up, as if in boiling, from the augmentation of temperature), and thus beginning to be made hot by the rays of the sun, soon began to burn fiercely. I can scarcely express myself with regard to this prodigious occurrence. As the East wind or the warm South wind, which dissipates the snow in early spring on the slippery Mimas, that snowy Ionian mountain, and as the coast of Leucas exactly opposite breaks up the waves, which are rolled against it by the Ionian sea, and the swelling of such waves becoming exhausted, leaves only a mass of foam on its shores, or as the frankincense scattered upon the celestial altars, when they are heated, soon becomes evaporated, in like manner do the entire woolly materials composing the substance of the cloak and the other garment disappear altogether through the heat of the flames, and at last, become self-extinguished. (By this passage is meant, the whole of the combustible carbonaceous matter being consumed, nothing is left for the active flames to operate upon, and thus, the flames die out.) And whilst I ponder wonderingly over all this the cause of such wonder soon vanishes, when I think of every thing. But the ground itself becomes agitated and sets up a frothy appearance from its disturbed condition, whilst every thing that is brought into contact with that virulent poison, is instantly destroyed, and although swelling with pent-up anger, without saying a word, she ponders over the situation and merely shakes her head significantly! I now perceive my terrified son, Hyllus, approaching with rapid steps: tell me, Hyllus, what news hast thou brought?

HYLLUS—DEJANIRA—NURSE.

The mischief brought about by this fatal gift, being ascertained from Hyllus, Dejanira resolves to kill herself.

HYLLUS.

Go, mother, flee, seek out if there is any spot open for thy reception more remote than even this earth—the sea—the heavens—the Ocean or even the infernal regions—beyond those regions which have witnessed the labors of Alcides!

DEJ. A presentiment of some great calamity, I know not what, has taken possession of my mind.

HYL. Regna, triumpha, templa Junonis pete: Hæc tibi patent. delubra præclufa omnia.	
DEJAN. Effare, qui me cafus infantem premat.	
HYL. Decus illud orbis, atque præfidium unicum, Quem fata terris tn locum dederant Jovis,	750
O mater, abiit. membra, & Herculeos toros Urit lues nefcio qua. qui domuit feras, Ille, ille victor vincitur, mæret, dolet.	
Quid quæris ultra? DEJAN. Miferias properant fuas Andire miferi. fare, quo pofita in ftatu	755
Jam noftro domus eft. o lares, miferi lares! Nunc vidua, nunc expulfa, nunc feror obruta!	
HYL. Non fola mæres. Hercules toto jacet Mundo gemendus. fata ne, mater, tua Privata credas. jam genus totum obftrepat.	760
Hunc, ejulatu quem gemis, cuncti gemunt. Commune terris omnibus pateris malum. Luâum occupafti prima. non fola Herculem Miferanda mæres. DEJAN. Quam prope a leto tamen,	765
Ede, ede, (quæfo) jaceat Alcides meus.	
HYL. Mors refugit illum, victa quæ in regno fuo Semel eft. nec audent fata tam vaftrum nefas Admittere. ipfa forftan trepida colos Clotho manu projecit, & fatum Herculis Timet peragere. præ diem! infandum diem!	770
Hocne ille fummo magnus Alcides erit? DEJAN. Ad fata & umbras, atque pejorem polum Præcedere illum dicis? an poffum prior Mortem occupare? fare, fi nondum occidit.	
HYL. Euboica tellus vertice immenfo tumens Pulfatur omni latere. Phrixæum mare Scindit Caphareus. fervit hoc Auftro latus. At qua nivofî patitur Aquilonis minas, Eurîpus undas fleâit inftabilis vagas, Septemque curfus volvit, & totidem refert,	775
Dum laffa Titan mergat Oceano juga.	780

HYL. Seek for some kingdom, for some fresh triumphs, aye, the temples of Juno—they will be open to thee, but all other fanes will be closed against thee.

DEJ. Express thyself more explicitly. Who is there that can rail at me, one that is entirely innocent of this calamity!

HYL. That ornament of the world and its only safeguard, one which the Fates had presented to the Earth in the place of a Jupiter.—Oh! mother, he has gone! I know not what destructive agent has burnt up the limbs and muscles of Hercules, and he that subdued the wild beasts is grieving and mourning, and he, the proud conqueror

has lived to see himself conquered! What more dost thou want to know, than all this?

DEJ. Those in misery are always in a hurry to know the length and breadth of their miseries! Speak out! Oh! in what a sad position our palace is placed! Oh! my home! my now wretched home! but now I am a widow and am utterly overwhelmed in ruin! Now I am a homeless woman!

HYL. Thou art not the only mourner, Hercules dies with all the world groaning at his loss—do not attach any importance, mother, to thy own personal loss—already the entire human race resound the air with their grief—all the peoples bewail him with the same moanings, which thou, thyself, art evincing now—thou art suffering from a calamity which is felt by all the earth—thou art the first, 'tis true to take on with grief, but thou in all thy misery art not the solitary mourner for Hercules!

DEJ. But how near death is he? Oh! tell me, I beseech thee, and will my dear Alcides really die?

HYL. Even Mors does not like to face him—the Mors of that land which he once subdued, as she reigned paramount in her own Kingdom, nor even do the Fates dare to commit any impious offence (where Hercules is concerned), and Clotho herself most likely has arranged her distaff with a trembling hand, and is fearing to issue her fiat with regard to the fate of Hercules! Alas! for such a day to arrive! Alas! for such a cruel day! And will that really be the last eventful day for the great Alcides?

DEJ. Dost thou say that he is going before me to the Fates—the Manes and the worse dark sky below? Cannot I possibly meet my own doom first? Speak! if he has not as yet departed this world.

HYL. The land of Eubœa swelling proudly with its immense mountain promontory, is struck by the boisterous waves in every part of its insular sea-board—Caphareus divides the Hellespont, (Phrixean Sea) and this side of Eubœa is under the influence of the South wind, but where the same island suffers from the angry tempests of the North wind with its dreadful snowdrifts, and there the restless Euripus winds its seven flood tides and consequently ebbs often. (The tides vary in different parts of the world, and as many as eight are known to occur amongst some of the islands in the Eastern Archipelago.) Where Titan sinks

Heic rupe celsa, nulla quam nubes ferit, Annosa fulgent templa Cenæi Jovis. Ut stetit ad aras omne votivum pecus, Totumque tauris gemuit auratis nemus;	785
Spolium leonis fordidum tabo exuit, Posuitque clavæ pondus, & pharetra graves Laxavit humeros. veste tunc fulgens tua, Cana revinctus populo horrentem comam, Succendit aras. Accipe has, inquit, focus	790
Non false messes genitor, & largo facer Splendescat ignis thure, quod Phœbum colens Dives Sabæis colligit truncis Arabs. Pacata tellus, inquit, & cœlum, & freta;	795
Feris subactis omnibus victor redii. Depone fulmen. gemitus in medias preces, Stupente & ipso, cecidit. hinc cœlum horrido Clamore complet. qualis impressa fugax Taurus bipenni vulnus & telum ferens,	800
Delubra vasto trepida mugitu replet; Aut quale mundo fulmen emissum tonat; Sic ille gemitus sidera & pontum ferit: Et vasta Chalcis fonuit, & voces Cyclas Excepit omnis. hinc. petræ Capharides, Hinc omne voces reddit Herculeas nemus.	805
Flentem videmus. vulgus antiquam putat Rabiem redisse. tunc fugam famuli petunt. At ille vultus ignea torquens face, Unum inter omnes quærit & sequitur Lichan. Complexus aras ille tremebunda manu,	810
Mortem metu consumsit, & parum sui Pœnæ reliquit. dumque tremebundum manu Tenuit cadaver, Hac manu, hac, inquit, ferar (O fata!) victus? Herculem perimit Lichas. Ecce alia clades, Hercules perimit Lichan.	815
Facta inquinentur. fiat hic summus labor. In astra missus fertur, & nubes vago Spargit cruore. talis in cœlum exsilit Arundo, Getica vifa dimitti manu;	820
Aut quam Cydon excussit: inferius tamen Et tela fugient. truncus in pontum cadit. In saxa cervix. funus ambobus jacet. Resistite, inquit. non furor mentem abstulit. Furore gravius istud atque ira malum est. In me juvat sævire. vix pestem indicat,	825
Et sævit. artus ipse dilacerat fuos, Et membra vasta carpit avellens manu. Exuere amictus quærit. hoc solum Herculem	

his wearied chariot below the ocean, on a lofty hill, here,
which no clouds ever obscure from the sight (envelope),

the ancient temple of Jupiter Cenæus shines forth radiantly. As all the cattle intended for the sacrifice are standing before the altars, the whole forest around echoes to the bellowings of the bulls with their gilded horns! Hercules takes off the Lion's skin stained with the blood of that Nemæan trophy, and relieves his burdened shoulders of his ponderous quiver, then, looking very radiant with the robe thou hadst given him, binds round his shaggy locks the white poplar, (the tender flexible stems and leaves)—then, he lighted up the altars and exclaimed: Oh! my father, receive as a sincere demonstration of my devotion these oriental aromatics on thy venerable altars, and let the sacred fires grow bright with unstinted frankincense, which the rich Arab, who worships the sun, gathers from the aromatic trees of Sabæa.—He then goes on to say: Let the earth now be at peace, and the heavens and the sea! As a proud conqueror, I have returned from having overcome every wild monster in existence. Oh! my father, do away now with thy lightnings!—And with a sudden groan in the midst of his adorations he fell to the ground stupefied—then he filled the air with a terrific shout, much in the same way as the bull, effecting its retreat after it has received the blow from the sacrificial axe and the wound actually retaining the weapon itself, fills the very temple, and causes it to tremble again with its tremendous roarings; or, such as the thunder produces, when the lightnings of Jupiter are shot forth from the heavens, in like manner does the groaning of Hercules smite the heavens above and the sea beyond, and the vast Chalcis resounds with his tremendous voice, and in every one of the Cyclades is it likewise heard—as well as in the rocky Capharides - every forest near this place echoes to the voice of Hercules; and now we behold him weeping, the old attendants round about him, thinking that his former madness had re-appeared (when he killed Megara and his children) and under that impression his servants take to their heels! But in reality, his face is only writhing from the agony arising out of the burning heat of the fire round about his body, and he singles out one from amongst the number of those near him, and pursues Lichas, who clung to the altar with a trembling hand, and half-dead with fear already, left very little scope for the vengeance of Hercules! And whilst Hercules held his quivering carcass in his hand, he exclaimed: Oh! my sad destiny, that it should go forth to the world, that I had been conquered by such a hand as this, for a Lichas to kill a Hercules! Wait to hear of the other's slaughter, which follows; Hercules kills Lichas, exclaiming: "The deed is really an inglorious one, and tarnishes my former exploits, and to

Hercules could not effect that object, the only thing, perhaps, he ever failed in. However, he attempted to draw it (his clothing) from his body, a second time, and dragged away part of his body with it—for the cloak had become a part of that body and had adhered and connected itself so inseparably with the integuments—nor was the cause of this destructive work by any means brought to light, but there, the cause was evidently sufficient for the evil it had brought about; then, being scarcely able to bear the pain any longer, and being very exhausted, he smote the earth with his face bent downwards, and then he asked for water, but the water did not quench his tormenting thirst; he sought the shore, which the noisy waves are beating against, and got into the sea, but his servants' hands prevented him from wandering far, (they had hold of him.) Oh! cruel lot, we are all now on a par with Hercules, then some craft brought him back to the Eubœan shore, which a gentle South wind wafts shorewards, with the ponderous Hercules on board, to Ceta!

DEJ. All animation has left my body—my sight is quite dimmed! Oh! my soul! Why dost thou hesitate? Why art thou thus taken aback (astounded) the crime has, indeed, been worked out (committed) Jupiter is calling back his son! Juno will receive a rival! No! (this uttered in great despair) but Hercules must be given up to the earth again! But let me show, what can be given up—let the pointed sword find its way through my body, its legitimate duel! Yes! Yes! this is what I must do, cannot my hand, though slight, carry out this heavy punishment? Take me away, by means of thy lightnings, oh! my father-in-law, (Jupiter) thy wicked daughter-in-law, nor be thou not armed with one of thy light thunderbolts—let that lightning flash forth from the skies, with which, if there had been no Alcides, as a son to thee, thou couldst have burnt up even the Hydra! Destroy me, as thou wouldst some extraordinary monster of the wild-beast genus or as thou wouldst some monster, even more dangerous, than any mere angry step-mother could make herself—send forth thy lightnings, such as aforesaid, thou shottest forth against Phaëthon! Hercules has been destroyed by me, and I have thus brought misery upon mankind! Then, why should I ask for lightnings from the Gods? let me, at all events, spare my father-in-law to grant me death, as the wife of Alcides? No! This very hand of mine must be made to carry out my wish! Let me call the sword's point into speedy requisition.—But why the sword necessarily? Whatever would annihilate me will be sufficient for my object—I will be hurled from

Hæc, hæc renatum prima quæ poscit diem, Cæta eligatur. corpus hinc mitti placet. Abrupta cautes scindat, & partem mei Ferat omne saxum. pendeant laceræ manus, Totumque rubeat asperi montis latus.	865
Levis una mors est. levis, at extendi potest. Eligere nefcis, anime, cui telo incubes. Utinam effet, utinam fixus in thalamis meis Herculeus ensis! huic decet ferro immori. Una perire dextera nobis fat est?	870
Coite gentes. saxa & incensas faces Jaculetur orbis. nulla nunc cesset manus. Corripite tela. vindicem vestrum abstuli. Impune sævi sceptræ jam reges gerent. Impune jam nascetur indomitum malum.	875
Redduntur aræ cernere assuetæ hostiam Similem colenti. sceleribus feci viam. Ego vos tyrannis, regibus, monstribus, feris, Sævifque, raptò vindice, opposui Deis.	880
Cessas, Tonantis focia? non spargis facem, Imitata fratrem, & mittis ereptam Jovi? Meque ipsa perdis? laus tibi erepta inclita est, Ingens triumphus. æmuli, Juno, tui Mortem occupavi. NUTR. Quid domum impulsam trabis?	885
Erroris est hoc omne, quodcunque est, nefas. Haud est nocens, quicunque non sponte est nocens. DEJAN. Quicunque sato ignoscit, & parcat sibi, Errare meruit. morte damnari placet. NUTR. Nocens videri, qui mori querit, cupit. DEJAN. Mors innocentes fola deceptos facit.	890
NUTR. Titana fugies? DEJAN. Ipse me Titan fugit. NUTR. Vitam relinques misera? DEJAN. At Alciden sequar.	

some rock which raises its lofty peak to the skies, let Cæta then be my choice, which from its height is the first to catch a glimpse of the rising sun in the far distant horizon—from that I should like to be thrown—the craggy protruding rocks might perchance sever my body in its descent, and every sharp stone might filch a portion of that body—my lacerated hands might be caught, and I should be suspended by them, or the entire rugged mountain side might be tinged with traces of my life-blood.—One death is easy to go through, it is a slight affair, but it can be prolonged.—Thou knowest not, oh! my soul, upon whose weapon thou shouldst fall! But I wish that Hercules' own sword was hanging up in his bed-chamber (its usual place) I do so wish it was! It would really be a worthy death to die, by such a sword as his! But is my own right hand quite equal to the task of inflicting

the death-wound on myself? Assemble, oh! ye various peoples, let the whole indignant world advance upon me with missiles (stones) and blazing torches! Let no hesitating hands be found—seize up thy unflinching weapons for I have robbed thee of thy avenger? Now, forsooth, cruel kings may wield their sceptres with perfect impunity, and now, any indomitable monster may be born and stride the earth unopposed, and the altars which were formerly accustomed to claim the guests of Busiris as human sacrifices, will be restored to their original use—I have thus rendered quite easy all the avenues leading to crime—I have supplied you mortals with plentiful relays of sanguinary tyrants, cruel kings, dreadful monsters, and ferocious wild beasts and have robbed you even of your only avenger against the cruel deities! Why dost thou hesitate, oh! thou sister and wife of Jupiter, do not scatter far and wide thy own lightnings, imitating thy brother's—but filch some of Jupiter's lightnings, and take upon thyself to destroy me! Consider what glorious renown has been achieved through my instrumentality, what great triumph for thee. Oh! Juno, inasmuch as I have caused the death of thy rival!

NUR. Why dost thou thus endanger the safety and welfare of thy home and family? This so-called crime is, after all, whatever it may be regarded, a mere error on thy part: that person is not a criminal who is not so arising out of his own free will.

DEJ. Whoever glosses over or pretends not to see her destiny, so that she may deal sparingly with herself, deserves to suffer for her errors, and thus I willingly adjudge myself to die!

NUR. He, who is courting death, wishes to be considered guilty.

DEJ. Death only considers those really innocent, who have sinned in error (deceived by circumstances).

NUR. Shalt thou then avoid, for ever, the light of day?

DEJ. The day, thou shouldst say, will not deign to look at me.

NUR. Oh! miserable princess, wilt thou really surrender thy existence?

DEJ. But I shall only be following Alcides.

NUTR. Supereft, & auras ille cœlestes trahit.	
DEJAN. Vinci Hercules cum potuit, hinc cœpit mori.	
NUTR. Natum relinques, fataque abrumpes tua?	895
DEJAN. Quamcunque natus sepelit, hæc vixit diu.	
NUTR. Virum fequeris? DEJAN. Prægredi caftæ folent.	
NUTR. Si te ipfa damnas, fcelere te, mifera, arguis.	
DEJAN. Nemo nocens tibi ipfe poenas abrogat.	
NUTR. Multis remiffa eft vita, quorum error nocens,	900
Non dextra, fuerat. fata quis damnat fua?	
DEJAN. Quicumque fata iniqua fortitus fugit.	
NUTR. Hic ipfe Megaren nempe confixam fuis	
Stravit fagittis atque natorum indolem,	
Lernæa figens tela furibunda manu.	905
Ter parricida factus ignovit tamen	
Sibi. nam furoris fonte Cinyphio fcelus	
Sub axe Libyco terfit, & dextram abluit.	
Quo mifera pergis? quid tuas damnas manus?	
DEJAN. Damnât meas devictus Alcides manus.	910
Placet fcelus punire. NUTR. Si novi Herculem,	
Aderit cruenti forfitan victor mali,	
Dolorque fractus cedet Alcidiæ tuo.	
DEJAN. Exedit artus virus, et fama est, hydræ.	
Immenfa peftis conjugis membra abstulit.	915
NUTR. Serpentis illi virus enectæ autumnas	
Haud poffe vinci, qui malum & vivum tulit?	
Eliſit hydram, dente cum infixo ſtetit	
Media palude victor, effuſo obrutus	
Artus veneno. ſanguis hunc Neſſi opprimet,	920
Qui vicit ipſas horridas Neſſi manus?	
DEJAN. Fruſtra tenetur ille, qui ſtatuit mori.	
Proinde lucem fugere decretum eſt mihi.	
Vixit fatis, quicumque cum Alcide occidit.	
NUTR. Per has aniles ecce te ſupplex comas,	925
Atque ubera iſta pæne materna obſecro,	

NUR. Hercules ſtill ſurvives! but dwells, henceforward, in celeftial regions.

DEJ. When Hercules' turn came to be conquered, from that time forth he commenced to die.

NUR. Wilt thou leave a ſon behind, and break away from all thy deſtined duties?

DEJ. Whomſoever a ſon buries, (the mother for whom all affection has died away) ſuch a woman has lived quite long enough!

NUR. Then thou wilt follow thy husband.

DEJ. The chaste and good are apt to go firſt.

NUR. If thou condemnest thyself thus. Oh! miserable Princess, thou art deeming thyself guilty of the crime itself.

DEJ. No guilty man ought to withhold punishment from himself.

NUR. Life has been spared to many, whose guilt was the result of error and not design—who therefore, ought to be expected to sit in judgment on what was the result of some unfortunate error?

DEJ. Yes! whoever had an unjust sentence passed upon him, certainly would attempt to fly from it, if he thinks it is unjust, and it is to escape that injustice, that such a man would do so.

NUR. Hercules himself, for example, struck down Megara pierced with his arrows, as well as her family of sons, wounding them with the shafts armed with the virus of the Hydra—his hands being brought under the control of his madness, thus making of himself, a parricidal sort of three-fold murderer, yet he found a way of forgiving himself, and he washed out his crime committed whilst mad, in the Cinyphian streams, under the scorching Libyan sky, and he, in a simple manner enough cleansed his guilty hands. But what plan art thou pursuing, oh! miserable Dejanira? Why dost thou conclude that thy hands cannot be cleansed (of thy error) in like manner.

DEJ. Why? The fact of Alcides being overcome, is sufficient to condemn me (beyond pardon) and, moreover, it is my will and wish, that my offence should be atoned by my punishment.

NUR. If my notions about Hercules are at all near the mark, he would appear most likely to turn out the conqueror in the matter of the virus of that sanguinary monster Nessus, and the pain, thus overcome, will yield to thy Alcides, as all other difficulties have done before!

DEJ. The virus of this Hydra has eaten away his very limbs, so goes the report and this poison has well nigh consumed his immense body as well.

NUR. Dost thou think, that the virus of that hydra, which was killed, could not be effectually guarded against, by him who deprived that monster of life—he strangled this hydra and when the conqueror stood up in the middle of the marsh, wounded by its fangs, his body was covered

Depone tumidas pectoris læfi minas, Mortifque diræ expelle decretum horridum.	
DEJAN. Quicumque misero forte diffuadet mori, Crudelis ille est. interim pœna est mori:	930
Sed sæpe donum in pluribus veniæ fuit.	
NUTR. Defende saltem dexteram, infelix, tuam, Fraudifque facinus esse, non nuptæ, sciant.	
DEJAN. Defendar illic. inferi abfolvent ream.	
A me ipfa damnor. purget has Pluton manus.	935
Stabo ante ripas, immemor Lethe, tuas, Et umbra triftis conjugem excipiam meum.	
Sed tu, nigrautis regna qui torques poli, Para laborem. scelera quæ quisque aufus est, Hic vicit error. Juno non aufa Herculem est	940
Eripere terris. horridam pœnam para. Sifyphia cervix cefset, & noftros lapis Impellet humeros. me vagus fugiat latex, Meamque fallax unda deludat ūtim.	
Merui manus præbere turbinibus tuis,	945
Quæcunque regem Theffalum torques, rota. Effodiat avidus hinc & hinc vultur fibras.	
Vacat una Danais; has ego explebo vices. Laxate manes recipe me comitem tibi, Phaſiaca conjux. pejor hæc, pejor tuo	950
Utroque dextra est scelere, feu mater nocens, Seu dira foror es. adde me cumitem tuis, Threicia conjux, ſcelerebus. natam tuam, Althæa mater, recipe: nunc veram tuam	

all over with the poison as it streamed off the monster!
Will the blood of this Nessus then, suffice to destroy him
who overcame the terrible power of Nessus himself?

DEJ. That person is held back in vain, who has determined to die!

NUR. Look at me, an old woman! And I conjure thee, even as a suppliant, by these hoary, aged locks of mine, and by these now shrivelled-up breasts, that during thy cradlehood were almost those of a mother's in affording thee the pabulum necessary for thy infantile sustenance! I conjure thee, to cast aside the swelling passions raging in thy wounded heart and abandon this terrible threat of self-destruction!

DEJ. Whoever, perchance, dissuades a wretched mortal from dying, commits an act of cruel injustice; sometimes, to die is a punishment, although, oftentimes, death is awarded to us as a form of merciful pardon!

NUR. Restrain thy hand at least, Oh! unfortunate Princess, and let all the world know that what has occurred, has only been an offence springing out of the deception on the part of another, and not in any way the outcome of a wife's design!

DEJ. I myself plead, guilty! Pluto will pacify these hands of mine, the infernal deities will acquit me as a convict! I shall be defended, there at all events, I shall stand up with a clear conscience before thy banks, Oh! thou Lethe, that river of oblivion; and as one of the tristful, timid Manes, will anxiously look out for my lost Alcides! But thou, who governest that kingdom with its sombre sky, prepare some penalty for me! This offence of mine (in its results) surpasses anything, which the most audacious malefactor could ever have perpetrated; even Juno herself would never have dared to seize away Hercules bodily, from off the surface of the earth (as I have been the instrument of accomplishing). Get ready, then, some terrible punishment, let, for instance, the shoulders of Sisypus have a rest, and the huge rock shall be thrust onwards by my (feminine) shoulders, or let the baffling streams retreat from my eager approach, and let the deceptive waters play maliciously at the expense of my thirsting lips! And, Oh! thou wheel of Ixion, which twirls round and round that Thessalian king, I deserve to deliver up my body to thy revolutions! From all sides, let the greedy vulture peck away at my liver and entrails! Or, if there happens to be, a Danaid short, I can easily fill up the vacancy! Open thy dismal abodes, Oh! ye Manes, and let me join thy fraternity, as a most desirable companion! Oh! The Phasian wife of Jason (Medea) I am a worse offender than thou art, my hands have been much worse than thine, in the commission of crime, either in thy capacity as a criminal mother (slaughter of thy children) or as a cruel sister (as regards her brother Absyrtus). Let me join thy ranks, as a companion of the criminal order! Oh! thou Thracian wife! (Procne)—And consider me as thy daughter, Althæa, and regard thyself as my mother (thou that slewest thy son), acknowledge me as one of the veritable off-spring, but what an unimportant proportion compared with mine, however, that thy hands were instrumental in removing out of the way! Let me be excluded from the temple of Eleusis, whatsoever faithful wives, ye are, who are offering up thy adorations, in the groves ye frequent in that sacred forest! Or, if any one can be found who has besmeared her hands with the blood of a husband, or any cruel daughter of Belus, altogether regardless of the marriage obligations,

Agnosce prolem. quid tamen tantum manus Vestra abstulerunt? claudite Elysiū mihi, Quæcunque fidæ conjuges nemoris sacri Lucos tenetis. si qua resperfit manus Viri cruore, nec memor castæ facis	955
Stricto cruenta Belias ferro stetit, In me suas agnoscat & laudet manus. In hanc abire conjugum turbam libet. Sed & illa fugiet turba tam diras manus. Invicte conjux, innocens animus mihi, Stelesta manus est. prò nimis mens credula, Prò Nefse fallax! atque femiferi doli! Aufferre cupiens pellici, eripui mihi. Recede, Titan; tuque, quæ blanda tenes In luce miseros, vita: carituræ Hercule Lux vilis ista est. exigam pœnas tibi, Reddamque vitam fata an extendo mea? Mortemque conjux ad tuas fero manus? Virtufine fupereft aliqua, & armatæ manus Intendere arcum tela missurum valent? An arma cessant, teque languenti manu Non audit arcus? si potest letum dare, Animose conjux, dexteram exspecto tuam. Mors differatur. frange ut infontem Licham; Alias in urbes sparge; & ignotum tibi Emitte in orbem. perde, ut Arcadiæ nefas, Et quidquid aliud restitit. ab illis tamen, Conjux, redisti. HVL. Parce jam, mater, precor. Ignosce fatis. error a culpa vacat.	960 965 970
DEJAN. Si vera pietas, Hylle, quærenda est tibi, Jam perime matrem. pavida quid tremuit manus? Quid ora flectis? hoc erit pietas scelus. Ignave, dubitas? Herculem eripui tibi. Hæc, hæc peremit dextra, cui debes patri Avum Tonantem. majus eripui decus, Quam in luce tribui. si tibi ignotum est nefas, A matre disce. feu tibi jugulo placet Meruisse ferrum, five maternum libet	975 980 985 990

who once stood forth with the unsheathed sword, she will recognize in me, her own crimes and thus be able to approve of her deeds in comparison, as a merest approximation to mine! It would please me to put in appearance at once, and willingly join such a throng of wives! but, what if that bevy of women should shrink with horror at me and my dreadful deed, the destruction of such a man as Alcides! Oh! my unconquered husband, my intentions towards thee were harmless, although my hands became the unconscious instrument of crime! Alas! for my too credulous mind! Oh! that deceitful Nessus and the treachery of that two-formed Centaur (half man and half

beast). In my desire to get rid of a concubine, I have brought about my own downfall! Hide thyself from me, oh! Titan, thou grand luminary, and thou my own vitality which clings to me, and condemn not the wretched to behold the bland light of heaven against their will! (I would say that to thee, any wife, deprived of and sighing for her Hercules, any husband, that is as dear as Hercules) that the light of heaven is a thing of no value, then! No! I must exact the punishment, which is due to thee, oh! thou life of mine! Shall I surrender my life by my own agency or shall I allow it to be prolonged? (For Hercules, to take it). Oh! my husband, shall I reserve my death to be dealt with by thy hands? And does sufficient strength yet remain in thee that thy armed hands would be able to stretch thy bow and send forth thy arrows? Do thy arrows hesitate, or does the bow not respond to the enfeebled hands? Oh! my courageous husband, if thou canst give me that death, I will look forward to thy kindly aid! Let my death, by my own hand be deferred! (Lichas had no choice in his case) Kill me, however, as thou didst that innocent Lichas! Scatter me, in my fall, amongst different cities (places) and let me be cast forth into some world unknown to thee! Destroy me, as thou didst that Mænalian Boar, the pest of Arcadia, or as thou didst whatever offered thee the slightest resistance, but from which thou always camest off as my conquering husband!

HYL. Spare thyself! Oh! my mother! I pray thee, throw no blame either on the irrevocable Fates—a mere error is exempt from the disgrace attached to a crime!

DEJ. If true affection, Hyllus, is to be expected from thee, now is the time to kill thy mother! Why do thy timid hands tremble so? Why dost thou turn thy face aside? Such an offence, (as thou mayst look at it) would be absolute affection! Oh! dull-sighted boy, dost thou hesitate? I have taken Hercules from thee; this—this very hand of mine has destroyed him, to whom, as thy father, thou art so indebted, inasmuch as thou possessest Jupiter himself, as a grandfather! I have taken away a distinguishing ornament, greater than the one I have introduced into the world in the shape of thyself! Learn from thy mother, whether such a crime is to be ignored and pardoned by thee! either then, let it please thee to plunge the sword into this neck of mine, or if it please thee better, into the very womb, which gave thee birth—thy mother will show the most unflinching courage, whilst thou dost so, and if the act cannot be completely done

Invadere uterum, mater intrepidum tibi Præbebit animum. non erit totum scelus A te peractum. dextera sternar tua,	995
Sed mente nostra. natus Alcidae times? Ita nulla peragas iussa, nec frangens mala Erres per orbem, si qua nascetur fera Referas parentem. dexteram intrepidam para. Patet ecce plenum pectus ærumnis. feri.	1000
Scelus remitto dexteræ parcent tuæ Eumenides ipsæ. verberum crepuit sonus. Quænam ista torquens angue vipereo comam Temporibus atras squallidis pinnas quatit?	1005
Quid dira me flagrante persequeris face, Megæra? pœnas poscit Alcides, dabo. Jamne inferorum, Diva, federe arbitri? Sed ecce, diras carceris video fores. Quis iste saxum immane detritis gerit Jam fenior humeris? ecce, jam vectus lapis	1010
Quærit relabi. membra quis præbet rotæ? Heic ecce pallens dira Tifiphone stetit, Causam poposcit. parce verberibus, precor, Megæra, parce; sustine Stygias faces. Scelus est amoris. fed quid hoc? tellus labat Et aula tectis crepuit excussis. minax Unde iste cœtus? totus in vultus meos Decurrit orbis, hinc & hinc populi fremunt, Totusque poscit vindicem mundum suum.	1015
Jam parcite, urbes. quo fugam præceps agam? Mors sola portus dabitur ærumnis meis. Testor nitentis flammæam Phœbi rotam, Superosque testor. Herculem terris adhuc Moritura linquo. HYL. Fugit attonita. bei mihi!	1020
Peracta jam pars matris est. statuit mori. Nunc nostra superest, mortis auferre impetum. O misera pietas! si mori matrem vetas, Patri es scelestus. si mori pateris tamen, In matre peccas. furgit hinc illinc nefas. Inhibenda tamen est. pergam, & eripiam scelus.	1025 1030

by thee alone, I will, assisted by thee, throw myself down on thy armed right hand, but I should think, as a son of Alcides, thou wouldst not exhibit such a thing as fear! But it is one of two things, either never attempt to carry out the orders of any future Eurystheus, and wander about the earth in search of monsters, if ever wild beasts of that kind are to be born again, or it is, imitate thy kind parent and get ready thy courageous right hand to kill me—behold, my breast lies open for thee, full as it is of grief and woe.—Come! Strike! I forgive thee the crime! Here Dejanira works herself into a state of frenzy, and fancies she beholds various visions.—The Eumenides,

even, would deal lightly with thee, for thy handiwork; the noise of their whips is now ringing in my ears; then she exclaims, Who is that woman with her hair twined round with serpents, like so many vipers?—she is now shaking those ugly appendages, which hang down round her repulsive temples! Oh! cruel Megæra, why dost thou follow me with thy burning torches? Ah! I will give myself up to punishment! I see! I see! Alcides demands it! Oh! thou fury-goddess, are not the judges presiding over the Infernal Tribunals, already sitting to pronounce sentence upon me! But! Ah! look again, I see the terrible portals of Tartarus—that huge prison-house is now open before my eyes! Who is that old man bearing that immense rock, on his bruised and worn-out shoulders, the stone no sooner carried forwards, but it seeks to fall back again! Who is that, too, giving up his body to the revolutions of that ever-turning wheel? And there cruel Tisiphone, of pale aspect, is standing forth—she has demanded my punishment! I pray thee, spare those blows from thy whips, Megæra be merciful—hold back those Stygian torches! My crime arose entirely out of my love for Hercules! What shall I do next? The very earth seems to quake beneath my feet, and the palace is creaking with its shaking roofs! Whence comes all this assemblage of people with their angry glances—a whole world of human beings running about me and staring me in the face—everybody appears to be clamouring aloud for revenge! Be merciful to me, oh! ye cities, for to what place shall I make my headlong flight? No! Death, alone will afford me a safe harbor of refuge in my overwhelming miseries! And I call the fiery chariot of bright Phœbus, to witness my resolve, and I call to witness, likewise, the whole of the Gods above, that, although I am about to die, I shall still leave Hercules upon this Earth!

HYL. Woe is me! my mother is rushing away quite delirious in her manner! Now, the part my mother means to play has been thoroughly planned out by her: she is determined to die! Now my part in this sad business is before me, to stave off this impetuous determination of courting death. Oh! my natural affection! in what a miserable dilemma is it placed! If I forbid my mother to die, I am acting criminally towards my father, if however, I suffer her to die I shall sin against her! On all sides, nothing but crime,—crime—surges up to my puzzled brain! Whatever I do, however, my mother must be restrained—hereupon, I will set to work, and will, at all events, prevent a fresh crime! (The suicide of his mother.)

CHORUS.

Sumta ab Herculis robore labefactato occasione, Chorus omnia
interitui obnoxia, nihil natum æternum canit, quam
fententiam ab auctore Orpheo commendat, ejusque
artem obiter celebrat.

VERUM est, quod cecinit facer
Thressæ sub Rhodopes jugis,
Aptans Pieriam chelyn,
Orpheus, Calliope genus:
Æternum fieri nihil. 1035
Illius stetit ad modos
Torrentis rapidi fragor,
Oblitusque sequi fugam
Amisit liquor impetum:
Et dum fluminibus mora est, 1040
Defecisse putant Geten
Hebrum Bistonos ultimi.
Advexit volucrem nemus,
Et silva residens venit;
Aut si quæ aera pervolat, 1045
Auditis vaga cantibus
Ales deficiens cadit.
Abrupit scopulos Athos,
Centauros obiter ferens;
Et juxta Rhodopen stetit 1050
Laxata nive cantibus.
Et quercum fugiens suam,
Ad vatem properat Dryas,
Ad cantus veniunt fuis
Ipsæ cum latebris feræ. 1055
Juxtaque impavidum pecus
Sedit Marmaricus leo,
Nec damæ trepidant lupos,
Et serpens latebras fugit,
Tunc oblita veneni. 1060
Quia per Tænarias foces
Manes cum tacitos adit,
Mœrentem feriens chelyn,
Cantu Tartara flebili
Et tristes Erebi Deos 1065
Movit: nec temuit Stygis
Juratos superis lacus.
Hæsit non stabilis rota
Victo languida turbine.
Increvit Tityi jecur, 1070
Dum cantus volucres tenet.
Audito quoque navita
Inferni ratis æquoris
Nullo remigio venit.

CHORUS.

The Chorus sings of everything, as being subject to Death the occasion being so suggestive, since the failing strength of Hercules—"that nothing born or created is lasting," which sentiment of Orpheus it praises, and they intersperse the Chorus with celebrating his divine art.

IT is a great truth of which Orpheus, the sacred poet of the Muses and interpreter of the Gods, and son of Calliope, once sang on the mountain summits of Thracian Rhodope, when he accompanied his canorous melodies on his Pierian Harp, "that nothing which has been created is eternal." The very roarings of the rapid torrents of the Hebrus have ceased, enchanted by his melodious strains, and that river has abandoned its usual impetuosity and become utterly unmindful of pursuing its accustomed violent course, (listening to Orpheus) and whilst the stoppage of that river's courses last, the Bistones afar off (Thracians) actually suppose that the Getian Hebrus must surely have become dried up at its very source! The forest, bringing together with it all its feathered inhabitants, and the woods are drawn thither, riveted by the enchanting melodies, and whatever is on the wing, in the air above, directly his song is heard—whatever small bird is flitting about, is overcome by his melodies, and falls to the earth helpless! (That is their wings lose their nerve power.) Mount Athos breaks away from its rocky foundations, carrying with it the Centaurs dwelling here and there on its summits, (Athos was the abode of the Centaurs) attracted to Orpheus, and took up its stand close to Rhodope, whilst the snow thereupon is being thawed by the sweet melodies of Orpheus! And every Dryad abandoned the watchful guardianship of her especial oak and hastens to listen to the musical poet! The wild beasts with their dens included come forward at the sound of his melodies, and the ferocious Marmaric Lion crouches languidly, by the side of the flock, which do not go in dread of his presence for the nonce! Nor do the timid wild goats fear to have the hungry wolf in their very midst! And the serpent for once, forgets all about its poisonous fangs and escapes from its lurking-place! But when Orpheus passes in by the Tænarian Portals and meets with the silent Manes (thinking of the death of his Eurydice) and striking up some doleful strains upon his Pierian Lyre, he moved Tartarus itself and the sad deities of Erebus with his mournful melodies, nor did he fear to approach those Stygian lakes, by which the Gods do swear! And the wheel

Tunc primum Phrygius senex	1075
Undis stantibus immemor	
Excussit rabidam fitim,	
Nec pomis adhibet manus:	
Sed cum liiqueret inferos	
Orpheus carmina fundens;	1080
Et vinci lapis improbus,	
Et vatem potuit sequi.	
Consumtas iterum Deæ	
Supplem Eurydices colos:	
Sed dum respicit immemor,	1085
Nec credens sibi redditam	
Orpheus Eurydicen sequi,	
Cantus præmia perdidit.	
Quæ nata est iterum, perit.	
Tunc solamina cantibus	1090
Quærens, flebilibus modis	
Hæc Orpheus cecinit Getis:	
Leges in superos datas,	
[Et qui tempora digerens	
Quatuor præcipitis Deus	1095
Anni disposuit vices]	
Nulli non avidas colo	
Parcas stamina nectere.	
Quod natum est, poterit mori.	
Vati credere Thracio	1100
Devictus jubet Hercules.	
Jam jam legibus obrutis	
Mundo cum veniet dies;	
Australis polus obruet	
Quidquid per Libyam jacet,	1105
Et sparsus Garamas tenet.	
Arctous polus obruet,	
Quidquid subjacet axibus,	
Et succus Boreas ferit.	
Amissum trepidus polo	1110
Titan excutiet diem.	
Cæli regia concidens	
Ortus atque obitus trahet.	
Atque omnes pariter Deos	

of Ixion which never stopped before, stood still then, its feeble revolutions being overcome by Orpheus—and the liver and entrails of Tityus, had time to grow larger, whilst the songs of Orpheus held the vultures spell-bound; and that old pilot, Charon, when he heard the music was enchanted thereby, and the skiff of that infernal river, came to land without any help from him as its oarsman! Then, directly Orpheus was heard, the Phrygian veteran, Tantalus, became quite unconscious that the hitherto fuga-

scious streams in front of his lips were now standing still, and he himself forgot all about his maddening thirst, nor did his hands betray any eagerness to seize the apples, though within his reach and showing no disposition to retreat.—But, as he was taking leave of the infernal regions, still pouring forth his melodies, that relentless time-serving stone was willing to be overcome, to yield up its duties and follow the musical poet! (the stone of Sisyphus) and the Goddesses (Parcæ) had already replenished the exhausted distaff and renewed the threads of life to Eurydice, but Orpheus, forgetting all about his promise to Pluto, looked behind him, and then bethinking himself, no longer believed that his Eurydice, just lately restored to him, would now be able to follow him, and thus he lost the reward and advantages of all his enchanting songs! And Eurydice, who had been born a second time, thus returned to her former state (dies again)! Then seeking consolation from his own melodies, the Thracian Orpheus chanted forth these truthful measures to the Getæ (a Scythian tribe, noted for their contempt of death). Certain fates have been decreed, even for the Gods above, and that deity, who, when he regulated the seasons, has laid out with exactitude the four divisions of the year, as it rolls onwards and it is of no moment, that the greedy Fates should fail to weave threads from their distaff: for whatever is born or created must die! Place, therefore, reliance on the Thracian Poet; it was simply ordained that Hercules should be finally overcome! And when, at length, the very laws of the universe become overthrown, the last day must come too, to this world! The Southern Heaven will overrun whatever exists throughout Libya, and whatever lands the nomad Garamantes wander over (now the desert of Zaära). The Northern Pole will overwhelm whatever is beneath its own sky, and wherever the dry Boreas shows its power with its freezing cold and stormy blasts! And trembling Titan (the sun) will be dislodged from the sky, and there will then be the end of Day! And the palaces of the heavenly regions, falling pell-mell, will drag down in their train all traces of such distinctions as East and West! And some species of annihilation will alike destroy the whole race of Gods, and Chaos will reign supreme! And Death, even, will establish for itself some new laws for its own future guidance! (That is to say, after everything has been destroyed by death, the destroying cause “*ipsissima causa*” will be eventually changed in its turn, *mutata mutabuntur*!) But what place will receive the world? Will the entrances to Tartarus disappear, or lie open in order to receive the scattered skies as they fall? And what space will serve to

Perdet mors aliqua, & chaos.	1115
Et mors fata novissima In se constituet tibi. Quis mundum capiet locus? Discedet via Tartari, Stratis ut pateat polus?	1120
An quod dividit æthera A terris spatium, fat est Et mundi nimium malis? Quis tantum capiet nefas Fati? quis superis locus Pontum, sidera, Tartara, Regna unus capiet tria? Sed quis non modicus fragor Aures attonitas movet? Est, est Hercules fonus.	1125 1130

ACTUS QUARTUS.

HERCULES, CHORUS.

Ejulans Hercules conqueritur, indigne ferens, se indigna
morte perire, femineis scilicet dolis.

HERC. C ONVERTE, Titan clare, anhelantes equos, Emitte noctem. pereat hic mundo dies, Quo moriat. atra nube inhorrescat polus. Obsta novercæ. nunc, pater, cæcum chaos Reddi decebat, hinc & hinc compagibus Ruptis uterque debuit frangi polus. Quid parcis astris? Herculem amittis, pater. Nunc partem in omnem, Juppiter, specta poli, Ne quis gigas Theffalica jaculetur juga, Et fiat Othrys pondus Encelado leve. Laxabit atri carceris jam jam fores Pluton superbus vincula excutiet patri, Cælumque reddet. ille, qui pro fulmine Tuifque facibus natus in terris eram, Ad Styga revertor. surget Enceladus ferox, Mittetque, quo nunc premitur, in superos onus. Regnum omne, genitor, ætheris dubium tibi Mors nostra faciet. antequam spoliū tui Cælum omne fiat, conde me tota, pater, Mundi ruina. frange, quem perdis, polum.	1135 1140 1145 1150
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divide the skies from the earth, it is enough and too
cruel a destiny for this world to have to look forward to!
What place can possibly receive these accumulated crimes
of fate? What region above where the Gods do dwell

could inclose the sea, the firmament and the realms of Tartarus? Will one place suffice to contain all three? But what is that certainly not very mild noise, which now assails our astounded auriculars? Ah! It is! Yes! it is the veritable sound of Hercules!

ACT IV.

HERCULES—CHORUS.

Hercules complains in a lugubrious strain, about suffering undeservedly, and that he should be doomed to die an ignominious death, especially one arising out of a woman's treachery.

HERCULES.

TURN back, oh! bright Titan, thy panting steeds—send forth the night and on the day on which I die, let the day-light disappear for ever from the world—let the sky become terrible to behold, obscured by one vast black cloud, and stand in the way of my step-mother's hearty joy at my downfall! Oh! my father, it will be an advantageous thing for thee, that the heavens should resume the state of Chaos, and every part of the heavens must be utterly destroyed, the very bonds of union being severed, why spare the stars? Oh! my father, thou art losing Hercules! now look carefully, oh! Jupiter, to every assailable part of the celestial regions lest some giant should hurl forth the Thessalian mountain, and Orthrys be made a light burden for Enceladus, and soon, very soon, proud Pluto would unlock the prison doors in the infernal regions, and relieve thy father, Saturn, of the chains that are now binding him down, and restore Heaven to him, and I, who was born into the world to serve thy cause in lieu of thunderbolts, and to spare thy lightnings, am simply finding my way back to the regions of the Styx! As sure as fate, that ferocious Enceladus will rise to the occasion, and will hurl forth that burden Ætna, by which he is now being kept down, at the gods above, and my death will render the whole of the celestial kingdom, oh! my father! a most uncertain possession for thee! But before such a catastrophe as being seized from thee, should befall thy celestial dominions, oh! my father, bury me completely in the ruins of the world, and rather destroy thou the heavens thou possessest, than to be thus deprived of them!

CHOR. Non vana times, nate Tonantis, Jam Theffalicam Pelion Ossam Premet; & Pindo congefus Athos Nemus æthereis inferet aftris. Vincet scopulos inæe Typhoeus, Et Tyrthenam feret Inarimen. Feret Ætnæos inde caminos Scindetque latus montis aperti, Nondum Enceladus fulmine victus. Jam te cœli figna fequentur.	1155
HERC. Ego, qui relicta morte, contemta Styge, Per media Lethes stagna cum spolio redii, Cum pæne trepidis excidit Titan equis: Ego, quem Deorum regna fenferunt tria, Morior: nec ullus per meum stridet latus Transmiffus enfis: haud meæ telum necis Saxum eft, nec infar montis abrupti latus, Aut tatus Othrys; non truci ricu Gyges Pindo cadaver obruit toto meum: Sine hoſte vincor: quodque me torquet magis, (O mifera virtus!) fummus Alcidx dies Nullum malum profternit. impendo, hei mihi, In nulla vitam facta. prò mundi arbiter, Superique, quondam dexteræ teſtes meæ! Prò cuncta tellus, Herculis veſtri placet Mortem perire? dirus o nobis pudor! O turpe fatum! femina Herculeæ necis Auctor feretur: auctor Alcides quibus? Invicta ſi me cadere feminea manu Voluere fata, perque tam turpes colos	1160 1165 1170 1175 1180

CHOR. Thou art not setting up any silly fears, oh! thou son of the thunderer; very soon the giants would press down Ossa upon the Thessalian Pelion, and Athos piled up on Pindus would very soon intermingle their forests with the stars of heaven; then Typhœus would soon get the better of the rocks, where he lies buried, and he would bear on his shoulders the Tyrthenian Inarime, and after that, he would bring to his aid Ætna itself with its blazing furnaces! And Enceladus, who, as thou knowest, has never been conquered, by the lightnings hitherto, would make an opening for himself in the side of the mountain, and then all the constellations throughout the heavens, would fall into ruin (if thou wert to die!)

HERC. I, who left death behind me, when I quitted Hell and looked with contempt on the Styx itself! (although the Gods do swear by it) I threaded my way through the streams of Lethe, with my proud spirit, the dog Cerberus, which monster, when Titan saw, he nearly

failed to manage his affrighted steeds! I, of whom the three kingdoms of the universe, have had occasion to experience the prowess (the Stymphalides, the Hydra and Cerberus), am doomed to die! nor is any pointed weapon piercing my side through and through, bringing about my downfall! No huge rock is taking away my life, nor, as it were, the side of some broken mountain, or the whole of Orthrys crushing me down, nor does any huge Gyges, with his horrid grinning jaws overwhelm my carcass with the whole of Pindus. I am simply conquered, conquered, as it were, by no ostensible enemy, and what tortures me more than any thing else, alas! for my deplorably waning physical power, is that the last days of Alcides are not signalized by the downfall of any monster! Woe is me! I am eking out my miserable remnant of life, with no deeds to testify to my existence! Oh! thou administrator of the universe, and oh! ye other Gods above, once, my own right hand was my witness! Oh! ye entire lands, does it meet with thy approval, that Hercules should die? Oh! what cruel shame is shared by both of us! Oh! ignominious destiny, for a woman to be forthcoming, as the bringer about of the death of a Hercules! For the deaths of how many have I, Alcides, been the cause, monsters—giants—tyrants—wildbeasts! If the Fates had willed me to fall unconquered, and only by a woman's hand, and the predictions of such a fate had been duly decreed by the unrelenting distaff of the Parcæ, I might have fallen, woe is me! long ago by the hatred of Juno! But I should have fallen, nevertheless, (methinks) by the cruel persecution of some woman, having (at all events) some claims to a heavenly origin! If it had been so ordained, oh! ye Gods above, and I was not considered sufficiently worthy for Juno, as an enemy, some redoubtable amazon (Hippolyte) born under a Scythian sky, might have overcome my strength, and by a woman's hand am I, the enemy of Juno, conquered at last! In this way, my dear step-mother, thou art put to the blush, more than myself, why dost thou consider this a joyful day for thyself? What monster so terrible could this earth have supplied for thy angry purpose, more destructive than this Dejanira? Thou seest, a poor earthly mortal in the shape of a woman has exceeded thy celestial anger! Up to a certain point thou posed as unequal to Alcides, thou art now conquered both by myself and Dejanira! Is not that humiliation enough to anger thy fellow Deities? But I wish that the Nemæan monster had satiated his savage appetite with my blood, or when surrounded as I was, by a hundred serpents in that memorable marsh, would that my corrupt body had

Mea mors cucurrit, cadere potuiffem, hei mihi,	
Junonis odio: feminæ caderem minis,	
Sed cœlum habentis. Si nimis, Superi, fuit,	
Scythico sub axe genita domuiffet meas	
Vires Amazon. feminæ cujus manu	1185
Junonis hostis vincor? hinc gravior tui,	
Noverca, pudor est. quid diem hunc lætum vocas?	
Quid tale genuit iratæ tibi?	
Mortalis odia femina exceffit tua.	
Adhuc ferebas esse te Alcidæ imparem.	1190
Victa es duobus: pudeat irarum Deos.	
Utinam meo cruore fatiaffet suos	
Nemeæa rictus pestis! aut centum anguibus	
Vallatus hydram tabe paviffem mea!	
Utinam fuiffem præda Centauris datus!	1195
Aut inter umbras victus, æterno miser	
Saxo federem, spolia cum traxi ultima	
Fato stupente. nunc ab inferna Styge	
Lucem recepi, Ditis evici moras.	
Ubique me mors fugit, ut leto inclito	1200
Fortis carerem. o feræ victæ, o feræ!	
Non me triformis sole conspecto canis	
Ad Styga reduxit. non sub Hesperio polo	
Ibera vicit turbo pastoris feri;	
Non gemina serpens. perdidit mortem, hei mihi,	1205
Toties honestam. titulus extremus quis est?	
CHOR. Viden', ut laudis conscia virtus	
Non Lethæos horreat amnes?	
Pudet auctoris, non morte dolet,	
Cupit extremum finire diem	1210
Vasta pressus mole gigantum,	
Et montiferum Titana pati,	
Rabidæque necem debere feræ.	
Si tua causa est miseranda necis,	
Quod nulla fera est, nullusque gigas,	1215
Jam quis dignus necis Herculeæ	
Supereft auctor, nisi dextra tui?	
HERC. Heu qualis intus scorpious, quis fervida	
Plaga revulfus cancer infixus meas	
Urit medullas? sanguinis quondam capax	1220
Tumidi jecur pulmonis arentes fibras	
Diffendit: ardet felle siccato jecur,	
Totumque lentus sanguinem avexit vapor.	
Primam cutem consumfit, hinc aditus nefas	

served as food for the Hydra! Would that I had been given up as a prey to the Centaurs, or to have been conquered, when I was amongst the Manes, miserable enough no doubt, but I could have sat on that everlasting rock, to which Theseus was chained, when I dragged

away the last spoil, Cerberus; fate itself was taken aback at the exploit; then I returned to the light of day from the infernal Styx, I overcame every obstacle which Pluto put in my way! Mors avoided me at every turn, and oh! that valiant as I have always been, I should now lack a respectable kind of death! Oh! ye wild beasts! Ah! me! oh! ye wild beasts, that I have been the means of conquering! and the triple-headed dog, which, when he beheld the light and was scared thereby, became recalcitrant, but he could not drag me back to his Stygian kennel, nor could that Iberian trio (Geryon, Orthos and Eurythion) which constituted the staff of the triple-bodied monster, that savage herdsman, who dwelt under the Hesperian sky, subdue me; nor the two serpents, which Juno sent to destroy me, whilst I was a poor little infant in my cradle! I could have died, ah! so often! some, some respectable sort of death! Woe is me! Oh! that I should perish at last, by such an ignominious end!

CHOR. Canst thou not perceive, Hercules, that true valour, conscious of its own pretensions, would never be scared at the sight of the Lethæan rivers? A man, it is true, may look down on himself with self-pity when he reflects on the mean character of his destroyer, but he does not grieve to have to face death itself! He would, far rather, finish his last days crushed by the immense weight of the giants and suffer at the hands of some of the mountain-lifting Titans, or owe his death to the deadly fangs of some wild animal! If the cause of thy death, Hercules, is to be commiserated, simply because there is no wild beast nor any giant in the question, why then, what so dignified a mode is there of doing away with a Hercules, than thy own veritable right hand?

HERC. (Hercules is in great pain.) Oh! dear, what scorpion is inside of me? What crab, recently imported from the fervid sky (the Zodiac) has lodged itself in my interior, and burning away the innermost marrows of my body, and the natural condition (jecur) of the air-inflated lungs, once capable of transmitting blood through its veins, now serves only to distend a collection of dried-up fibres! My very liver burns within me, the bile being dried up in its ducts, and the insidious heat of the poison has drained away all my blood—it has burnt away all the external skin of my body (epiderma) and has made its cruel way towards my extremities—my tissues have left my ribs—they are now devoid of integuments—my body seems entirely eaten away, and the horrible virus has exhausted all the more fluid secretions: it has taken up

In membra fecit, abstulit costis latus, Exedit artus penitus, & totas malum Haufit medullas. ofibus vacuis fedet. Nec ossa durant ipsa, sed compagibus Discussa ruptis mole collapsa fluunt. Defecit ingens corpus, & pesti fatis	1225
Herculea non sunt membra pro, quantum est malum, Quod esse vastum fateor? o dirum nefas! En cernite, urbes, cernite ex illo Hercule Quid jam superfit. Herculem agnoscis, pater? Hinc ego lacertis spolia Nemeæ mali Elisa pressi? sensus hac arcus manu Astris ab ipsis detulit Stymphalidas? His ego citatam gressibus vici feram, Radiante clarum fronte gestantem caput? His fracta Calpe manibus elisit fretum? His tot feræ, tot scelera, tot reges jacent? His mundus humeris fedit? hæc moles mea est? Hæcne illa cervix? has ego opposui manus Cælo ruenti? cuius, o, custos manu Trahetur ultra Stygius? o, vires prius	1230
In me sepultæ! quid patrem appello Jovem? Quid per Tonantem vindico cælum mihi? Jam jam meus credetur Amphitryon pater. Quæcunque pestis vicere in nostro lates, Procede. quid me vulnere occulto petis? Quis te sub axe frigido pontus Scythes, Quæ pigra Tethys genuit, aut Maurum premens Ibera Calpe litus? o dirum malum! Utrumne serpens squalidum crista caput Vibrans? an aliquod est mihi ignotum malum? Numquid cruore es genita Leruæ feræ? An te reliquit Stygius in terris canis? Omne es malum, nullumque. quis vultus tibi est? Concede faltem scire, quo peream malo. Quæcunque pestis, sive quæcunque es fera, Palam timeres. quis tibi in medias locum Fecit medullas? ecce, dirupta cute	1240
	1245
	1250
	1255
	1260

a firm stand in the osseous parts of my frame, and by burning up the marrow has fairly hollowed out my bones! the bones have lost all their pretensions to hardness, and the nerves, ligaments and tendons being ruptured, they all flap about in one confused heap! My once huge body has fallen away, and the limbs of a Hercules, even, do not seem to satisfy the advances of this cruel poison! Alas! How disastrous is this invincible poison, since I, Hercules, am constrained to confess its intense power, to have thus been my conqueror! Oh! cruel wickedness! Behold! see for yourselves, oh! ye cities! see what is left

of Hercules, as he used to be! Dost thou, thyself, oh! my father, recognize me in my present plight? Was it, I ask, with such arms as these (he raises them, as he calls attention to their attenuated condition) that I squeezed the throttled neck of the Nemæan lion? Was it, with a hand like this, that I stretched my bow and brought down with my arrows (from their aerial fastnesses) the Stymphalides from the lofty skies? Was it with such feeble steps, as these legs of mine could now attempt, that I outstripped in flight the wild stag wearing the golden horns on its glistening forehead? With these hands, aforesaid, have I not set the sea free by breaking through Calpe, (opposite Abyla, here were the pillars of Hercules, he thus joined the Mediterranean with the Ocean of the West). Are these the hands too, by which so many wild beasts have fallen? So many wicked crimes received punishment, and so many cruel tyrannical Kings have met their death? Are these the shoulders, on which the heavens have once rested? And is this all that is left of my once massive body? And is this the miserable remnant of my once huge head? And is it, these wretched hands, that I once employed with which to prop up the tottering heavens? I ask thee (oh! my father) by whose hands will Cerberus be dragged again to this earth, from beyond the Styx? Oh! my whilom strength! Now buried away before my very eyes! Why do I call thee, Father, oh! Jupiter? Why do I advance my claims to a position in the heavens, unless it be through thee, the thundering Jove? Now, surely the whole world will believe, after all, that Amphitryon is my real father and not thyself! (Addressing the poison, Hercules exclaims) Come forward and show thyself, whatever poison thou art that lies concealed in my visceral! Why should I be thus persecuted by some hidden wound? What Scythian sea beneath a frigid sky? What whimpering mother of the Nymphs, or sluggish inlet of the sea can have generated thee, oh! thou maleficent enemy! Or, what Iberian Calpe, the shore which overlooks the country of the Moors? Oh! cruel poison! Or is it some crested serpent shaking its repulsive head, and emitting its salivary virus? Or is it some agent of which I can form no conception? But whether thou art produced from the gore of the Lernæan Hydra, or whether the Stygian Cerberus left thee behind him, as a legacy to the earth (above), thou art indeed an unmistakably powerful evil, from the effects thou hast wrought on me, and yet thou art invisible! I wonder what thou art like! only permit me to know, at least, by what malign agency, I am perishing, whether thou art a plague—germ, or whether thou art some rabid animal

Viscera manus detexit, ulterior tamen Inventa latebra est. o malum simile Herculi! Unde iste fletus? unde in has lacrimæ genas?	1265
Invictus olim vultus & nunquam malis Lacrimas fuis præbere confuetus (pudet!) Jam flere didicit. quis dies fletum Herculis, Quæ terra vidit? ficcus ærumnas tuli.	1270
Tibi illa virtus, quæ tot elisit mala, Tibi cessit uni. primo, & ante omnes mihi Fletum abstulisti. durior saxo horrido Et chalybe vultus, & vaga Symplegade, Rictus meos infregit, & lacrimam extulit.	1275
Flentem, gementem, fumme præ rector poli, Me terra vidit. quodque me torquet magis, Noverca vidit. urit ecce iterum fibras, Incaluit ardor. unde nunc fulmen mihi?	1280
CHOR. Quid non possit superare dolor? Quondam Getico durior Æmo, Nec Parrhasio lentior axe, Sævo cessit membra dolori; Fessumque movens per colla caput Latus alterno pondere flectit.	1285
Fletum virtus sæpe reforbet. Sic Arctos laxare nives, Quamvis tepido fidere Titan Non tamen audent, vincitque faces Solis adusti glaciale jubar.	

HERCULES, ALCMENA.

Lamentantem Herculem solatur Alcmena.

HERC. C ONVERTE vultus ad meas clades, pater. Nunquam ad tuas confugit Alcides manus. Non, cum per artus hydra fœcundum meos Caput explicaret. inter infernos lacus Possessus atra nocte cum Fato steti; Neque invocavi. tot feras vici horridas,	1290 1295
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concealed within me—thou dardest not attack me, in open fight so thou hast secured for thyself, some safe fighting ground within my body to carry on thy irresistible warfare! Behold! my skin being broken through, my hand can touch my very entrails; however, thy hiding place will be found much farther off than that! Oh! thou indomitable poison, thou art like Hercules once was, unconquerable! Whence this weeping? Whence the tears

on these cheeks? A face invincible and never addicted to tear-shedding, whatever evils were in the way! Oh! ashamed I am that I have learned at last to weep! What day ever beheld Hercules weeping? What region on earth ever beheld such a sight? No! I bore my troubles with tearless eyes! Is this thy valour, which has destroyed so many monsters, and has yielded at last to thee, (the poison) the first and above all others, thou hast drawn tears from me—with a face harder than the ugly rock or steel itself, or the wandering Symplegades—thou hast relaxed this hard visage, conquered my self-control and drawn forth these tears! The Earth has now seen me weeping and groaning! Oh! thou chief ruler of the skies, what angers me the more is, my step-mother has seen me! (again in excruciating agony). Oh! dear, my inside is burning again awfully, and the heat seems to be getting more unbearable! Why not send thy lightnings at once, oh! my father, to finish me off, so that I might perish by them!

CHOR. Why cannot Hercules conquer his pain? He was once harder than that (Thracian) mountain the Getic Æmus, nor was he more gentle than the austere Parrhasian sky! Moving his weary head, supported by a tired neck, he turns his once ponderous body first on one side and then on the other, and his wonderful endurance often restrains his weeping! much in the same way that Titan even with his hottest rays fails to thaw the hardened arctic snows, and succeeds no better with his strongest solar heat brought to bear upon the once clear waters now hardened into pellucid ice!

HERCULES—ALCMENA.

Alcmena consoles Hercules, whilst lamenting his sad fate.

HERCULES.

TURN thy face, oh! my father, towards me and behold my sad downfall! Never, before this, has Alcides flown to thee for assistance, not even, when the Hydra intertwined its repullulating head round my body, nor when amongst the dark lakes of Hell, enveloped as I was in black hideous night, when I stood forth in the hands of Fate! neither did I call upon thee when I was overcoming so many terrible wild beasts—Kings—tyrants! Never did I turn my face towards heaven in a supplicating manner! This hand of mine has always hitherto

Reges, tyrannos; non tamen vultus meos
 In astra torfi. semper hæc nobis manus
 Votum spondit. nulla propter me facro
 Micuere cœlo fulmina hic aliquid dies
 Optare iussit. primus audierit. preces, 1300
 Idemque summus. unicum fulmen peto.
 Giganta crede. non minus cœlum mihi
 Afferere potui. dum patrem verum puto;
 Cœlo peperci. five crudelis pater,
 Sive es misericors, commoda nato manum. 1305
 Propera ante mortem, & occupa hanc laudem tibi.
 Vel, si piget, manusque detrectat nefas,
 Emitte Siculo vertice ardentem, pater,
 Titanas in me, qui manu Pindum ferant,
 Aut te, Offa, qui me monte projecto opprimant. 1310
 Abrumpat Erebi claustra, me stricto petat
 Bellona ferro. mitte Gradivum trucem;
 Armetur in me dirus; est frater quidem,
 Sed ex noverca. tu quoque Alcidiæ foror
 Tantum ex parente, cupidem in fratrem tuum 1315
 Jaculare, Pallas, supplices tendo manus
 Ad te, noverca. sparge tu saltem, precor,
 Telum. perire feminæ possum manu.
 Jam fracta, jam satiata, quid parcis minas?
 Quid quæris ultra? supplicem Alciden vides. 1320
 Et nulla tellus, nulla me vidit fera
 Te dreprecantem. nunc mihi irata quidem
 Opus est noverca. nunc tuus cessat dolor.
 Nunc odia ponis. parcis, ubi votum est mori?
 O terræ & urbes! non facem quifquam Herculi, 1325
 Non arma tradet? tela subtrahitis mihi.
 Ita nulla sævas terra concipiat feras
 Post me sepultum. nec meas unquam manus
 Imploret' orbis. si qua nascetur fera,
 Nascatur alius. undique infelix caput 1330
 Mactate saxis, vincite ærumnas meas.
 Ingrate cessas orbis? excidimus tibi?

responded to my will! Owing to my labors, thy lightnings have been at a discount, they have never illumined the sacred skies! But this day compels me to invoke thy aid! This is the first occasion, that I have ever been heard to address thee, as a humble petitioner, and may this be the last! And even now, I only humbly ask thee for thy lightnings, that I may perish by them! Let me persuade myself that I am some terrible giant, and that I am laying claim for myself, upon nothing short of thy own celestial kingdom, and that I am only inclined to be forbearing in enforcing my pretensions, whilst I am hugging myself with the belief, that thou art my veritable

father! But whether thou art a cruel father, or whether thou art a compassionate one, oblige that son with thy fulminating aid, hasten to do this before I die, and arrogate to thyself the credit of having done me a good turn, or if thou art chicken-hearted over the matter, and if thy hand be likely to shrink from inflicting, what thou mightest consider a wrong act because I am thy son! Why! then, let the savage Titans from Ætna's summits, who could easily seize on Pindus and overwhelm me, or who could crush me effectually, with thee, Ossa! with thy mountainous ponderosity brought to bear, in being thrown down on me! Let Bellona burst forth through the entrances of Erebus, and pursue me, sword in hand—send me, even, that truculent Mars, let that merciless fighting God take up arms against me—he is a sort of brother, in a roundabout way, that is to say, my step-mother became pregnant, through smelling a certain flower, and thou, Pallas, art a sort of sister to Alcides (by Jupiter's side only, whose cranium cleft by Vulcan, evolved an adult Minerva fully armed). Hurl, Pallas, one of thy spears at thy brother, and oh! my step-mother! I implore thee at least, to scatter some of thy husband's lightnings over me—I am now perfectly reconciled to the idea of being destroyed, even if it be by some feminine hand! Although thou hast been frustrated by me, surely thou art now amply satisfied with what thou hast tried to do. Why, therefore, continuest thou to cherish thy wrathful spirit? Thou art now beholding Alcides as a poor suppliant. For there is no land and no wild beast that sees me facing them now, deprecating thy interference in setting me on to destroy them, but at this moment, verily, there is great need (to me) of an angry step-mother, and just as this is the case, thy anger has cooled down! Now do be merciful, lay aside all thy ancient animosities when thou art reminded, my one wish is only to be allowed to die! Oh! ye lands, oh! ye cities, will no one furnish a consuming torch for Hercules? Will no one supply him with some weapon? are ye withholding every instrument of destruction from me? If so, may no land ever go in fear of wild beasts, when I am dead and buried, nor may the world ever have reason to implore my services again! If any fierce wild beasts should ever be born again, let another Hercules be born to deal with them! Oh! ye populace, why do ye not assail my head with stones and thus put an end to my miserable sufferings? Oh! ungrateful world! Dost thou hesitate? Ah! I see! my services have fallen out of thy recollection—up to this time thou wouldst be exposed to monsters and wild beasts, if thou couldst not have reckoned on me!

Adhuc malis ferisque suppositus fores, Ni me tulisses vindicem vestrum malis Eripite, populi. tempus hoc vobis datur.	1335
Pensate merita. mors erit pretium omnium. ALCM. Quas misera terras mater Alcidae petam? Ubi natus, ubinam est? certa si visus notat, Reclinis ecce corde anhelanti æstuat.	1340
Gemit. peractum est. membra complecti ultima, O nate, liceat. spiritus fugiens meo Legatur ore. brachia in amplexus cape. Ubi membra sunt? ubi illa, quæ mundum tulit, Stelligera cervix? quis tibi exiguum tui Partem reliquit? HERC. Herculem spectas quidem, Mater; sed umbræ simile nescio quid mei	1345
Agnosce, mater. ora quid flectis retro, Vultumque mœrens? Herculem dici tuum Partum erubescis? ALCM. Quis feram mundus novam, Quæ terra genuit? quodve tam dirum nefas De te triumphat? Herculis victor quis est? HERC. Nuptæ jacentem cernis Alciden dolis.	1350
ALCM. Quis tantus est, qui vincat Alciden, dolus? HERC. Quicumque, mater, feminæ iratæ sat est, ALCM. At unde in artus pestis aut ossa incidit? HERC. Aditum venenis palla femineis dedit.	1355
ALCM. Ubinam ipsa palla est? membra nudata intuo. HERC. Consumpta mecum est. ALCM. Tantane inventa est lues? HERC. O mater, hydram, & mille cum Lerna feras Errare mediis crede visceribus meis.	1360
Quæ tanta nubes flamma Sicaniæ bibit? Quæ Lemnos ardens? quæ plaga igniferi poli,	

Oh! ye populace, snatch thy avenger from the pain he is suffering, this opportunity is now offered to thee, compensate me for my meritorious services, and if thou canst give me that death, which I now ask, at thy hands, that shall be thy receipt in full! The price at which I value them all!

ALC. In what lands shall I, the wretched mother of Alcides, prosecute my search? Where is my son? In what place is he? if my sight does not betray me, behold, there he is in a reclining posture struggling for breath, and in a high fever! He is groaning too! it is a desperate case, oh! my son, let me embrace the miserable remains of thy once noble frame, and let thy departing breath mingle with mine! (It was the custom with the ancients to kiss the face of the dear dying ones, and to intermingle their breath with their own, and the same observance was in vogue with the nearest of kin, closing down the eyelids.) Let me take those arms into my em-

brace! Oh! dear, where are those limbs, that once existed? Where are the star-bearing shoulders that once bore the heavens? What is it that has left to thee such a small remnant of thy quondam self?

HERC. Thou art indeed beholding Hercules, but I know not, mother, what there is in me like my ancient self, that thou art able to recognize me at all! Why dost thou avert thy gaze and hide thy grieving face, is it that thou art blushing that such a poor specimen of a Hercules, should ever have been said to have been brought forth by thee?

ALC. What orb—what country has given birth to this new monster? (the poisoned cloak) what wickedness so dreadful to contemplate has triumphed over thee? Who is this conqueror of Alcides?

HERC. Thou art now beholding in Hercules, a man laid low through the treachery of a wife!

ALC. What treachery could ever be great enough, from whomsoever arising, that could overcome an Alcides?

HERC. What treachery, mother, was ever enough for an angered woman!

ALC. But how has this destructive agent affected thy entire body and gone down to the very bones?

HERC. A cloak has been the vehicle for effecting the entrance of this woman's poison.

ALC. Where on earth is this cloak, I observe you are in a state of absolute nudity.

HERC. That has been burnt up, with the rest of my integuments.

ALC. Has not this extraordinary poison been detected?

HERC. Ah! mother dear, believe me that the Lernæan Hydra and a thousand other wild animals have been going the rounds of my unfortunate viscera! What flames, ever so intense, emerging from Ætna's summits and diffusing themselves in the Sicilian clouds above? What Lemnos ever burned so severely? What tract in the heavenly regions, subjected to the maximum heat of the sun, and on such account, forbidding even the Chariot

Vetans flagranti currere in zona diem? In ipsa me jaçtate, prò comites, freta, Medioque in amnes. qui fat est Ister mihi?	1365
Non ipse terris major Oceanus meos Frangit vapores. omnis in nostris malis Deficiet humor, omnis arefcet latex. Quid, rector Erebi, me remittebas lovi? Decuit tenere. redde me tenebris tuis.	1370
Talem subactis Herculem ostende inferis, Nil inde ducam. quid times iterum Herculem? Invade mors non trepida. jam possum mori. ALCM. Compefce lacrimas faltem, & ærumas doma, Malisque tantis Herculem indomitum refer, Mortemque vince. quod soles, vince inferos.	1375
HERC. Si me catenis horridus vincum suis Præberet avidæ Caucasus volucris dapem Scythia gemente, flebilis gemitus mihi Non exsistiffet. si vagæ Symplegades	1380
Utraque premerent rupe, redeuotis minas Ferrem ruinæ. Pindus incumbat mihi Atque Æmus, & qui Thracios fluctus Athos Frangit, Jovisque fulmen excipiens Mimas. Non ipse si in me, mater, hic modus ruat, Superque nostros flagret incensus rogos	1385
Phœbeus axis, degener mentem Herculis Clamor domaret. mille decurrant feræ, Pariterque lacerent: hinc feris clangoribus Ætherea me Stymphalis, hinc taurus minax Cervice tota pulset, & quidquid furit.	1390
Solum quoque ingens furgat, hinc illinc fremens, Artusque nostros dirus immittat Sinis. Sparfus filebo. non feræ excutient mihi, Non arma gemitus. nil, quod impelli potest.	1395

of Phœbus to proclaim the day, by going beyond the limit of that burning zone, could give rise to the consuming heat which oppresses my breast? (It must have been somewhere beyond the limit here hinted at, that Phæthon attempted his disastrous journey, when struck down by Jupiter.) Oh! ye, that are around me, cast me headlong into the sea itself or into the middle of some river—what Danube, though, would be equal to the task of cooling my heated body? No! not the entire ocean, which is larger in extent than the lands enclosing it, would counteract the burning heat, which has got hold of this wreck of my former self, any species of watery fluid would fail to relieve my tortures arising from this poison—every spring would be speedily dried up! Why

oh! ruler of Erebus, dost thou pass me on to Jupiter to deal with me? It is only right for thee to hold me in possession, take me back to thy realms of darkness! Thou canst exhibit with perfect safety such a miserable Hercules as I am at this moment, to the dark regions I once conquered! I shall not take another Cerberus away with me this time! Why dost thou fear Hercules visiting thee again? Seize upon me, Mors, without any of thy trembling approaches—I am quite ready, and only in a condition to die!

ALC. Restrain at all events those tears of thine, and get the better of thy misery, and try and hark back to the Hercules, who was never conquered by any obstacle, and triumph manfully over death itself and dismiss this idea about the infernal regions, with thy former characteristic courage!

HERC. If the dreadful Caucasus should hold me down, bound by its chains and offer me, as a repast to some rapacious bird of prey! and even, while the very Scythian lookers-on commiserated me for my sorry predicament (Hercules rather despises being in a condition to be pitied) no weeping or groaning would escape from me—if the wandering Symplegades were pressing against my side at every turn, I could bear up against the threatening aspect of the crash, which confronted me, without even a murmur or a groan! Pindus might fall upon me so might Æmus, and Athos which breaks up the Thracian waves, and Mimas that comes on for the full force of Jupiter's lightnings! Not if the whole universe itself, oh! my mother, were to fall upon me, and the chariot of Phœbus were to burn up the litter on which I lay stretched at length, no unbecoming cry of mine should proclaim that I was a tamed-down craven Hercules! A thousand wild beasts might be running around me at this moment, run here, run there and tear away at me one and all of them—some sky-inhabiting stymphalis might attack me, (announcing its approach) with its ferocious cries—some savage bull might rush at me with its butting head, or any thing else capable of a furious onslaught—the expanded soil might rise, as if by some seismic convulsion roaring there, roaring there, or some cruel, Sinis might practise his tortures upon my limbs, and as my members were scattered abroad piecemeal I would preserve a silent voice—the wild animals at every side would not disturb my equilibrium, nor sharpened swords extract a single groan—nothing, in short, that could be directed against me, in order to crush me outright!

ALCM. Non viris artus, nate, femineum coquit;
 Sed dura feries operis; & longus tibi
 l'avit cruentos forfitan morbos labor.
 HERC. Ubi mors? ubi illa? testis est aliquis mali?
 Intendant arcus, nuda sufficiet manus. 1400
 In orbe mecum veniat huc aliquis mihi.
 Procedat, agedum, huc. ALCM. Hei mihi, fenfum quoque
 Excussit ille nimius impulsus dolor.
 Removete, quæso, tela, & infestas, precor,
 Rapite hinc sagittas. igne suffusæ genæ 1405
 Scelus minantur. quas petam latebras anus?
 Dolor iste furor est. Herculem solus domat.
 Cur deinde latebras aut fugam vecors petam?
 Obire forti meruit Alcmene manu.
 Vel scelere pereat, antequam letum mihi 1410
 Ignavus aliquis mandet, ac turpis manus
 De me triumphet. ecce, lassatus malis
 Sopore fessas alligat venas dolor,
 Gravique anhelum pectus impulsu quatit.
 Favete, superi. si mihi natum inclitum 1415
 Miseræ negatis; vindicem saltem, precor,
 Servate terris. abeat excussus dolor,
 Corpusque vires reparet Herculeum suas.

HYLLUS, ALCMENA, HERCULES,
 PHILOCTETES, muta persona.

Reverfus Hyllus nuntiat Herculi, Dejaniram, postquam se Nessi
 dolo deceptam comperisset, sibi mortem conscivisse.

P
 RO lux acerba, pro capax scelerum dies!
 Nurus Tonantis occidit. natus jacet. 1420
 Nepos superum. scelere materno hic periit;
 Fraude illa capta est. quis per annorum vices,
 Totoque in ævo poterit ærumnas fenex
 Referre tantas? unus eripiet dies

ALC. Oh! my son, no woman's poisoning arrangements could have brought about all this, but the arduous round of thy numerous labors, and perhaps thy chronic exertions have thus contributed towards giving some cruel disease a stronger hold upon thee!

HERC. Where is that kind of death, as thou describest it, or disease? Where is it? Is there any tangible proof of such a condition of system (chronic debility brought on as Alcmena suggests, by over-exertion and cachexia)? Let

such an enemy, then, stretch at once its bow, (figuratively spoken) my weaponless arms will be sufficient for such a foe! If there be left any enemy as that in the world, let it stand forth before me! Let it appear forthwith! Now! Come on! Here! and I will try conclusions with thee!

ALC. Woe is me! This excessive pain has made him more impulsive, and has unsettled his reason! (This is said aside.) I pray thee, Hercules, remove those weapons and put from thence those dreadful arrows, (aside again) his cheeks are fairly glowing with rage, and threaten some sort of mischief. What hiding-place, shall I, a poor old woman go in search of? That pain of his has brought on a fit of madness sufficient of itself to conquer Hercules! Why should I, after all, a doting old woman, have to seek a hiding-place? Alcmena is worthy to die by his powerful arm! Let me perish then through his crime rather than some contemptible poltroon should have it in his power, to kill me or some ignoble hand triumph over me! Behold! he is thoroughly worn out by his sufferings, and his exhausting pain has found a refuge in sleep, to calm down his weary spirit, and he is now heaving his panting chest with his labored breathing! Oh! be merciful, oh! ye gods above, if ye refuse to spare to me miserable this noble son of mine, at least, I pray, keep some avenger on the earth for protection from henceforth. But let us hope, that the pain being diminished may ultimately disappear entirely, and that this sleep may recruit the body of Hercules with its effects!

HYLLUS—ALCMENA—HERCULES—PHILOCTETES—MUTE PERSONAGE.

Hyllus having returned, tells Hercules that Dejanira, after she found that she had been deceived by Nessus, kills herself!

HYLLUS.

OH! what bitter things the light of day is constrained to bring into view. Oh! what a single day can bring forth in the matter of startling crimes! The daughter-in-law of thundering Jove, Dejanira, is dead,—his son has perished—I, the grandson, am the only one remaining.—Hercules has perished through my mother's agency, but she herself was deceived by treachery! What aged person, throughout a long series of years—in fact, during a whole life-time, could tell of misfortunes so terrible! One day,

Parentem utrumque. cetera ut fileam mala, Parcamque fatis, Herculem amitto patrem.	1425
ALCM. Compeſce voces inclitum Alcidaë genus, Miſeræque fato ſimilis Alcmenaë nepos. Longus dolorem forſitan vincet ſopor. Sed ecce laſſam deſerit mentem quietes,	1430
Redditque morbo corpus, & luſtus mihi. HERC. Quid hoc? rigenti cernitur Trachin jugo. Et inter aſtra poſitus evaſi genus Mortale tandem quis mihi cœlum parat?	1435
Te, te, pater, jam video: placatam quoque Specſto novercam. qui ſonus noſtras ferit Cœleſtis aures? Juno me generum vocat. Video nitentem regiam clari ætheris, Phœbique tritam flammea zonam rota. Cubile video noctis. hinc tenebras vocat.	1440
Quid hoc? quis axem cludit, & ab ipſis, pater, Deducit aſtris? ora Phœbeus modo Affabat axis. tam prope a cœlo fui. Trachina video. quis mihi terras dedit?	1445
Modo nempe me infra ſteterat, ac totus mihi Superpoſitus orbis. tam bene excideras, dolor. Cogis fateri. parce, & hanc vocem occupa. Hæc. Hylle, dona matris. hoc munus parat. Utinam liceret ſtipite ingeſto impiam Effringere animam, quale Amazonium malum	1450
Circa nivalis Caucaſi domui latus. O clara Megara, tunc, cum furerem, mihi Conjux fuiſti? ſtipitem atque arcus date. Dextra inquinetur. laudibus maculam imprimam. Summus legatur femina Herculeus labor.	1455
HVL. Compeſce diras, genitor, irarum minas. Habet. peractum eſt. quas petis pœnas, dedit. Sua peremta dextera mater jacet. HERC. Cæci dolores. manibus irati Herculis	

alas! will deprive me of both parents! Oh! that I could be ſilent about other calamities, and that I may, myſelf, abſtain from condemning the Fates, although I am now loſing my father, Hercules!

ALC. Cease thy doleful utterances, oh! thou illuſtrious off-ſpring of Alcides and grandſon to a miſerable Alcmena, who is ſimilarly ſituated by the hand of fate—perhaps, a long ſleep will overcome his pain; but behold! tranquillity has quitted his weary ſoul, and has handed over his body again, to the diſeaſe which oppreſſes him, and brings back aſreſh the grief to me.

HERC. (Is in a delirious ſtate) What is this? I ſee Trachine before my eyes, with its rough rocky ſummits!

And myself placed amongst the stars—I have, at length, escaped from the race of mortals below! Who is it that is thus preparing for me the way to Heaven? I see thee already! Yes! thee thyself, oh! my father, and behold at the same time my step-mother, now reconciled to me! What celestial sound is reaching my ears? Juno is calling me her dear son-in-law! I see that shining palace in the bright heavens and the path traversed by Phœbus in his fiery chariot along the torrid zone—I see the resting-place of Nox, (it is at this point that Nox summons the conditions called Darkness) oh! my father, that excludes me from the heavens, and drives me away from the presence of the stars—it is only just now that the car of Phœbus whizzed by me; how near I must have been to Heaven! I see Trachine again, who has presented me with this sight of that land? It was only just this second, that Cœta was below me and that the whole world was beneath me! Oh! my pain, thou hast given me a temporary respite, and it is well! Thy power, (alluding to the poison) however, compels me to make at once a confession—forgive me for the avowal I now make, and listen attentively to what I say, (Hercules here, mentally enumerates the various things he intends for Hyllus)—the arrows, the bow, and the quiver, and then exclaims, “This bequest of mine to thee, Hyllus, are substantially the gift of thy mother,” (this is said to imply, that the mother’s act has brought things thus about) and I wish that with that club (his attention being brought suddenly to it) brought down on her body, I could beat out the impious life of thy mother, as I broke down the savage Amazons with their indomitable spirit, round about the sides of the snowy Caucasus! Oh! my dear Megara, thou wast a good wife to me, when I was laid up with my fit of madness! Here! hand me my club and bow, let my hands be soiled again (with the blood of Dejanira), I will imprint another stain upon my previous triumphs, and a woman shall be chosen this time, for the last of the labors of Hercules!

HYL. Do control thy furious outbursts of anger, oh! my father! the thing has already been done—my mother has received her punishment! She inflicted upon herself that punishment which thou art just now contemplating! My mother is now lying dead, destroyed by her own suicidal hands!

HERC. Oh! my purposeless wrath! thou art baffled! it is by the hand of outraged Hercules alone, that she ought to have died! Lichas has been deprived of his companion (in guilt), and my anger would even force

Occidere meruit, perdidit comitem Lichas.	1460
Sævire in ipsum corpus exanime impetus	
Atque ira cogit, cur minis nostris caret?	
Ipsum cadaver pabulum accipiant feræ.	
HYL Plus misera læso doluit, hinc aliquid quoque	
Detrahere velles, occidit dextra sua,	1465
Tuo dolore, plura, quam poscis, tulit.	
Sed non cruentæ sceleribus nuptæ jaces,	
Nec fraude matris, Nessus hos struxit dolos,	
Ictus sagittis qui tuis vitam expuit.	
Cruore tincta est palla semiferi, pater,	1470
Nessusque nunc has exigit pœnas sibi.	
HERC. Habet, peractum est, fata se nostra explicant.	
Lux ista fumma est, quercus hanc fortem mihi	
Fatidica quondam dederat, & Parnassio	
Cirrhæa quatiens templa mugitu nemus:	1475
“Dextra peremti, victor Alcide, viri	
“Olim jaceb’s, hic tibi emenso freta,	
“Terraque & umbras, finis extremus datur.”	
Nil querimus ultra, decuit hunc finem dari,	
Ne quis superstes Herculis victor foret.	1480
Nunc mors legatur clara, memoranda, inclita,	
Me digna profus, nobilem hunc faciam diem.	
Cædatur omnis silva, & Ceteum nemus	
Suscipiat ignis, Herculeum accipiat rogas.	
Sed ante mortem, tu genus Pœantium,	1485
Hoc triste nobis, juvenis, officium appara.	
Herculea totum flamma succendat diem.	
Ad te preces nunc, Hylle, supremas fero.	
Est clara captas inter, in vultu genus	
Regnumque referens, Euryto virgo edita,	1490
Iole, tuis hanc facibus & thalamis para.	
Victor cruentus abstuli patriam, lares,	
Nihilque miseræ præter Alciden dedi;	
Et iste rapitur, penset ærumnas suas:	

upon me now a strong desire, to vent my wrath even upon her lifeless body! Why should she thus escape my wrathful revenge? May the wild beast have that carcass of hers with which to glut their stomachs!

HYL. My mother has grieved, I assure thee, more than thou, who art the injured party! She perished by her own hand—she has put up with more things than thou wouldst ever have exacted even with thy angered spirit! But thou art not lying there, suffering from any crime of a cruel wife, at all, nor with any connivance whatever on my mother’s part.—Nessus simply concocted all this wicked treachery—it was the result of his wound at the hands of thy arrows which took away the life of

Nessus. Oh! my father, the cloak was impregnated with the blood of that Centaur, half man and half beast, and now Nessus has thus revenged the punishment that was inflicted upon him.

HERC. It is well! the thing is done! Enough! And now Destiny unfolds itself clearly to me; this is my last day on Earth. The prophetic oak once foretold my fortune to me, and the grove fairly shook the Cirrhæan temples, and the intense roarings which resounded all over Parnassus, (the Oracles were always given out in loud noisy tones) and this is what the Oracle said: "Oh! Alcides, thou art destined to be a mighty conqueror, thy fate will be to die by the hand of some male victim, killed by thy own self—and thus having scoured, far and wide, the seas—the earth and even the shades below with thy exploits, the end of thy career will close with this final event." I do not therefore complain of any thing more, it is only in the nature of things, that my end should be arrived at in this way, in order that there should not be left behind him, any one else to be able to say, that he was the conqueror of Hercules! Now, my death will be illustrious—memorable—renowned—altogether worthy of me! I will have this day rendered famous: let the entire forest be cut down and let the flames light up the groves of Ceta, and let the funeral pile welcome the arrival of a Hercules! But before I breathe my last, oh! Philoctetes, thou youthful offspring of Pæans, arrange this mournful business for me, and let the flames on the pile of Hercules, burn the whole of the day! To thee, Hyllus, I tender my last entreaties: there is a beautiful girl among the captives here, betraying in the very lineaments of her visage, the unmistakable traces of her Echalian origin and royal descent! She is a virgin sprung from the royal blood of Eurytus, her name is Iole, prepare her mind for the installation of thy nuptial torches, and thy marriage bed! When I was a ruthless conqueror, I ransacked her father's country, and took away his household gods and belongings, and in return, I gave the miserable being (Iole) nothing but myself—an Alcides! But now that he is snatched away, let some amends be made for her misfortunes—she will value and cherish a grandson of Jupiter, and the veritable son of a Hercules, and whatever she retains (within her womb) that has sprung from me, she will duly bring forth for thee, as if it were thy very own (that is if she is pregnant, Hyllus must adopt her offspring). And I beseech thee, oh! my illustrious mother, to put away all thy funeral lamentations, thy Alcides

Jovis nepotem foveat, & natum Herculis.	1495
Tibi illa pariat, quidquid ex nobis habet.	
Tuque ipſa planctus pone funereos, precor,	
O clara genitrix. vivit Alcides tuus.	
Virtute noſtra pellicem feci tuam	
Credi novercam. five naſcente Hercule	1500
Nox illa certa eſt, five mortalis meus	
Pater eſt: licet fit falſa progeioies mihi;	
Materna culpa ceſſet, & crimen Jovis.	
Merui parentem, contuli cœlo decus.	
Natura me concepit in laudes Jovis.	1505
Quin ipſe quamquam Juppiter credi meus	
Pater eſſe gaudet. parce jam lacrimis, parens.	
Superba matres inier Argolicas eris.	
Quid tale Juno genuit, æthereum gerens	
Sceptrum, & Tonanti nupta? mortali tamen	1510
Cœlum tenens invidit? Alciden ſuum	
Dici eſſe voluit. perage nunc, Titan, vices	
Solus relictus. ille, qui veſter comes	
Ubique fueram, Tartara & Manus peto.	
Hanc tamen ad imos perferam laudem inclitam,	1515
Quod nulla peſtis vicit Alciden palam,	
Omnemque peſtem vicit Alcides palam.	

CHORUS.

Solem orat, ut toti mundo Herculis mortem nuntiet. Herculis apotheoſim prædicit, Jovemque precatur, ut vel nulli producantur tyranni, feræ, monſtra, vel alius ſufficiatur Hercules malorum vindex.

ODECUS mundi, radiate Titan,
 Cujus ad primos Hecate vapores
 Laſſa nocturnæ levat ora bigæ,
 Dic ſub Aurora poſitis Sabæis,
 Dic ſub Occaſu poſitis Iberis,
 Quique ferventi quatiuntur axe,

1520

lives and will live eternally! For by my valor, I have rendered thee, the reputed concubine of Jupiter, to be considered now as thy legitimate step-mother, and whether that report, about the night being prolonged when Hercules was born, be true or not, or whether my father, after all, is only Amphitryon, a mortal, or Jupiter, a god—and allowing that there is this mistake about my paternal origin still hanging over me, let there be no more reproaches levelled at my mother and no more immoral accusations brought against Jupiter. This must be acknowledged, however, that I deserved on account of my valor

such a parent as Jupiter and that I have materially conduced to the glorification of the heavens—nature, in short conceived one to add to the triumphs of Jupiter, and more than that, if Jupiter himself rejoices in being regarded as my father, why! the least thou canst do, oh! my parent (Alcmena), is to spare the shedding of and more tears! Thou wilt, henceforward, figure as a prouy personage amongst the rank and file of Argolic matrons! What indeed (or a patch on it) at all like me—has ever Juno brought forth, although she is the wife of the Thunderer and wields an æthereal sceptre. But, inhabiting the heavens, Juno has always been jealous of any one boasting of only a mortal origin, but she is now quite willing that Alcides should be treated as one of the family (as her own Alcides). And now, Phœbus, pursue thy solitary journeys, I am now left alone, he who has been thy companion everywhere! (Wherever the sun appeared, there was Hercules, that is, everywhere.) I now seek Tartarus, and the companionship of the Manes. However, I shall be able to convey this self-glorifying triumph to those below, that no monster in those regions had ever conquered Alcides openly, but on the other hand, that Alcides always conquered every monster openly and in fair fight!

CHORUS.

The Chorus beseeches Phœbus to announce to all the world the death of Hercules: they predict the apotheosis of Hercules, and implore Jupiter, there may be no more Tyrants, wild beasts or monsters, brought forth in the future, if so, that another Hercules may be forthcoming, as the avenger of such calamities.

OH! Titan, with thy brilliant rays, oh! thou bright ornament of the universe, at the first appearance of whose morning beams, Hecate loosens the bits from the mouths of the two wearied steeds attached to her nocturnal car, proclaim thou to the inhabitants of Arabia Felix (Sabæa) who are blessed by thy morning rays, smiled on by Aurora—tell it to those who dwell in the Western Hispania, where thou finishest thy diurnal journey (thy setting), tell it to those who are tortured by thy heat, as thou traversedst the torrid Zone in thy fervid course—tell it to those who suffer from the inclemencies prevailing, just under the waggon of the Northern Bear—proclaim the fact that Hercules is hastening on to the eternal regions of the Manes and to that kingdom where

descendant of Busiris of the Thracian Rhodope, more unrelenting than the snow-bound Helice (the Greater Bear) is to the earth beneath it, should deluge his stables again with human blood—(the blood of his guests) who, now will ensure tranquillity to the timid peoples, if the angry gods above give orders for any thing terrible to be born again amongst the cities? Here, Hercules is lying on a level with all ordinary mortals, him, the Alter Ego whom the earth, aforetime, bestowed on us, as a substitute for Jupiter himself! Let his bewailings find a ready echo from all the immense cities of the universe—let every woman do away with her top-knot, letting her locks fall down carelessly, and beat with all her might her arms laid bare! And all the other temple doors of the gods being closed and in mourning, the only temples that will still be open for admission are those of the undisturbed step-mother Juno! Thou art now wending thy journey to Lethe and the Stygian shores, whence no craft of Charon's will ever bring thee back! Thou art going, sympathized with universally, to the Manes, whence, aforetime, thou broughtest away, as well as thyself, Cerberus as thy triumphal spoil; thou successfully combatedst with Mors: thou wilt now arrive there, as a mere shadow of thy quondam self, with thy arms despoiled of their brawny muscles, with a languishing worn-out visage, and thy shoulders attenuated down to an absolute nothing! And that craft of Charon's will not transport thee, this time, as a single passenger! But when thou dost get there, thou wilt not pose, as a contemptible nonentity, amongst thy fellow Manes thou wilt be seated on the judicial bench with Æacus on thy right, and between the two Cretan Kings (Æacus and Rhadamanthus), and thou wilt thresh out the pros and cons of every case that will be brought before thee, but thou wilt deal severely with all Tyrants, as they deserve. Be merciful then, oh! ye that are powerful amongst the denizens of the infernal regions, restrain your hands from the perpetration of cruel deeds! If Hercules has to pronounce judgment upon you, for it is to the praise and credit of Hercules that he has always wielded his sword unsullied by any acts of crime, oppression or cruelty, and whilst thou reignedst the very minimum amount of the storms of fate befell thy cities (that is, they did not suffer any thing at the hands of capricious Tyrants or dreadful monsters). But his valor has now obtained for him a place amongst the stars! But where will he go? Wilt thou fill up the space in the Arctic Pole? Or where the serious Titan prepares his most terrible fires? Or wilt thou shine forth in the warm balmy West, whence thou wilt listen to Calpe resounding

Laudis est, purum tenuisse ferrum. Dumque regnabas, minimum cruentis In tuas urbes licuisse fatis. Sed locum virtus habet inter aftra. Sedis Arctoe spatium tenebis?	1565
An gravis Titan ubi promit æstus? An sub Occasu tepido nitebis, Unde commisso resonare ponto Audies Calpen? loca quæ fereni Deprimes cœli? quis erit recepto	1570
Tutus Alcida locus inter aftra? Horrido tantum procul a Leone Det pater sedes, calidoque Cancro; Ne tuo vultu tremefacta leges Aftra conturbent, trepidetque Titan.	1575
Vere dum flores venient tepenti, Et comam silvis hiemes recident, Vel comam silvis revocabit æstas, Pomaque autumnno fugiente cedent, Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.	1580
Tu comes Phœbo, comes ibis aftris. Ante nascetur seges in profundo, Vel fretum dulci resonabit unda; Ante descendet glacialis Urfæ Sidus, & Ponto vetito fruetur,	1585
Quam tuas laudes populi quiescant. Te, pater rerum, miseri precamur, Nulla nascatur fera, nulla pestis. Non duces sævos miseranda tellus Horreat: nulla dominetur aula,	1590
Qui putet solum decus esse regni, Semper impensum tenuisse ferrum. Si quid in terris iterum timetur, Vindicem terræ petimus relictae.	
Hem, quid hoc? mundus tonat. ecce, mæret, Mæret Alcidae pater. an Deorum Clamor, an vox est timidæ novercæ? Hercule an viro fugit aftra Juno? Lassus an pondus titubavit Atlas?	1595
An magis diri tremuere Manes Herculem? & vifum canis inferorum Fugit abruptis trepidus catenis? Fallimur: læto venit, ecce, vultu, Quem tulit Pœas, humerisque tela Gestat, & notas populis pharetras,	1600
Herculis heres.	1605

with the waves beating on its shores, from its two seas? What is the lucky place, that thou wilt press down with thy weight, in the serene sky? What place will be free from anxiety in the firmament, to which Alcides will be consigned? His father must assign him a habitat as far

off as possible from that terrible Nemæan Lion (Leo) and likewise from that terrible burning Cancer (The Torrid Zone), lest, at the sight of thee, the affrighted stars might capsize the very laws which govern their celestial movements, and Titan, himself, be made to tremble for the consequences! No! let the flowers joyfully bud in the warm spring, and the winter, as usual, nip off the foliage from the forest trees, and the ensuing summer recall the bright verdure to the groves, and let the ripened fruit, as heretofore, fall from the trees when autumn wanes! But no length of time, Hercules, will snatch thee from the world's memory and the hearts of the people. Thou wilt go forth as the celestial companion of Phœbus, now, and as a companion to the stars, and corn will be seen to grow in the middle of the vasty deep, and the Ocean shall be full of deliciously sweet water, and the frosty Northern Bear shall descend and defiantly enjoy that dip in the sea which it is forbidden to make, before the peoples will cease to sing thy praises! And we poor wretched mortals beseech thee, oh! thou father of all things, let no wild beast be born again,—no monster! Let not the miserable Hercules-bereft earth grow wretched again with cruel kings! Let no palace intrigues exert an oppressive dominion, and let no one exist who harbours the notion that the solitary glory of kingly power resides in the fact of always giving the sword abundance of employment! But whatever is an object of terror to the earth in the future, we shall seek for thee again (that is, we shall wish for thee again) as the avenger of that earth thou hast just quitted! Hark! What is that frightful noise? Surely the thunder is being heard all over the earth! Let us think! Is it grieving that Hercules has left us? Or is it the father of Alcides who is grieving and repenting his rashness in raising Hercules to the stars? Or is it the voice of the terrified step-mother? Or is it a factious clamour of dissatisfaction got up by all the gods in conclave? Or has Juno fled from heaven, when she saw Hercules arriving? Or has Atlas stumbled with his load, as he was trying to lift the heavens again? Or what is the most likely solution of this phenomenon? Surely it is the mournful Manes that are trembling from head to foot at the sight of Hercules? Or has the frightened Cerberus, of the infernal regions, burst his chains and fled in dismay at seeing Hercules again? No! we are all wrong! Be hold! it is Philoctetes, whom Hercules has appointed his heir. See! with what a self-satisfied countenance, this son of Pœas is coming on towards us—he has actually got the very arrows of Hercules on his shoulders, and is carrying that identical quiver, so familiar to the different peoples of the earth!

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUTRIX, PHILOCTETES.

Philoctetes Hercules mortem atque funus nuntiat.

NUTR.	E FFARE casus, juvenis, Herculeos, precor, Vultuque quonam tulerit Alcides necem.	
PHIL.	Quo nemo vitam. NUTR. Lætus adeone ultimos Invasit ignes? PHYL. Esse jam flammam nihil	1610
	Ostendit ille, qui sub hoc mundo Hercules Immane nil reliquit. en domita omnia.	
NUTR.	Inter vapores quis fuit forti locus?	
PHIL.	Quod unum in orbe vicerat nondum malum, Et flamma victa est. hæc quoque accessit feris, Inter labores ignis Herculeos abiit.	1615
NUTR.	Ediffere agedum, flamma quo victa est modo?	
PHIL.	Ut omnis Ceten moesta corripuit manus, Huic fagus umbras perdit, & toto jacet Succisa trunco: flectit hic pinum ferrox	1620
	Astris minantem, & nube de media vocat; Ruitura cautes movit, & silvam trahit Secum minorem. Chaonis quondam loquax Stat vasta late quercus, & Phœbum vetat, Ultraque totos porrigit ramos nemus.	1625
	Gemit illa multo vulnere impresso minax, Frangitque cuneos. refilit excussus chalybs, Vulnusque ferrum patitur, & truncum fugit. Commota tandem est. tunc cadens latam sui Duxit ruinam. protinus radios locus	1630

ACT V.

NURSE—PHILOCTETES.

Philoctetes announces the death and the last disposal of the body of Hercules.

NURSE.

TELL me, youth, I pray thee, all about Hercules' last end; with what expression of countenance did Alcides face his death?

PHIL. With that amount of equanimity which no man ever evinces, in dealing with even the commonest drawbacks of his daily life.

NUR. Did he approach then the very thick of the flames, with a joyous expression at all?

PHIL. He showed by his outward expression, that the flames were nothing to him—that Hercules, indeed, who never did give up in this sublunary world, any enterprise however weighty, and considered that all things have been subdued by him.

NUR. What scope was there for showing any extraordinary bravery, when surrounded by flames?

PHIL. The fiery elements were the only difficulties he had never conquered in this world before, but he fairly vanquished them then, and this achievement was quite equal to any of his wild-beast exploits! Fire therefore, must henceforward be included in the category of Hercules' labors!

NUR. Tell me, come, be plain, in what way dost thou mean that the flames were overcome?

PHIL. How every sorrowing hand has hastened to Ceta—the lofty beech was made to part with its spreading protection and to be converted to his use, and lay there cleft at the very lowest part of its huge trunk—one forester, rough and ready, hewed down a pine that threatened the tranquillity of the stars with its lofty pretensions, and he very soon lowers its pride and summons it from its proud place in the midst of the sky, and as it fell, it shook the very rocks around, and dragged down in its tremendous fall, a number of smaller trees of the forest around; and the Chaonian Oak, which spreads its importance far and wide, and once gave out its oracular responses, and prevented Phœbus himself from penetrating with his rays its dense foliage—as it stretched its multitudinous branches right over the forest—it groaned, as it were in a very angry manner, as it was struck with a series of blows breaking the very wedges (which they use on such occasions), and the steel hatchet, shivering to pieces, bound-back again, and the edge of the axe was turned (blunted) and appeared reluctant to repeat its attack on the trunk of such a recalcitrant tree. At length, however, it was disturbed from its resting place, then, when it did fall it brought about indescribable disorder with its downfall! the place, hitherto shaded, was instantaneously lighted up, as it were, by the free admission of the solar rays (which had never penetrated before) and the feathered creation, being driven from their habitats, hopped about, (dismayed)

Admīsit omnes. sedibus pulfæ suis,
 Volucres pererrant nemore succiso diem,
 Quærunque lassis garrulæ pinnis nemus.
 Jamque omnis arbor sonuit, & sacrae quoque
 Sensere quercus horridam ferro manum, 1635
 Nullique priscum profuit ligno nemus.
 Aggeritur omnis silva, & alternæ trabes
 In astra tollunt Herculi angustum rogam.
 Rapit alta flammæ pinus, & robor tenax,
 Et brevior ilex silva. contexit pyram 1640
 Populea silva, frondis Herculeæ nemus.
 At ille, ut ingens nemore sub Nafamonio
 Ager reclini pectore immugit leo,
 Fertur. quis illum credat ad flammæ rapi?
 Vultus petentis astra, non ignes, erant. 1645
 Ut presit Eten, ac suis oculis rogam
 Lustravit omnem, fregit impositus trabes,
 Arcumque poscit: Accipe hæc, inquit, fate
 Pœante, dona; munus Alcidæ cape.
 Has hydra sensit: his jacent Stymphalides, 1650
 Et quidquid aliud eminus vici malum.
 Virtute felix juvenis, has nuquam irritas
 Mittes in hostem. five de mediâ voles
 Auferre volucres nube, descendens aves,
 Et certa prædæ tela de cœlo fluent.
 Nec fallit unquam dexteram hic arcus tuam: 1655
 Librare telum didicit, & certam dare
 Fugam sagittis. ipsa non fallunt iter
 Emissa nervo tela. tu tantum, precor,
 Accommoda ignes & facem extremam mihi. 1660
 Hic nodus, inquit, nulla quem capiet manus,
 Mecum per ignem flagret. hoc telum Herculem
 Tantum sequatur. hoc quoque acciperes, ait,
 Sir ferre posses. adjuvet domini rogam.
 Tum rigida secum spolia Nemeæi mali 1665
 Arfura poscit. latuit in spolio rogam.
 Ingemuit omnis turba, nec lacrimas dolor
 Cuiquam remisit. mater in luctum furens

at the light of day, the broken-up grove, and the birds all chattering in their own peculiar way, seek with wearied wings, some other grove, as their asylum! And at length, every tree sounded with the strokes of the hatchet, and the sacred oaks likewise experienced the terrible blows of the ruthless forester's axe, and in that grove of such great antiquity, no log, even, available for purposes of consecration, was left to record this tale of destruction! All the forest is heaped up, and the beams being arranged one above the other, soon raise the pile towards the sky, although narrow for the body of a Hercules! The inflammable lofty pine attracts the flames the first, then

the tough oak, and then, the less pretentious holm-oak, which the forests had yielded up, and lastly, the poplar plantations surmounted the pyre—the very groves, that had furnished Hercules with his poplar wreaths! But Hercules as he lay there, although weak and subdued, reclining on his broad chest, reminded you of the huge Libyan lion that roared in the Nasamonian forest! He then mounts upwards, and who, to look at him would suppose for a moment that he was offering himself to the rapacity of the voracious flames? But even then, his looks were directed only towards the heavens, and he appeared utterly to disregard the flames around him. As he approached Cæta, he surveyed the whole of the pile with studious eyes, and the beams, which had been placed above, broke down with his weight—he then asked for his bow. Take these presents, he says, oh! Son of Pœas, take them as the last parting gift of Hercules—The Hydra, aforetime has had reason to be acquainted with these! (alluding to the arrows) and with them the Stymphalides were brought down from the lofty skies, and whatever other animated monster, that required to be done away with were it never so far off! Oh! youth, rejoicing in thy strength never use these arrows without effect upon thy enemy, for whether it be that thou seekest to dislodge the feathered tribe from the middle of the skies, the birds will fall directly the cloud is struck, and these arrows, always sure of their prey, will return to thee, floating gently from out of the air above! nor will this bow ever suffer thy right hand to miss its aim, the arrows themselves have acquired the knack of poisoning themselves with precision, and to afford an assured direction in their flight—these arrows, when they are shot forth from the string of the bow, never mistake the path they are intended to take! But wilt thou, I pray, see to making this fire ready, and prepare these final (torches) flames for me! This club, Hercules said, is one which no hand but mine can wield, and it must, therefore, be burnt with me in the same fire—this is the only weapon which will accompany Hercules, but thou shouldst also receive this at my hands, he continued, if thou couldst handle it, but it will serve to augment the funeral pile of its master. Then he asked for that terrible-looking skin of the Nemæan Lion and said that it should be burnt with him also, and which, trophy when spread out, completely concealed the summit of the pile. All the people about gave a groan, nor did any one fail to demonstrate his grief with copious tears, and Alcmena, the mother, raging frantically, hands over her bosom, eager to enter upon her task of grieving, and beats her naked breasts, and as far down as her very

Diduxit avidum pectus, atque utero tenuis Exferra vastos ubera in planctus ferit;	1670
Superosque & ipsum vocibus pulsans Jovem Implevit omnem voce feminea locum. Deforme letum, mater, Herculeum facis: Compefce lacrimas, inquit. introrfus dolor	1675
Femineus abeat. Juno cur lætum diem Te flente ducat? pellicis gandet fuæ Spectare lacrimas. contine infirmum jecur, Mater. nefas est ubera atque uterum tibi Laniare, qui me genuit. & dirum fremens, Qualis per urbes duxit Argolicas canem, Cum victor Erebi Dite contempto rediit Tremente Fato, talis incubuit rogo. Quis sic triumphans lætus in curru stetit Victor? quis illo gentibus vultu dedit Leges tyrannus? quanta pax obitus tulit?	1680 1685
Hæfere lacrimæ. cecidit impulsus dolor Nobis quoque ipsis. nemo morituro ingemit. Jam flere pudor est. ipfa, quam sexus jubet Mærere, ficcis hæfit Alcмене genis, Stetitque nato pæne jam fimilis parens.	1690
NUTR. Nullasue in aftra mifit ad superos preces Arfurus, aut in vota respexit Jovem?	
PHIL. Jacuit fui fecurus, and cœlum intuens, Quæfivit oculis, arce an ex aliqua pater Despiceret illum. tum manus tendens ait:	1695
Quacunque parte propfispicis natum, pater, Te, te, pater, quem nocte commiffa dies Quæfivit unus, fi meas laudes canit Utrumque Phœbi litus, & Scythiæ genus, Et omnis, ardens, ora, quam torret dies. Si pace tellus plena, fi nullæ gemunt Urbes, nec aras impius quifquam inquinat:	1700

flanks, her wailings being in concert with the heavy blows she is dealing herself (this passage is in harmony, with verse 82 in the Troades implying that weeping and beating the breasts was a sort of study amongst the ancients and the foregoing rendering is in conformity with this idea and the keeping of time as regards the wailings and blows), and attacking Jupiter himself and all the Gods above with her angry denunciations, she literally filled every distant place with her vocal efforts, although that voice was only that of a woman, after all! Thou art making my death, mother, Hercules said, to be quite out of keeping with what it ought to be! Restrain those tears of thine, let thy woman's grief be kept within thyself. Why, (he continued) thou shouldst make it quite a day of rejoicing, for Juno, to see thee weeping in this manner,

will chuckle at the tears of what she would call her rival's, as regards the affections of Jupiter—rather strengthen thou, mother, any infirmity of spirit thou mayst have it is not the right thing, at all, for thee, to be tearing away at the very breasts that once suckled an Alcides, and to beat against the site of the very womb that bore me! Then giving out a terrific roar, like that which occurred when he dragged Cerberus through the Argolic cities, when the conqueror of Erebus returned from the Stygian realms at which act even Fate itself, which he had always held in such supreme contempt, fairly trembled! And in such a mood he lay down on the pile—what jubilant conqueror ever sat so enwrapped in triumphant glee, at witnessing his own regal pomp, or what tyrant (King) ever dealt decrees to his subjects, with so benign and calm an air of majesty! What a tranquil ending received him at last! The tears of all were stayed—the demonstrations of grief with which they were all affected, ceased forthwith, not one of us even gave forth a groan, when he was about to breathe his last! "Surely it is an unbecoming thing on my part to weep," says Alcmena, "because the weakness of my sex only would seem to be calling it forth," and thus Alcmena checked herself, and she showed a face with tearless eyes, and as a Noble Parent, stood forth vying with her son in self-possession!

NUR. And as he was dying, did he not send forth any prayers to the Gods, and look up to Jupiter to ratify his vows?

PHIL. No! He lay there self-collected and self-reliant and looking steadfastly at the heavens, stared eagerly with his longing eyes, to see whether his father would deign to look down upon him, from some one or other of his lofty celestial palaces; then stretching forth his hands, he said, "In whatever part of the heavens, thou mayst be, oh! my father! look down on thy son; to thee, thee, oh! father, whom one entire day sought for in vain, aforetime, when night followed night, I now appeal if my praises are sung on each shore visited by Phœbus east and west—if they are sung in regions traversed by the whole wandering tribes of Scythia, and if every coast-line records my fame, which the mid-day sun burns up with his scorching rays! If peace reigns throughout the earth—if no cities have any grounds for groaning under their oppressors' hand, nor any such impious specimen of humanity be found, that would dare to defile thy sacred altars! If crimes cease to be committed, I pray thee admit this soul of mine to mix with the stars above, but let not

Si scelera defunt, spiritum admitte hunc, precor, In astra. nec me mortis infernæ locus, Nec mœsta nigri regna conterrent Jovis:	1705
Sed ire ad illos umbra, quos vici, Deos, Pater, erubescō. nube discussa diem Pande, ut Deorum vultus ardentem Herculem Spectet: licet tu sidera & mundum neges, -	1710
Utro, pater, cogere. si voces dolor Abstulerit ulla, pande tum Stygios lacus, Et redde Fatis. approba natum prius. Ut dignus astris videar, hic faciet dies. Leve est, quod actum est. Herculem hic, genitor, dies	1715
Inveniet, aut damnabit. hoc postque addidit: Noverca cernat, quo feram flammam modo. Flammam poposcit. hoc age Alcidae comes; Non fegnis, inquit, corripe Cætæam facem. Quid dextra tremuit? num manus pavida impium Scelus refugit? redde jam pharetras mihi,	1720
Ignave, iners, inermis. en nostros manus Quæ tendat arcus. quis fedet pallor genis? Animo faces invade, quo Alciden vides Vultu jacere: respice arsurum, miser. Vocat ecce jam me genitor, & pandit polos.	1725
Venio, pater. vultusque non idem fuit. Tremente pinum dextera ardentem impuli. Refugit ignis, & reluctantur faces, Et membra vitant: sed recedentem Hercules Insequitur ignem. Caucasum, aut Pindum, aut Athon	1730
Ardere credas. nullus erumpit fonus. Tantum ingemiscit ignis. o durum jecur! Typhon in illo positus immanis rogo Gemuisset ipse, quique convulsam solo Imposuit humeris Ossan Enceladus ferox.	1735
At ille medias inter exurgens faces Semiustus ac laniatus, intrepidus, rubens; Nunc, o parens Herculea, sic stare ad rogam, Te, mater, inquit, sic decet fieri Herculem. Inter vapores positus & flammæ minas,	1740

a place in the infernal regions be assigned for my destination not that the poor sorrowful kingdom of that sombre Jupiter (Pluto) would in any way terrify me, but I should really be put to the blush, that I should have to return as a miserable Umbra to those very gods, whom I once subdued, when I was a Hercules! No! Having driven away the clouds, open for me the avenues to thy celestial kingdom, that the faces of the Gods may look down and see Hercules burning in these flames! It is quite natural, that thou shouldst hesitate, under all circumstances to grant me admission amongst the stars, and to make me

a celestial denizen, but, oh! my father, thou wilt be constrained to do so some time of thy own free will, and if my pain, which I am now undergoing, should extract a single syllable of a murmuring character, consign me, forthwith, to the Stygian lakes and without compunction hand me over to the Fates. But do allow me to prove that I am thy son first! This day will determine, whether I can be a candidate for celestial honors.—But what I have already done, let all things be regarded as comparative trifles! This day, oh! my father, will be either the making or the marring of Hercules!" He afterwards added these remarks—"My step-mother will see for herself, with what composure I bear up against these flames."—He then cried out for more fire "Come hither, thou companion of Alcides, do not be dilatory, but hasten thy steps to feed these Cætæan flames—why is thy hand trembling in that way? Does thy hand shrink as from some terrible crime? Give that quiver back to me directly, thou idle lazy useless fellow! Behold! My hands which can even yet stretch this bow—why that paleness which now shows itself on thy cheeks? Seize up the torches, with the same courage that thou seest Alcides display in his look! Oh! thou miserable wretch, watch me, as I am burning all this time! Behold! Now my father calls me, and he is opening the gates of heaven! I am coming! oh! my father,"—and his face assumed quite a different aspect, it was no longer the same countenance! I began to push on, trembling all the time, and approached the pile, with a burning pine, but the fire seemed to be flagging, and the torches, as it were, seemed unwilling to burn, and to avoid close contact with the body of Hercules, but he moved close to the flames, as they appeared to be receding, and you really would have believed that Caucasus or Pindus or Athos was fairly in flames! No sound escaped from Hercules—the fire, alone, was heard to make its characteristic roaring noise! Oh! What unflinching endurance! Typhœus, that immense giant, placed on such a pile as that, would have roared with a will, and even, that ferocious Enceladus, who bore Ossa on his shoulders, which he tore away from the earth from its very foundations, would have groaned too! But Hercules, rising up in the middle of the flames, half burnt, shockingly mutilated, was courageous and only flushed with excitement, as any animated conqueror would be! "Now, oh! thou parent of Hercules," (Alcmena) he said, "it is becoming on thy part to stand in front of the pile and that is the way for Hercules to be bewailed!" There was Hercules unmoved, in no way disconcerted, placed between columns of smoke and rapacious flames, bending his diminishing

Immotus, inconcussus, in neutrum latus
 Correpta flectens membra, adhortatur, monet.
 Gerit aliquid ardens: omnibus fortem addidit
 Animum ministris. urere ardentem putes.
 Stupet omne vulgus, vix habent flammæ fidem. 1745
 Tam placida frons est, tanta majestas viro.
 Nec properat uri. cumque jam forti datum
 Leto satis pensavit, igniferas trabes
 Hinc inde traxit, nimia quas flamma occupat,
 Totasque in ignem vertit, & qua plurimus 1750
 Exundat ignis, recipit intrepidus, ferox.
 Nunc ora flammis implet. ast illi graves
 Luxere barbæ: cumque jam vultum minax
 Appeteret ignis, lamberent flammæ caput,
 Non pressit oculos. Sed quid hanc mœstam intuo? 1755
 Sinu gerentem? reliquias magni Herculis
 Cineremque jactans squallidum Alcmene gemit.

ALCMENA, PHILOCTETES.

Suam ex Herculis morte cladem Alcmena dolet.

TALCM. IMETE. superi, sata. tam parvus cinis
 Hercules est. huc ille decrevit gigas.
 O quanta, Titan, in nihil moles abit! 1760
 Anilis, heu me, cepit Alciden finis.
 Hic tumulus illi est. ecce vix totam Hercules
 Complevit urnam quam leve est pondus mihi,
 Cui totus æther pondus incubuit leve!
 Ad Tartara olim regnaque, o nate, ultima 1765
 Rediturus ibas. quando ab inferna Styge
 Remeabis iterum? non ut & spoliū trahas,

body to neither one side nor the other, and then he begins, to exhort, admonish, as if, whilst burning as he was, his mind must be occupied about something—he then tries to inculcate a brave bearing on the part of all those in attendance, and you would scarcely credit that any one could go, being burnt in such a way, amidst such flames, without suffering more than Hercules appeared to be undergoing! All the lookers-on are fairly stupefied, and they think that the flames must surely have lost all their calorific virtue—but, then, behold the face of Hercules placid, and so much majesty is revealed in the countenance of that man, nor does he seem to be hurrying on the process of combustion; but when he bethought himself, that he had given ample proof of his courage in meeting death, he then drew towards himself the beams, that were

burning freely, those indeed, on which the flames had taken tightest hold and he turns them all towards the fire, and then moves himself intrepidly—defiantly towards the spot where the flames were the most active—at length, those flames surround his face, but his thick beard soon caught fire, and when the threatening flames were already reaching his face, and were playing around his head, he never once closed his eyes! But what sad woman is it that I am now beholding, and what is she carrying, wrapped up in her clothes? Why! it is surely Alcmena herself—she is wailing, as she is fondly conveying along those sorry ashes—the only relic she now has of the Great Hercules!

ALCMENA—PHILOCTETES.

Alcmena grieves about her own downfall, arising out of the death of Hercules.

ALCMENA.

Oh! ye gods above, go in fear of thy own fate to come upon thee some day, thou perceivest to what a small amount of ashes the great Hercules has been brought! (Holding up the article of clothing containing them) this is what that giant of a man has dwindled to! Ah! me! The clothes dangling about an old woman's body, (thou seest) are ample enough to hold them! Here is a nice sort of tomb for him! (said jeeringly) Behold! the ashes of the once great Hercules scarcely fill this urn! What a light weight, alas! it is for me to carry now! He, too, to whom the whole weight of the heavens was only a light burden! Oh! my son, thou went, formerly, to Tartarus, and the realms of Pluto, when thou returnedst again in safety, from the infernal Styx, but thou wilt never again drag back with thee, a dog Cerberus, and never again, will a Theseus be under an obligation to thee, for restoring him to the light of day—But when wilt thou return, even alone? (without the dog Cerberus) No! the world placed above thee will leave thy shade in repose, and the watch-dog of Tartarus, will prevent thee from ever escaping therefrom! When wilt thou be able again, to force the doors of Tænarus? (entrance of Hell) Ah! to which entrance, thy mother would fain be drawn, but by what path are the realms of Mors to be approached? Thou, that goest to inhabit those regions, travellest by one irrepassable road, never to be trodden again! Why should I, therefore, pass the day in useless complaints?

Rurfumque Thefeus debeat lucem tibi: Sed quando folus? mundus impositus tuas Compefcet umbras, teque Tartareus canis	1770
Inhibere poterit? quando Tænareas fores Pulfabis? ah, quas mater ad fauces agar? Qua mors aditur? vadis ad Manes iter Habiturus unum. quid diem queftu tero?	
Quid mifera duras vita? quid lucem hanc tenes?	1775
Quem parere rurfus Herculem poffum Jovi? Quis me parentem natus Alcmenam fuam Tantus vocabit? o nimis felix, nimis, Thebane conjux. Tartari intrafti loca Florente nato; teque venientem inferi	1780
Timuere forfan, quod pater tantum Herculis Vel falſus aderas. quas petam terras anus, Inviſa ſævis regibus? ſi quis tamen Rex eſt relictus ſævus. hei miferæ mihi!	
Quicumque cæſos ingemunt nati patres, A me petent ſupplicia. me cuncti obruent. Si quis minor Buſiris, aut ſi quis minor Antæus urbes fervidæ terret plagæ, Ego præda ducar. ſi quis Ifmarios greges Thracis cruenti vindicat, carpent greges	1785
Mea membra diri. forſitan pœnas petet Irata Juno. totus uretur dolor. Secura viſto tandem ab Alcide vacat. Pellex ſuperſum, ſupplicia de qua exigat. Ne parere poſſem, ſecit hic natus mihi	1790
Uterum timendum. quæ petam Alcmenæ loca? Quis me locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga Defendet? aut quas mater in latebras agar? Ubique per te nota. ſi patriam petam, Laræſque miferos, Argos Eurysſtheus tenet.	1795
Orbata Thebas regnum & Ifmenum petam, Thalamoſque noſtros, in quibus quondam Jovem Dilecta vidi? præ nimis felix, nimis, Si fulminantem & ipſa ſenſiſſem Jovem!	1800
Utinam meis viſceribus Alcides foret	1805
Exfectus infans! nunc datum eſt miferæ, datum, Videre natum laude certaſtem Jovi: Et hoc daretur ſcire, quod fatum mihi Eripere poſſet! quis memor vivet tui, O nate, populus? omne jam ingratum eſt genus.	1810
Petam Cleonas? Arcadam an populos petam? Meritique terram nobilem quæram tuis?	

Oh! my miserable life, why dost thou cling to me thus?
Why am I thus spared to view the light of heaven?
What Hercules shall I ever bring forth for Jupiter again?
What so great a son will ever call Alcmena "Mother"
again? Oh! too happy, my too happy Theban husband,

Amphitryon, thou enteredst the regions of Tartarus whilst thy son was in the height and pride of glorious manhood! and perhaps, the Gods below somewhat dreaded thy arrival amongst them, inasmuch as thou appearedst as the supposed father of Hercules, although not the real one; what land, shall I, an old woman, go in search of? I am an object of hatred to the cruel kings left behind, and whatever cruel king is left behind. Woe is me! and whatever sons of such kings are bewailing the fate of their slain fathers will single me out as a target for punishment and revenge—one and all will rush forward eagerly to consummate my downfall—if there be an offshoot of Busiris, or any descendant of Antæus be still holding in terror, the cities that exist in that hot country—I shall be looked upon as their legitimate prey! Or if any be alive to revenge the destruction of the Ismarian cattle, which belonged to that cruel Thracian Diomedes, and to let those savage horses feast upon my carcass—perhaps Juno, in her anger, may seek to vent her spleen upon me, by some kind of punishment, and thus, all her long-continued resentment may be expended upon me! At last, she is left safe, since Hercules has thus been conquered; it is true, I, her rival hitherto, am still spared, but my son has caused my womb to be an especial object of alarm to me, lest, by any possibility, I should be made a mother again! What refuge shall I, an Alcmena, seek? What place will protect me—what region—what country in whatever hiding-place in this wide world? Everywhere I go I shall be recognized as thy mother on account of thy exploits! If I seek my own country, the now sad home of my father Electryon, Eurystheus is still in power at Argos! Being thus bereaved, shall I seek the Theban kingdom washed by the waters of the Ismenus, and the scene of my marriage amour, where once a beloved one, I first met with Jupiter! Oh! too happy for me, if I had experienced the lightnings of Jupiter, during that embrace, as Semele once did; I wish that the infant Alcides had been excised from my very womb! Now it has happened to my lot; it has not been brought about, that I should live to behold a son vying with Jupiter in his pretensions to glory! But this has been given me to know, that nothing can snatch me from my destiny! What people, oh! my son, will ever live to be mindful of thy services? The whole race of mankind is one mass of ingratitude! (Shall I seek Cleonæ? Or shall I fly for refuge to the people of Arcadia? I will, at all events, seek out some land rendered famous by thy meritorious deeds! 'Twas in one place, the Hydra fell, in another, the Stymphalides met their end—here, a cruel king was conquered—there,

Heic dira serpens cecidit; heic ales fera; Heic rex cruentus; heic tua fractus manu, Qui te sepulto possidet cœlum, leo.	1815
Si grata terra est, populus Alcmenam tuam Defendat omnis. Thracias gentes petam, Hebrique populos? hæc quoque est meritis tuis Defensa tellus. stabula cum regno jacent.	1820
Heic pax cruento rege prostrato data est. Ubi enim negata est? quod tibi infelix anus. Quæram sepulcrum? de tuis totus rogis Contentat orbis. reliquias magni Herculis Quis populus, aut quæ templa, quæ gentes colent? Quis jam petet, quis poscet Alcmenes onus?	1825
Quæ tibi sepulcra, nate, quis tumulus fat est? Hic totus orbis. fama erit titulus tibi. Quid, anime, trepidas? Herculis cineres tenes. Complectere ossa. reliquæ auxilium dabunt.	1830
Erunt fatis præsidia. terrebunt tuæ Reges vel umbræ. PHYL. Debitos nato quidem Compeſce fletus, mater Alcidiæ incliti. Non est gemendus, nec grâvi urgendus nece, Virtute quisquis abstulit fatis iter.	1835
Æterna virtus Herculem fieri vetat. Fortes vetat mœrere, degeneres jubet. ALCM. Sedabo questus? vindicem amisi parens Terræ atque pelagi, quaque purpureus dies Utrumque clara spectat Oceanum rota.	1840
Quot misera in uno condidi natos parens? Regno carebam, regna sed poteram dare. Una inter omnes terra quas matres gerit, Votis perperci. nil ego a superis petii Incolume nato. quid dare Hercules mihi Non poterat ardor? quis Deus quidquam mihi	1845
Negare poterat? vota in hac fuerant manu. Quidquid negaret Jupiter, daret Hercules. Quid tale genitrix ulla mortalis tulit? Deflevit aliqua mater, & toto stetit Succifa fœtu, bisque septenos greges	1850
Deplanxit una. gregibus æquari meus Quot ille poterat? matribus miseris adhuc Exemplar ingens deerat. Alcmenæ dabo. Cessate matres, pertinax si quas dolor	

that lion was subdued by thy hand, and which now possesses a place in the heavens, and thou, its conqueror art merely buried below! If the earth is grateful, every country and people will defend thy mother Alcmena. Shall I seek the people of Thrace and those who live on the borders of the Hebrus—that is a land, which has been protected by thy valuable labors—the notorious stables with the kingdom itself have fallen too, and here,

peace was secured when that sanguinary king was laid low! Was there ever any thing denied to me?—what burial place shall I, only a miserable old woman, seek out for thee? All the world will dispute for the possession of what was filched by me from the funeral pile (the ashes); what people or what temples or what nation will be the happy possessor of and be able to worship these relics of Hercules? Who is there that is already asking for them—who will beg for this small burden, which Alcmena is now carrying about with her? What burial-place, oh! my son, what tomb will be in keeping with thy deserts? Why, oh! my anxious heart, do I seem to tremble? I ought to remember that I am carrying the ashes of Hercules—to embrace even his incinerated bones, these relics will inspire me with an earnest of ready support—their alone will be a sufficient safeguard!

PHIL. Restrain those tears which, no doubt, are fully called forth, oh! thou mother of glorious Alcides—he must not be bewailed for, too much; too much must not be urged about his terrible form of death, who, by his valor, simply has triumphed over destiny! Such immortal valor forbids that Hercules should be wept for in an ordinary manner.—The brave are forbidden to be wept for, it is only the chicken-hearted ones that demand such pity and sympathy!

ALC. I will check my complaining spirit then, but I, a parent, have lost that avenger of the earth and the sea, and wherever the roseate light of day overlooks both Oceans, East and West, as it is ushered in from the bright chariot of Phœbus! How many sons, alas, do I, as a parent, seem to have buried away in that solitary Hercules! I had no kingdom of my own, but I could always give away kingdoms, I was that only mother amongst all the other mothers in the world, who could do that. But I spared Heaven the addressing of my vows, I sought nothing from the gods above, my son was the stronghold of safety, and what could the ardent love and valor of Hercules not accomplish? What deity could deny me anything, my wishes were all in his power to grant! What Jupiter was inclined to deny that Hercules could give! What like this did any mortal mother ever enjoy as to privilege? A certain mother, Niobe, wept and stood aghast at being deprived of an entire family, and all at once, had to weep for the death of fourteen children! (Apollo killed the males, Diana, the females.) But how many I should like to know could represent as a sum total, the equivalent for my “own”!

Adhuc jubet lugere, quas luctus gravis 1855
 In faxa vertit. cedit his cunctæ malis.
 Agedum, fenile pectus, o miseræ manus,
 Pulsate. & una funeri tanto fat est
 Grandæva anus defecta; quod totus brevi
 Jam quæret orbis? expedi in planctus tamen 1860
 Defessa quamquam brachia. invidiam ut Deis
 Lugendo facias, advoca in planctum genus.

ALCMENA.

Tristis Alcmena nœniam canit.

FLETE Alcmenen, magnique Jovis
 Plangite natum, cui concepto
 Lux una periit, noctesque duas 1865
 Contulit Eos: ipfa quiddam
 Plus luce perit. totæ pariter
 Plangite gentes, quarum fœvos
 Ille tyrannos iussit Stygias
 Penetrare domos, populifque madens 1870
 Ponere ferrum. fletum meritis
 Reddite tantis. totus, totus
 Perfonet orbis. flet Alciden
 Cærula Crete, magno tellus
 Clara Tonante: centum populi 1875
 Brachia pulsent.
 Nunc Curetes, nunc Corybantes,
 Arma Idæa quaffate manu:
 Armis illum lugere decet.
 Nunc nunc funus plangite verum: 1880
 Jacet Alcides non minor ipso,
 Creta, Tonante.
 Flete Herculeos, Arcades, obitus,
 Nondum Phœbo nascente genus.
 Juga Parthenii Nemeæque tonent, 1885

As yet, lamenting mothers have been without any exemplary model whereby to regulate the orthodox standard of grief! I will furnish them now, with one, in the shape of myself, an Alcmena! Cease, oh! ye bewailing mothers, therefore, if any deeply-rooted cause for grief constrains you still to persevere with your weeping, even such as those, whose grief might transform them into stones (alluding to Niobe); yield, one and all of you, in respect of magnititude to this calamity of mine! Come, oh! this senile bosom of mine, and oh! these miserable hands of mine, strike and belabor in orthodox fashion, and do not let any woman, although she may be somewhat stricken

in years, be backward in her manifestations of adequate grieving, for so great a misfortune, which all the world will seek to do shortly—let me get ready, however, for my bewailing observances, although my arms are pretty well wearied out by age, so that I may excite the very jealousy of the Gods, in the way I can weep, and let me summon all sympathizers for the fate of Hercules, to aid in this mournful task!

ALCMENA.

Alcmena, in her grief, chants a funeral dirge.

LAMENT for Alcmena in her grief, weep for the son of the mighty Jupiter, for whom an entire day, was missing at his conception, and Aurora had to pass three consecutive nights in succession—now, something more than mere light has passed away from us, and all ye nations weep alike for him who consigned cruel tyrants to enter their last Stygian resting-place, and cast aside the sword wreaking with blood that threatened the people—tender thy weeping for such great benefits—let every world resound again with mournful cries—let that Crete watered by the blue sea, and favored with such a blue sky, bewail Alcides, that land so renowned as having been the nursery of the mighty Jupiter—let a hundred peoples beat their arms at once, and now let the Curetes, then the Corybantes testify their grief as worthy priests, and jingle the instruments they use on Mount Ida (cymbals, horns, drums and their box-wood flutes)—it is only the right thing on an occasion like this to accompany their lamentations! For now, and now if ever, is the time to strike up a funereal dirge! Oh! Crete, Alcides is now departed, not less great, than Jupiter himself, Bewail, oh! ye Arcadians, bewail the death of Hercules, a race that existed before Phœbus himself was as yet born—let the mountain sides of Parthenium and Nemea resound with cries, and let the peoples about Mænala strike their bodies with hard blows, let them vociferously yet plaintively call back Alcides, the Erymanthian wild boar was laid low on the borders of the country—here it was, that the Stymphalides were summoned from their lofty abodes in the skies by the arrows of Hercules, those birds that with their out-spread wings completely obscured the light of day! Weep, oh! ye people of Argos, weep, oh! ye denizens of Cleonæ, 'twas here that the right hand of my son, destroyed the lion, which was the terror of thy cities. Oh! ye Sithonian matrons deal yourselves

Feriantque graves Mænala planctus. Pofcite magno Alciden gemitu: Stratus veſtris fetiger oris: Aleſque ſequi juſſa ſagittas, Totum pennis velata diem.	1890
Flete, Argolicæ, flete, Cleonæ; Hic terrentem moenia quondam Veſtra leonem fregit noſtri Dextera nati. Date Sithoniæ Verbera matres, gelidufque ſonet Planctibus Hebrus. flete Alciden, Quod non ſtabulis naſcitur infans, Nec veſtra greges viſcera carpunt. Fleat Antæo libera tellus, Et rapta fero plaga Geryonæ.	1895
Mecum miſeræ plangite gentes. Audiant ictus utraque Tethys. Vos quoque mundi turba citati, Flete Herculeos, numina, caſus. Veſtrum Alcides cervice meus Mundum, ſuperi, cœlumque tulit: Cum ſtelligeri veſtor Olympi, Pondere liber ſpiravir Atlas.	1900
Ubi nunc veſtræ, Juppiter, arces? Ubi promiſſi regia mundi? Nempe Alcides mortalis obit; Nempe ſepultus. quoties telis Facibusque tuis ille pepercit! Quoties ignis ſpargendus erat!	1905
In me faltem jaculare ſacem, Semelemque puta. Jamne Elyſias, O nate, domus, jam litus habes, Ad quod populus Natura vocat? Au poſt raptum Styx atra canem Præcluſit iter;	1910
Teque in primo limine Ditis Fata morantur? quis nunc Umbras, Nate, tumultus, Manesque tenet? Fugit abducta navita cymba, Et Centauris Theſſala motis Ferit attonitos ungula Manes? Angueſque ſuos hydra ſub undis Territa merſit? teque labores, O nate, timent?	1915
Fallor, fallor, veſana parens; Nec te Manes Umbraque timent. Non Argolico rapta leoni Fulva pellis conteſta juba Lævus operit dura lacertos, Vallantque feri tempora dentes. Donum pharetræ ceſſere tuæ. Telaque mittet jam dextra minor.	1920
	1925
	1930
	1935

becoming blows, and let the frigid Hebrus cause its lamentations to be heard—weep for Alcides and thankfully, that no infant not as yet born, will be destined to supply the stables of another Diomedes, nor the horses of that cruel king to feed upon their entrails—weep, that land, which was freed from such a gigantic monster as Antæus, and let that country weep that was snatched from the clutches of a Geryon—all ye nations, that have been rendered miserable, grieve in concert with me, and let each side of the sea, East and West, hear each thy moans, and oh! ye deities, the celestial denizens summoned from every part of the heavens, weep for the misfortunes of Hercules! Oh! ye gods above, my Alcides bore the heavens, which ye govern, on his shoulders and propped up the falling firmament, when Atlas, who carried the star-bearing Olympus (that is on account of its height nearly reaching the stars) had to pause and take his breath, while he relieved himself of his burden. Where are thy celestial citadels now. Oh! Jupiter, where is that promised palace in the heavens? Now that Alcides has vanished from this earthly scene, like any other mortal, and forasmuch, as he is practically buried, how often has he saved thee, the trouble of employing thy thunderbolts and thy lightnings? How many times, have thy lightnings been scattered? At the least, hurl thy lightning at me, and think that I am another Semele! Dost thou not, oh! my son, now inhabit, the Elysian habitations?—hast thou not reached that shore to which nature calls all the people from this earth? Or has the sombre Styx closed its doors against thee, since thou triumphantly carried off Cerberus? Or are the Fates loth to admit thee, and are showing some hesitaion, as thou approachest the threshold of Pluto? What a stir, oh! my son, thou wilt make amongst the shades! How thou wilt frighten those Manes! And has Charon fled in dismay, giving up his post as pilot? And the Centaurs getting into an excited state, are they not kicking away furiously at the Manes, with their hoofs of Thessalian memory? Or has the Hydra, with its hundred appended draconian heads, sunk hidingly under the water, thoroughly scared at thy approach? Oh! my son, they fear thee, and marvel at the labors thou hast achieved! I am mistaken—yes, I am mistaken, the foolish doting parent that I am, neither the Manes nor the shades (shades, here, must allude to the monsters) have reason to fear thee now! that terrible skin, which thou tookest from the Argolic (Nemæan) Lion, no longer adorns thy robust shoulders, and its ferocious fangs no longer encrown thy noble temples. The quiver has been given up as a

Vadis inermis, nate, per umbras,
Ad quas semper manfurus eris.

ALCMENA, HERCULES.

Solatur lugentem matrem Hercules in Deorum collegium
translatus, *machina autem demissus Herc. ex editiore
loco supra episcenium inducitur.*

HERC.	Q UID me tenentem regna fiderei poli, Cœloque tandem redditum, planctu jubes Sentire fatum? parce. nam virtus mihi In aftra, & ipsos fecit ad superos iter.	1940
ALCM.	Unde sonus trepidas aures ferit? Unde meas inhibet lacrimas fragor? Agnosco, agnosco, victum est Chaos.	1945
	A Styge, nate, redis iterum mihi: Fractaque non semel est Mors horrida. Vicisti rursus Noctis loca, Puppis & infernæ vada tristia.	1950
	Pervius est Acheron jam languidus, Et remeare licet foli tibi; Nec te Fata tenent post funera. An tibi præclufit Pluton iter, Et pavidus regni metuit sibi?	1955
	Certo ego te vidi flagrantibus Impositum filvis, cum plurimus In cœlum fureret flammæ metus. Arifti certe; verum ultima Non tenuere tuas umbras loca.	1960
	Quid timuere tui manus, precor? Umbra quoque est Diti nimis horrida.	
HERC.	Non me gementis stagna Cocyti tenent, Non puppis umbras furva tranfvexit meas. Jam parce, mater, questibus. Manes semel Umbraſque vidi: quidquid in nobis tui Mortale fuerat, ignis evictus tulit. Paterna cœlo pars data est, flammis tua. Proinde planctus pone, quos nato paret Genitrix inertis. luctus in turpes eat.	1965
	Virtus in aftra tendit, in mortem timor. Præfens ab aftris, mater, Alcides cano,	1970

present to Philoctetes, and now a less mighty hand than
thine will discharge the arrows therefrom! Thou goest
thither without offensive weapons, oh! my son, towards
those shades, amongst which, alas! thou must dwell for
ever!

ALCMENA—HERCULES.

Hercules, having been raised to the companionship of the gods, consoles his grieving mother, but being lowered from the habitations above, by the same aerial contrivance, as that by which he was translated to the heavens, is introduced into this scene,

HERCULES.

WHY dost thou force thyself to bewail my fate, when thou perceivest that I am now in possession of an abode in the starry heavens, and at last received into the celestial regions—be sparing, therefore, in thy lamentations, for my valor has wrought its way to the stars and the gods above!

ALC. Whence this sound, that has just now struck my ears? Whence the crash, which, from its very suddenness has arrested my tears? The infernal regions and Mars are overcome! Chaos is conquered! Oh! my son, thou art returning to me from the Styx, and Mars has been vanquished for the second time! But hast thou, really, overcome the obscure realms of Nox, and those dreadful streams ferried over by that craft of Charon's? Is Acheron, heretofore a swiftly flowing river, only skimming along languidly now, and has it thus allowed thee only, to reappear on this earth? Or is it that the Fates cannot control thee, even when thou art dead? Or has Pluto barred up against thee, the approaches to his kingdom? And anxious as to the safety of that kingdom, that he has been equally so about himself? I certainly saw thee placed on those burning contributions of the forest, which composed thy funeral pile! When the terrible flames raised themselves high up towards the heavens, thou wert burning most assuredly, but then, the last goal, Tartarus, that has to be reached by all mortals alike, as it would appear, has not been arrived at by thy Manes! (spirit). I pray thee, tell me, why these Manes have gone in such fear of thy Umbra? Is it, that thy Umbra is to terrifying for even Pluto to behold?

HERC. The stagnant waters of the Cocytus have not returned me, nor has that unrelenting bark, flying its way towards eternal darkness, had the task of conveying my mortal remains across its streams! Now be sparing, mother, of thy lamentations. I have seen the Shades and the Manes once only, and whatever there was in me, of a mortal nature, the fire has overcome and elimin-

Poenas cruentus jam tibi Euryftheus dabit.
 Curru superbum vecta transcendes caput.
 Me jam decet subire cœlestem plagam. 1975
 Inferna vici rufus Alcides loca.
 ALCM. Mane parumper. cessit; ex oculis abiit;
 In aftra fertur. fallor, an vultus putat
 Vidisse natum? misera mens incredula est.
 Es numen, & te mundus æternus tenet. 1980
 Credo triumphis. regna Thebarum petam,
 Novumque templis additum numen canam.

CHORUS.

Herculis ἀνοθέωσι aspirat Chorus, novumque numen
 adorat.

NUNQUAM Stygias fertur ad umbras
 Inclita virtus. vivite fortes;
 Vos Lethæos sæva per amnes 1985
 Nec fata trahent. sed cum summas
 Exiget horas consumta dies,
 Iter ad superos gloria pandet.
 Sed tu, domitor magne ferarum,
 Orbisque simul pacator, ades. 1990
 Nunc quoque nostras respice terras:
 Et si qua novo bellua vultu
 Quatiet populos terrore gravi,
 Tu fulminibus frange trifulcis.
 Fortius ipso genitore tuo 1995
 Fulmina mittes.

ated, but the paternal portion of me, that given to me by Heaven, remains! The flames have claimed, as their own, what I received from thee! [The mortal portion.] Henceforward lay aside thy weeping, which a mother only spares for a helpless mortal son! Let grief, therefore, be reserved for the baser-born of mankind! Valor bends its course, upwards, to the stars! Cowardice shrinks downwards, with its eyes on Mors: being now before thee, mother, and coming from the stars (direct) I enunciate to thee, this prediction! The time will arrive, when that cruel Eurystheus will suffer his punishment and at thy hands, thou shalt pass over his proud head in thy triumphal chariot! (He is afterwards slain by Hyllus.) It is now proper and right for me to go back to the heavenly regions again. I, Alcides, thou now perceivest, have again triumphed over the infernal realms!

ALC. Wait a little time! Oh! he escapes from me—he disappears from my vision—he is borne towards the stars! Am I under some illusion of the senses? Or does my vision deceive me only, in supposing that I have just seen my son! My wretched mind is really not quite made up on the point! Thou art a veritable Deity now, my son, and I will seek the Theban kingdom, and will there sing to the praises of the new Divinity which has been given to their temples, and to whom they may now render their homage!

CHORUS.

The chorus breathes forth its thanks for the Apotheosis of Hercules, and is ready to worship the newly acquired Deity.

RENOWNED valor is never brought so low, as to have to return to the sombre shades! live, oh! ye brave ones of the earth! Neither the cruel Fates will drag you through the streams of the Lethe, but when the last day of your lives has passed away, and your last hours have arrived (are demanded from you), Glory will open up the way to the gods above! But thou, Hercules, camest as the great conqueror of the wild beasts, and at the same time, to be the pacificator of the world! Even now, thou wilt deign to look upon the earth, and if any huge monster, with a new form, should agitate the people with grievous terrors, thou wilt strike it down with thy three-forked lightnings, and thou wilt send thy lightnings forth with a stronger hand, too, than even thy father, Jupiter, ever did!

OCTAVIA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIA.
NUTRIX OCTAVIÆ.
CHORUS ROMANORUM.
SENECA.
PRÆFECTUS.

POPPÆA.
AGRIPPINA.
NERO.
NUNTIUS.

ARGUMENTUM.

CLAUDIUS DRUFUS CÆSAR MESSALINÆ, quæ illi Britannicum & Octaviam pepererat, quod Silio nupiffet, mori iuffæ, Agrippinam filiam fratris fui Germanici, viduam Cn. Dom. Ænobarbi Neronis, superinduxit; cujus filio Neroni Octaviam fuam in matrimonium dedit. Claudio & Brittannico veneno fublatis, Nero Imp. Octaviam, quam oderat, repudiat, Poppæam Sabinam ducit, cujus divortii caufa commoti populi tumultum multa cæde reprimit, & Octaviam in Pandatariam ablegatam interfici jubet.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

OCTAVIA.

Vitæ pertæfa miferias fuas defiet Octavia.

JAM vaga cælo fidera fulgens
Aurora fugat: furgit Titan
Radiante coma, mundoque diem
Reddit clarum.
Age, tot tantis onerata malis, 5
Repete afuetos jam tibi queftus,
Atque æquoreas vince Alcyonas;
Vince & volucres Pandionias:
Gravior namque his fortuna tua eft.
Semper genitrix defenda mihi, 10
Prima meorum caufa malorum,
Triftes queftus
Natæ exaudi, fi quis remanet
Sensus in umbris. utinam ante manu
Grandæva fua mea rupiffet 15
Stamina Clotho, tua quam mœrens
Vulnera vidi,
Oraque fædo fparfa cruore!
O lux femper funefta mihi!
Tempore ab illo lux eft tenebris 20
Iuvifa magis.
Tulimus fævæ iuffa novercæ,
Hoftilem animum, vultusque truces.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIA.	POPPÆA.
OCTAVIA'S NURSE.	AGRIPPINA.
CHORUS OF ROMANS.	NERO.
SENECA.	MESSENGER.
PREFECT.	

ARGUMENT.

CLAUDIUS DRUSUS CÆSAR (Messalina, because she had married Silius, being condemned to die—she had borne him (Cæsar) Britannicus and Octavia) took to himself, for a fourth wife (he had divorced Urgulanilla and Ælia Pætina before he married Messalina). Agrippina, the daughter of his brother Germanicus, and the widow of Cn. Domitius Ænobarbus Nero, to whose son, he gave his daughter Octavia in marriage. Claudius and Britannicus being poisoned, Nero, then Emperor, divorces Octavia, whom he had always hated, and marries Pop-pæa Sabina; in consequence of which divorce he had to put down the riots amongst the populace amidst great slaughter, and he orders Octavia to be transported to Pandataria, and there to be slain.

ACT I.

OCTAVIA.

Octavia, weary of her existence, bewails her misery.

AURORA, that was shining brilliantly in the heavens, is now forsaking the wandering starry group, and Titan is rising from his Eastern couch, with his radiating flakes of fire, and is giving forth to the world another bright day. Let me pursue the recital of my woes burdened as I am with so many and such great misfortunes, and let me rehearse to thee my oft-repeated complaints, and let me surpass the Alcyons (Ceyx and Alcyon) which give out their dismal notes, as they hover over their aquatic abodes (during the nidifying season) and let me exceed too the Pandionian birds (Progne and Philomela) with my dolorous strains! for my troubles are greater, than ever theirs were—it is always a mother, a mother that is the prominent theme in my lamentations, the first cause of my misfortunes, hear then the sad complaints of a daughter—if any sense or feeling is to be looked for in those numbered with the shades; I wish that Clotho had

Illa illa meis triftis Erinnyſ
 Thalamis Stygios prætulit ignes? 25
 Teque exſtinxit, miſerande pater,
 Modo cui totus paruit orbis
 Ultra Oceanum, cuique Britanni
 Terga dedere,
 Ducibus noſtris ante ignoti, 30
 Jurique fui.
 Conjugis (heu me!) pater infidiis
 Oppreſſe jaces; ſervitque domus
 Cum prole tua capta tyranno!

NUTRIX OCTAVIÆ.

Propter alumnæ ſuæ Octaviæ calamitatem ſublimis & aulicæ
 vitæ conditionem exſecratur.

FULGORE primo captus, & fragili bono 35
 Fallacis aulæ quiſquis attonitus ſtupet,
 Subito labantis ecce Fortunæ impetu
 Modo præpotentem cernat everſam domum,
 Stirpemque Claudii, cujus imperio fuit
 Subjectus orbis, paruit liber diu 40
 Oceanus, & recepit invitus rates.
 En qui Britannis primus impoſuit jugum,
 Ignota e ante claſſibus textit freta,
 Interque gentes barbaras tutus fuit,
 Et ſæva maria; conjugis ſcelere occidit, 45
 Mox illa nati. cujus exſtinctus jacet
 Frater venenis. mœret infelix foror,
 Eademque conjux. nec graves luſtus valet
 Ira coacta tegere. crudelis viri
 Secreta refugit ſemper, atque odio pari 50
 Ardens mariti, mutua flagrat face.
 Animum dolentis noſtra ſolatur fides,
 Pietasque fruſtra. mutat immitis dolor
 Conſilia, noſtra. nec regi mentis poteſt

broken the threads of my life, with her venerable fingers, before, ever plunged in the abyſs of grief, I beheld the wounds on thy body (Messalina's) and thy face beſmeared with the ſightly blood! Oh! this access of the light of day, it is always diſtreſſing to my mind (from the repulſive reminſcences). Light is now more odious to me, than ever Stygian darkneſs could be, ever ſince that ſorrowful time—I have had to ſubmit to the imperious tyranny of a ſtep-mother, her hostile ſpirit, and her ſavage glances! It is ſhe, ſhe that, like cruel Erinnyſ, has im-

ported her Stygian torches and disturbed the harmony of the marriage homestead! And she has destroyed thee. oh! my father a thousand times to be pitied, whom till now, the whole world beyond the very ocean! owed subjection—at whose appearance on their shores, the affrighted Britons fled in dismay; having never before owed allegiance to any foreign conqueror! Ah me! oh! my father, thou art laid low, fallen by the wicked snares of a wife (destroyed by one of the fungi, Boletus, a poisonous mushroom) and thy palace and thy off-spring are under the cruel rule of a tyrant.

OCTAVIA'S NURSE.

On account of the sad misfortunes befalling her nurse-child Octavia, the nurse execrates the drawbacks which beset the proud surroundings of life in a Palace.

ANY one that is captivated at first sight by the outside splendor and fleeting advantages of the treacherous palace, can now behold with his own eyes, wonder-struck, and realize what remains of a once most powerful dynasty overthrown on a sudden by the insidious advantages of adverse fate, and see what has befallen the offspring of Claudius, to whose imperial sway the whole world was once subject, and by whom that Ocean hitherto free, and unnavigated over, was brought under control and was constrained to afford an unopposed passage for our Roman fleets! Think that it was he who first placed the Britons under any foreign yoke, and covered the very seas, before unknown to the Romans, with his fleets, and amongst even such barbarous nations, and such tempestuous seas, he was, at all events, in a state of personal safety! But alas! he fell at last by the wickedness of a wife—presently she will share the same lot at the hands of a son (Nero), and a brother of whom is now lying dead from the effects of poison. (Britannicus was not a brother, by the ties of blood, Nero became a brother by adoption only.) That miserable sister (by marriage only) and likewise wife, is in a deep grief, nor does her restrained anger suffice to conceal her terrible woe—she always avoids being alone with her cruel husband, eschewing privacy, and her angry sentiments are quite on a par with the aversion which the husband entertains towards her! They burn with mutual hatred! The confidence, which she reposes in me, is in some sort a consolation to her grieving heart, but devoted affection is quite useless, inas much as her uncontrollable grief thwarts all my well-in-

Generosus ardor, fed malis vires capit. 55
 Heu, quam nefandum prospicit noster timor
 Scelus. quod utinam numen avertat Deum!

OCTAVIA, NUTRIX.

Lugentem Octaviam nutrix confolatur, & a vindicta, quam
 cogitat, dehortatur.

OCT. **O**MEA nullis æquanda malis
 Fortuna! licet repetam luctus,
 Electra, tuos. tibi moerenti 60
 Cæsum licuit flere parentem;
 Scelus ulcisci vindice fratre,
 Tua quem pietas hosti rapuit,
 Textitque fides: me crudeli
 Sorte parentes raptos prohibet 65
 Lugere timor, fratrisque necem
 De flere vetat, in quo fuerat
 Spes una mihi,
 Totque malorum breve folamen.
 Nunc in luctus servata meos, 70
 Magni resto nominis umbra.
 NUTR. Vox (heu) nostras perculit aures
 Tristis alumnæ.
 Cessas thalamis inferre gradus,
 Tarda fenectus? OCT. Excipe nostras 75
 Lacrimas, nutrix. testis nostris
 Fida doloris. NUTR. Quis te tantis
 Solvet curis, miseranda, dies?
 OCT. Qui me Stygias mittet ad umbras.
 NUTR. Omina, quæso, sint ista procul. 80
 OCT. Non vota meos tua nunc casus,
 Sed fata regunt. NUTR. Dabit afflictæ
 Meliora Deus tempora mitis.
 Tu modo blando vince obsequio

tioned advice, nor can her resolute strong-mindedness, be in any way brought under by my efforts, but she even seems to have acquired increased determination, arising out of the very misfortunes she has undergone! Alas! what wicked crime do my alarms lead me on to foreshadow, would that the kind intervention of the Gods may avert such a climax!

OCTAVIA—NURSE.

The Nurse consoles the grieving Octavia, and dissuades her from prosecuting any revenge, which she might be contemplating.

OCTAVIA.

O H! my cruel destiny, to be equalled by none, in the severity of my misfortunes, it may be, Electra, that I shall rehearse thy griefs in my own personal sufferings—it was thy fate to have to bewail the loss of a murdered parent, but in thy case, there was a brother in view, to revenge, at some future time, by that terrible crime a brother, whom thy affection snatched away from the sword of the enemy and to whom thy fidelity gave its sheltering protection: but my fear for the consequences hinders me from even outwardly bewailing the loss of my parents, who were snatched away from me, by the cruel hand of fate; it forbids me, too, to bemoan the death of a brother, in whom my one, my only hope was centred! There was a brief interval of consolation afforded me amidst such great misfortunes (while the brother Britannicus lived), but now, forsooth, I am handed over alone, with no brother to look forward to, to my own bitter grief, and thus I remain only, now, as the shadow of a once great name!

NUR. Alas! a sorrowing voice has struck my ears! and why should I, although affected with the tardiness of old age, hesitate to hasten with quickened steps to the bed-chamber of Octavia?

OCT. Trace these tears to their proper source, Nurse, thou art the one faithful witness of my grief.

NUR. What day will ever arrive, oh, thou one to be pitied, which will rid thee of thy troubles?

OCT. What day (dost thou mean) will arrive? (Is it the day on which I shall be packed off to the Stygian Shades?

NUR. I beseech the Gods, may such an unpropitious day as that, then, be a long way off!

OCT. Unfortunately, thy wishes, Nurse, have no influence over such troubles as mine, but the Fates have!

NUR. Surely a merciful deity will vouchsafe better times for the one afflicted as thou art; but thou hast calmed thyself down somewhat, just try and prevail on thy husband's susceptibilities, if he has any, and assume a bland, obsequious demeanour towards him.

Placata virum. OCT. Vincam fœvos	85
Ante leones, tigrefque truces, Fera quam fœvi corda tyranni. Odit genitos fanguine claro, Spernit fuperos hominesque fimul, Nec fortunam capit ipfe fuam,	90
Quam dedit illi per ſcelus ingens Infanda parens. licet ingratum Diræ pudeat munere matris, Hoc imperium cepiffe; licet Tantum munus morte rependat:	95
Feret hunc titulum poſt fata tamen Femina longo ſemper in ævo. NUTR. Animi retine verba furentis. Temere emiffam comprime vocem. OCT. Toleranda quamvis patiar, haud unquam queant,	100
Niſi morte trifti, noſtra ſiniri mala. Genitrice cæſa, per ſcelus raptò patre, Orbata fratre, miſeriis, luctu obruta, Mœrore preſſa, conjugì inviſa, ac meæ Subjecta famulæ, luce non grata fruor;	105
Trepidante ſemper corde, non mortis metu, Sed ſcleris. abſit crimen a fatiſ meis: Mori juvabit. poena nam gravior nece eſt, Videre tumidos & truces miſeræ mihi Vultus tyranni, jungere atque hoſti oſcula,	110
Timere nutus; cujus obſequium meus Haud ferre poſſet, fata poſt fratris, dolor, Scelere interemti; cujus imperium tenet Et morte gaudet auctor infandæ necis. Quam ſæpe triftis umbra germani meis	115
Offertur oculis, membra cum ſolvit quies, Et feffa fletu lumina oppreſſit ſopor! Modo facibus atris armat infirmas manus, Oculoſque, & ora fratris infeſtus petit: Modo trepidus idem refugit in thalamos meos.	120
Perfequitur hoſtis, atque iuhærenti mihi Violentus enſem per latus noſtrum rapit. Tunc tremor & ingens excutit fomnos pavor,	

OCT. I ſhall have to overcome, firſt the ſavage lion of the plains, and the fierce tiger of the jungle, before I can ſubjugate the adamant heart of the tyrant Nero.—The fact is, he has an inſtinctive hatred to ſtart with, of any one deſcended from an illuſtrious race—he deſpises alike, the ignoble herd of mankind and the Gods above as well, nor has he received anything at the hands of fortune, but what a cruel parent has heaped upon him, as the proceeds of aggravated crime; although he is ungrateful enough to be aſhamed of ever having received anything

from that cruel mother, he has, nevertheless, taken upon himself, the dominion over this empire, and although, in return for such a great gift, he hands her over to be assassinated! But a woman will long hold the credit for her share in the transaction, even after her death, and it will continue to last for many a long year in the minds of the people.

NUR. Restrain the expressions of thy angered mind, weigh with care the words thou sufferest to escape thy lips.

OCT. Although I may patiently suffer these things, and appear to tolerate them, my misfortunes can never be brought to an end, but by the sad alternative means of Death! What with a murdered mother—a father snatched from me by a wicked crime—robbed of a brother—overwhelmed with all kinds of misery and grief—hateful in the eyes of a husband, and exposed to the insolent authority of a subject, it cannot be supposed that I can enjoy my life vastly! My heart is perpetually in a kind of tremble, not from the fear of death, but from the possibility of some crime being committed! May I, however, never be fated to perpetrate one! It would please me to die, and the punishment of death itself could not be more dreadful to bear, especially by me in my miserable state, than having to encounter the angry and murderous looks of that tyrant (Nero) and then to have to exchange kisses with a downright enemy, which I know him to be, so as to dread his very nod! Whose caresses my inward grief could not permit me to entertain, and after that fate of my brother's, who fell a victim to his crimes, and whose very empire he has usurped, and who glories in having been the author of that impious slaughter! How often is the tristful ghost of my brother brought before my mental vision, when a state of bodily repose relaxes my tired frame, and sleep invades the lids so wearied with weeping—Sometimes the ghost arms its feeble hands with funeral torches, and aims its blows at the eyes and face of his brother, (Nero was a brother by adoption only) who, in a state of alarm takes refuge in my couch—the enemy still pursuing him, and making a rush at him, as he is clinging to me, passes his sword through my side! Then the tremors come over me, and an intense dread drives away further sleep and my grief is renewed, and the alarms, as to my own miserable fate, return to me in force.—Then add to this—that insolent concubine (Poppæa) shining forth bedecked in all the finery which our palatial home affords her; to gratify whose whims and caprices,

Renovatque luctus & metus miseræ mihi. Adice his superbam pellicem, nostræ domus Spoliis nitentem; cuius in munus suam Stygiæ parentem natus imposuit rati, Quam dira post naufragia superato mari Ferro interemit, sævior pelagi fretis.	125
Quæ spes salutis post nefas tantum mihi? Inimica, victrix, imminet thalamis meis: Odioque nostri flagrat, & pretium stupri Justæ maritum conjugis captat caput. Emergere undis, & fer auxilium tuæ Natæ invocanti, genitor; aut Stygios finus Tellure rupta pande, quo præceps ferar.	130
NUTR. Frustra parentis invocas manes tui, Miseranda, frustra, nulla cui prolis fux Manet inter umbras cura, qui nato suo Præferre potuit fanguine alieno fatum, Genitamque fratris conjugem captus fibi Toris nefandis flebili junxit face. Hinc orta series facinorum, cædes, doli, Regni cupido, fanguinis diri fitis:	135
Maçtata focerî concidit thalamis gener Victima, tuis ne fieret hymenæis potens. Prò facinus ingens! feminæ est munus datus Silanus, & cruore foedavit suo Patrios penates, criminis ficti reus.	145
Intravit hostis (hei mihi) captam domum, Dolis novercæ, Principis factus gener, Idemque natus, juvenis infandi ingenii Capaxque scelerum, dira cui genitrix facem Accendit, & te junxit invitam metu.	150
Tantoque victrix facta successu ferox, Ausâ imminere est orbis imperio sacri. Quis tot referre facinorum formas potest, Et spes nefandas feminæ, & blandos dolos Regnum petentis per gradum scelerum omnium?	155
Tunc sancta Pietas extulit trepidos gradus, Vacuamque Erinnyis sæva funesto pede Intravit aulam; polluit Stygia face	160

that son has caused his own mother to be embarked on board an unseaworthy craft, veritably only one meant to reach the Stygian banks! (that is, one which meant destruction, that would easily fall to pieces through the action of the waves, and be wrecked) and that mother whom, after the craft had become a wreck, and the difficulty of the waves had even been surmounted, he slew with his sword, and which proved to her a more cruel enemy than the waves of the sea! What prospect of safety dost thou think there can be, and security for me, after such

a crime as that? That hostile woman, that Nero-conqueress, Poppæa is like some tempestuous cloud, hovering over my matrimonial bondage, and is burning with her hatred towards me, and she is now requiring at the hands of a husband, the life of a legitimate wife, as the price of her infamy! Oh my father, be thou emerged from the Stygian streams, and grant aid to thy daughter, or the earth being opened up, bring to my view that Stygian gulf, into which I would, myself, fain be borne headlong!

NUR. In vain thou invokest the Manes of thy father Oh! thou art much to be pitied—in vain I repeat, as amongst the manes, there is no anxiety with them, as to the offspring they left behind them (allusion is here implied to the Oblivion induced by Lethe), and he could prefer one of an alien race, to his own son, his own flesh and blood, and who took to himself by an incestuous marriage, a wife who was the daughter of a brother, has intermingled the race, by a most deplorable and unpropitious nuptial knot! Hence it is, that a whole series of crimes has been the outcome—murders—wholesale treacheries, the terrible grasping for power and that thirst for the cruel shedding of blood! The same day that the son-in-law of Claudius, Silanus, fell a victim, thy father's marriage with Agrippina took place, lest he should be found to gather greater influence in consequence of thy marriage! Oh! that intense piece of wickedness! Silanus was presented to that vile woman, Agrippina, as a sort of wedding present and that noble young Roman stained with his blood his own paternal household gods, having been falsely accused, by a trumped up charge of fictitious crime! Woe is me! The arch-enemy has now entered the palace to which access has been gained by the treachery and wiles of a woman, and he that has been made a son-in-law of the Emperor Claudius, in the same way that he has been constituted a son by adoption, a young man of a most cruel disposition and capable of any crime, for whom that mother of his ignited the nuptial torches and joined thee by the marriage knot, although thou fearest, and wast averse to such a union, and that ferocious woman, who accomplished whatever she set about, with great success, has actually dared to shed her imperious will over the cherished destinies of the very world! Who can describe the many forms in which crime has been served up, and the diabolical ambition of that woman, and her smooth, unsuspected treachery, whilst she is seeking to gain imperial power through every gradation of crime.—Thus it is, that Piety with all its sacred associations quits the scene, in trembling horror! and thus cruel Erinnyes,

Sacros penates: jura Naturæ furens Fasque omne rupit; miscuit conjux viro Venena fæva; cecidit atque eadem fui	165
Mox scelere nati. tu quoque extinctus jaces Defende nobis semper, infelix puer, Modo fidus orbis, columen Augustæ domus, Britannice, (heu me) nunc levis tantum cinis, Et tristis umbra; fæva cui lacrimas dedit	170
Etiam noverca, cum rogis artus tuos Dedit cremandos, membraque & vultus Deo Similes volanti, flamma fervens abstulit. OCT. Exstinguat & me, ne manu nostra cadat. NUTR. Natura vires non dedit tantas tibi.	175
OCT. Dolor, ira, mœror, miseræ, luctus dabunt. NUTR. Vince obsequendo potius immitem virum. OCT. Ut fratrem ademtum scelere restituat mihi? NUTR. Incolumis ut sis ipsa, labentem ut domum Genitoris olim fobole restituas tua.	180
OCT. Exspectat aliam Principis fobolem domus: Me dira miseri fata germani trahunt. NUTR. Confirmet animum civium tantus favor. OCT. Solatur iste nostra, non relevat, mala. NUTR. Vis magna populi est. OCT. Principis major tamen.	185
NUTR. Respiciet ipse conjugem. OCT. Pellex vetat. NUTR. Invisa cunctis nempe. OCT. Sed cara est viro. NUTR. Nondum uxor est. OCT. Jam fiet, & genitrix simul.	

with all her ill-boding, advances into the palace to take her vacant place! She has defiled the sanctity of our household gods with her Stygian torches, in her fury, she has broken down the institutions of Nature herself, and set every human law at defiance—a cruel wife has prepared the poisoned bowl for a husband, and she, herself, has perished afterwards by the hands of a son—and thou also, Britannicus, hast been deprived of thy life, to be bewailed by us for ever! Oh! unhappy boy, till lately the great star of the Universe, the prop and mainstay of the Imperial Augustan Dynasty (the Cæsars). Oh! Britannicus! woe is me! thou art now only a collection of flimsy ashes, and a tristful shade! For whom, be it said, even thy cruel step-mother shed a few tears, when she gave up thy body to be consumed on the funeral pile, resembling as thou didst, the winged God himself, (Cupid) in thy shapely form and comely face—the greedy flames, however, took all that away! Octavia!

OCT. And let them extinguish me in like manner, lest the tyrant fall by my hand.

NUR. Nature has not endowed thee, with such strength, as to enable thee to carry out such a threat.

OCT. Long continued grief, anger, heaviness of heart, misery of soul, lamentations would supply me with the necessary strength I should think.

NUR. No! rather subdue that fierce man, by wheedlings and caresses.

OCT. That I may induce him to restore to me a brother of whom he has deprived me by a cruel crime! Dost thou mean that?

NUR. No, not that; but that thou, thyself, might be in a state of security, that thou some day might build up the shattered dynasty, of which thy father was the dignified head, with thy own off-spring!

OCT. The palace of the Emperor is expecting another arrival in the shape of offspring, the cruel fate of my miserable brother will soon drag me towards a similar end.

NUR. So favorable is the feeling of the citizens towards thee, that this fact goes far to conform my hopes.

OCT. Yes! it is a good thing, to have one's misfortunes pitied, but that does not remove nor even lessen the incubus resulting, therefrom—(the weight of troubles).

NUR. The power of the populace is great.

OCT. That, however, of an Emperor is greater.

NUR. But he surely will have some regard for a wife.

OCT. No! a concubine will stand in the way of that.

NUR. But it is granted, that she is odious in the sight of all the people.

OCT. But she is held dear by Nero.

NUR. She is not a wife as yet, remember!

OCT. But she will soon become one, and a mother as well!

affections of thy husband for a long time—it is an old love affair—but this same woman is now evidently, more submissive and more subdued in her manner, as if she feared that some one else might be preferred to herself (lest in like manner, another may be preferred to herself as she, herself, was to Octavia), and she shows this by various indications, by which, as if tacitly confessing it, she openly portrays her fears! And the winged God (Cupid) may leave her in the lurch, let her beauty be never so transcendent, or however proud she may be of her wealth of physical attractions—all this sort of thing amounts to a very limited lease of human enjoyment. The Queen of the Gods herself, has, aforesaid, undergone grief similar to thy own, when Jupiter, the lord of the heavens, and father of the Gods, changed himself into all kinds of shapes, and when, at one time, he assumed the plumage of a swan (to gain the better of Leda), at another time, he donned the horns of the Sidonian bull, (when he carried off Europa) then again, the same Jupiter has fallen upon another, as a golden shower (when he introduced himself to Danaë). The constellations of Leda are now shining in the heavens, Bacchus is duly installed in his father's Olympian kingdom and Alcides possesses Hebe as a wife, now that he has been made a god, nor does Alcides any longer fear the anger of Juno, whose acknowledged son-in-law he is now, having married Hebe, but who was formerly considered in the light of an enemy! However, the wise submissiveness of an exalted wife like Juno, with her dissembled grief, has completely overcome the temper of Jupiter, and the mighty Juno reigns supreme in the ethereal marriage couch of the Thundering Jove! Nor does Jupiter, now desert the palaces on high, captivated by mortal beauties; and thou, Octavia, art another Juno, although a terrestrial one, thou art the sister and wife of an Augustus. (The emperors at that time assumed the title of "Augustus.") Conquer therefore thy troubles as Juno did.

OCT. Let the stormy seas seek cordial companionship with the stars and let fire mingle with water, let the very heavens descend and take the place of grim Tartarus, let balmy light amicably join hands with hideous darkness, and bright clear day ally itself with the dewy night, before my mental tenderness could harmonize with the impious disposition of that wicked husband of mine. I am ever mindful of my murdered brother, I wish that the ruler of the heavenly gods would make ready to cut short with his lightnings, the terrible life of that cruel

Mentesque nostras ignibus terret sacris, Novisque monstris! vidimus cœlo jubar Ardens, cometam pandere infestam facem, Qua plauftra tardus noctis æterna vice Regit Bootes, frigido Arctoo rigens.	230
En ipse diro spiritu sævi ducis Polluitur æther, gentibus clades novas Minantur astra, quas regit dux impius. Non tam ferum Typhona neglecto Jove Irata tellus edidit quondam parens.	235
Hæc gravior illo pestis. hic hostis Deum Hominumque, templis expulit superos suis, Civesque patria; spiritum fratri abstulit; Haufit cruorem matris; & lucem videt? Fruiturque vita, noxiamque animam trahit? Prò, fumme genitor, tela cur frustra jacies Invicta toties temere regali manu?	240
In tam nocentem dextra cur cessat tua? Utinam suorum facinorum pœnas luat Nero, ipse Divo Domitio genitus patre, Orbis tyrannus, quem premit turpi jugo; Morumque vitiiis nomen Augustum inquinat.	250
NUTR. Indignus ille (fateor) est thalamis tuis; Sed cede fati atque fortunæ tuæ, Alumna, quæso; neve violenti move Iram mariti. forsitan vindex Deus. Exsister aliquis, lætus & veniet dies.	255
OCT. Gravi Deorum nostra jam pridem domus Urgetur ira: prima quam preffit Venus, Furore miseræ dira genitricis meæ: Quæ nupta demens nupsit incesta face, Oblita nostri, conjugis, legum immemor.	260
Illo soluta crine, succincta anguibus, Ultrix Erinnys venit ad Stygios toros, Raptasque thalamis fanguine exstinxit faces: Incendit ira Principis pectus truci Cædem in nefandam. cecidit infelix parens	265

emperor—that deity, who so often shakes the earth with his frightful thunderbolts and terrifies our very souls with his awful igneous displays and novel wonders (fresh prodigies). But I have witnessed of late a blazing phenomenal splendor in the heavens, a comet that has exposed to my view its ominous fiery torch, (tail) just where slow-moving Boötes, stiff as it were with the Arctic cold, drives his wagon at each turn of the night continually; behold, the very atmosphere seems polluted with the horrible breath of that cruel ruler. The angry stars actually seem to be threatening the people with some fresh disasters, whom that impious potentate holds in domi-

nation. Not so bad was it, even, when the indignant earth formerly became a parent, and brought forth a ferocious Typhœus, when Jupiter was not so much looked up to, as he is now—this present monster is worse than any Typhœus ever was, for he is in addition, the avowed enemy of the gods and of mankind alike, for he has expelled all the deities from their temples—he has driven away the citizens from their native land, and robbed my brother of his life—he has drawn the life-blood of his own mother—and is he not still allowed to behold the light of heaven? and, moreover, does he not seem to enjoy his vile existence and drag on his noxious life? Alas! Oh! thou supreme father of all, why dost thou, invincible as thou art, hurl thy lightnings, oftentimes, so harmlessly from thy regal hand? Why does thy hand hesitate, to hurl them with efficacy upon one so guilty as is Nero?—I wish that Nero could be made to pay the just penalty of his crimes—he (an adopted son of Dion Domitius, his adopting father) is the very tyrant of the universe, which he takes care to oppress with an ignominious yoke! he fairly contaminates and compromises the very name of Augustus, with his vicious tendencies and confirmed immoralities!

NUR. He is altogether unworthy, I am free to confess, of being married to a woman like thee, but is it not better, dost thou not think, to bow to the Fates (the inevitable) and to go on hoping for some favorable change on the part of fortune (chapter of events). My nurse-child, I beseech thee to ponder over all this and take it to heart and never excite the anger of thy violent husband—perhaps some avenging deity may crop up (exist) who will come to thy aid, and may that auspicious day arrive!

OCT. Already our dynasty is under the ban of oppression through the severe anger of the Gods—first, when cruel Venus stepped in and impregnated my wretched mother with those lustful desires, who, ignoring us, her children (in a state of sexual madness, nymphomania) and though, already married, contracted an illicit matrimonial union with Silius (a sham marriage), thinking nothing at all about the husband she had already, and not troubling her head in the slightest degree, as to the lawlessness of such a proceeding. With her hideous locks, hanging loosely, duly surrounded with their serpents, that avenging Erinnys was present at this veritably Stygian marriage ceremony, and only extinguished the nuptial torches, to be seized upon for the purpose of future blood-shedding! For it inflamed

(Heu) nostra ferro, meque perpetuo obruit
 Existincta luctu. conjugem traxit suum,
 Natumque ad umbras, prodidit lapsam domum.
 NUTR. Renovare luctus parce cum fletu pios, 270
 Manes parentis neve sollicita tuæ,
 Graves furoris quæ fui pœnas dedit.

CHORUS.

Poppææ nuptias detestatur Chorus Octaviæ favens. degenerum,
 lentum nimis & servilem Romanorum arguit patientiam,
 & in sceleta Neronis invehitur.

QUÆ fama modo venit ad aures,
 Utinam falso credita, perdat 275
 Frustra toties jactata fidem!
 Nec nova nostri conjux thalamos
 Principis intret. teneatque suos
 Nupta penates Claudia proles:
 Edat partu pignora pacis,
 Qua tranquillus gaudeat orbis, 280
 Servetque decus Roma æternum.
 Fratris thalamos fortita tenet
 Maxima Juno. foror Augusti
 Sociata toris, cur a patria
 Pellitur aula? sancta quid illi 285
 Prodest pietas, Divusque pater?
 Quid virginitas, castusque pudor?
 Nos quoque nostri fumus immemores
 Post fata ducis, cujus prodimus
 Stirpem sævo suadente metu. 290
 Vera priorum virtus quondam
 Romana fuit, verumque genus
 Martis in illis sanguisque viris.
 Illi reges hac expulerunt
 Urbe superbos; ultique tuos 295
 Sunt bene manes, virgo, dextra
 Cæsa parentis, ne servitium
 Paterere grave, aut improba ferret
 Præmia victrix dira libido.

the outraged breast of the Emperor, with such murderous wrath, as to culminate in the cruel slaughter of my mother, and thus my unfortunate parent fell a victim to the sword, and her death has overwhelmed me with never-ending grief! As the consequence of all this, she has dragged in her train, her husband and her son, to the shades below! And has handed over our dynasty to its downfall!

NUR. Do refrain from a renewal of thy grief, and of those tears, which I know thou only sheddest out of affection for the Manes of thy parent, who has undergone a heavy punishment for her mad conduct!

CHORUS.

The Chorus being in favor of Octavia, looks with detestation upon the marriage of Poppæa, and condemns the degenerate patience of the Romans, as being unworthy, too indifferent and servile, and inveighs against the crimes of Nero.

WHAT report is this, that has just reached our ears—we wish that if such a story be wrongfully believed, although it may have been so industriously, canvassed abroad, and in such a purposeless manner, that it may not meet with any future credence—let not a fresh wife, usurp the marriage-bed of our empress! let the wife sprung from the loins of Claudius still reign supreme, over her own household gods! And may she, by a happy child-birth, bring forth those guarantees of peace, which the tranquil universe will hail with joy, and let Rome preserve its everlasting glory (among nations). The mighty Juno has drawn a prize in the lottery, of fortune, and now shares the couch of her husband, and brother, in absolute security and why should not the sister of Augustus, (that now is) having reconciled her matrimonial feud, do the same thing! Why is she to be driven away from her paternal palace? If that is the case, what does her devoted piety (moral observances) profit her? What good has the having possessed Divus for a father done for her? What good has her virginity done her? And what earthly use has her chaste modesty been to her? But we are all forgetful of what we once were, since the death of our emperor, whose race we are inclined to ignore in a manner, owing to our fear of that Tyrant Nero! Once upon a time, there did exist the Roman type of bravery amongst our ancestors, and the genuine progeny of Mars, and the true racial blood flowed in the veins of the men of bye-gone days! They drove out, without the smallest hesitation, haughty, insufferable kings from their cities! And they nobly avenged thy manes, oh! Virgin thou! (Virginia) who wast slain by the hands of a parent, lest thou shouldst undergo an odious slavery, or that cruel lust should carry off victoriously its wicked prize! Sad war, too, followed on after

Te quoque bellum triste secutum est,	300
Maectata tua miserauda manu	
Nata Lucretii, stuprum sævi	
Paffa tyranni. dedit infandi	
Sceleris pœnas cum Tarquinio	
Tullia conjux; quæ per cæfi	305
Membra parentis sævos egit	
Impia currus, laceroque feni	
Violenta rogos nata negavit.	
Hoc quoque noftra videre nefas	
Secula; magnum cum Tyrrenum	310
Rate ferali Princeps captam	
Fraude parentem mifit in æquor.	
Properant placidos linquere portus	
Juffi nautæ;	
Refonant remis pulfata freta;	315
Fertur in altum provectâ ratis,	
Quæ refoluto robore labens	
Preffa debifcit, forbetque mare.	
Tollitur ingens	
Clamor ad aftra cum femineo	320
Mixtus planctu. mors ante oculos	
Dira vagatur. quærit leti	
Sibi quifque fugam:	
Alii laceræ puppis tabulis	
Hærent nudi, fluctufque fecant:	325
Repetunt alii litora nantes:	
Multos mergunt fata profundo:	
Scindit veftes Augufta fuas,	
Laceratque comas, rigat & mœftis	
Fletibus ora.	330
Postquam fpes eft nulla falutis,	
Ardens ira, jam victa malis,	
Hæc, exclamat, mihi pro tanto	
Munere reddis præmia, nate?	
Hac fum, fateor, digna carina,	335
Quæ te genui, quæ titi lucem	
Atque imperium nomenque dedi	
Cæfaris amens. exfere vultus	
Acheronte tuos, pœnifque meis	
Pafcere, conjux: ego caufa tuæ,	340
Miferande, necis; natoque tuo	
Funeris auctor.	
En, ut merui, ferar ad manes	
Inhumata tuos,	
Obruta sævis æquoris undis.	345
Ferunt fluctus ora loquentis.	
Ruit in pelagus, rurfumque falo	
Preffa refurgit. pellit palmis	
Cogente metu fata, & cedit	
Feffa labori. manfit tacitis	350
In pectoribus fpreta trifiti	

thee, oh! thou daughter of Lucretius, so much to be pitied, who was sacrificed by thine own hand, after having been ravished by a cruel tyrant (Sextus Tarquinius). At the hands of our outraged ancestors Tullia, the wife of Tarquinius, was punished for her cruel crimes—she who wickedly drove her cruel chariot over the body of her murdered father, and who, although a daughter, denied the accustomed funeral pile to the mutilated remains of the old man! Our own time, even, has witnessed an abominable crime, when the emperor, treacherously seizing upon the person of his parent, had her conveyed in a Stygian Craft (that is one meant for the purpose of destruction) across the Tyrrhenian Sea; the sailors receiving their orders, hastened to leave their tranquil harbours, and the waves soon resounded with the splash of their oars, and the craft shoving off, was quickly borne upon the sea, and which from the force of the waves soon springs a tremendous leak, letting in the sea, the hull giving way on account of the looseness of its timbers, and it ships a heavy sea! A great shout, thereupon is raised towards the sky, mixed with female cries, and cruel death, in various shapes, is now wandering before their eyes, each one seeks to escape from a watery grave—some in a state of nudity clung to the planks of the shattered craft, and with their aid, ply the waves successfully—others reach the shore by swimming—many are immersed, and hurry to their fate into a deep sea! Augusta (Agrippina) rends her garments, tears her hair, and deluges her face with her sad tears—after a little. There is no prospect of safety, and burning with inward rage, and although fairly overpowered by the disaster, she exclaims: “Oh! my son, is this the reward, for the benefits I have lavished on thee? I am indeed worthy of having been caused to embark in such a craft, who have brought thee into the world and who have given thee thy very life, and in my motherly weakness have handed over to thee the proud name and empire of the Cæsars! Oh! my husband, show thy face from out of the Acheron, and feast thy eyes on the punishment I am now undergoing—I, oh! thou to be pitied one, was the cause of thy death, and the instigatrix of the death of thy son (Britannicus) also! Behold! as I have richly deserved, let me, unburied, be borne off to join thy manes—let me be overwhelmed by the cruel waves of the sea” (at this moment the waves strike her in the face, as she is speaking) she plunges into the sea, sinks, but soon rises again to the surface, and impelled by her fear, she strikes out with her hands, but being soon tired out, gives up the struggle.—But a great deal of loyalty lurked in the silent hearts

Jam morte fides. multi dominæ Ferre auxilium pelago fractis Viribus audent. brachia quamvis Lenta trahentem, voce hortantur, Manibusque levant. quid tibi fævi	355
Fugisse maris profuit undas? Ferro es nati moritura tui: Cujus facinus vix posteritas, Tarde semper credula, credet.	360
Furit, ereptam pelagoque dolet Vivere matrem Impius, ingens geminatque nefas. Ruit in miseræ fata parentis, Patiturque moram sceleris nullam.	365
Miffus peragit juffa fatelles; Referat dominæ pectora ferro: Cædis moriens illa ministrum Rogat infelix, utero dirum Condat ut enfem	370
Hic est, hic est fodiendus, ait, Ferro, monftrum qui tale tulit. Post hanc vocem cum fupremo Mixtam gemitu Animam tandem per fera tristem Vulnera reddit.	375

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SENECA.

Philofophus feculi fui vitia deteftatus, prifci ævi fimplicitatem laudat, utque omnia in dies in deteriora ruerint commemorat.

Q UID me, potens Fortuna, fallaci mihi Blandita vultu, forte contentum mea Arte extulifti, gravius ut ruerem edita Receptus arce, totque profpicerem metus? Melius latebam procul ab invidiæ malis Remotus inter Corfici rupes maris: Ubi liber animus, & fui juris, mihi Semper vacabat, ftudia recoleanti mea.	380
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of the sturdy Roman sailors, this awful death being looked upon by them, at last, with excessive disgust! Many of the crew venture to render aid to their former empress, when they see that her strength is breaking

down, and although they assist her with their hands, as she is feebly struggling with her own arms, and encourage her with kind words of sympathy, they remark: "What does it avail thee thus to have escaped the waves? thou art doomed to die by the sword of thy son, to which crime, distant posterity, although credulous as a rule, will scarcely lend their belief."—He rages (Nero) and is angry that his mother has been rescued from the waves and is still alive; he then perpetrates a monstrous double crime! He madly rushes to effect the murder of his mother, and suffers no delay in the fulfilment of the crime: one of his followers is told off, and carries out his orders to the full! this fellow lays open with his sword the breast of Agrippina, and whilst she is dying, this unhappy mother, with her last breath, asks the perpetrator of her murder, to bury the cruel weapon into her very womb. "This is the place," she says, "this is the spot that must be pierced with thy sword, the place which gave birth to that monster of a son!" After these words intermingled with much groaning, she surrendered her sad life, finally brought about by those cruel wounds!

ACT II.

SENECA.

THE philosopher despises the vices of his times, praises the simplicity of his former life, and gives it, as his opinion, that all things are tending in a direction for the worse.

WHY, oh powerful fortune, who hast been so alluring to me with deceptive outside show, hast thou summoned me from my former position, with which I was supremely contented? Is it, that from my being raised so high, I should fall all the more heavily, or that I might have a fuller prospect, from my elevated post, of the many dangers I might see around me? I was much better off, when I was hidden away at a distance, remote from the perils of envy, amongst the rocky coasts of the Corsican sea, where my inclinations were unfettered and where I felt that I was my own master, and where an ample margin was afforded me for the following up of my favorite pursuits. Oh! how it used to delight me, to look at the glorious sun, than which, our first parent, nature, the artificer of that immense work, has produced

O quam juvabat (quo nihil majus parens Natura genuit, operis immensi artifex) Cælum intueri, Solis & curfus sacros, Mundique motus, Solis alternas vices, Orbemque Phœbes, astra quem cingunt vaga, Lateque fulgens ætheris magni decus!	385 390
Qui si senescit, tantus in cæcum chaos Casurus iterum, nunc adest mundo dies Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium Cœli ruina; rursus ut stirpem novam Generet, renascens melior: ut quondam tulit Juvenis, tenente regna Saturno poli.	 395
Tunc illa virgo, numinis magni Dea, Justitia, cœlo missa cum sancta Fide, Terras regebat mitis. humanum genus Non bella norat; non tubæ fremitus truces; Non arma gentes; cingere affuerant suas Muris nec urbes. pervium cunctis iter. Communis usus omnium rerum fuit. Et ipsa tellus læta fecundos filios, Pandebat ultro, tam piis felix parens	 400 405
Et tuta alumnis. alia sed soboles minus Conspecta mitis. tertium follers genus Novas ad artes exstitit; sanctum tamen. Mox inquietum, quod sequi curfu feras Auderet acres; fluctibus tectos graves Extrahere pisces rete; vel calamo levi Decipere volucres; premere subjectos jugo Tauros feroces, vulnere immunem prius Sulcare terram, læsa quæ fruges suas Interius alte condidit sacro sinu.	 410 415
Sed in parentis viscera intravit suæ Deterior ætas; eruit ferrum grave, Aurumque; sævas mox & armavit manus; Partita fines regna constituit, novas Exstruxit urbes; tecta defendit fuis Aliena telis, aut petiit prædæ imminens.	 420

nothing grander, and the awe-inspiring courses traced out by that solar luminary, to contemplate the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and the alternate tracks of the sun (indicating day and night) and the planet Phœbe, that orb which the wandering stars surround, and far and wide, the resplendent ornament of the firmament. Now, verily the world has arrived at its last day, which, if not so, and it lives to be older, so much so as again to lapse into the condition of indescribable chaos, when the crash of the fallen heavens will overwhelm impious mankind, so that it may for the second time, create a new race, and the one, that is to be born again, to be an improve-

ment upon the present one—as it was, indeed, at its earlier periods, when Saturn held the dominion of the skies (the golden age). Then it was the Virgin Justitia (Astræa) that goddess of such distinguished reputation amongst the deities commissioned from Heaven, with that sacred trust, ruled the earth with mildness—The human race had never known what wars were, nor had they ever heard the battle-inspiring blasts of the shrill war-trumpet! and the people of those days were unacquainted with the weapons used in battle—they did not surround their cities with walls—the land was one grand highway, open to all; and the enjoyment of all things was within the reach of and common to every one—and the smiling earth freely disclosed its fruitful bosom, and this Parent was happy in having the protection of such contented children.—Another age (the silver age) supervened, but the race of mankind was considered inoffensive, and the third (the brazen age) produced a skilled progeny—one that applied itself to new inventions, but yet was quite observant of the sacredness of the laws! by and bye, men became restless (the fourth race) and ventured to hunt the savage wild beasts, to draw out from the sea, in a net, the large fishes, which had hitherto been unmolested and protected by the waves, or to take the birds of the air aback, with their swift arrows, to bring into subjection the fierce bulls, and submit their necks to the yoke—to plough the earth, before free from the wounds of the ploughshare, which, however, when thus torn up, was found to hide away its productiveness, much deeper down in the bosom of its sacred interior (sacred because it had never been intruded upon). But this discontented age penetrated into the very bowels of its parent, and out of it, soon showing themselves, came the dreadful sword (iron) and gold (that incentive to crime), and very soon, mankind carried weapons of destruction, in their cruel hands! They parcelled out kingdoms, and defined the limits of territorial holdings, and built new cities—sometimes they defended the homesteads of others, used those weapons, threateningly, with plunder, only, for their object! Astræa, the bright ornament of the starry firmament, finding herself no longer held in respect or veneration, fled the earth, and avoided their savage ways, and looked with abhorrence at the hands of mankind stained with the blood, which flowed from their savage slaughters—and the thirst for gold likewise—and then came into view, the greatest evil of all, and spread throughout the world.—Luxury, that insidious curse of mankind, the long-continued indulgence in which involving such a pernicious departure from the lines of moderation, acquired additional power over mankind, as it became more confirmed, and the

Neglecta terras fugit, & mores feros,
 Hominum cruenta cæde pollutas manus,
 Afræa virgo, siderum magnum decus.
 Cupido belli crevit, atque auri fames. 425
 Totum per orbem maximum exortum est malum,
 Luxuria, peftis blanda; cui vires dedit
 Roburque longum tempus, atque error gravis.
 Collecta vitia per tot ætates diu
 In nos redundant. seculo premimur gravi, 430
 Quo scelera regnant. sævit impietas furens,
 Turpi libido Venere dominatur potens.
 Luxuria victrix orbis immensas opes
 Jam pridem avaris manibus, ut perdat, rapit.
 Sed ecce gressu fertur attonito Nero, 435
 Trucique vultu. quid ferat, mente horreo.

NERO, PRÆFECTUS, SENECA.

Incaffum monet suum Neronem philosophus, qui tyrannicis
 institutis pertinaciter infistit, proximumque diem
 nuptiis cum Poppæa destinat.

PERAGE imperata. mitte, qui Planti mihi
 Sullæque cæsi referat abscessum caput.
 PRÆF. Jussa haud morabor. castra confestim petam.
 SEN. Nihil in propinquos temere constitui decet. 440
 NERO. Justo esse facile est, cui vacat peccus metu.
 SEN. Magnum timoris remedium clementia est.
 NERO. Extinguere hostem, maxima est virtus ducis.
 SEN. Servare cives, major est patriæ patri.
 NERO. Præcipere mitem convenit pueris seuem. 445
 SEN. Regenda magis est fervida adolescentia.
 NERO. Ætate in hac satis esse consilii reor.
 SEN. Ut facta superi comprobent semper tua.
 NERO. Stulte verebor, ipse cum faciam, Deos.

aggregate vices accumulating throughout so many ages, have been very abundantly shown amongst us for a long time now—we are oppressed by very distressing times—an age, in which crime seems to rule paramount, and rampant wickedness seems to take cruelty as its guide, whilst irrepressible debauchery is presided over by that salacious Goddess, Venus! Luxury, that successful conqueror, some while since, has grasped, with its greedy hands, the immense resources of the world (riches) so that they may be only squanderingly got rid of! But, behold, Nero is approaching with a step suggestive of something out of the usual way, by his truculent look—I quite shudder in my very soul, as to what is uppermost in his mind!

NERO—PREFECT—SENECA.

The philosopher warns his patron Nero to no purpose, who pertinaciously insists on carrying out his tyrannical plans, and appoints the next day for his marriage with Poppæa.

NERO.

CARRY my orders out exactly, despatch some one, who will bring me, as soon as they have been cut off, the heads of Plautus and Sulla.

PREF. I will not delay the execution of thy commands, I will forthwith repair to the camp.

SEN. It is wiser for thee to determine nothing rashly, especially towards friends, and those, allied to thy cause.

NERO. It is easy to preach that doctrine to a man who himself is credited with justice, and does not suspect others, about whom, in short, his mind is free from apprehension.

SEN. Clemency is the most powerful remedy, in counteracting any danger arising from others.

NERO. To stamp out an enemy, is the highest triumph an Emperor could wish for.

SEN. To look to the welfare of the citizens, constitutes the greatest virtue, in the father of a country.

NERO. It is quite in keeping, that an old man should be mild, when he is laying down precepts for youngsters.

SEN. The ardor of the adult youth, on the other hand, requires more governing than that of mere boyhood.

NERO. I think, that at my age, my own will is all that is necessary.

SEN. So long as the Gods above, may always approve of thy acts.

NERO. It would be in a very silly superstitious way, that I should fear the Gods, when I am about to do anything!

SEN. Hoc plus verere, quod licet tantum tibi. 450
 NERO. Fortuna nostra cuncta permittit mihi.
 SEN. Crede obsequenti parcius. levis est Dea.
 NERO. Inertis est, nescire quid liceat tibi.
 SEN. Id facere, laus est, quod decet, non, quod licet.
 NERO. Calcat jacentem vulgus. SEN. Invisum opprimet. 455
 NERO. Ferrum tuetur Principem. SEN. Melius fides.
 NERO. Decet timeri Cæsarem. SEN. At plus diligi.
 NERO. Metuant necesse est. SEN. Quidquid exprimitur, grave est.
 NERO. Iustisque nostris pareant. SEN. Iusta impera.
 NERO. Statuam ipse. SEN. Quæ consensus efficiat rata. 460
 NERO. Despectus enis faciet. SEN. Hoc abis nefas.
 NERO. An patiar ultra, fanguinem nostrum peti
 Invictus, & contentus ut subito opprimar?
 Exilia non fregere fummos procul
 Plautum atque Sullam, pertinax quorum furor 465
 Armat ministros sceleris in cædem meam.
 Absentium cum maneat etiam ingens favor
 In urbe nostra, qui sovet spes exfulum;
 Tollantur hostes ense suspecti mihi.
 Invisa conjux pereat, & carum tibi 470
 Fratrem sequatur. quidquid excelsum est, cadat.
 SEN. Pulchrum eminere est inter illustres viros,
 Consulere patriæ, parcere afflictis, fera

SEN. Fear all the more, as to what would be considered right for thee to do.

NERO. My good fortune (position) permits all things I may wish to do.

SEN. Be careful, as to the confidence, thou reposest in that fickle deity, Fortune, she is a very frivolous Goddess!

NERO. He must be a dullard indeed, who does not know, what to permit himself to do.

SEN. It is a praiseworthy thing to do what is right, but the reverse, when it is not so.

NERO. The common herd of mankind are inclined to spurn a man who is kind, gentle, and of whom they can take advantage.

SEN. They will seek to punish, though, one that is an object of hatred to them.

NERO. The sword is the protection of an Emperor.

SEN. But it is a safer kind of protection that he should be beloved.

NERO. It is proper that they should fear a Cæsar.

SEN. But it is better that a Cæsar should be loved.

NERO. But it is also indispensable that they should fear.

SEN. Whatever is extorted from a man is sometimes an irksome gain to him, who obtains a thing by such means.

NERO. But they must obey my commands.

SEN. That is all the greater reason that thy commands should be tempered with justice.

NERO. I shall myself always determine, (what is, and what is not to be done).

SEN. But which, it is to be presumed, will obtain a favorable reception from thy subjects.

NERO. The drawn sword, the employment of which some affect to despise, will do all that.

SEN. I pray thee, may such wickedness be absent from everything, thou mayest ever do.

NERO. Shall I suffer anything more than that, as an unrevenged emperor? that my very blood should be regarded with contempt, and that I should be fallen upon unawares. Simple exile, I perceive, has not subdued the turbulent natures of Plautus and Sulla, though they have been removed to a long distance off—they, whose persistent madness is now arming the willing instruments of crime (assassins) with the view to my destruction! Considering also, that a large amount of sympathy towards the conspirators, whom I have exiled, still prevails amongst the people in this city, and who, no doubt, would further the aspirations of those exiles by every means in their power—my enemies, therefore, and those, I suspect to be such, must be removed by the sword—that odious wife of mine must perish,—she must follow that darling brother of hers; in short, whatever else is of lofty rank (and derives prestige from it) must fall!

SEN. Oh! it is an admirable thing to shine conspicuously amongst the illustrious men of the land, to consult the welfare of one's country, to spare those that are afflicted,

Cæde abstinere, tempus atque iræ dare, Orbi quietem, seculo pacem suo.	475
Hæc fumma virtus. petitur hac cœlum via. Sic ille patriæ primus Augustus parens Complexus astra est, colitur & templis Deus. Illum tamen Fortuna jactavit diu	
Terra marique per graves belli vices; Hostes parentes donec oppressit sui. Tibi numen incruenta summittit suum; Et dedit habenas imperii facili manu, Nutuque, terras, maria, subjecit tuo.	480
Invidia tristis victa consensu pio	485
Cessit. senatus equitis accensus favor Plebisque votis, atque judicium Patrum est. Tu pacis auctor, generis humani arbiter Electus, orbem tu sacra specie regis Patriæ parens: quod nomen, ut ferves, petit, Suoque cives Roma commendat tibi.	490
NERO. Munus Deorum est, ipsa quod servit mihi Roma, & Senatus; quodque ab invitis preces, Humileque voces exprimit nostri metus. Servare cives Principe & patriæ graves	495
Claro tumentes genere, quæ dementia est, Cum liceat una voce suspectos sibi Mori jubere? Brutus in cædem ducis, A quo salutem tulerat, armavit manus.	
Invictus acie, gentium domitor, Jovi	500
Æquatus altos sæpe per honorum gradus, Cæsar nefando civium scelere occidit. Quantum cruoris Roma tunc vidit sui, Lacerata toties! ille, qui meruit pia Virtute cœlum, Divus Augustus, viros	505
Quot interemit nobiles, juvenes, fenes, Sparfos per orbem, cum fuos mortis metu	

to abstain from cruel slaughter, to control one's anger (to give time for it to cool down), to secure tranquillity for the world, peace to the age in which we live—this is the highest form of virtue, and by such a road is heaven only to be arrived at. It was in such a way, that the first Augustus (Octavius), the great parent of his country, was enabled to reach the stars, and he is worshipped now as a very god in the temples. Fortune, however, tossed him about both by sea and land, through many trying vicissitudes of war, as long as ever he contended against the enemies of his father, (Julius Cæsar, who adopted Octavius). But the goddess, Fortune, without any shedding of blood, has showered her favors upon thee, has given thee government of a mighty empire, that thou mightst rule it without any difficulty, and has

subjected the Earth and the Sea to thy very nod! Contemptible envy has stepped aside, abased and overpowered by the devoted acclamations, which have been poured forth—the enthusiastic support of the Senate, and the equestrian order has been accorded thee, and it is by the unanimous vote of the people, ratified by the decrees of the senators, that thou hast been chosen as the fountain-head of peace, and the chief ruler of the human race; thou as a parent to thy country, governest the world in thy quasi-divine person—Rome expects thee to cherish this honoured reputation, and thus freely hands over her citizens to thy safe keeping.

NERO. It is a gift of the Gods, no doubt, that Rome and the Senate should be subservient to my authority, forasmuch as it is only the fear they entertain of me, which draws from their reluctant lips, those cringing supplications, and the low-toned fawning voices which mask all this affected humility. But that the factious citizens, conspirators against their country, and my person as Emperor, puffed up with pride, about their illustrious descent, should pretend to serve me willingly! What downright madness it would be, to entertain such a wild notion! But at the same time, it is competent for me, an Emperor, with one word to consign any one, that I might suspect of criminal designs, to immediate death! Brutus armed his hands for the slaughter of his generalissimo (Julius Cæsar) from whom he had received every marked friendship, and support. And that great Cæsar, who had never been vanquished in battle, the conqueror of so many nations, oftentimes was regarded, as the equal of Jupiter himself, judging from the elevated pinnacle, to which his honors had raised him, in the eyes of the people, (Jupiter ruled all things in heaven, Cæsar, all things on earth) fell by the crimes of the citizens! How much blood did Rome, torn by the intestine factions of its citizens, see shed by such internecine slaughter! Divus Augustus, who won his way to Heaven, by those praiseworthy deeds of valor of his: how many nobles, young men, and old men, had he slain, scattered as they were, over the world, when they deserted their very homesteads, with the fear of death staring them in the face, and fled from the swords of the triumvirs, shuddering as they cast their eyes at the proscription tables, which registered the names of those that were doomed to death! and the grieving senators saw the heads of the slain, exposed for inspection in their very Rostra, (a place in the Senate, Rostrum) nor was it allowable for any one to weep for the loss of those who had belonged to them,

Fugerent penates, & trium ferrum ducum, Tabula notante deditos tristi neci?	
Exposita rostris capita cætorum patres	510
Videre moesti: flere nec licuit fuos, Non gemere, dira tabe polluto foro, Stillante fanie per putres vultus gravi. Nec finis heic cruoris aut cædis stetit.	
Pavere volucres & feras sævas diu	515
Tristes Philippi. haufit & Siculum mare Classe, virosque sæpe cedentes. suis Concussus orbis viribus. Magnus ducum Superatus acie, puppibus Nilum petit Fugæ paratis, ipse periturus brevi.	520
Haufit cruorem incesta Romani ducis Ægyptus iterum, nunc leves umbras tegit. Illic sepultum est impie gestum diu Civile bellum. condidit tandem fuos Jam fessus enses victor, hebetatos feris Vulneribus, & continuit imperium metu. Armis, fideque militis tutus fuit. Pietate nati factus eximia Deus, Post fata consecratus, & templis datus. Nos quoque manebunt astra, si sævo prior Ense occuparo, quidquid infestum est mihi, Dignaque nostram fobole fundaro domum. SEN. Implebit aulam stirpe cœlesti tuam Generata Divo, Claudix gentis decus, Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros.	525
NERO. Incesta geuatrix detrahit generi fidem, Animusque nunquam conjugis junctus mihi. SEN. Teneris in annis haud satis clara est fides, Pudore victus cum tegit flammam amor.	530
NERO. Hoc equidem & ipse credidi frustra diu. Manifesta quamvis pectore infociabili, Vultuque signa proderent odium mei. Tandem quod ardens statuit ulcisci dolor: Dignamque thalamis conjugem inveni mcis Genere atque forma, victa cui cedat Venus, Jovisque conjux, & ferox armis Dea.	535
	540
	545

nor to sigh even, when the forum became positively infectious, through that dreadful slaughter, the sanious filthy discharges still dripping from their decomposing faces; nor did this blood-and-slaughter business stop here, by any means—the cruel birds of prey, and wild animals feasted for many a day on the mortal remains which lay exposed (unburied) on the plains of Philippi, and the Sicilian sea drew their ships into its watery gulf, and the crews, which had been worsted in this fratricidal fray, by men of their own blood, and the bulk of the people, were fairly shattered by the warlike persistency of the

combatants! But Antony, being worsted in a battle, was obliged to make for the Nile, in the ships already prepared for flight,—he himself being doomed to perish, shortly after—and thus, incestuous Egypt, (on account of the marriage of Cleopatra with her brother Ptolemy) again imbibed the blood of a Roman general, and now it covers up his insignificant remains! Then, indeed, was the civil war, which lasted so long, brought to an end, and then at last, the tired conqueror sheathed his truculent sword, absolutely rendered blunt by the many terrible blows it had inflicted, and he continued to rule, but it was through the fear he had inspired! He was safe then, with his armaments, and the fidelity of his soldiery.—Here, then, was that Deity, who was made great by the devoted services of a son (Tiberius), canonized after death and handed down for adoration in the temples. And in a similar manner, the stars will hold good for my reception, if I am prompt with the stern sword, and employ it against everything that is hostile to my interests! and I myself shall have laid the foundation-stone of a future dynasty, for some offspring equally worthy!

SEN. That glorious ornament of the race of Claudius, will yet live to fill the palace with the celestial stock, descended from a Divus, (by Octavia is here meant) after the example set by Juno, sharing the nuptial-bed of her brother (having buried past differences).

NERO. An incestuous mother-in-law (Messalina) is rather apt to shake confidence out of a son-in-law, and what is more, the disposition of this wife of mine, has never harmonized with my own.

SEN. During the tender years of a young woman's life, her confiding love is not sufficiently shown, she is then so much under the dominion of bashfulness, that she conceals from observation, the amorous fires which lurk beneath that shyness.

NERO. Indeed! I have clung to that notion in vain, for a long time too! and altogether it is self-evident to me, from her unsociable tone, and manner, the symptoms of absolute hatred towards me, are obvious enough in her very look—so much so, that my burning indignation has determined me to take my revenge, and with that end, I have found a wife worthy of my marriage-bed, both as regards her birth and her unequalled beauty, a woman to whom Venus herself would yield the palm, or even the wife of Jupiter, or that other goddess, so fierce in battle (Minerva).

SEN. Probitas, fidesque conjugis, mores, pudor, Placeant marito. sola perpetuo manent Subiecta nulli, mentis atque animi bona. Florem decoris finguli carpunt dies.	550
NERO. Omnes in unam contulit laudes Deus, Talemque nasci fata voluerunt mihi.	
SEN. Recedat a te, temere ne credas, amor. NERO. Quem submovere fulminis dominus nequit, Cœli tyrannum, fœva qui penetrat freta, Ditisque regna, detrahit Superos polo.	555
SEN. Volucrem esse Amorem fingit immitem Deum Mortalis error, armat & telis manus, Arcusque sacros miscuit fœva face; Genitumque credit Venere, Vulcano fatum.	560
Vis magna mentis, blandus atque animi calor Amor est; juventa gignitur; luxu, otio Nutritur inter læta Fortunæ bona. Quem si fovere atque alere desistas, cadit, Brevique vires perdit extinctus suas.	565
NERO. Hanc esse vitæ maximam causam reor, Per quam voluptas oritur. interitu caret, Cum procreetur semper humanum genus Amore grato, qui truces mulcet feras. Hic mihi jugales præferat tædas Deus, Jugetque nostris igne Poppæam toris.	570
SEN. Vix sustinere possent hos thalamos dolor Videre populi: sancta nec pietas finat! NERO. Prohibebor unus facere, quod cunctis licet? SEN. Majora populus semper a summo exigit.	575
NERO. Libet experiri, viribus fractus meis An cedat animis temere conceptus favor. SEN. Obsequere potius civibus placidus tuis.	

SEN. Probity, faithfulness in a wife, strict morality, and modest reserve should be, what ought to please a husband—those lasting advantages of mind, and heart, second to none in importance, are those and those only which continue permanent, and as long as life lasts; but thou oughtest to know that each day steals away a portion of the beauty of every flower.

NERO. A kind deity has moulded all these gifts in one individual, Poppæa; thou perceivest that the kind Fates have actually willed that such a one (impersonating all these qualifications) should have been born expressly for me.

SEN. Let all thoughts of love be banished from the mind at once, lest in some rash foolish moment, thou mightest believe all this sort of thing to be a downright reality!

NERO. Dost thou mean that little deity, whom the God of Lightning, and the grand ruler of the heavens, is unable to drive away from himself, who penetrates the recesses of the angry sea, the kingdom of Pluto, and draws down from their celestial abodes, the very Gods above?

SEN. It is a mistake, we mortals commit, when we picture the winged god Cupid as a cruel deity; we arm his hands with arrows, and add to them the fatal bow and the cruel torch, and delude ourselves that he was born from Venus and sprung from the loins of Vulcan—the fact is, Love is a potent force springing from the imagination, and an insinuating passion, which rises up in the human breast; it begins to show itself in youth, and is kept alive by luxurious surroundings, want of occupation amid the alluring advantages held out by fortune, the which, if thou failest to cherish, and pamper, soon languishes, and being thus deprived of what preserves its existence, loses its influence in a short time!

NERO. I am of opinion that this passion is the principal object in life, by whose influence, pleasure accrues to its votaries, for as much, too, as the human race will always continue to be reproduced by this agreeable means, (Love) it is that likewise, which has the power of mollifying the fierceness of the wild beasts. At all events, this little deity shall lead the way, with his marriage torches, and shall yoke Poppæa to my nuptial couch with his seductive fires!

SEN. The indignation of the populace will scarcely tolerate being the witnesses of this marriage, nor will the solemn ordinances of piety sanction it.

NERO. Shall I be the only one to be prevented from divorcing a wife, a privilege which is allowed to every one.

SEN. The people exact higher and nobler observances from him who is the acknowledged head over all men.

NERO. It will please me to try, and, moreover, whether that foolish partiality for Octavia, which has crept into the noddles of the Romans, shall not give way, when it is beaten out of them, by my weight and authority.

SEN. Rather comply placidly with the wishes of the citizens.

NERO. Male imperatur, cum regit vulgus duces.	
SEN. Nil impetrare cum valet, iuste dolet.	580
NERO. Exprimere jus est, ferre quod nequeunt preces.	
SEN. Negare durum est. NERO. Principem cogi nefas.	
SEN. Remittat ipse. NERO. Fama fed victum feret.	
SEN. Levis atque vana. NERO. Si licet, multos notat.	
SEN. Excelsa metuit. NERO. Non minus carpit tamen.	585
SEN. Facile opprimetur. merita te Divi patris, Ætasque frangat conjugis, probitas, pudor.	
NERO. Desiste tandem, jam gravis nimium mihi, Instare, liceat facere, quod Seneca improbat.	
Et ipse populi votam jam pridem moror, Cum portet utero pignus, & partem mei.	590
Quin destinamus proximam thalamis diem?	

ACTUS TERTIUS.

AGRIPPINA.

Ab inferis prodit Agrippina, dira aufpex faces exitiales præferens
nuptiis Poppææ & Neronis, cujus mortere prædicat.

TELLURE rupta Tartaro greffum extuli,
Stygiam cruenta præferens dextra facem
Thalamis scelestis. nubat his flammis meo

595

NERO. It must be, indeed, a sorry departure from the methods of governing, when the vulgar herd dictate terms to an emperor.

SEN. That man only has a right to complain, who can obtain nothing whatever, that he seeks, to be granted him.

NERO. It is quite right then, to enforce a thing to be granted, which solicitations fail to obtain?

SEN. It is hard to have to deny anything to a suppliant.

NERO. But it is a crime, I should think, to attempt, even to coerce an emperor.

SEN. But that emperor should relax his desires sometimes.

NERO. But then the report would get about,—Oh! we have brought the emperor to his senses, thou seest! (that the emperor was beaten).

SEN. Such a report as that, would be silly, and exercise no effect on any one.

NERO. But it might be that such a notion would strike the minds of many.

SEN. As a rule, the public approach matters, above their own level, with some degree of diffidence.

NERO. They might not censure the less, however.

SEN. But that could easily be put down. Will not the tender age of thy wife, her probity, her modesty have any effect in breaking through thy objections, to say nothing of the great benefits which thou hast received at the hands of her father Divus?

NERO. Do cease, for the last time, urging thy objections—it is really too much for me to listen to; it is in my power to do what Seneca condemns, and I myself am only bidding my time for the acquiescence of the people, when Poppæa shall carry in her uterus some pledge of my affection, and a representative part of my ownself! Therefore I fix the earliest day for my marriage, namely to-morrow!

ACT III.

AGRIPPINA.

AGRIPPINA appears from the infernal regions, a cruel soothsayer carrying before her the fatal torches, at the nuptials of Poppæa, and Nero whose death she predicts.—(Shade of Agrippina speaks.)

THE Earth being opened, I have found my way out of Tartarus, bringing in my unrelenting hand, the Stygian torches to grace this wicked marriage. It is with these torches, Poppæa shall be joined in marriage to my son, which the avenging hand, and indignation of an outraged mother, would rather employ for a graver

Poppæa nato juncta, quas vindix manus
 Dolorque matris vertet ad tristes rogos.
 Manet iuter umbras impiæ cædis mihi
 Semper memoria, manibus nostris gravis
 Adhuc inultis, reddita & meritis meis 600
 Funesta merces puppis, & pretium imperii
 Nox illa, qua naufragia deflevi mea.
 Comitum necem, natiq̄e crudelis nefas
 Deflere votum fuerat. haud tempus datum est
 Lacrimis; sed ingens scelere geminavit nefas. 605
 Peremta ferro, scæda vulueribus, sacros
 Intra penates spiritum effudi gravem,
 Erepta pelago, sanguine exstincti meo
 Nec odia nati, sævit in nomen ferus
 Matris tyrannus. obrui meritum cupit. 610
 Simulacra, titulos destruit, mortis metu,
 Totum per orbem, quem dedit pœnam in meam
 Puero regendum noster infelix amor.
 Exstinctus umbras agitat infestus meas
 Flammiq̄ue vultus noxios conjux petit, 615
 Instat, minatur, imputat fatum mihi
 Tumulumque nati. poscit auctorem necis.
 Jam, parce, dabitur. tempus haud longum peto.
 Ultrix Erinys impio dignum parat
 Letum tyranno; verbera, & turpem fugam, 620
 Pœnasque, queis & Tantalus vincat sitim,
 Dirum laborem Sisyphi, Tityi alitem,
 Ixionisque membra rapientem rotam.
 Licet exfruat marmoribus, atque auro tegat
 Superbus aulam, limen armatæ ducis 625
 Servent cohortes, mittat immensas opes
 Exhaustus orbis, supplices dextram petant
 Parthi cruentam, regna, divitias, ferant:
 Veniet dies tempusque, quo reddat suis
 Animum nocentem sceleribus, jugulum hostibus, 630
 Desertus, & destructus, & cunctis egens.
 Heu, quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!
 Quo te furor provexit attonitum tuus,

occasion, his funeral pile (Nero's). May the memory of my impious slaughter cling to me, as long as I am numbered with the shades, oppressed with the thought, as I am, that these hands of mine have gone unavenged, and the fatal craft intended for my destruction, given to me, as the reward for my services, and that dreadful night, which he has given me as the price of the Empire I gave up to him, on which I had to bewail my shipwreck—it had not been an object of my desire on my part, to have duly bewailed the deaths of my companions in misery (Creperius, Gallus and Aconia), the results of the cruel

crime of a son, but no time was afforded me, even for shedding tears—for Nero coupled his previous wickedness with another crime, and being slain by the sword, I yielded up my burdened existence, within the proximity of my venerated household gods, nor I, even then, stifled the persecuting hatred of that son of mine, with my last drops of blood—the cruel tyrant began to grow wrathful against the very name and memory of his mother, his desire was, that any claim to merit on my part should be completely effaced—he caused to be destroyed all pictured likenesses or sculptured models, and all inscriptions which represented me, on pain of death, throughout the whole world, the Empire of which I, in my foolish love, gave to him, and all this, too, that as a requital, he should eventually take away my life! But my husband Claudius, who was cruelly deprived of life, disturbs my very manes; he rushes with his torch at my face, which is hateful to him to behold, he is ubiquitous in his presence, he menaces, and imputes to me his own fate and the death of his son Britannicus, and demands to know who was the actual murderer (Nero). Spare me, Claudius, thy reproaches; he shall be given up, and I ask no long time either for it to be brought. The avenging Erinny is preparing a condign death for such a cruel tyrant—she is making ready to inflict the stripes and pave the way for the ignominious flight, and the punishment with which a Tantalus is to quench his thirst, and for the cruel task of a Sisyphus, and the rapacious vulture of a Tityus, as well as the wheel, which whirls round rapidly the body of an Ixion! He may, indeed, erect his marble monuments, and in his pride, gild the very roofs of his palace, and the armed trained bands (cohort) may vigilantly guard the portals of their emperor and the thresholds of his palace, the very world may, through his exactions, be drained of its riches to answer to his beck and call! The Parthians in suppliant humility, may seek to salute with the kiss of submission, that sanguinary right hand of his, and Tiridates may throw his kingdom, and all the riches he possesses at the feet of Nero! But the day and hour will arrive soon on which he shall give up that criminal life of his; for the wickedness of which he has been the author, his throat shall be a very target for the javelin of the enemy, he shall be universally shunned, ruined, and reduced to absolute want! Alas! how all my labor—how my fondest wishes have turned out! Oh! thou son of mine, whither has thy madness drifted thee, and to what a fatal destination! The just anger of thy mother, who fell by thy crime, is a paltry consideration, compared with the many punishments thou wilt have to undergo!

Et fata, nate? cedit ut tantis malis Genitricis ira, quæ tuo scelere occidit!	635
Utinam, antequam te parvulum in lucem edidi, Aluique, sævæ nostra lacerassent feræ Viscera! sine ullo scelere, sine sensu innocens Meus occidisses: junctus atque hærens mihi, Semper quietam cerneres sedem Inferum,	640
Proavos, patremque, nominis magni viros. Quos nunc pudor, luctusque perpetuus manet, Ex te, nefande, meque, quæ talem tuli. Quid tegere cesso Tartaro vultus meos, Noverca, conjux, mater infelix meis?	645

OCTAVIA, CHORUS.

Octavia dissimulata tristitia faventem sibi populum orat, ne
divortium sui lugeat. Chorus tamen ipse vicem dolet.

P ARCITE lacrimis urbis festo Lætoque die; ne tantus amor, Nostrique favor Principis acres Suscitet iras, vobisque ego sim Causa malorum. non hoc primum Pectora vulnus mea senserunt.	650
Graviora tuli. dabit hic nostris Finem curis vel morte dies. Non ego sævi cernere cogar Conjugis ora.	655
Non invisos intrare mihi Thalamos famulæ. soror Augusti, Non uxor, ero. Absint tantum tristes pœnæ, Letique metus. scelerum diri,	660
Miseranda, viri potes hæc, demens, Sperare memor? hos ad thalamos Servata diu, victima tandem Funesta cades. sed quid patrios Sæpe penates respicis udis	665
Confusa genis? propera tectis Efferre gradus: linque cruentam Principis aulam.	

I wish, though, before I had ever brought thee into the world, as a little baby boy, and suckled thee at my breasts, that some ferocious wild beast had torn the very womb out of my body, or that thou hast died as my innocent suckling, without any knowledge of what existence was

and without any crime to answer for! joined to, and still leaning on me, thou mightst always have before thy eyes a quiet resting-place in the regions below, where thou mightst see around thee, thy father, thy great grandfather and men of our lineage of glorious reputation! Before whom, alas! there remain instead only disgrace and perpetual sorrow! and all this arising out of thy crimes, and myself, who have brought such a monster into the world. But why do I stay longer, why do I cease from hiding my face in Tartarus, the cruel step-mother of a Britannicus, the wife of a murdered Claudius, and the unfortunate mother of a Nero!

OCTAVIA—CHORUS.

Octavia, feigning sadness, prays the populace, who are espousing her cause, not to grieve about her divorce. The chorus, however, does grieve for her sad lot.

OCTAVIA.

SPARE these tears, on a day of such rejoicing and gladness to the city—let not the great affection thou hast for me, and the interest shown in my cause, rouse any feelings of bitter resentment in the heart of the Emperor, I may yet be the means of bringing great misfortunes upon thee—it is not the first time my breast has felt wounds like this—I have already put up with more grievous ones! May this day procure for me an end to my troubles, even if it be by death! There is one thing, I shall no longer be called upon to rest my eyes on the visage of my cruel husband, I shall henceforth be the sister and not the wife of an Augustus, and thus not be compelled to share the odious nuptial couch, with a rival! But I do pray, that sad mental tortures may be spared me—the apprehensions of crime and the fear of some cruel death! But! oh! miserable! oh! demented Octavia, canst thou reasonably hope for such things, mindful as thou must be of the former crimes of this detestable man, or that he, who is accustomed to spare nobody, would deal gently and mercifully with thee? For a long time hast thou been reserved for such a marriage as this (to occur before thy eyes), and at last, as a sorrowful victim thou wilt fall; but why in that confused kind of way dost thou glance back upon thy paternal household gods with such tearful eyes? hasten away rather from under such a roof, and quit for ever the palace of the blood-thirsty Emperor.

CHOR. En illuxit fufpecta diu
 Fama toties jaclata dies! 670
 Ceffit thalamis Claudia diri
 Pulfa Neronis,
 Quos jam victrix Poppæa tenet,
 Ceffat pietas dum noftra, gravi
 Compreffa metu, feignifque dolor. 675
 Ubi Romani vis eft populi?
 Fregit claros quæ sæpe duces,
 Dedit invictæ leges patriæ,
 Faſces dignis civibus olim,
 Juſſit bellum, pacemque, feras 680
 Gentes domuit, captos reges
 Carcere cluſit? gravis en oculis
 Undique noftris jam Poppææ
 Fulget imago junctæ Neroni:
 Affigat humo violenta manus 685
 Similes nimium vultus dominæ:
 Ipfamque toris detrahat altis:
 Petat infelix mox & flammis
 Telifque feri Principis aulam.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

NUTRIX, POPPÆA.

Territa in fomno Poppæa nutrici narrat fomnium: quam illa, vana fomnium eludens interpretatione, folatur.

NUTR. **Q**UO trepida greffum conjugis thalamis tui 690
 Effers, alumna? quodve ſecretum petis
 Turbata vultu? cur genæ fletu madent?
 Certe petitus precibus & votis dies
 Noſtris refulſit. Cæſari junctæ es tuo
 Tæda jugali, quem tuus cepit decor, 695
 Et culpa Senecæ, tradidit vincitum tibi
 Genitrix amoris maximum numen Venus.
 O qualis, altos quanta preſſiſti toros
 Reſidens in aula! vidit attonitus tuam

CHOR. Behold! the day ſhines forth at laſt, ſo long,
 and ſo much mingled with certain miſgivings, yet ſo
 often canvassed abroad as mere hearsay. Claudia has
 been baniſhed from the nuptial bed of cruel Nero, and
 has ſurrendered the couch, of which the triumphant
 Poppæa, by this time, is the tenant in poſſeſſion, whiſt
 the affections we all felt for her, muſt now be put a ſtop

to. Kept down by the terrible fear of consequences, and our indignation must be outwardly suppressed. But where is the ancient courage of the Roman populace, which often caused the most illustrious of men to fly for their lives? (Syphax, Perses, Jugurtha, Herodes) that populace which gave law and institutes to a country, which has never been conquered, and which, in ancient days, bestowed the magisterial dignities only on those who were worthy recipients—that populace decided, when there was to be war—and decided likewise when there was to be peace—they brought the turbulent nations into subjection, they confined conspiring captive kings in the prison dungeons! Behold, grievous as is the sight, on all sides, model images of Poppæa, dazzling our vision side by side with those of Nero! Let us dash to the earth with our violent hands those images which are only too like, the face of this newly created Empress! And let us drag her from her exalted couch, without delay let us, in our disgust, make for the palace of the cruel Emperor, with the fiery torch, and the sword of vengeance!

ACT IV.

NURSE—POPPÆA.

Poppæa, being frightened, in her sleep, narrates her dream to the Nurse; the Nurse treating the dream as nonsense, consoles Poppæa, with some silly interpretation.

NURSE.

How is it, my nursling, that thou art quitting the marriage couch of thy husband in such a state of terror, and of what hiding-place art thou in quest, with so troubled a countenance, and why are thy cheeks so wet with weeping? Surely, this day, which has been so long, and so anxiously looked forward to, has shone brightly in response to thy prayers and desires! Thou art matrimonially linked with a Cæsar! The chief of the deities, Venus, and the Mother of Love, has given Nero to thee, bound by the sacred nuptial chains, and to one whom thy beauty has captivated, in spite of Seneca's objections, too, to such a marriage union! Oh! what an important personage thou hast become, and in what a magnificent palace thou hast settled down, and upon what an exalted couch wilt thou now recline! The senate were fairly

Formam Senatus, thura cum Superis dares,	700
Sacraque grato spargeres aras mero,	
Velata fumum flammæ tenui caput,	
Et ipse lateri junctus atque bærens tuo	
Sublimis inter civium læta omina	
Incessit, habitu atque ore lætitiæ gerens	705
Princeps superbo. talis emerfam freto	
Spumante Peleus conjugem accepit Thetin:	
Quorum toros celebrasse Cœlestes ferunt,	
Pelagique numen omne consensu pari.	
Quæ subita vultus causa mutavit tuos?	710
Quid pallor iste, quid ferant lacrimæ, doce.	
POP. Confusa tristi proximæ noctis metu	
Vifuque, nutrix, mente turbata feror,	
Defecta sensu. læta nam postquam dies	
Sideribus atris cessit, & nocti polus,	715
Inter Neronis juncta complexus mei	
Somno resolvor; nec diu placida frui	
Quiete licuit. viva nam thalamos meos	
Celebrare turba est moesta; resolutis comis	
Matros Latinæ stebiles planctus dabant;	720
Inter tubarum sæpe terribilem sonum	
Sparsam cruore conjugis genitrix mei	
Vultu minaci sæva quatiebatur facem:	
Quam dum sequor, coacta præfenti metu,	
Diducta subito patuit ingenti mihi	725
Tellus hiatus: lata quo præceps, toros	
Cerno jugales pariter & miror meos,	
In quibus resedi fessa. venientem intuo	
Comitante turba conjugem quondam meum,	
Natumque. properat petere complexus meos	730
Crispinus, intermissa libare oscula;	
Irrumpit intra tecta cum trepidus mea,	
Ensemque jugulo condidit sævum Nero.	
Tandem quietem magnus excussit timor:	
Quatit ora & artus horridus nostros tremor,	735
Pulsatque pectus: continet vocem timor,	
Quam nunc fides pietasque produxit tua.	

astounded when they beheld thy transcendent beauty, admired thee when thou offeredst up (with such reverence) the frankincense to the Gods, and when thou sprinkledst the sacred altars with the gladsome wine! the upper part of thy head, so gracefully shaded by the red veil (worn by recent brides, as tokens of modesty, and wisely subjection), and Nero, walking forth, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens, holding himself up so loftily, and hanging on so closely to thy side! An Emperor all over, testifying with joy in his very carriage and countenance! Such, indeed, as Peleus manifested, when he

took Thetis to wife, as she emerged from the foaming waves, whose marriage the Gods are said to have celebrated with great pomp and with the universal acquiescence of every deity of the sea likewise. But what hidden event has thus changed thy wonted expression of countenance? tell me why this paleness? What trouble do those tears indicate?

POP. Oh! Nurse, suffering sadly from my harrowing thoughts, I seem to have utterly lost my senses: the fact is, I was perplexed and terrified by the doleful visions of last night, for when the expiring brightness of glorious day had given place to those gloomy stars, and the sky was handed over to the dark realms of night, I went off to sleep, hugged by the embracing arms of my Nero, but I was not permitted to enjoy my placid repose long—a lugubrious multitude appeared before me, as if to celebrate my marriage, and the Roman Matrons, with their locks loose and hanging down, gave forth the most distressing wailings, and amidst, every now and then, a terrific blowing of trumpets, and the mother of my husband (Agrippina) with a savage threatening look, flourished her torch at me, all covered with blood, whom, whilst I was following, —which I felt forced to do, so inspired was I with the fear which had taken possession of me—the earth seemed to be suddenly divided, and an immense yawning gulf lay open before me, into which opening I seemed to have been borne away headlong. I could perceive, at the same moment, and I wondered equally at this, my own marriage couch, the couch on which, I have before lain down, thoroughly fagged out—I then beheld him who was my former husband, Crispinus, advancing towards me, with a crowd following him, and then amongst them, my son (Rufus who was ordered, to be drowned by Nero). Crispinus rushes forward to seek my embrace and showered my face with those kisses which have been now so long in abeyance! when, all on a sudden, Nero breaks into my chamber, and buries his cruel sword deep down in his throat! (that of Crispinus.) At length, this excessive alarm, effectually chased away all further disposition for sleep! The horrible tremor into which I was thrown, has made my limbs tremble all over, and has impeded my very powers of utterance—and my heart palpitates to that degree, that it beats forcibly against the walls of my chest. My fear prevents me from expressing in words, what I feel, but thy fidelity and affection, Nurse, reassures me, and has given me back my powers of speech—Alas! Why do the Ghosts, from those infernal regions, think proper to molest me, and at the same time, might

Heu, quid minantur Inferum manes mihi, Aut quem cruorem conjugis vidi mei? NUTR. Quaecunque mentis agitat infestus vigor,	740
Ea per quietem facer & arcanus refert Veloxque sensus. conjugem, thalamos, rogos, Vidisse te miraris, amplexu novi Hærens mariti? sed movent læto die Pulfata palmis pectora, & fufæ comæ.	745
Octaviæ discidia planxerunt sacros Intra penates fratris, & patrium larem. Fax illa, quam fecuta es, Augustæ manu Præolata, clarum nomen invidia tibi Partum ominatur. Inferum sedes, toros	750
Stabiles futuros spondet æternæ domus. Jugulo quod ensem condidit Princeps tuus; Bella haud movehit, pace sed ferrum teget. Recollige animum. recipe lætitiâ, precor, Timore pulso. redde te thalamis tuis.	755
POP. Delubra & aras petere constitui sacras, Cæsis litare victimis numen Deum, Ut expientur noctis & fomni minæ, Terrorque in hostes redeat attonitus meos. Et vota pro me suscipe, & precibus piis	760
Superos adora, manet ut præfens metus.	

CHORUS.

Laudat Chorus Poppæa formam.

S i vera loquax fama Tonantis Furta & gratos narrat amores; Quem modo Ledæ preffisse sinum Tectum plumis pennisque ferunt; Modo per fluctus raptam Europen Taurum tergo portasse truncem;	765
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I ask what it was, when I distinctly perceived the blood
of my husband?

NUR. Whatever subjects the mind is intent upon, or troubled about during our waking moments, such is the rapidity, and wonderfulness of human thought, altogether as it is a divine and mysterious property of the mind, that it reproduces, during sleep, those very things impressed on us during the day, under a variety of visions, and fantastic appearances. Thou wonderest, no doubt, that thou sawest a husband, a marriage couch, and what thou tookest for a funeral pile, whilst thou wert being embraced and hugged, by the new husband, but the breasts

thou sawest being beaten in the dream, and the shattered locks, arose out of the excitement created by the auspicious event (the marriage day). The partisans of Octavia, were bewailing her divorce before the cherished household gods of thy brothers and thy paternal lares—that torch, which thou followedst, was carried in front of thee, by the hands of Augusta (Agrippina) and the envy aroused, by the marriage, foreshadow thy name as rendered still more illustrious thereby—the position in which thou wast placed in the Infernal Regions during thy dream, clearly indicates that the future marriages, in the durable dynasty, will henceforward be permanent in their tenure—then, as regards why thy Emperor husband thrust his sword into the throat of the spectre shows that he will never more excite wars, but that he means to hide it, henceforth in the sheath (the throat of the spectre only) as a guarantee of peace! Now collect thy scattered faculties, take on a cheerful look, I beseech thee, and shaking off all these fabrics of thy vision (fears having no foundation) betake thyself to thy bed chamber.

POP. I had made up my mind to seek the temples and the sacred altars, and to sacrifice to the worship of the Deities with slaughtered victims, that such threatening visitations of the night, and the period allotted to sleep might be expiated, and that the terror inspired thereby, might recoil upon my enemies; and, Nurse, offer up thy prayers for me, and worship the gods above, with thy pious supplications, that the apprehensions which still hang about my mind, may pass away from me!

CHORUS.

The Chorus praises the beauty of Poppæa.

IF garrulous report tells the truth when it talks of the furtive amours of the Thunderer, and the love affairs in which he so much delighted; once, whom they report as having coaxingly embraced the bosom of Leda, whilst disguising himself with the wings, and feathers of a swan—at another time, transforming himself into a fierce bull, carrying off Europa, as a captive across the sea—even, now, Poppæa, Jupiter would quit the heavens above, and the starry firmament, which he is ruling, and seek the pleasure of thy embraces, and which he could, with reason prefer to Leda's and even thine, Danæ, whom he admired so much and descended with amorous intent, in that yellow golden shower.—Sparta may brag of the beauty of that famous offspring of hers, Helen, and it is permissible

Quæ regit, & nunc deferet astra,
 Petet amplexus, Poppæa, tuos;
 Quos & Lædæ præferre potest: 770
 Et tibi, quondam cui miranti
 Fulvo, Danæe, fluxit in auro.
 Formam Sparte jactet alumna
 Licet, & Phrygius præmia pastor;
 Vincet vultus hæc Tyndaridos, 775
 Qui moverunt horrida bella,
 Phrygiæque solo regna dedere.
 Sed quis gressu ruit attonito?
 Aut quid pectore portat anhelos?

NUNTIUS, CHORUS.

Motum populi nuntiat ob repudiatam Octaviam
nuptiaque Poppææ.

NUNT. **Q**UICUNQUE tectis miles exultat ducis, 780
 Defendat aulam, cui furor populi imminet.
 Trepidi cohortes, ecce, Præfecti trahunt
 Præsidia ad urbis; victa nec cedit metu
 Concepta rabies temere, sed vires capit.
 CHOR. Quis iste mentes agit attonitus furor? 785
 NUNT. Octaviæ furore perculsa agmina,
 Et efferata per nefas ingens ruunt.
 CHOR. Quid ausa facere, quoque consilio, doce.
 NUNT. Reddere penates Claudiæ Divi parant,
 Torosque fratris, debitam partem imperii. 790
 CHOR. Quos jam tenet Poppæa concordii fide?
 NUNT. Hic urit animos pertinax nimium furor,
 Et in furorem temere præcipites agit.
 Quæcunque claro marmore effigies stetit,
 Aut ære fulgens ora Poppææ gerens, 795

enough that the Phrygian shepherd (Paris) should have been proud of his conquest! She, Poppæa will outstrip in beauty this daughter of Tyndarus, and who brought about dreadful war, and levelled the Phrygian Kingdom to the very ground. But who is this rushing on at a pace accelerated by some fright, or what news is he bringing, with his breath panting like that?—(out of breath).

MESSENGER—CHORUS.

The Messenger describes the excitement of the populace, on account of the divorce of Octavia, and this marriage with Poppæa.

MESSENGER.

WHOEVER that soldier may be, who entertains a boastful pride in being a chosen guardian of the emperor's portals, let him rouse himself, for the defence of the palace, which the fury of the populace is now menacing.—Behold, the Prefects, in a state of trepidation, are calling together (mustering) the armed bands, to garrison the city with extra protection,—nor does this insane feeling, which has so rashly sprung up, appear amenable to any kind of fear, but is acquiring greater and greater intensity.

CHOR. What mad fury is it, that is now agitating the minds of the populace?

MES. This multitude of people are seized with rage about this treatment of Octavia, and being wild with anger, they are rushing on into every kind of crime.

CHOR. Tell us what they have had the audacity to do, and at whose instigation all this has originated.

MES. They are making preparations to restore Claudia (Octavia) to the household of the Divus, the restitution of conjugal rights by her husband and brother, and her legitimate share of the imperial dignity.

CHOR. Of which, already, Poppæa is in full possession, through the legal marriage contracted by unanimous authority in good faith, and upheld by one-minded approval.

MES. This excessive uncontrollable fury springs out of the indignation, to which these nuptials have given rise, and it is that, which is urging them on with headlong rashness, into this display of madness. Whatever statue of Poppæa, sculptured out of the purest marble stood in their way, or whatever brazen monument was shining forth and revealed the likeness of Poppæa, was ruthlessly dashed to the ground by the infuriated hands of the populace, and lies there broken up, by means of hammers wielded by savage arms; they then dragged the pieces of the statues, which had been pulled down from their standing place, trailed them along the streets, with cords, and after kicking them about for some time in an angry fashion, they would plaster them all over with filthy mud! And the swearing, and cursing, that went on, and their obscene language was quite in keeping with their acts,

Afflicta vulgi manibus, & sævo jacet
 Everfa ferro. membra per partes trahunt
 Deducta laqueis. obruunt turpi diu
 Calcata cæno. verba conveniunt feris
 Immixta factis, quæ timor recipit meus. 800
 Sepire flammis Principis sedem parant,
 Populi nisi iræ conjugem reddat novam,
 Reddat penates Claudie viſtus ſuos.
 Ut noſcat ipſe civium motus, mea
 Voce haud morabor juſſa Præfecti exſequi. 805
 CHOR. Quid fera fruſtra bella movetis?
 Inviſta gerit tela Cupido,
 Flammis veſtros obruet ignes:
 Queis exſtinxit fulmina sæpe,
 Captumque Jovem cælo traxit. 810
 Læſi tristes dabitis pœnas
 Sanguine veſtro. non eſt patiens
 Fervidus iræ facilisque regi.
 Ille ferocem juſſit Achillem
 Pulſare lyram; fregit Danaos; 815
 Fregit Atridem; regna evertit
 Priami; claras diruit urbes.
 Et nunc animus, quid ferat, horret,
 Viſ immitis violenta Dei.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NERO, PRÆFECTUS.

Æſtuans ira Nero propter tumultum populi, in ipſum ſæviri
 jubet, & Octaviam veluti motus cauſam, deportatam
 in Pandatarium, interfici.

NERO. **O**LENTA nimium militis noſtri manus, 820
 Et ira patiens poſt nefas tantum mea,
 Quod non cruor civilis accenſas faces
 Exſtinguit in nos, cæde nec populi madet
 Funerea Roma, quæ viros tales tulit!
 Admiſſa ſed jam morte puniri parum eſt, 825
 Graviora meruit impium plebis ſcelus.

and which was ſo bad that I ſhould be afraid to repeat
 it; they are, now preparing to ſurround, the Palace with
 flames, unleſs Nero ſurrenders this new wife of his, to
 appeaſe their indignation, and becomes prevailed upon
 to reſtore Claudia to her houſehold Gods (her home), and
 that the Emperor may know of this inſurrection, from my

own lips, I will make no further delay in carrying out the instructions I have received from the Prefect.

CHOR. Why dost thou bring about all this cruel strife? it is of no good! Cupid is invincible, and has used those arrows of his, which will obscure all thy fires (throw them into the shade). Will the flames which he has set up in the heart of Nero ever be cooled down? That little Deity has drawn down even Jupiter himself from lofty Olympus, and has extinguished his very lightning. Thou wilt pay with thy life any obstacle thou mayst throw in his way; he is hot in his rage and not very patient, in his transports of anger, or easy to be brought under control.—He, it was, who commanded that ferocious Achilles, to strike his lyre, and produce his amorous melodies,—he it was who was the means of nearly ruining the Greeks with their ten years' war—he it was who paved the way for the downfall of Agamemnon—he it was who destroyed the kingdom of poor old Priam, and has been the means of ruining the beautiful cities of the world; and now our minds are simply horrified at what he can really do, and at the unrelenting energy now being displayed by that merciless little God!

ACT V.

NERO—PREFECT.

Nero, boiling over with rage, on account of the tumultuous rising of the populace, orders the most severe measures to be taken against them, and that Octavia, as the cause of such a rising, shall be transported to Pandataria and there slain.

NERO.

OH! the excessive laggardliness in the spirit of my soldiery, and oh! what anger rages within me, suffering as I have done from the commission of such dreadful crimes! Why has not the very life-blood of the citizens been made to extinguish the torches which have been kindled against me for my destruction? Why does Rome, assuming such a funeral aspect, not wade in the blood arising from the slaughter of such a populace? Oh thou Rome! that has ever produced men like them! but it would be a trifling thing for them to be punished only with that death that is the admitted retribution ordained for such deeds. No! this impious

Et illa, cui me civium subicit furor, Suspecta conjux & soror semper mihi, Tandem dolori spiritum reddat meo, Iramque nostram fanguine extinguat suo.	830
Mox tecta flammis concidant urbis meis. Ignes, ruinæ, noxium populum premant, Turpisque egestas, sæva cum luctu fames. Exfultat ingens seculi nostri bovis	
Corrupta turba: nec capit clementiam	835
Ingrata nostram, ferre nec pacem potest, Sed inquieta rapitur. hinc audacia, Hinc temeritate fertur in præceps sua. Malis domanda est, & gravi semper jugo	
Premenda, ne quid simile tentare audeat, Contraque sanctos conjugis vultus meæ	840
Attollere oculos. fracta per pœnas metu Parere discet Principis nutu sui. Sed adesse cerno, rara quem pietas virum	
Fidesque castris nota præposuit meis.	845
PRÆF. Populi furorem cæde pancorum, diu Qui restiterunt temere, compressum affero.	
NERO. Et hoc fat est? sic miles audisti ducem? Compefcis? hæc vindicta debetur mihi?	
PRÆF. Cecidere motus impii ferro duces.	850
NERO. Quid? illa turba, petere quæ flammis meos Ausâ est penates, Principi legem dare, Abstrahere nostris conjugem caram toris, Violare, quantum licuit, incesta manu	
Et voce dira, debita pœna vacat?	855
PRÆF. Pœnam dolor constituet in cives tuos?	
NERO. Constituet, ætas nulla quam famæ eximat.	
PRÆF. Quam temperet non ira, non noster timor?	

crime of the populace deserves more than that! But she, Octavia, for whom the fury of the citizens has subjected me to all this, and who has always been as a sister and wife to me, but whom I have had every reason to suspect, she shall at last be made to give up her life to me as the cost of that just anger, which she has always excited in my bosom, and she shall extinguish that anger with her blood! Very soon, the homesteads of the citizens shall fall a prey to the conflagrations which I will set going! Fire, utter ruin, shall weigh down this hateful rabble, extremest privations, bitter starvation with weeping and sorrow! The fact is a large proportion of the citizens have been eaten up with corruption and idleness and have grown exultant and surfeited with all the benefits that have accrued to them during my reign, nor does the ungrateful rabble appreciate the clemency they have received during my beneficent rule, nor, further,

can they bear the idea of things going on peaceably, but the restless rascals must be seized with some mania or another, and in one direction they are carried away by sheer audacity, and in another they drift headlong with their rashness! These men must be kept under by terrible punishments, and perpetually weighed down by some oppressive yoke, lest they may have the audacity to venture upon a repetition of those outrages at some future time! No! they shall be made to raise their eyes with reverential respect at the divine face of my wife, and being crushed by the fear of my punishments, to obey the very nod of their emperor! But I now see coming towards me, a man, whose strict habits of discipline and acknowledged fidelity to my sceptre, have installed him in his present high position in my camp.

PREF. I have to report that the fury of the populace has at last been brought under, with the slaughter, too, of only some few, who, for a time, resisted to the last, urged on by their foolish obstinacy.

NERO. And is this, dost thou suppose, enough? Is this, too, the mode in which thou, as a soldier, hast dared to address thy Emperor? Thou appeasedst them indeed! No! No! let this hostile little modicum of punishment business fall to my lot!

PREF. The wicked leaders of the insurrection have already fallen by the sword.

NERO. What! that rascally rabble that dared to seek out my very Palace, and consign it to the flames; in other words, to lay down the law to their very Emperor, and to drag away my darling wife from my lawfully instituted marriage couch, to violate her liberty in short, as far as was in their power, by their incestuous hands and terrifying language! No! the punishment which they deserve must be left for me to carry out.

PREF. Will thy anger determine thee to inflict still further punishment upon thy citizens?

NERO. My anger will determine me to inflict that punishment which no length of time will ever serve to efface from the memory of man.

PREF. But canst thou not determine some punishment which will impose some sort of limit to thy anger, and which, at the same time, would diminish our fears.

NERO. Iram expiabit prima quæ meruit meam.	
PRÆF. Quam poscat, ede, nostra ne parcat manus.	860
NERO. Cædem fororis poscit, & dirum caput.	
PRÆF. Horrore victum trepidus adstrinxit rigor.	
NERO. Parere dubitas? PRÆF. Cur meam damnas fidem?	
NERO. Quod parcis hosti. PRÆF. Femina hoc nomen capit?	
NERO. Si scelera cepit. PRÆF. Estne, qui fontem arguat?	865
NERO. Populi furor. PRÆF. Quis regere dementes, valet?	
NERO. Qui concitare potuit. PRÆF. Haud quemquam reor.	
NERO. Mulier, dedit natura cui pronum malo	
Animum, ad nocendum pectus instruxit dolis;	
Sed vim negavit, ut ne inexpugnabilis	870
Effet, sed ægras frangeret vires timor,	
Vel pœna; quæ tam fera damnatam premit,	
Diu nocentem. tolle consilium, ac preces.	
Et imperata perage: devectam rate	
Procul in remotum litus interimi jube,	875
Taudem ut residat pectoris nostri tumor.	

CHORUS, OCTAVIA.

Chorus perniciosum multis favorem populi fuisse canit. mox
dura fata mulierum domus Cæsareæ commemorat.

CHOR. O FUNESTUS multis populi	
Dirusque favor! qui, cum flatu	
Vela secundo ratis implevit,	
Vexitque procul, languides idem	880

NERO. The first object that shall expiate my anger, will be that one who deserves it the most.

PRÆF. Tell me whom thou wilt require for that purpose, and do not let our hands spare them.

NERO. My anger demands the execution of my sister, I require her odious life to be taken away.

PRÆF. I am trembling with horror at thy words—a sudden rigor has frozen up my veins! I am spell-bound!

NERO. Dost thou hesitate, then, to obey?

PRÆF. Why shouldst thou call my fidelity into question?

NERO. Why wouldst thou appear inclined to spare an enemy?

PREF. Dost thou mean to say, that any woman, as far as thou art concerned, deserves such a name as enemy?

NERO. Not if she has lent herself to acts of crime?

PREF. Is there any one who can prove Octavia to be guilty of that?

NERO. This fury of the populace amply proves it to me.

PREF. Who is able, to exercise any influence over a lot of madmen?

NERO. Octavia, who was the means of exciting them on to those crimes.

PREF. I cannot suppose any woman to be capable of such a thing!

NERO. A woman, in whom nature has implanted the disposition, prone to do evil, and which has endowed her mind with all the instincts of crime and treachery, but yet that nature has withheld from her the requisite power, so that she should not in short be so impregnable, but that fear might have some chance of breaking down her feeble powers for mischief, or the punishment itself, which, although late in the day, threatens to be visited upon her, now that she is finally condemned, but this only, after having been an offender for so long! Therefore, abstain from offering me any more suggestions, or advancing any more intercessions, and see and carry out my orders to the very letter; give orders that Octavia be carried away, in some craft or other, to a remote spot, to some far-off shore, that, at last, the surging wrath in my breast may be allowed to cool down!

CHORUS—OCTAVIA.

The Chorus sings regarding popular favor, which has been destructive to so many, and after that, brings into notice, the hard fates which have befallen the Cæsarean Dynasty.

CHORUS.

OH! that favor and enthusiastic preference emanating, from the people! What a source of trouble, and misery it has proved to so many! It is like the craft, which has filled its sails under a favorable wind, and has carried thee far away from the shore, but which same

Deferit alto sævoque mari. Flevit Gracchos miseranda parens, Perdidit ingens quos plebis amor, Nimiusque favor, genere illustres, Pietate, fide, lingua claros,	885
Pectore fortes, legibus acres. Te quoque, Livi, simili leto Fortuna dedit; quem neque fasces Texere fui, nec tecta domus.	890
Plura referre prohibet præfens Exempla dolor. modo cui patriam Reddere cives, aulam, & fratris Vluere toros; nunc ad poenam Letumque trahi, stentem, miseram Cernere possunt. Bene paupertas	895
Humili tecto contenta latet. Quatiunt altas sæpe procellæ, Aut evertit Fortuna domos.	
OCT. Quo me trahitis? quodve tyrannus Aut exfilium regina jubet?	900
Si mihi vitam fracta remittit Tot jam nostris evicta malis; Si cæde mea cumulare parat Luctus nostros; invidet etiam Cur in patria mihi sæva mori?	905
Sed jam spes est nulla salutis, Fratris cerno miseranda ratem. Hæc est, cujus vecta carina Quondam genitrix, nunc & thalamis Expulsa foror miseranda vehar.	910
Nullum Pietas nunc numen habet, Nec sunt Superi. regnat mundo Tristis Erinnyis. Quis mea digne deslere potest Mala? quæ lacrimis nostris questus	915
Reddet Aedon? cujus pennas Utinam miseræ mihi Fata darent? Fugerem luctus ablata meos Penna volucris, procul & coetus Hominum tristes, cædemque feram.	920
Sola in vacuo nemore, & tenui Ramo pendens, querulo possẽm Gutturæ mœstum fundere murmur. CHOR. Regitur fati mortale genus; Nec sibi quidquam spondere potest	925

wind, when a dead calm presents itself, leaves thee helpless in the cruel ocean depths! A miserable parent, aforetime bewailed the loss of the Gracchi (Cornelia) whom intense popular regard, and excessive appreciation by the public, were the means of leading to their ultimate

ruin,—men, too, of such illustrious descent, and acknowledged piety, fidelity, distinguished eloquence, moral courage, and of unflinching severity, in their administration of just laws; and thee also Livius, fortune gave up to a similar end, whom neither thy magisterial dignity, nor the roof of thy very homestead, served as a protection against death! We could adduce many more striking examples, if our griefs did not prevent us—it was only quite lately, Octavia, that citizens were up in arms, and were most desirous of restoring to thee thy country—thy palace, and to exact from thy brother thy conjugal rights, but now, forsooth, they can calmly look on and see thee weeping and in misery—dragged away to meet thy doom! Poverty, in a state of happy contentment, lies hidden under the humble roof, but the storms of fate shake the lofty palaces, or capricious fortune overthrows them altogether!

OCT. Where art thou conducting me? What has that tyrant Nero ordered now? or what exile has his Queen Poppæa appointed for me? or is it that she is melted by compassion at the troubles I have suffered, and my being so utterly cast down by such an array of misfortunes? If Nero is preparing to accumulate my sorrows, by my slaughter, as a climax to my sufferings, why does he even grudge me the privilege of dying in my own paternal soil, although my country has been the arena of so much cruelty towards me? But now there is no apparent hope of my ultimate safety—I perceive already in my misery the craft which bore away my brother! Ah! that is the craft, too, in which his mother was once carried off, and now, as an unfortunate wretch, banished from the marriage bed, I shall be carried away by the same conveyance. Piety has no tutelary deity now, and the Gods above, alas! are nowhere to be found! It is that cruel Erinnyes, who can now cause me to weep adequately for the evils I have gone through! What Thracian nightingale will ever send forth its plaintive notes equal to mine? I only wish the Fates would give to me, in misery, a pair of wings! would I not cleave the air with my rapid wings spread out, and fly far, far away from all my present troubles, and remote from the busy haunts of man, and the hotbed of cruel slaughter, and alone in the desert grove, perched on some delicate twig, should I then be able to warble my tristful strains from my sorrowing throat!

CHO. The race of mortals is governed by the inexorable Fates! Nor does any thing sublunary answer the

Firmum & stabile: Per quæ casus volvit varios Semper nobis metuenda dies. Animum firmeut exempla tuum Jam multa, domus	930
Quæ vestra tulit, quid sævior est Fortuna tibi? tu mihi primum Tot natorum memoranda parens, Nata Agrippæ, nurus Augusti, Cæsar's uxor, cujus nomen	935
Clarum toto fulsit in orbe; Utero toties enixa gravi Pignora pacis; mox exilium, Verbera, sævas passa catenas, Funera, luctus, tandem letum,	940
Cruciata diu. Felix thalamis Livia Drusi, natifque, ferum Ruit in facinus, poenamque suam. Julia matris fata secuta est:	
Post longa tamen tempora ferro Cæsa est, quamvis crimine nullo.	945
Quid non potuit quondam genitrix Tua, quæ rexit Principis aulam, Cara marito, partuque potens?	
Eadem famulo subjecta suo, Cecidit diri militis ense	950
Quid, cui licuit regnum in cœlum Sperare, parens tanta Neronis? Non funesta violata manu Remigis ante,	955
Mox & ferro lacerata diu, Sævi jacuit victima nati?	
OCT. Me quoque tristes mittet ad umbras Ferus & manes, ecce, tyrannus.	
Quid jam frustra miseranda moror? Rapite ad letum, queis jus in nos Fortuna dedit, testor Superos.	960
Quid agis, demens? parce precari, Queis invisa es, numina Divûm. Tartara testor, Erebiq; Deas	965
Scelerum ultrices, & te, genitor Dignum tali morte & pœna: Non invisa est mors ista mihi. Armata ratem, date vela fretis, Ventisq; petat puppis rector	970
Pandataria litora terræ.	

expectations of any one as regards stableness or durability! and the coming day is always to be dreaded; whilst it invariably brings round in its train, such a variety of events! Surely thy Cæsarean dynasty has undergone many troubles! What! Is fortune more cruel to thee,

than it has been to many others before thee? We will mention thee, first of all, oh! thou the daughter of Agrippa, the unhappy parent of so many sons, the daughter-in-law of an Augustus, the wife of a Cæsar, whose name shone so gloriously over the whole world, thou, that broughtest forth, from thy gravid uterus, so many pledges of peace to the universe! a double pledge, first, of love to a husband, secondly, a guarantee of unbroken succession to the imperial throne; by and bye, exile, stripes, undergoing the indignity of being fettered by chains, and being thus tormented for a long time, the once felicitously married Livia, the wife of Drusus, happy too, with the possession of her sons, rushed on to the commission of a terrible crime, and its subsequent punishment! Julia, her daughter, followed the fate of her mother; after a long time, however, she met her death by the sword, although for no crime, of her own! What could not thy own mother, Messalina, do who filled the palace of the Emperor, so dear to that husband too, and so proud and elated with her progeny; yet this same woman, having submitted to the unlawful advances of an underling (the marriage with Silius), fell by the sword of a savage soldier! What about Agrippina, too, such an illustrious parent of thy own Nero, who, with justice, and every show of reason, could have aspired to a place in the heavens, to absolute Apotheosis, as Divus did! was she not, however, outraged by the terrible hands of the Tyrrhenian boatmen, before she was seen to be hacked about by the sword, for a considerable time, and eventually succumbed, as the victim of a cruel son!

OCT. Behold that cruel tyrant will send me likewise to the tristful shades, and the manes! Why in my misery am I detained on earth to no purpose? Let me be seized upon for one of death's victims, by those to whose power my bitter lot has surrendered me! I call the gods above to witness! But what am I now talking about in my madness? Let me spare myself the mockery of invoking the good will of the deities to whom, for some cause or other, I have evidently been an object of hatred! I therefore call the deities of Hell to witness, and the goddesses of Erebus, who are the avengers of crime, and thee, even, oh! my father, who really wert worthy of such a death, and punishment, as I am now about to suffer from—that death, however, is by no means unacceptable or hateful to me—Get the craft in readiness, unfurl the sails, and commit her to the waves, and let the commander of that craft steer for the coast of Pandataria with a flowing breeze!

CHOR. Lenæ auræ, Zephyrique leves,
 Tectam quondam nube ætherea
 Qui vexiftis raptam sævæ
 Virginis aris Iphigeniam, 975
 Hanc quoque trifti procul a pœna
 Portate, precor, templa ad Triviæ.
 Urbe eft noſtra mitior Aulis,
 Et Taurorum barbara tellus.
 Hofpitis illic cæde litatur 980
 Numen Superûm: civis gaudet
 Roma cruore.

CHO. Oh! for the gentle breezes. Oh! for the light and balmy Zephyrs, which caught thee up, and wafted thee away, Iphigenia, surrounded, by an ethereal cloud, far from the altars of the cruel goddess (Diana), Oh! ye kind breezes, convey away this victim, Octavia, far away, from any cruel punishment, I pray, to the temples of Trivia, even (Diana) Aulis itself, is a less cruel place than thy city of Rome, and so is the land of the Tauri, for there it is they sacrifice the blood of any strangers who approach their shores, to appease the anger of the goddess whom they worship! But Rome is very different, she rejoices only in the slaughter of her own citizens!

NOTES.

HERCULES FURENS.

Line

6. ARCTOS ALTA.—Callisto, the daughter of Lycæon was debauched by Jupiter and changed by Juno into a Bear; she was afterwards placed in the heavens with her son Arcas, the one was called Helice, and the other the Cynosure.
9. VECTOR.—Jupiter disguised as a Bull, carried Europa across the sea to Crete—Taurus was the second sign of the Zodiac, and which the poets feign to have been the Bull, which conveyed him, and which was subsequently placed by Jupiter amongst the constellations.
11. ATLANTIDES.—The seven *Pleiades* between Taurus and the tail of Aries, and were the daughters of *Atlas* by *Pleïone*, of which three were debauched by Jupiter, *Maia*, *Electra* and *Taygetes*, they were very dangerous to navigators.
12. ORION.—Born from the combined urines of Jupiter, Neptune and Mercury—*ab urinâ*. Ovid says;
“Perdidit antiquum littera prima sonum”
“The first letter has lost its ancient sound.” As the constellation appears on the 9th March, and sets on the 21st June, it was generally accompanied at its rising by great rains and storms.—Another definition is;
“Quod zelotypam deam male urit”
“Because he sadly vexed the jealous Goddess *Diana*.” But the terrifying character of Orion, was that the neighbouring constellations were scared by the severe atmospheric disturbances, with which he heralded his approach.
13. STELLAS—AUREUS.—Sprung from *Danaë*, upon whom Jupiter descended, as a golden shower. *Perseus*, as the result of this embrace has in his constellatory retinue, twenty-six “golden” stars.
14. CLARA—TYNDARIDÆ.—Bright stars, *Castor* and *Pollux*, twin brothers and sons of Jupiter by *Leda*, wife of *Tyndarus*, whom he approached as a “Swan.”
16. QUIBUSQUE NATIS.—*Latona*, although made a deity, is nowhere mentioned as a constellation, so that Juno, in enumerating the various constellations, reminding her of Jupiter's infidelities, casts her eyes earthwards, and quotes *Delos*, as one of the refreshing mementoes—the rendering, therefore, which I have given, I think, fully elucidates this line.

Line

18. PUELLÆ GNOSSIACÆ.—Juno was at the boiling-point of indignation at the wholesale amours of Jupiter, and I have used the word “wench” as applied to Ariadne, in order to point out her utter contemptuousness towards that personage, as the term “wench” in our own language is generally used in a sense of disrespect.
20. NURIBUS.—As a rule does not signify step-daughters, but daughters-in-law, but here, Nuribus means simply, any woman, maid or matron, who through Jupiter’s amours, are convertible into step-daughters.
26. MERSUM OCEANO JUBAR.—The sun was ordered not to shine upon the earth, for one entire day, practically involving three successive nights.
38. BINOS TINGIT ÆTHIOPAS.—Understand by “binos” the two black races, the African and the Asiatic, amongst the Ancients, the term Æthiopic was applied to any of the black races, and not confined to Æthiopia proper, or as it is now called Abyssinia; those races, therefore, found anywhere from the Coromandel Coast of the Indian Continent, to the parallel of Hesperia, or West Coast of Africa, were thus designated. Then with regard to the word “propinqua,” as necessarily indicating the increasing propinquity of the sun, as the power of the solar rays became more intensified—Seneca here falls into an error, as it is, because the sun’s rays are less oblique in tropical latitudes, the sun losing its vertical character, in latitudes beyond $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ North and South, at which point between that and the Equator they exert their maximum calorific power, for in point of fact, the sun is at a greater distance under such conditions—therefore “propinqua” is here misused by the Poet; the terms “apogee” and “perigee” are used by the moderns, to denote the earth’s distance from the sun.
43. TYRANNI.—Eurystheus, “tyrannus” originally meant King, and is usually employed in this sense by the older writers.
48. OPIMA.—The number, 3, is a multiple, closely observed by nature, hence its general application—it is curiously noticeable in the operations and stages of diseased activities, and in the periods of utero-gestation from the human race downwards—we have it observed as regards the three brothers Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, presiding over the three Kingdoms of nature, the Heavens, the Sea and the Earth—the “three” is observed in the three-forked lightning, the three-pronged trident, and the three-headed Cerberus as regards the foregoing three Deities—thus we have the “three” Graces, the “three” Furies—the “three” Fates—the nine Muses—the Trinity of Scriptural writers, the Trinity of the Hindoo, Brahma, Vishna and Seva; this rule applies also to the blending of liquors, culinary concoctions and so forth, chymical combinations—three bodies or elements will combine freely—and it is the addition of the third body

- Line
 or substance which so materially alters, disguises or transforms so effectually the other "two"—Opima because Cerberus was the representative of his especial prerogative.
49. **FÆDUS UMBRARUM.**—This refers to the league which had been entered into by the three brothers, Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, but was infringed when Hercules forced the entrance of Hell, and returned to the Earth above.
67. **E VACUO.**—The rest of the Gods being drawn from heaven.
80. **SICULI.**—Liberate the giant Enceladus, who was struck by lightning, and kept down by the weight of Ætna pressing upon him, and who, when he moved his weary side, shook Trinacria, with a terrific rumbling.
83. **LUNA.**—The ancients believed that the Nemæan lion had fallen from the moon, and that, of course, other wild beasts were still there; moreover, they thought that the moon was in all respects like our own earth—hence, *concipit feras?*
98. **ERRORQUE—FUROR.**—Both these terms refer to the mental condition—the former especially denoting hallucinations, or what we might call "Amentia", or a wandering purposeless condition, but not unconnected occasionally with the suicidal element; whilst the latter represents the advanced forms of mental alienation, downright uncontrollable madness destructive to the lives of the objects themselves, as well as dangerous to others, and this was what Juno is supposed to have had in her mind, with which to visit upon Hercules and which, indeed, she carried into effect.
100. **FAMULÆ.**—The Furies, the avenging Goddesses.
134. **CADMEIS INCLITA BACCHIS.**—The poet here alludes to Mount Cithæron, in Bœotia, sacred to Bacchus; the Bacchanals celebrated their revels there, and it was on this mountain, that Pentheus was torn in pieces by Agave.
173. **JURGIA VENDENS IMPROBUS.**—I have been rather lavish, perhaps, in my delineation of the character alluded to by the Poet, as "improbus". Of course I have travelled much beyond the "ipsissima verba" of the Text, but to my mind it only serves to fully exemplify the style of man who existed in those days, as portrayed by Seneca, and as to whose characteristics the Poet appears to have been fully alive.
226. **STABULA—BISTONII.**—Diomedes, King of Thrace, fed his horses on the flesh and blood of strangers, who visited his dominions. Hercules punished him for his cruelty, and gave him, in turn, to his own horses, to be devoured. The Thracians are likewise called Bistonians, from Bistonius, the son of Mars and Calirrhœ.
228. **ERYMANTHUS.**—A mountainous forest of Arcadia, on the confines of Elis and Arcadia; 'twas here that Hercules slew the famous Erymanthian bear.

Line

229. MÆNALIUM.—The wild boar of Mænalus, which laid waste, the country of Arcadia; Hercules brought it alive, to Eurystheus.
230. TAURUMQUE.—The Cretan Bull, the terror of a hundred peoples—Neptune caused this Bull to be so furious, as he was deceived by Minos, who gave it to him instead of the one he had originally admired so much. Hercules took this, also, alive to Eurystheus.
239. NEMORIS OPULENTI.—Hercules killed the Dragon which guarded the garden of the Hesperides, and gave to Eurystheus all the golden apples he found there.
244. PETIT AB IPSIS NUBIBUS.—STYMPHALIDES.—They were named, "Martis Alumnæ aves," inasmuch as they furnished a very hard kind of steel from their beaks and claws, as well as from their feathers which were tipped with that metal, which Mars used for his weapons, instead of arrows—They gave forth abominable stercoraceous odors from their bodies; and the tips of their wings, when brought to bear against the objects of attack, operated like swiftly-shot arrows. They preyed alike upon human beings and the lower animals. They fairly darkened the sky when in flight near the earth, and the natives, reminded of what Phineus had suffered from the Harpies, freely used their spears and shields in order to scare them away, by the clangorous din they set up.
- "Ex monitu Phinei, clypeos et hastas sumpserunt et more curetum (Corybanticè) sooitu eas abegerunt,"
- Hercules destroyed them effectually.
248. STABULI.—The stables of Augias, containing three thousand heads of cattle, and which had not been cleaned out for thirty years: they were a source of disease to the country around, from their stench and poisonous exhalations. Hercules cleaned them out in one day, and caused the river, the flow of which had been interrupted by this vast accumulation of filth, to resume its ancient course.
261. JUVENTUS ORTA.—Cadmus having killed the Dragon, an armed warrior sprang up from each tooth of that monster—these men, directly they were born, fell to fighting most furiously with each other, till only five of them were left. These survivors of such unique warfare afterwards became the companions of Cadmus, and assisted him in the building of Thebes.
262. CUJUSQUE MUROS.—Amphion, son of Jupiter and Antiope, at the building of Thebes, who so enchanted the very stones with his melodious strains, that they all rose of their own accord, and took up the places assigned to them, without any manual interference—Mercury gave Amphion his lyre. This skill is mentioned by Virgil.—Eclogue 2, verse 24, as also by Ovid.

Line

391. MÆSTUS.—Niobe had been changed into a rock, and from which, the poets feigned, tears still continued to flow.
398. ALCIDES PATI.—The cardinal duty, to obey Kings, as Hercules' was, in carrying out the orders of Eurystheus.
457. FULMINE EJECTUS PUER.—Juno, in order to avenge her jealousy of Semele, caused her not to be satisfied till she had seen Jupiter in all his celestial radiance; she was then pregnant with Bacchus. Jupiter tried in vain to dissuade her from this desire—and as she appeared before him on his heavenly throne, she was consumed by lightning—Jupiter, however, preserved the child in his thigh, where he finished the period which should have been passed in his mother's womb, which was regarded by the ancients, according to Aulus Gellius and other writers, to have been ten months, and from the fact of Bacchus having emerged from two places or doors—namely, his mother's womb and Jupiter's thigh, he was surnamed amongst other cognomens, *Dithyrambus*, and the canticles sung in his honor were called *Dithyrambs*.
477. EURYTUS.—The father of Iolë and King of Œchalia; he was killed and his country devastated by Hercules, who captured his daughter. When Hercules died on Mount Œta he gave Iole in marriage to his son Hyllus—see "Hercules Œtæus".
587. SPARTANI JANUA TÆNARI.—This was a promontory of Laconia, and feigned by the Poets to have been the entrance to the infernal regions.
643. LENTUM EST, DABIT, DAT, DEDIT.—This is simply an allusion to the rapidity, with which Hercules always carried out his intentions—"no sooner thought of than dooe." The re-iteration of a verb in certain expressions, is noticeable in "Vale, Valeas, Valebis" and "Valeas, Valeat, Valeam."
678. GRADUMQUE RETRO.—"Hoc opus, hic labor est" (Virgil)—the identical words occur in one of the verses of Ovid; it would therefore seem to have been a colloquialism with the Latins, and the equivalent vernacular for our "Ah! that's the rub."
758. ERRANT FURENTES.—The three daughters, Ino, Agave and Antonoë, the latter of whom was the mother of Actæon: Ino had one of her sons, Learchus, slain by her husband Athamas, and with the other, Melicerta, leaped into the sea and was afterwards worshipped as a Goddess. Pentheus was the son of Agave by Echion, and was torn to pieces by his mother, during one of her fits of Bacchanaal delirium.
759. AVIDA.—These were the Harpies, the daughters of Pontus and Terra, thus they lived partly on the sea and partly on the land: they had the faces of Virgins and the bodies of obscene birds. Hesiod calls them—Iris—Aello and Ocypeta; Virgil calls them, Furias and Diras. To the lively imagination of the Greeks, they were something like demons urging on the fury of the storm—and then were named

Line

- “Ocybeta” rapid; “Aello” a storm, and “Celeno,” obscurity.
776. SUCCUBUIT UNI.—Alluding to the weight of Hercules; when he stepped on board the craft of Charon to be conveyed across the Styx, Charon looked aghast. Virgil says the same thing about Æneas when similarly crossing that river:
 —“gemuit sub pondere cymba
 “Sutilis et multam accepit rimosa paludem.”
915. CONDITORES URBS.—Cadmus and his followers. Cadmus was the son of Agenor, and brother of Europa, in search of whom he was sent by his father.
916. TRUCIS ZETHI.—Zethus was brother to Amphion, and whilst the latter amused himself with his musical studies, Zethus betook himself to the woods and hunted wild animals—Seneca thus gives him the prænomen of Trux.
979. CITHÆRON.—A mountain of Bœotia, constantly alluded to in these tragedies; the most notable occurrence connected with it, is that of the son of Laius being taken thither soon after he was born, and exposed with his feet transfixed with a skewer, which treatment caused that condition of the feet, which obtained for him the name of Œdipus, from the Greek words, ΠΟΥΣ and ΟΙΔΕΩ “foot” and “to swell”. The Oracle had warned Laius that he would be slain by a son.

THYESTES.

140. MYRTILUS.—Ænomaus was told by the Oracle that he who obtained his daughter Hippodamia in marriage would kill him—he therefore resolved she should not marry; but at length being prevailed upon, he declared that no one should have her unless he could be outstripped in a chariot-race with the suitor; accordingly, Pelops became a suitor, and induced Myrtilus to tamper with the axles, detaching them in some way, prior to the race, so that the chariot would break down and secure the victory for Pelops—Ænomaus felt the fullest confidence in himself as a charioteer. This was brought about, under promises from Pelops, which he never intended to carry out, one of which was that he share sexual favors from Hippodamia. Pelops did not approve of this novel kind of partnership, and when Myrtilus demanded that the promise should be ratified, instead of complying with such a request, threw him unto the sea, which received its new name from that circumstance.
142. VECTUS.—The word “Vectus” is used here quite in a figurative sense—as it is not to be supposed that Myrtilus was carried in any way, but only that as Ænomaus was deceived by Myrtilus, so Myrtilus was deceived by Pelops, as to the kind of death which was prepared for him, in lieu of what had been promised him by Pelops.

- Line
274. SED OCCUPATUM.—Atreus hints that he was not the first, who had done what he had in view, and would prefer, if possible, some novel crime. Philomela, for example.
296. NATIS.—Agamemnon and Menelaus.
345. TYRIÆ.—From Tyre, in Phœnicia, where the fish yielding the celebrated purple dyes chiefly abounds.
357. FERVENS.—Allusion is here made to the increase of temperature produced by the continuous treading of the oxen, which were used in those days for threshing out the corn.
379. SERES.—A people often quoted by Seneca, who lived in some far-off country, and gathered the materials, which were worked into the finest fabrics, from the trees, possibly from the silk-worm, hence the Latin word for silk "Sericum".—Could this far-off country have been China?
386. MACHINIS.—These were used for hurling great stones, for the purpose of breaking down the walls of a city—a kind of battering-ram.
579. SCYLLA.—A rock in the Sicilian Straits, which on account of the waves beating against it, gave forth a sound, which resembled the barking of dogs, hence the fable of Scylla being turned into a sea monster, and always surrounded by a pack of dogs—"canibus pube tenuis succincta."
582. FERUS CYCLOPS.—Polyphemus fears lest his father, Neptune, should at any time extinguish the fires of Ætna.
730. GEMINÂ.—Tantalus and Plisthenes.
810. PHLEGRÆOS.—From Phlegra, a valley of Thessaly, where the giants fought with the Gods.
841. CURVO.—The oblique track of the Zodiac.
864. ÆGOCEROS or Capricorn, which deserved some trifling recognition from Heaven, as Pan, from his curious face and ugly figure, once frightened the giants.
991. DESERTUS.—Deserted by the Sun, the moon and the stars.
1006. SUSTINES.—Seneca, here, personifies the "Earth", as he does elsewhere "Fire" and the "Sea"—a very consummation of poetic license—he uses this prosopopœia very frequently and with great effect.
1049. HENIOCHUS.—Many writers believe there was once a people by this name, in Asia, noted for the ferocity of their customs.
1089. TRIFULCO.—Lightning, which splits up and burns every thing with its subtle fire.

PHENISSÆ.

14. JACUIT ACTÆON.—Actæon, for having surprised Diana, whilst she was bathing, was turned into a stag and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

- Line
17. **SORORES MATER.**—Agave, with her two sisters Ino and Antonoë, killed Pentheus, when under the influence of the Bacchianal fury. Agave fancied that Pentheus was a calf.
18. **VIBRANTE.**—They carried the head of Pentheus, at the end of a spear, bound round with vine leaves.
47. **MORTEMQUE.**—Metaphorically, from the gladiators.
70. **TELLUS.**—"Terra" is usually applied to the Earth's surface' from "tero" to rub, as substances rub in contact with it—"tellus" is applied to the interior and undisturbed portion of the earth.
71. **RAPAX.**—Proper term for a torrent; Lucretius and Virgil call them "rapacious rivers". Festus says, it signifies a river lashed into motion by sudden downfalls of rain.
128. **SPARTENQUE FRATRE NOBILEM.**—Castor and Pollux.
153. **MILLE.**—On all sides, a thousand ways of escaping from life—many, short, easy—starvation, beating your head against a wall, holding your breath—Martial alludes to the kinds of death, in his epigram "De Bruti Portiâ"—Lib.: I. Epig.: 43.
237. **VIRTUS.**—My courage, which was described by the ancients, as "sola virtus"—ut virtus, a viro, since the noble courageous spirit resided in the male as opposed to the milder characteristics of the female.
248. **NOX OCCUPAVIT.**—Sometimes, "nex"—but it is the same in effect—"nox" is "night" as opposed to "lux" light, and therefore "lux" is "life" and "nox"—"death".
326. **SEPTENA MUROS.**—The seven Kings were, Adrastus, Tydeus, Polynices, Hippomedon, Amphiarus, Parthenopæus. Capaneus.
339. **NOBILITAS.**—Can be applied either for a good or bad cause—here, it refers to the latter.
471. **VINCULO.**—Head-pieces or Helmets.
503. **REGIS.**—Adrastus.
549. **ET THEBIS.**—To which country, no crime whatever is a novel occurrence.
604. **PACTOLUS.**—A river in Lydia, carrying along in its flowing course, golden sands.
608. **GARGARA.**—The top of mount Ida, remarkable for its fertility, its corn productiveness.
- The remainder (and the greater part of this fine tragedy) is lost.

HIPPOLYTUS.

65. **FERI CORNIBUS URI.**—This race of animals with huge horns and great size, appears to be extinct—this must have resulted from the untiring perseverance of the hunting princes, always bent on the chase.

Line

227. *EXPERTA SÆVAM EST.*—Theseus, in a fit of anger slew Antiope, otherwise named Hippolyte—Hippolyte was presented to him by Hercules.
322. *LUTEO PLANTAS.*—Latin Authors agree as to the color, yellow or orange, having been that chosen for the dresses and appendages of a newly-created bride.
401. *TANAÏTIS AUT MÆOTIS.*—These designations point to the Amazons, who dwelt in those vicinities—they made their incursions into Attica, and were conquered by Hercules.
419. *CORNIBUS.*—The horned heifer was held sacred to the moon, by the Egyptians, says Eusebius.
760. *PHÆDRÆ QUEM BROMIO.*—Ariadne had been jilted by Theseus, and left on the island of Naxos, but was afterwards married to Bacchus, and promoted to the Stars.
1022. *NUMEN EPIDAUROI DEL.*—This alludes to the temple erected to the honor and worship of Æsculapius, the father of physic. It is asserted that his two sons Machaon and Podalirius went to the Trojan War, and therefore the date of the latter must be the same as that in which Æsculapius flourished.
1049. *PISTRIX.*—A marine monster of such an enormous size, that it swallowed ships entirely, and then vomited them up again—spoken of by Pliny.
1169. *MEMBRA QUIS SERVUS.*—To render her reproaches more stinging to Theseus, she quotes the robbers and the monsters he had killed (the Minotaur).

ŒDIPUS.

36. *FECIMUS CŒLUM NOCENS.*—The plague has been described by various authors in the Œdipus of Sophocles—Thucydides Lib. II., Lucretius Lib. V., Virgil—Georgic, III.
92. *NEC SPHINGA.*—This monster, with the face of a virgin, wings like a bird, the body of a dog, and claws like a lion, was found near Thebes, and destroyed everyone who could not explain the enigmas she proposed for solution.
117. *CINNAMI SILVIS.*—Arabia Felix, where all the perfumes were obtained.
119. *TERGA FALLACIS.*—The flight of the Parthians was always dreaded, because it was then they made their aims more certain.
282. *BIMARIS SISYPHI TERRAS.*—Sisyphus founded on this isthmus a city which received in succession the names of Corcyra, Epirus and lastly Corinth.
432. *BASSARIDUM.*—The Bassarides were priests of Bacchus.
445. *MATERTERA.*—Ino, sister of Semele, and therefore aunt to Bacchus.
485. *OPHIANÆQUE CÆDE.*—This term refers to the Thebans killed on Mount Cithæron during the orgies—from Ophion,

Line

- sprung from the serpent's teeth and who was one of those, that accompanied Cadmus to Thebes.
500. GEMINUS CUPIDO.—This epithet applies to the two forms of what is called Love, Eros and Anteros—the one a holy feeling sanctified by good principles—the other, a gross animal, lustful passion.
557. ATRÆ BOVES.—Black animals were selected for sacrifices connected with things infernal, and white ones, when the gods above were concerned.
728. CHAONIAS.—This term does not designate any particular variety of Oak, but simply refers to those growing in Chaonia.
824. FAMULL.—Shepherds—herdsmen of the flocks.
859. LUE.—Decomposition.
930. SCELERUM.—The crimes of Agave and the other Bacchanals.
1000. ATRA.—As all seems black to the blind, black being the absence of all colors.

TROADES.

7. CÆLITUM EGREGIUS LABOR.—The walls of Troy, according to the story, were built by Neptune and Apollo.
12. QUÆ VAGOS VICINA.—The poet here alludes to the Amazons, and their queen Penthesilea.
17. ASSARACI DOMUS.—Assaracus, King of the Trojans, was son of Ius, who built the citadel called Ilium.
38. ITHACI COMES.—This companion of Ulysses was Diomedes, with whom he went in the night to steal the horses of Rhesus.
70. GRAIAS HOSPES AMYCLAS.—Amyclæ, a city of Laconia—there was one of the same name in Campania.
134. NIL TROJA SEMEL.—Troy was taken twice during the life of Priam—once whilst Laomedon reigned, and the second time, when Priam was King.
224. CAUSA LITIS REGIBUS.—The capture of Chrysa, was in its consequences the cause of the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon.
519. CEPHALLENUM.—The Cephallenians were inhabitants of an island in the Ionian sea, having followed Ulysses to the siege of Troy.
535. DICEBAT HECTOR.—Not that Hector did literally say this or that, but that it was implied by his acts, by his prestige, as we say, a thing speaks for itself, when it was obvious or self-apparent.
665. QUÆ VENDIDISTIS.—The Greeks being Masters of the plains surrounding Troy, Priam was compelled to buy the spot on which to erect the tomb for his son Hector.

- Line
820. IOLCHOS.—Iolchos was the land of Jason, who attempted the first "sea" expedition, that of the Argonauts.
830. REGNUM PROTHOI.—Prothous reigned in the country which overlooked Pelion, one of the three mountains which the giants piled up when they invaded heaven.
848. TITARESSOS.—A river of Thessaly, whose waters were so oily that they would not mix with those of Peneus.
1010. DULCE LAMENTIS.—Lucretius, Lib. II., Lin. I., says, it is a pleasing consolation to behold from the land the great exertions made by another, who is struggling with the waves rendered violent by the storm; not that it is an object of pleasure in itself, to witness the sufferings of another, but a source of comfort that we are not in a similar plight ourselves.—The chorus here, are thankful that others are in sympathy with their calamities.
- "Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem,
Non quia vexari est quemquam jucunda voluptas
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est."
1069. UNA MAGNA TURRIS.—This was likely the tower from which Helen pointed out to Priam the principal leaders of the Grecian Army.

MEDEA.

1. DII CONJUGALES.—The deities here invoked, as presiding over conjugalities—were, Jupiter, Juno and Pitho amongst the Greeks,—Suada, Diana or Lucina and Venus amongst the Romans.
60. TAURUS TERGORE CANDIDO.—Tergus is here used for the color of the hair on the hide.—They always sacrificed a white one to Jupiter, and one whose neck had never been bent to the yoke.
87. VIRGINIS ASPERÆ.—Diana, the chaste goddess, who amused herself with following the rough pursuits of the forests.
130. INCLYTUM REGNI DECUS.—Here is meant the celebrated golden fleece.
231. SATIQUE BOREÆ.—Calais and Zetes, sons of Boreas, and the nymph Orithyas.
634. AQUILONE.—Used to signify Boreas, also used to signify the North Wind.
652. IDMON.—The son of Apollo and a very learned augur, who died from the bite of a serpent.
698. OPHIUCHUS.—A constellation composed of 17 Stars, but the serpent, immediately above Scorpion is accredited with 23. It is likewise called, "Anguitenens", "Anguifer" and "Serpentaria" by Cicero—see Manilius Lib. I., V. 331.

Line

- Medea in the fulness of her object to revenge herself upon Jason, leaves no stone (serpent) unturned to bring it about. She wishes to include the heavens as well as the earth, in massing every thing of a poisonous or deleterious nature.
726. BÆTIS.—A river of Spain, now called the Guadalquivir.
730. SEGES.—This word is used by Medea to accentuate the importance of a certain plant which had been nicked by some magician's nail, and she forthwith pronounces it as a regular harvest in itself, as a veritable god-send.
781. RELIQUIT ISTAS.—Zetes and Calais, in return for the kindness thus received from Phineus, delivered him from the Harpies.
785. *ai, ai*.—This is a Greek exclamation and is used to denote, that the lugubrious sound which she hears is from the Infernal Deities, and is recognised by her, and she simply ejaculates her acknowledgment by *ai, ai*, which is tantamount to our English, "Hie! Surely that is some significant sound, I heard."
795. DICTYNNA.—One of the names of Diana, derived from the Greek, *δικτυον*, a net in her capacity of huntress, the Goddess used nets to ensnare the wild animals.
796. ÆRA CORINTHI.—It is to be inferred from the recorded exceptional sonorousness of the cymbals, bells and basins cast at Corinth that they owed this property to some judicious combination of various metals. Delrius thinks that gold was one of the constituents. This may have been the case and must have augmented their value, but this metal surely could not have enhanced the quality of the sound; on the other hand, silver can easily be supposed to have added to their enchantingness of tone—*nè scilicet Luna incantatione auditâ cœlo detraheretur*.
814. PERSEL.—Perseis is another name for Diana.
1022. SIC FUGERE SOLEO.—In flying from *Colchis* Medea slew her brother, in flying from Thessaly, Pelias—from Thebes, Creon, Creusa and her two children.

AGAMEMNON.

6. IMÒ FRATERNOS LARES.—Calls to the memory of Thyestes, the repast given to him by Atreus.
30. GNATÆ INFANDOS.—Thyestes, after the treachery of his brother, consults the oracle, which advises him to marry his own daughter Pelopeia, and that a son by her, Ægis- thus, would be the means of carrying out his revenge.
133. MIXTUS DOLORI.—In the present passage, as well as in many others, "dolor" is used for "jealousy"; whilst Seneca employs this word in all its principal meanings—jealousy, grief, pain, and anger.

Line

162. TYNDARIS CÆLI GENUS.—Clytemnæstra was the daughter of Tyndarus, who was the grandson of Jupiter.
216. RHESO.—Rhesus killed by Ulysses in his camp at night.
314. STIRPS INACHIA.—This chorus is composed of the Argolian women. Inachus was the first King of Argos.
451. TYRRHENUS PISCIS.—These words refer to the fish called the Dolphin, into which the Pirates were changed.
566. SCELERE LEMNON NOBILEM.—The women in the island of Lemnos, being neglected by their husbands, killed all the men who were husbands on the island on the same day. Lemnos was also the scene of another massacre, the Lemnians killing all the children they had by some Athenian women, whom they had carried away to become their wives.—Hence arose the proverb "Lemnian Deeds", as applied to any acts of uncommon cruelty.
673. BISTONIS.—Progne, who killed Itys, her infant, and was changed into a swallow.
686. MOLLES VIROS.—The Poet here speaks of the Galli, priests of Cybele, because they mutilated themselves even to castration, so as to render themselves effeminate, which they became by this means of emasculation—in memory of the mutilation of the young Atys.
739. MARMARICUS LEO.—The Marmaric Lion, found in a country north of Libya, bordering on Egypt.
748. TROILUS.—The youngest son of Priam, rash enough to challenge Achilles, by whom he was killed.
863. MENDAX DARDANIÆ DOMUS.—Allusion to Laomedon especially, who was punished by Hercules.

HERCULES CETÆUS.

24. ANTÆUS LIBYS.—Antæus, the son of Neptune and Terra, whom Hercules squeezed to death in his arms—as he only gained additional strength every time he came in maternal contact with Terra.
69. ASTRÆA.—The Constellation Virgo of the Zodiac which follows Leo—Astræa quitted this earth in disgust at the wickedness of the human race.
160. NABATHÆ.—The people who inhabited Arabia Petræa.
369. THESPIADES.—The fifty daughters of Thespius, whose great ambition was that they should all be made pregnant by Hercules, a task which Hercules cheerfully undertook, and succeeded with all but one of them, upon whom Hercules, however, visited his revenge for her non-compliance,—some classical wag has dubbed this performance as the 13th Labor in the subjoined hexametric couplet:
 "Tertius huic decimus labor est durissimus unâ
 Quinquaginta simul stupravit nocte puellas"
 which I have anglicized:
 "This thirteenth labor did most surely test his might
 To make those fifty Virgins Mothers in one night."

Line

492. GRAVIDA NEPHELE.—The cloud which is fabled to have given birth to the Centaurs.

574. JECUR.—The seat of one's longing desires, chiefly of love, which is supposed to be associated in the mind with yellowish bile, that of anger with bile of a blackish tinge. "Fors" is used here adverbially, so in Virgil-Aeneid 5, line 232. "Et fors æquatis cepissent præmia rostris".

This is a word frequently used by Seneca,
"Sanguinis quondam capax."

and was employed colloquially by the Latins to represent various internal organs, as well as to denote certain conditions of the mind, disposition etc.—The Liver was supposed, and very properly so, to preside largely over the temper, which it does and will continue to do; the spleen, too, comes in for its share in this respect, the small intestine likewise, "O! dura ilia messorum"—O! durum jecur! by Seneca, Line 1733. But it is not in its figurative sense that it is used here, any more than it is at Line 709

"Cor attonitum salit, pavidumque"

"Trepidis palpitat venis jecur"

However, it appears in above 1220, that it clearly refers to the substance of the lungs either functionally or anatomically, and I have rendered the passage accordingly; are we right, then, in assuming that the word "jecur" was employed to designate any larger organ? It is evident that the liver cannot palpitate, as at Line 709, but it may have been used by Seneca in the sense of that organ ("Jecur" following "Cor" in the line preceding).

I have reason to think that the knowledge of anatomy was not so backward as it might appear, in Seneca's day, and that he might have known of the existence of a diaphragm, dividing the thoracic and abdominal cavities, and if this "Jecur" were applied to the act of breathing, which it obviously was, I think that the rendering which I have advanced will serve to dissipate any physiological or anatomical inconsistencies and impossibilities. Some commentators give "vigor" instead of "jecur", clearly implying the function of the Lung.

582. CALYDONIÆ.—Calydon, the principal city of Ætolia.

706. VAGUS PER ARTUS.—I am so bewildered in my mind, and my natural susceptibilities are so much wrought upon, that my terrified heart leaps and throbs, and my very liver, as the result of fear beats against my side with its blood-vessels in tremulous commotion.

709. COR—JECUR.—These words occur in following lines, and one of them must be rendered "the heart", which, if beating very forcibly, might be supposed to extend its impulsive movements, just over the left lobe of the liver, and thus simulating the pulsation of the liver itself; thus, in deference to Seneca, I have recognized the anatomical anomaly of the liver palpitating, and have thus rendered the word

- Line
 "Jecur" as the "liver". Horace uses the word "Jecur" eight times for the liver, and once for the "heart". "Jecur" may likewise be taken for strength, courage, endurance, disposition.
739. TUMENSQUE TACITA SEQUITUR.—This line is italicized in the Latin text, owing to some difference with the commentator as to its proper position.
 "Locus desperatus in quo deserit dux noster ab Etruria." Detrius suggests that it should come after lines 1001-1002 Quænam ista? But Gronovius thinks that he has overshot the mark, sed frustra gratulatur sibi, as he remarks. Dejanira does not see Megæra following her from behind, but before her eyes, with the brandished torches, so that I prefer to render the passage where it is; besides, it is a fitting prelude enough to the verse which follows, when Dejanira's train of thought is interrupted as she sees her son hastening with rapid steps, "and although swelling with pent-up anger, without saying a word, she ponders over the situation as presented to her senses, and merely shakes her head significantly." The absurdity of Dejanira having eyes at the back of her head, would shock the most indulgent of readers, even allowing fully for the vagaries of poetic fictions.
776. PHRIXEUM MARE.—The Hellespont.
820. CYDON.—The archers in the city of Crete were famous for their skill.
960. CRUENTA BELIAS.—The Davaides were grand-daughters of Belus.
975. MORS DIFFERATUR.—Let me put off death, as determined upon by myself, and let me perish as Lichas did, only that I choose that death, and Lichas had no choice about the matter.
1168. TRUCI RICTU GYGES.—The giant Gyges was reckoned the most ugly and the most formidable of all the giants.
1204. TURBA.—I have given a rendering of this word as "Staff", as whilst Hercules was disposing of Geryon, it is not likely that Eurythion, although a less formidable giant, and the two-headed dog Orthrus, stood by as passive spectators, whilst the conflict went on.
1220. SANGUINIS QUONDAM CAPAX.—Seneca is very fond of this word "jecur," and employs it here as a figurative expression, implying the normal action of the respiratory apparatus, the due circulation of the blood throughout the pulmonary tissues, and draws attention to the consequences of its having been interrupted, as hinted at in the text. "Jecur" appears to apply to the function of any organ, and then simply signifies the physiological duties thereof, and I have used it in this sense without any hesitation, as applied to the lines 1220—1221.

Line

1811. CLEONAS.—Between Argos and Corinth, near the spot where the Nemæan lion was killed.
1973. PÆNAS.—This prediction of Hercules was accomplished. Eurystheus was conquered by Hyllus near Marathon—some say that Hyllus cut off his head, and handed it over to Alcmena as an especial present.

OCTAVIA.

10. GENITRIX.—Urgulanilla and Ælia Pætina were divorced by Claudius before he married Messalina. Messalina, the mother of Octavia, was noted for her lustful propensities, supposedly, I should think, suffering from the “*furor uterinus*”, which was not very mercifully regarded in those days. At all events, consistent with this notion of nymphomania, which led to such doings, so derogatory to her dignity as a Queen Consort, she had been guilty of a series of immoralities, before the disgraceful mockery of marriage with Silius, which, this time, however, cost her her life.
22. NOVERCA.—The marriage of Claudius with Agrippina was regarded in Rome, as an incestuous marriage, although according to Juvenal, sexual morality was not a canon held in the strictest observance in those days of Patrician licentiousness.
60. ELECTRA.—Sophocles has alluded copiously to the weeping of Electra, and her strong desire for the return of Orestes, to revenge the death of their father, Agamemnon.
105. SUBJECTA FAMULÆ.—Seneca constantly uses this word and in very different senses Poppæa was not a slave, but a woman of good descent. Her father had filled the office of Quæstor.
148. SILANUS.—Silanus was not killed, but committed suicide, the same day that Claudius married Agrippina, and Tacitus says this added to the public indignation.
231. VIDIMUS CÆLO JUBAR.—Tacitus alludes to this comet, and Seneca in the Quæst: Natur.
382. REMOTUS.—Seneca had been accused of adultery with Julia, the daughter of Germanicus, and was expatriated by Claudius to the island of Corsica. Agrippina obtained his return and made him the tutor of Nero.
- 437—8. PLAUTI SULLÆQUE.—Plautus Rabellius had been exiled into Asia, and Sulla into Narbonensian Gaul: but they were both executed by Nero’s orders—Tacitus, Lib. 12. Annal., and Suetonius apud Neronem, Cap. 15.
515. PAVERE.—It was at Philippi, where a great battle was fought by Octavius and Antony, against Brutus and Cassius, and allusion is here made to the immense number of the slain, which were left exposed, unburied, on the plains for the birds of prey to feast upon.

Line

623. **ISTRI.**—I prefer *Indi*—which is suggested in some editions, the latter river being more associated with the idea of gems and precious stones, than the Ister or Danube can be so imagined.
696. **CULPA SENEÆ.**—I think that the rendering I have given of the word “Culpa”, represents the poet’s meaning.
882. **MISERANDA PARENS.**—This unfortunate woman was Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and being sprung from him, was consequently a scion of one of the principal families in Rome.
887. **TE QUOQUE LIVI.**—The tribune Livius Drusus, established great reforms in the laws. He was assassinated just as he was leaving his own house.
942. **LIVIA.**—Livia poisoned her husband, Drusus.
943. **JULIA.**—Julia, the daughter of Livia, was accused of complicity in the poisoning of Drusus, but it was not proved; she was, nevertheless, exiled and ultimately suffered death.
979. **TAURORUM.**—The Tauri were a people of Scythia, and they sacrificed strangers on the altars of Diana.

