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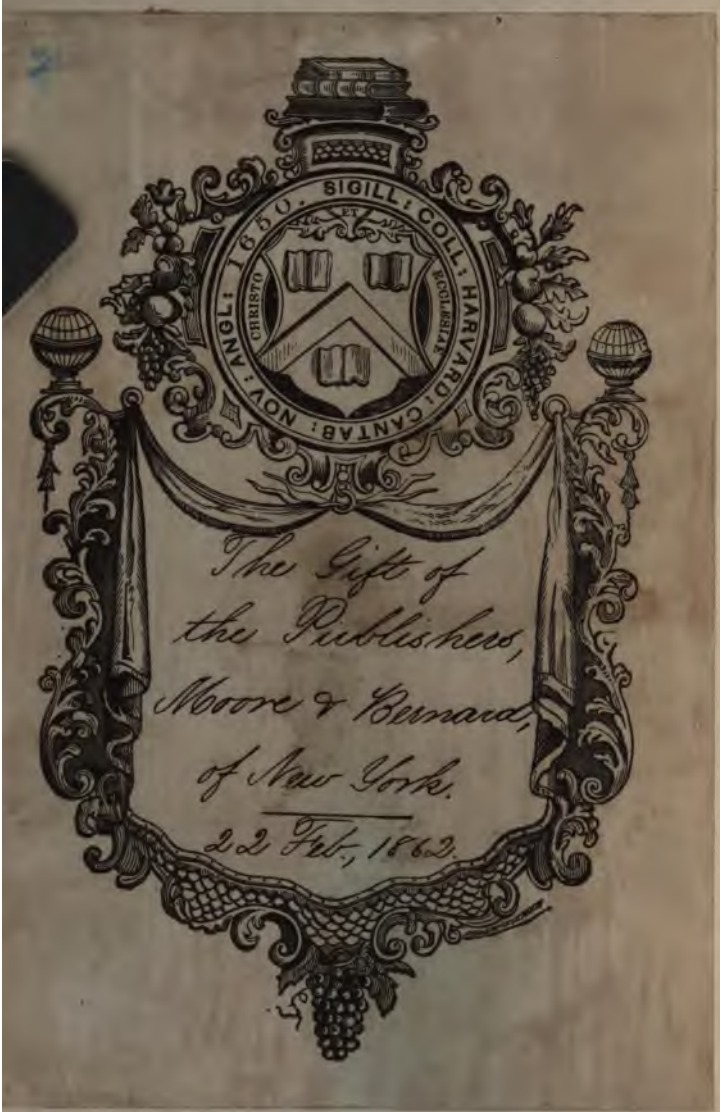
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CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE
The Gift of
the Publishers,
Moore & Bernard,
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22 Feb., 1862.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 6

OF THE

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OF

Shakspearian and other Plays,

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THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,

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AND AS ACTED BY HIM IN THE

PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

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486 BROADWAY, N. Y.

AN

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All in the Dark,
All for Love, [Gold 9
All that Glitters is not
All's Fair in Love,
A Lover by Proxy,
A Lucky Hit,
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A Match in the Dark, 6
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Ambrose Gwinett,
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Awkward Arrival 9
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Betsy Baker 4
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* Brigand,
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† Bronze Horse Melo-
*† Bronze Horse Opera,
* Brother and Sister,
Brutus,
Bryan Boroihme,
Bryan O'Lynn 11
Bunker Hill,
Busy Body.
Caliph Robber,
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Caprice,
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Captain's Not Amiss,
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*† Cataract of the Ganges
Catching a Mermaid 6
† Catherine
Catspaw,
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Crinoline,
Critic, The
Crossing the Line 11
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Dark Hour Before Dawn
Darkness Visible,
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† Don Juan,
Double-Bedded Ro
Doubtful Son,
Douglas,
Dowager, the
Dragon of Wantley,
Drama Defended,
Dr. Dilworth,
Dream,
Dream at Sea.
Dreams of Delusion
Dred; or, the B
Drunkard 18 [Sw
* Duenna,
Dumb Belle 6
Dumb Girl of Geno
Dutch Governor,
Dutchman's Ghost,
Dying for Love.
Each for Himself,
Eaton Boy 5
Ebenezer Venture,
Education,
Elder Brother,
Election,
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† English Etiquette,
Englishman from P
Englishman in Paris
Ernestine 8
Ernest Maltravers,
Esmeralda,
Eurydice Hissed,
Eustace Baudin 14
Evadne,
Evelyn Wilson,
Evil Eye 10
Evil Genius.
Faint Heart Never
False and Constant
False Delicacy,
Family Jars 7
Farmer
Farm House,
Faro Table,
Fascinating Individ
Fashion,
Father and Son,
Faust and Marguer
Fazio,
Feudal Times,
Field of Forty Foots
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Fireman,
First Night 8

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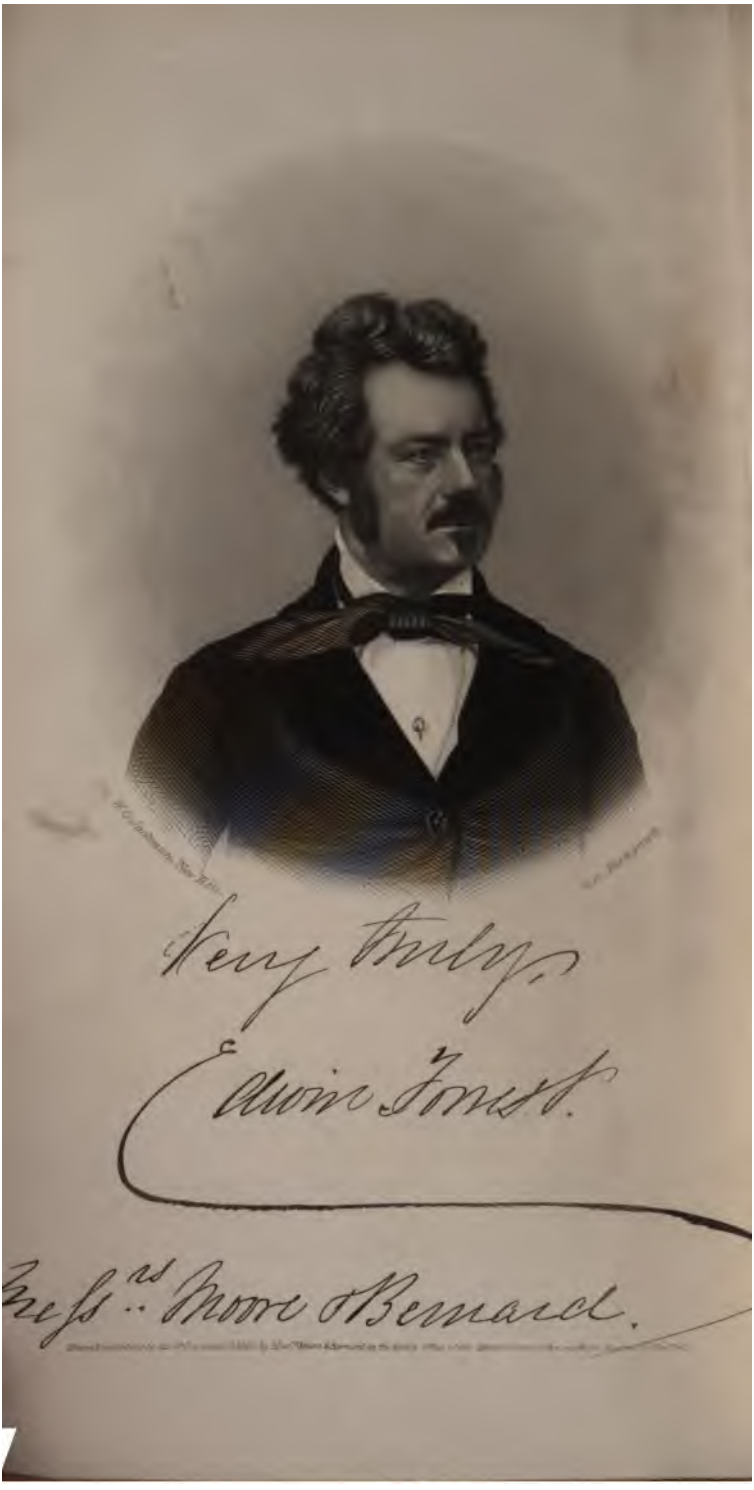
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1862, Feb. 22.
Gift of
The Publishers,
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The Publishers *believing that the want of a strictly correct edition of the Plays of Shakspeare, as they are acted at the present day, which might serve the purpose of mentor and guide, has long been felt by the public, and particularly by the members of the theatrical profession, have endeavored to supply the want, and present this work as the first result of their efforts. It is*

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

EDWIN FORREST, ESQ.

as an humble tribute to the genius of the greatest impersonator and expounder living, of the works of the immortal bard, and a recognition of kindly assistance received from him. In making the corrections and interpolations (from the original text) his knowledge and research were invaluable; and the unusual facility afforded by his private library (the finest Shakspearian in the world) have enabled the Publishers to perfect a work which they can present with confidence to the public.

WM. A. MOORE & C. S. BERNARD.

NEW YORK, 1860.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This drama was first produced the 28th of May, 1821, at the Covent Garden Theatre. It was written by John Banim, of Ireland, then a young man, and who afterwards became celebrated by a series of novels under the title of the "O'Hara Tales." From the fact that the play underwent the revision of the celebrated orator, Shiel, who was himself at that time a writer of plays, it was for some time supposed to be his production. The author alludes to the assistance he received from this quarter in the following terms:—

"This Tragedy underwent a most considerable change in Mr. Shiel's hands, after having been originally written. That gentleman's alterations and arrangements generally pervade it; some scenes are exclusively his; and the author owes it to his own feelings to add, that Mr. Shiel's connexion with the play was extremely generous."

Of the reception of the piece, Leigh Hunt says, he "never witnessed a more successful one: the acting was admirable. The interest is strongly excited from the first, and increases to the last."

There are crudities in this play, showing it to be the work of a young author. The language is often overstrained and unpolished; and it is indebted to its fine situations for nearly all its success. But these are, we think, sufficient to render the piece always an attractive one, when it has the advantage of a *Damon* like Mr. Forrest, who has made the part essentially his own. Nothing can be more intensely exciting in the way of acting, than his frenzy when he finds that his freedman *Lucullus* has slain his horse, with a view of saving his master's life. As he seizes upon the trembling culprit, with the words,

> "'Tis only far as yonder yawning gulf—
> I'll throw thee with one swing to Tartarus,"—

and bears him off the stage, he seems abundantly able as well as disposed to carry his threat into execution. The closing scene, where he appears in season to rescue *Pythias*, is also one unsurpassed in energy and effect.

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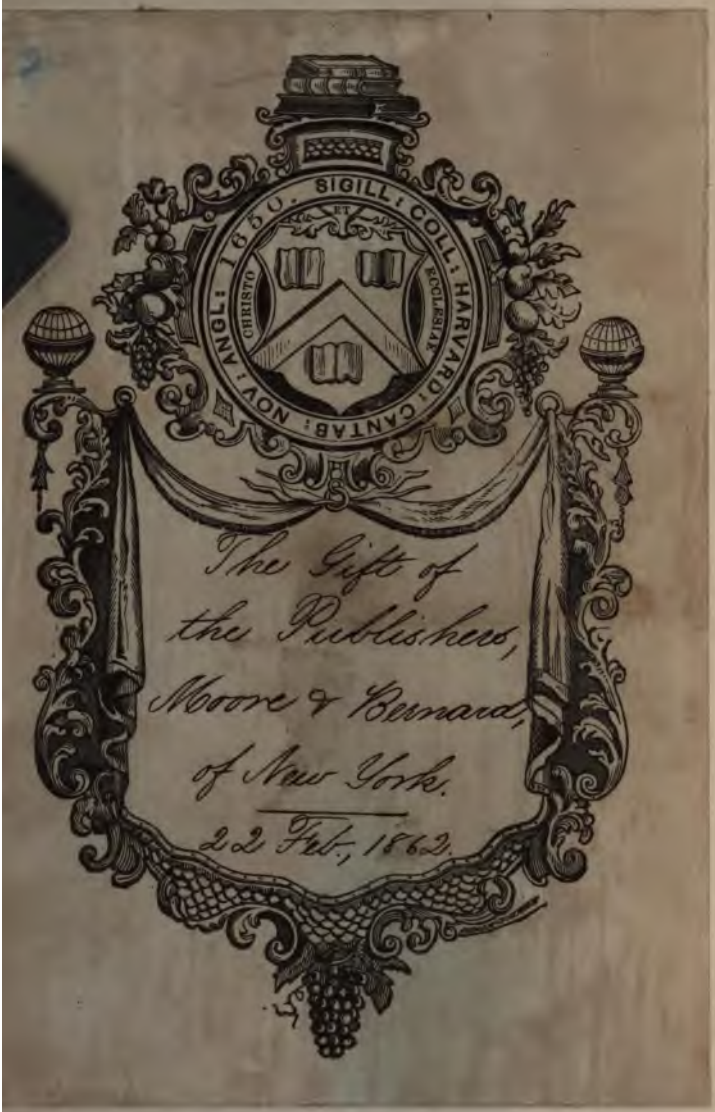
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CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE
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22 Feb., 1862.

Dam. Yes, my lord,
We have at last attained the 'vantage ground,
Whence your broad view may take a boundless prospect.
Dion. 'Tis a bold step upon the mountain-path,
Wherein I have been toiling. I no longer
Doubt of the senate's inclination.
(*To Procles.*) What say the soldiers? Thou hast hinted to them
That we confided to thee?
Proc. (R.) Yes, my lord;
And they are ready for it.
Dion. Go thou hence, [*Crosses to Procles.*
And speak to them again; disperse more gold;
'Twill give a relish to thine eloquence; [*Procles is going.*
And, hark ye, lead them this way: I shall here
Await thy coming. Ha! behold, in air,
[*Looking off*, L. U. E.
Where a majestic eagle floats above
The northern turrets of the citadel;
And, as the sun breaks through yon rifted cloud,
His plumage shines, embathed in burning gold,
And sets off his regality in heaven!
Thou knowest how readily the multitude
Are won by such bright augury—make use
Of divination—haste thee. [*Exit Procles*, R.
Philistius, give me your hand. I thank you.
Things look in smiles upon me. It was otherwise
But a year since, when I impeached the magistrates
For treasonable dealing with the foe,
And the senate hurl'd me from my topmost height
Of popularity.
Dam. Degraded you
From power and office.
Dion. Ay! at the appeal
Of that stale pedant, the Pythagorean,
Who hangs out his austerity for sale,
In frowns, closed lips, and pithy sentences.
Dam. Thou speakest of Damon?
Dion. Ay, mine enemy,
The patriot and philosophic knave,
Who hath been busy with my purposes,

And one day shall not smile at it. He came
Into the senate-house, with a fierce crew
Of his associates in philosophy,
Silent and frowning, at his back; he rail'd,
And had his triumph.—Times have altered since;
And, to the mould and fashion of my will,
Shall yet take stranger shape, when, Damocles,
These long-trained law-givers, these austere sages,
Shall find I can remember.

Dam. (L.) The steps
Which since most visibly you have ascended,
Must have required much effort?

Dion. (C.) Yes! to have flung
Into the shade of public disrepute,
The very men whose voices were most loud
In working out my ruin; after that,
To gain the army's suffrage;—to be chosen
Its head and general, that was another;
To have won that very senate,—

Phil. Yet pause, my lord:
Howe'er complying you have hitherto
Found that assembly, and though most of them
Are plunged into your debt, beyond all means
Of their redemption, yet may there be still
Some sudden reluctation to the last
And mightiest of all hopes.

Dion. The garrison
Is not a bad ally, methinks?

Phil. (R.) The war
Hath ta'en the flower of all the troops from Syracuse;
And Damon heading the vile populace—

Dion. I came from Agrigentum, to entreat
Arms, corn, and money, from the senators,
While I myself have purposely delayed
The granting them: meantime, the city is filled
With many thousands of my followers.

Phil. But are they not unweapon'd?

Dion. This city of Syracuse—
It hath a citadel?

Phil. True, sir; it hath.

Dion. And therein, as I deem, its national stock
Of corn, and arms, and gold, is treasured?
Phil. True.
Dion. The citadel is not impregnable;
And when it is mann'd and order'd to my will,
What of these frothy speech-makers? [*Shouts*, R.
Phil. My lord,
The soldiers shout for you.
Dion. Procles, I see,
Is at his work.—Good Damocles, Philistius,
As you are senators, retire you hence:
It were not meet that you should look to have been
Parties to any act, which afterwards
May grow into discussion.—And, Philistius,
One effort more among our city friends:
I will forewarn thee of the time to call
The senators together.—Yet, I mean not
Exclusively to trust them, good Philistius;—
Sure means, sure ends.—I'll have a friend or two
Within my call, to help them.—If their councils
Become too knotty for unravelling,
A sharp sword may be useful.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Philistius and Damocles*, L.
(*Voices without*, R.) Ay, to the citadel.—The citadel!

Enter PROCLES *and Soldiers*, R. S. E. *and down*, R.

Dion. (R.) Who talks of moving to the citadel?
Proc. It is himself—huzza!
All. Huzza! our general!
Dion. Good friends, I thank ye. Procles, art thou here?
Hast thou distributed to these much wronged men,
The trifling bounty which I charg'd thee with?
Proc. (L.) They have it, noble general.
Dion. My friends,
'Twas a poor offering, and beneath your taking;
But, as yourselves do know, my private purse
Is light as that of any other veteran,
Within the walls of Syracuse. Speak, Procles,
Who talks of moving to the citadel?
Proc. We, Dionysius, we. Yes, these brave spirits;

Indignant at the senate's heedlessness
Of you, and them, and of the general honor.—
Dion. Give me not cause, my friends, to deem myself
Dishonor'd and endanger'd in your love;
For, as I am a soldier and a man,
Could I believe that any other thought
Engaged you to possess the citadel,
Save your anxiety for the soldier's weal,
And the state's safety, I would raise my hand
In supplication 'gainst your enterprise;—
But, as the time now urges, and cries out
For sudden muster and organization
Of the brave thousands who but wait for swords,
To join your ranks, and rush with you to glory;—
But then the senate—
Proc. Speak not of the senate:
We do renounce its service, and despise it.
Dion. It was my thought to say, if they object,
We may submit it as a needful step;
Claiming allowance in the exigency
Of the occasion.
Proc. They shall not control it.
We seek not for their judgment of our act.
On, general, on!
Dion. When did ye call,
That I replied not with my word and deed,
My heart and hand? Even as you say it, on!
On, fellow-soldiers, to the citadel! [*Draws.*
And let your swords be out, more in the show
Of what ye are, soldiers and fighting men,
Than with a harmful purpose. Let us on!
All. On to the citadel! the citadel!
[*Exeunt with cries, and brandishing their swords,* L. U. E., *through arch.*

Enter DAMON, R.

Damon. Philistius, then, is president at last,
And Dionysius has o'erswayed it? Well,
It is what I expected: There is now
No public virtue left in Syracuse.
What should be hop'd from a degenerate,

Corrupted, and voluptuous populace,
If highly-born and meanly-minded nobles
Would barter freedom for a great man's feast,
And sell their country for a smile? The stream
With a more sure eternal tendency
Seeks not the ocean, than a sensual race
Their own devouring slavery. I am sick,
At my inmost heart, of everything I see
And hear! Oh, Syracuse, I am, at last,
Forced to despair of thee! And yet thou art
My land of birth—thou art my country still;
And, like an unkind mother, thou has left
The claims of holiest nature in my heart,
And I must sorrow for, not hate thee! (*Shouts*, L.) Ha!
What shouts are these? 'Tis from the citadel
The uproar is descending.

Enter LUCULLUS, L. S. E.

Speak, Lucullus,
What has befallen?
Luc. Have you not heard the news?
Damon. What news?
Luc. As through the streets I passed, the people
Said that the citadel was in the hands
Of Dionysius.
Damon. The citadel
In Dionysius' hands? What dost thou tell me?
How—wherefore—when? In Dionysius' hands?
The traitor Dionysius?—Speak, Lucullus,
And quickly.
Luc. It was said, that by rude force,
Heading a troop of soldiers, he had ta'en
Possession of the citadel, and seized
The arms and treasure in't. [*Crosses behind and exit*, R.
Damon. I am thunder-stricken!
The citadel assaulted, and the armory
In that fierce soldier's power! (*Shouts*, L.) Again! By all
The gods on high Olympus, I behold
His standard waving o'er it—and they come,
His most notorious satellites, high heap'd
With arms and plunder! Parricidal slaves!
What have ye done? [*Shouts*, L

Enter PROCLES, *Officers and Soldiers*, L., *with plunder.*

Proc. & Sol. (L.) For Dionysius! Ho!
For Dionysius!
Damon. Silence! obstreperous traitors!
Your throats offend the quiet of the city;
And thou, who standest foremost of these knaves!
Stand back, and answer me—a senator,
What have you done?
Proc. (L.) But that I know 'twill gall thee,
Thou poor and talking pedant of the school
Of dull Pythagoras, I'd let thee make
Conjecture from thy senses: But, in hope,
'Twill stir your solemn anger, learn from me,
We have ta'en possession of the citadel,
And—
Damon. Patience, ye good gods! a moment's patience
That these too ready hands may not enforce
The desperate precept of my rising heart—
Thou most contemptible and meanest tool
That ever tyrant used!
Proc. Do you hear him soldiers?
First, for thy coward railings at myself,
And since thou hast called our Dionysius tyrant,
Here, in the open streets of Syracuse,
I brand thee for a liar, and a traitor.
Damon. Audacious slave!
Proc. Upon him, soldiers!
Hew him to pieces!
Soldiers. On him! [*They advance, shouting.*

Enter PYTHIAS, *as they rush upon Damon*, R. U. E.

Pyth. (L. *of Damon.*) Back, on your lives!
Cowards, damned, treacherous cowards, back, I say!
Do you know me? Look upon me: do you know
This honest sword I brandish! You have seen it
Among the ranks of Carthage; would you now
Taste its shrewd coldness in your quaking selves?
[*Procles and Soldiers advance.*
Back! back! I say. He hath his armor on—
I am his sword, shield, helm; I but enclose

Myself, and my own heart, and heart's blood, when
I thus stand before him.
Damon. (R.) False-hearted cravens!
We are but two—my Pythias, my halved heart!—
My Pythias, and myself! but dare come on,
Ye hirelings of a tyrant! dare advance
A foot, or raise an arm, or bend a brow,
And ye shall learn what two such arms can do
Amongst a thousand of ye. [*Soldiers advance.*
Pyth. Off!
Off, villains, off!—Each for the other thus,
And in that other, for his dearer self!
Why, Procles, art thou not ashamed—for I
Have seen thee do good work in battle time—
Art not ashamed, here on a single man,
To rush in coward numbers? Fie upon thee!
I took thee for a soldier.
Proc. For thy sake,
Who art a warrior like ourselves, we spare him.
'Twas a good star of his that led thee hither
From Agrigentum, to lift up thine arm
In the defence of that long robe of peace
Wherein he wraps his stern philosophy.
Come, teach him better manners. Soldiers, on!
Let us to Dionysius.
Proc. & Sol. For Dionysius! Ho!
[*Exeunt Procles, Officers and Soldiers, shouting,* R. U E.
Pyth. Art thou safe
From these infuriate stabbers?
Damon. Thanks to thee,
I am safe, my gallant soldier, and fast friend;
My better genius sent thee to my side,
When I did think thee far from Syracuse.
Pyth. I have won leave to spend some interval
From the fierce war, and come to Syracuse,
With purpose to espouse the fair Calanthe.—
The gods have led me hither, since I come
In time to rescue thee.
How grew this rude broil up?
Damon. Things go on here
Most execrably, Pythias. But you are come
To be a husband, are you not?

Pyth. To-morrow
I call my soft Calanthe wife.
Damon. Then, Pythias,
I will not shade the prospect of your joys
With any griefs of mine. I cry you mercy—
These are experiments too over nice
For one that has a mistress, and would wed her
With an uncut throat. I have oft wished, myself,
That to the blest retreats of private life
My lot had been awarded ;—every hour
Makes one more sick and weary with the sense
Of this same hopeless service of a state,
Where there is not enough of virtue left
To feed the flarings of our liberty.
But, my soldier,
I will not make thee a participant
In my most sad forebodings,—Pythias,
I say, 'twere better to be the Persian's slave,
And let him tread upon thee, when he would
Ascend his horse's back, than—yet, not so ;
I am too much galled and fretted to pronounce
A sober judgment, and the very mask
Of freedom is yet better than the bold
Uncovered front of tyranny.—Farewell ! [*Crosses*, R.
Pyth. Nay, I must follow thee, and find the cause
That so perturbs thy spirit.
Damon. How, sir ! You have
A mistress here in Syracuse, and, look,
Herself comes forth to meet you. [*Looking*, R.
Pyth. Where ? Calanthe ! [*Looking*, R.
Nay, I behold her not—you mock me, Damon.
Damon. (*Pointing to a different side of the stage*, L.)
Look this way, sir.
Pyth. It is herself, indeed,
My own, my fond, betrothed one. [*Runs to meet her.*

Enter CALANTHE, L.

Cal. My dear,
But most neglecting Pythias !
Pyth. By the birth
Of Venus, when she rose out of the sea.

And with her smile did fill the Grecian isles
With everlasting verdure. she was not,
Fresh from the soft creation of the wave,
More beautiful than thee!

Cal. Thou fondly thinkest
To hide thy false oblivion of the maid
That, with a panting heart, awaited thee.
Now, Pythias, I do take it most unkind,
That thou to friendship hast made sacrifice
Of the first moment of thy coming here.

Pyth. (C.) Nay, chide me not, for I was speeding to thee.

Cal. (L C.) Soon as I heard thou wert in Syracuse,
I ran at once to hail thee with a smile,
Although my mother would have staid me.

[*Pythias kisses her hand.*

Damon. (R.) (*Lost in thought.*) Yes, my wife and child—
They must at least be safe.

Pyth. And how, Calanthe,
Fares thy dear mother?

Cal. Happy in the thought,
If she must needs (as she must) part with me.
It is at least to *thee*.

Pyth. And my poor father?

Cal. Time has almost shut up his faculties;
And he can scarce distinguish any voice
That is addressed to him. The day is passed
Upon his couch; at evening, in a chair,
He is carried to the terrace walk before
The threshold of his mansion, where the wind,
Fresh from the sea, plays with his locks of gray,
'Till, pleased at last, he smiles. That gentle smile,
As 'tis the first denotement of a thought
In speechless infancy, 'tis the last sign
Of the expiring mind.

Pyth. My soft Calanthe
Must be a tender on infirmity
Before her time. But where's my silent friend?

Dam. (*Aside, and lost in thought,* R.) One brave blow,
And it were done! By all the gods, one blow,
And Syracuse were free!

Pyth. (*Touching him on the shoulder.*) Why, Damon,
what's the matter?

Damon. Pythias, is't you?
(*Crosses to Calanthe*) I cry you mercy, fair one! Pythias,
You are to be married. Haste thee, Pythias,—
Love, and fight on. Thine arm to Mars, thy heart
Give to his paramour —Take thou no care
Of the politician's study—'twill turn pale
Thy face, make thee grow sick at nature's loveliness,
And find in her pure beauty but one blank
Of dismal, colorless sterility.
Calanthe, look to it; let him not play
The statesman's sorry part.
Pyth. (R.) Damon, you let
The commonwealth o'erfret you. I was about
To pray you to our wedding.
Dam. (C.) I intended,
Unbidden, to be there.
Pyth. From friendship's eyes
I'll win addition to my happiness.
Calanthe, come—(*Crosses to Calanthe.*) I should be half in fear,
To seem thus loving of thee, in the sight
Of this philosopher.
Cal. Nay, he pretends
To be by half more rugged and more wise,
Than he hath any right to: I have seen him,
[*Crosses to Dam.*
(Have I not, Damon?) looking at his wife,
When he imagined none was there to mark
The proud Pythagorean, with an eye
Filled up with tenderness;—and his young boy, too,
That seems Aurora's child, with his fine face,
Stirr'd his stern visage to complacency.
Come, come, we'll be reveng'd upon you both: [*Crosses*, L.
I swear, his wife and I will be accounted
Your rivals in the godlike quality
Your lordly sex would arrogate its own
Peculiar privilege, and show the world
The unseen, and yet unrumoured prodigy—
The friendship of a woman.
[*Exeunt Calanthe and Pythias*, L.

Enter LUCULLUS, R.

Damon. Hark thee, Lucullus:
My wife and child must instantly depart
from Syracuse;—you must attend them hence,
Unto my villa, on the mountain side.
Luc. Alas, my lord!
Damon. Why dost thou droop?
Luc. My lord,
I was your slave; you gave me liberty—
And when I see you peril'd—
Damon. Nay, Lucullus,
Where is the warrant for thy fear?
Luc. I read
You are engag'd in some dread enterprise,
Else you would not deny them to your sight:
You fear the leaning ruin may fall down
Upon their dearer heads.
Damon I charge you, sir,
No prying into my purposes.—Take care
You speak not to my wife of anything
May stir her apprehensions—see, she comes—
[*Lucullus retires.* C.
Beware—thy looks betray thee.

Enter HERMION, R. U. E.

Her. Art thou safe,
Damon, art safe?
Damon. You are not a widow yet.
Her. For shame to talk of such a thing. I have heard
Of thy rude quarrelling with that same fierce
And overbearing soldier. But thou art safe.—
Proud men! how reckless of the faithful hearts
That doat on you—that hang their weakness on ye!
How reckless of us in your bustling hours
Of occupation and despatch, ye are!
Ah, then you think not of the pining mate,
Left in her solitude, with naught to do,
But weep for your return, and chide the gods,
That make your minds so stern and enterprising.
Damon. Hermion, I think the city's fulsome air

Likes not our boy;—the color in his cheek
Hath lost its rich and healthful purity.
Her. Nay, you are wrong there;—'tis like a young peach,
Or yet *more* fresh and blooming.
Damon. Hermion,
I have resolved that you and he shall go
Unto my villa, near to Syracuse.
Her. But you will come with us?
Damon. Hermion, you know
My occupation forbids that wish.
Luc. My lord—
Damon Forbear, sir—(*Lucullus exits*, R. S. E) yet I cannot go—
I mean, I cannot go immediately—
The state affairs lay hold upon me. You
Must hence before me thither.
Her. Damon—
Damon. Come,
Look not thus sadly.
Her. I have learned too well
The usage of obedience, to inquire
Into your purposes.
Damon. Hermion, I'll take
Occasion oft to visit you—to-morrow—
If possible, to-morrow.
Her. Will you so?
Nay, will you truly promise it?
Damon. I do.—
Hermion, you must be sudden; you must despatch.
Come—but I'll see my boy before you go.
Hermion, he is our only one. That child
Is made of thy own heart and mine. I charge thee
Have thou a care, in all vicissitudes
Of private or of public incident,
To form in him, what will out-top the height
Of the best laurel-tree in all the groves
Of the Academy—an honest man. [*Exeunt*, E.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Arria's House.*

Enter PYTHIAS *and* CALANTHE, R.

Pyth. So, my Calanthe, you would waste the moon
Of Hymen in this lonely spot?
Cal. In sooth,
I would, for 'tis the fairest place in Sicily:
A dell, made of green beauty; with its shrubs
Of aromatic sweetness, growing up
The rugged mountain's sides, as cunningly
As the nice structure of a little nest,
Built by two loving nightingales. But what care you,
A soldier, for such fantasies? I know
A way that better shall persuade you to
That place for our sweet marriage residence:—
There Damon hath his villa.—Ha! you seem
Determin'd by the fast proximity
Of such a friendship, more than all my love.
Pyth. Does Damon dwell there?
Cal. No; his Hermion
And his young boy—Oh! 'tis a beauteous child!—
Are sent there from the city's noxious air;
And he doth visit them, whene'er the state
Gives him brief respite. Tell me, Pythias,
Shall we not see the Hymeneal moon
Glide through the blue heavens there?
Pyth. My own adored one!
If thou should'st bid me sail away with thee
To seek the isles of the Hesperides,
I would, with such a pilot, spread my sail
Beyond the trophies of great Hercules,
Making thine eyes my Cynosure!

Enter LUCULLUS, *hastily*, R.

How now, Lucullus? [*Crosses to him.*
Luc. Where is my lord? I was informed
That I should find him here—a senator
Bade me require him instantly.
Pyth. He waits here,

To attend us to the temple, and if things
Of weight demand his ear, you'll find him yonder
In the pale cypress-grove. [*Exit Lucullus*, L.
Nothing, I hope,
Has happened to withdraw him from the rite
That makes thee mine.
Cal. I hope not.—Who is this
That seeks him out so earnestly ?
Pyth. He is
A brave Italian, whom the Carthage pirates
Seized on his native coast, and sold a slave.
Damon hath given him back his liberty,
But yet, of his free will, he tends him still ;
And more than very freedom doth he hold
The right to serve a man that is fine touched
With a most merciful spirit.
Cal. Nay, my Pythias,
Make not your friend's high qualities for aye
The burthen of your eloquence. In sooth,
I should be almost jealous of a steed
I saw you pat with a too liberal hand ;
And—ha ! he comes.

Enter DAMON, L.

Damon. Pythias—(*Aside*) I must not let
Calanthe read my purpose.—Calanthe,
The blessing and the bounty of the gods
Be with you, over you, and all around you,
Thou gentle girl ! (*Crosses*, C.) Pythias, a word with you.
[*Aside, and crosses to Pythias.*
What heard I, think you, Pythias, even now ?
Cal. (L.) There has been Pythias, all this forenoon,
Would speak to me of nothing but the esteem
In which he held thee, Damon.
Damon. (C.) What ? no word
Touching the quality of that foolish love
He bears the fair Calanthe ? (*Aside to Pythias.*) We are undone,
We and our wretched city, Pythias !
Pyth. (*Aside to Damon.*) What dost thou mean ?

Cal. No, not a single word—
Thou, thou alone mad'st up his eulogy.
Damon. What think'st thou, Pythias? A king! [*Aside.*
Pyth. (*Aside to Damon.*) What? who?
Damon. (*To Calanthe.*) Heed not.
His silken praises of me. (*Aside to Pythias.*) Dionysius
Is to be crowned in the senate-house.
Pyth. Can it be possible?
Damon. I say thee, yea—
His soldiers line the streets.
Pyth. But will the senate—
The coward senate, sanction it? Will none
Oppose him in it?
Damon. Oppose him.—(*Aloud.*) All the gods
So help or strike me, as I will oppose him!
Let Ætna vomit fire upon his side,
And I alone,—(*Crosses,* R., *searching about him.*) Ha! I forgot my dagger.
Cal. How now, my Pythias?
Pyth. He is moved, Calanthe,
By some most urgent matter of the state;
Nay, heed him not!
Damon. Pythias, as I intended
To be a witness to thy wedding rite,
I did not bear a weapon—give me thy poniard.
Pyth. Speak, to what end?
Damon. No matter, give it me.
Cal. Ha! What does he intend? Now by my love,
Pythias, I do adjure thee—
Pyth. Whither, Damon,
Where would'st thou go?
Damon. Unto the senate-house.
Pyth. Then I will with you, too
Cal. He shall not!
Damon. No!
Thou say'st aright,—he shall not! Fair Calanthe,
This is no hour to leave thee! What, Calanthe,
Should bridegrooms give the law, and 'gin to rule
Even on their wedding day? I charge thee, sweet,
Assert thy brief dominion while thou canst:
'Twill speedily be his turn. *Aside to Pythias.*

It shall not be! It is against the law
For any soldier in the senate-house
To lift his helm of war, and what avail
Were thy companionship? Calanthe, take him,
Take him away, and heaven be o'er you both!
Pyth. But thou wilt promise me, upon the faith
Of an old friendship, that thy sudden hand
Will not attempt a rashness?
Damon. Be thou satisfied,
I will do naught in passion. Come, Calanthe, [*Aside.*
Assert thy right in him, and take him hence
Unto the garden walk, and tell him o'er
The names of all thy favorite plants: I pray thee,
Keep him in busy trifles, till the hour ...
For the sweet rite be come.—That's well, my girl;
There, take him by the arm!
Cal. Come, Pythias, come!
I thank thee, Damon, for thy tender counsel.
Pyth. Nay, Damon—nay, Calanthe—
Cal. Nay me no nays;
I say it shall be so.
Damon. May the gods pour
Their blessings o'er your heads!—Farewell! farewell!
I have no time to bide here, but my heart
Shall be beside you at the altar place.
Perhaps it is an idle fear, compels me
Hence from your sight. I will, if possible,
Return and see you wedded. Fare you well!
[*Exeunt Pythias and Calanthe,* L
Now, Syracuse, for thee!—And may the fates
So bless, or curse me, as I act in this! [*Exit,* R

SCENE II.—*The Senate House of Syracuse.*

SENATORS *assembled.*—PHILISTIUS *at their head.*—DIONYSIUS *stands* R., *in the front of the stage.*—DAMOCLES *is seated,* R

Dam So soon warned back again!
Dion. So soon, good fathers.
My last despatches here set forth, that scarce
I had amassed and form'd our gallant legions,

When, as by magic, word of the precaution
Was spirited to their camp—and on the word,
These Carthagenians took their second thought,
And so fell back.

Phil. I do submit to you,
That out of this so happy consequence
Of Dionysius' movement on the citadel,
Not only is his pardon for the act
Freely drawn forth, but we are called upon
Our thanks most manifestly to express
For such a noble service.

Dion. Good Philistius,
I am a soldier; yours and the state's servant;
And claim no notice for my duty done
Beyond the doing it—and the best thanks
I merit, or can have, lie in the issue
Which has most happily resulted.

Dam. (*Rises.*) Nay,
It rests in us to say so.

Phil. Dionysius,
The work which of this enterprise thou hast made,
[*Damocles sits*
Proves that our citadel and its resources
Have been misus'd; and never so controll'd
And ordered for our good, as by thyself;
Therefore retain it, govern and direct it.—
Would the whole state were like the citadel!
In hot and angry times like these, we want
Even such a man.

Dam. (*Rises.*) I, from my heart, assent to
And second this proposal.

Dion. Most reverend fathers—

Dam. We pray thee, silence, noble Dionysius!
All here do know what your great modesty
Will urge you to submit; but I will raise
This envious veil wherein you shroud yourself
It is the time to speak; our country's danger
Calls loudly for some measure at our hands,
Prompt and decisive.

Damon. (*Without*, L.) Thou most lowly minion!
I'll have thee whipped for it, and by the head
Made less even than thou art! [*Senators rise.*

Enter DAMON, L.

Phil. Who breaks so rude and clamorously in
To scare our grave deliberations?
Damon. A senator!—First let me ask you why,
Upon my way here to sit down with you,
I have encountered in the open streets,
Nay, at the very threshold of your doors,
Soldiers and satellites arrayed and marshalled
With their swords out? Why have I been obstructed
By an armed bandit in my peaceful walk here,
To take my rightful seat in the senate-house?
Why has a ruffian soldier privilege
To hold his weapon to my throat? A tainted,
Disgrac'd, and abject traitor, Procles! Who
Dar'd place the soldiers round the senate-house?
Phil. I pray you, fathers, let not this rash man
Disturb the grave and full consideration
Of the important matter, touching which
We spoke ere he rushed in. [*Senators sit.*
Dam. (*To the Senators*) I did require
To know from you, without a hand or head,
Such as to us hath been our Dionysius,
What now were our most likely fate?
Damon. The fate
Of freemen; in the full free exercise
Of all the noble rights that freemen love!
Free in our streets to walk; free in our councils
To speak and act—
Phil. I do entreat you, senators,
Protect me from this scolding demagogue.
Damon. Demagogue, Philistius!
Who was the demagogue, when at my challenge
He was denounced and silenced by the senate,
And your scant oratory spent itself
In fume and vapor?
Dam. Silence, Damon, silence!
And let the council use its privilege.
Damon. Who bids me silence? Damocles, the soft
And pliant willow, Damocles! But come,
What do you dare propose? Come, I'll be silent—
Go on. [*Sits.*

Phil. Resolve you, then, is Dionysius
This head indeed to us? Acting for us—
Yea, governing, that long have proved we cannot,
Although we feign it, govern for ourselves?
Dam. Then who so fit, in such extremity,
To be the single pillar, on whose strength
All power should rest?
Phil Ay, and what needs the state
Our crowded and contentious councils here?
And therefore, senators—countrymen, rather,
That we may be wiser and better ruled
Than by ourselves we are; that the state's danger
May be confronted boldly, and that he
May have but his just meed, I do submit
That forthwith we dissolve ourselves, and choose
A king in Dionysius.
Damon. (*Crosses to Senators.*) King! A King?
1*st Sen.* I do approve it.
2*d Sen.* Ay, and I. [*All the Senators on* R. *rise.*
Dam. And all! All are content!
Damon. And all! are all content?
A nation's right betrayed,
And all content! (*Senators sit.*) Oh, slaves! oh, parricides!
Oh, by the brightest hope a just man has,
I blush to look around and call you men!
What! with your own free willing hands yield up
The ancient fabric of your constitution,
To be a garrison, a common barrack,
And common guard-house, and for common cut-throats!
What, will ye all combine to tie a stone
Each to each other's neck, and drown like dogs
Within the tide of time, and never float
To after ages, or at best, but float
A buoyant pestilence? Can ye but dig
Your own dark graves, creep into them, and die?
3*d Sen.* I have not sanctioned it.
4*th Sen.* Nor I. [*Senators* L. *rise.*
5*th Sen.* Nor I.
Damon. Oh! thanks for these few voices! but, alas!
How lonely do they sound! (*Senators sit.*) Do you not all
Start up at once, and cry out liberty?

Are you so bound in fetters of the mind,
That there you sit, as if you were yourselves
Incorporate with the marble? Syracusans!—
But no! I will not rail, nor chide, nor curse ye!
I will implore you, fellow-countrymen,
With blinded eyes, and weak and broken speech,
I will implore you—Oh! I am weak in words,
But I could bring such advocates before you!
Your father's sacred images; old men
That have been grandsires; women with their children,
Caught up in fear and hurry, in their arms—
And those old men should lift their shivering voices
And palsied hands—and those affrighted mothers
Should hold their innocent infants forth, and ask,
Could you make slaves of them?

Phil. I dissolve the senate
At its own vote and instance. (*Leaves his seat—all the Senators,* R., *that have voted, rise*

Dam. And all hail!
Hail, Dionysius, King of Syracuse!

Dion. Is this the vote?

Damon. There is no vote! Philistius
Hold you your seat; keep in your places, senators.

Dion. I ask, is this the vote?

Phil. It is the vote,
My gracious liege and sovereign!

Damon. I say, nay!
You have not voted, Naxillus, nor Petus—
Nor you, nor you, nor you—

Phil. In my capacity
As head and organ of the city council,
I do asseverate it is the vote!
Hail! all hail!

[*They all kneel to Dionysius except Damon and the Senators who have voted in the negative.*

Dion. I thank you, friends and countrymen, I thank ye!

[*Goes up to the chair which Philistius has left.*

Damon. Oh! all the gods, my country, oh, my country!

Dion. And that we may have leisure to put on
With fitting dignity our garb of power,
We do now, first assuming our own right,

Command from this, that was the senate-house,
Those rash, tumultuous men, who still would tempt
The city's peace with wild vociferation,
And vain, contentious rivalry. (*Comes down opposite Damon,* R. C.) Away!

Damon. I stand,
A senator, within the senate-house!

Dion. Traitor! and dost thou dare me to my face?

Damon. Traitor! to whom? to thee!—Oh! Syracuse
Is this thy register'd doom? To have no meaning
For the proud names of liberty and virtue,
But as some regal braggart sets it down
In his vocabulary? And the sense,
The broad, bright sense that nature hath assigned them
In her infallible volume, interdicted
Forever from thy knowledge; or if seen,
And known, and put in use, denounced as treasonable,
And treated thus?—No, Dionysius, no!
I am no traitor! But in mine allegiance
To my lost country, I proclaim thee one!

Dion. My guards, there! Ho! [*Crosses to* R. *corner.*

Damon. What! hast thou, then, invoked
Thy satellites already?

Enter PROCLES *and Soldiers,* L.

Dion. Seize him!

Damon. (*Rushes on Dionysius and attempts to stab him.*) First,
Receive a freeman's legacy! (*He is intercepted by Guards and Procles.*) Dionysius,
Thy genius is triumphant, and old Syracuse
Bows her to the dust at last!—'Tis done; 'tis o'er,
And we are slaves forever! [*Crosses,* L.

Dion. We reserve
This proud assassinating demagogue,
Who whets his dagger on philosophy,
For—an example to his cut-throat school!—
The axe, and not the sword. Out of his blood
We'll mix a cement to our monarchy:
Here do we doom him to a public death!

Damon. Death's the best gift to one that never yet

Wished to survive his country. Here are men
Fit for the life a tyrant can bestow!
Let such as these live on.
Dion. Hold thou there!
Lest, having stirred our vengeance into wrath,
It reach unto those dearer than thyself—
Thy wife and child.
Ha! have I touched thee, Damon? Is there a way
To level thee unto the feebleness
Of universal nature? What, no word?
Come, use thy time, my brave philosopher!
Thou hast few moments left!
Damon. I know thee well—
Thou art wont to use thy tortures on the heart,
Watching its agonizing throbs, and making
A science of that fell anatomy!
These are thy bloody metaphysics—this
Thy barbarous philosophy! I own
Thou hast struck thy venomed sting into my soul,
But while I'm wounded, I despise thee still!
My wife! my child! Oh, Dionysius,
Thou should'st have spared me that!—Procles, lead on.

[*Procles precedes Damon, who goes out,* L.—*the Guards follow.—Dionysius goes up to chair,* C.—*the senators surround him—and distant shouts heard, as the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in Arria's House—Shouts heard without.*

Enter PYTHIAS, R.

Pyth. What shouts rend the wide city? There is a roar
Deep as the murmuring of Ætna. Gods!
I tremble for his safety! What, ho, there!

Enter SERVANT, R.

Hast thou, sirrah,
Heard no intelligence how matters speed
Up at the senate-house?
Ser. My lord, no word.
Pyth. And those time-cheating knaves I sent to know—
They have not yet returned?

Ser. Not yet, my lord.
Pyth. Run thither, then—despatch, for thou'rt light-limbed;
Regard Lord Damon well; note how he seems,
And what he says—On, on.
Ser. My lord, I will. [*Crosses* L.
Pyth. And, hark!
Observe of all if any words of wrath
Fall between him and Dionysius—
Begone! [*Exit Servant* L.
He is hotly mettled,
And not life's autumn, nor the discipline
Of cold Pythagoras' school, has tamed it yet.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. My lord—
Pyth. Now, sir, what from the senate-house?
Ser. My lord, I know not of the senate-house.
Pyth. Not, sir! I sent thee thither, did I not?
Ser. Another, sir. I am despatched to say,
That all the guests and witnesses are come;
And that with them the bride Calanthe waits
To have thy company to the temple.
Pyth. How!
Is it the hour?
Ser. The hour, my lord, is past. [*Exit*, R.
Pyth. Did ever man upon his wedding-day
Feel so impatient of the hour arrived
That is to bless him? But I dare not stir
Till I have tidings of my friend:—he is
Exposed to deadly loss, and may have need
Of Pythias' sword. By Heaven, I do him wrong
In tarrying from his presence at an hour
So full of peril, and perhaps of death.
Death, did I say? I must—

Enter ARRIA, R.

Arria. Now, Pythias, Pythias,
Why is it that we wait so long for thee?
Fie! thou a bridegroom! absent now!
Pyth. Gods! if that Dionysius

Should level at his life!—I pr'ythee, Arria,
How soon might one with active and light foot
Run to the senate-house, and back again,
From hence?

Arria. Is the man craz'd and lunatic?
Is it your pleasure that we wait a season,
I, sir, Calanthe, and our guests and kinsmen,
For your best humor to get wedded in?

Pyth. Good Arria, pardon me; take not amiss
This absent seeming—but I am not well,
I know not how, but so you see it is—
Give me half an hour—nay, the half—the tithe
Of such a time!

Arria. Pythias, indeed art ill?

Pyth. I'faith, I am—sick in the head and heart!
Bear with me, Arria; go among our guests,
And cheat their notice of this accident;
I shall be better quickly—well, quite well.

Arria. The gods forefend, it should fall otherwise!
[*Exit*, R.

Pyth. Oh, how these leaden-footed limping minutes
Do lag and creep beneath my lashing wish!
When fiery expectation mounts the time,
Time is a spiritless and jaded steed,
That staggers 'neath his rider. Gracious gods!
Will none of them come to relieve this weight
From my o'erloaded heart!—What shall I do?
Calanthe!

Enter CALANTHE, R.

Cal. My dear Pythias!

Pyth. Calanthe!

Cal. My mother whisper'd me you were not well;
And here, even as you see me, though you should not
Have seen me in my bridal garments thus
Till we were wedded—yet even thus, I come
To speak with you, and comfort you, my Pythias.

Pyth. Beshrew her heart, now, though she be thy mother,
For such ill-timed and womanish whispering.
I am as well as I am happy, love.

Cal. She said, too, but I heed it not—

Pyth. What said she?
Cal. She prayed the gods your sickness might be free
From surfeit sickness; but I heed it not:
You know I heed it not; I cannot think
Your heart is such a bad one, Pythias.
Pyth. Tears, my Calanthe! My fair girl,
The maiden pulse beating upon thy brow,
Is not so faithful to its sister pulse,
Which throbs within this little heart of thine,
As I have been, and am!—Ha! dost thou smile?
Now, by the gods! I cannot see thee smile,
And tarry longer from the property
Of this dear hand I grasp. Come, my Calanthe, (*Crosses*, R.)
They tarry for us, do they not?
Cal. They do.
Pyth. Nay, do not bend thy head, but let me gaze
Upon thee as we go, that those fine looks,
So full of life and joy, may banish from me
The ghastly thought of death!
Cal. Death!
Pyth. Nay, forgive me;
I know not what I say.—Ye bounteous gods,
Who guard the good, because yourselves are good,
Wave your protecting arm around him!—Come—
Come, Calanthe! [*Going*, R.
[*As they are going*, R., LUCULLUS *enters hastily*, L.—*Pythias lets fall Calanthe's hand and rushes to him.*
(*To Lucullus.*) Where, sirrah, where? Where shall I speak with him?
Luc. He did desire, my lord, that I should lead you.
Pyth. And not say where?
Luc. It was his charge, my lord.
Pyth. In one word, say the hour and place of this,
Or—ha! I see it in thine eye—his life,
His life is forfeit—he is doomed to death!
Luc. Alas! my lord.
Pyth. Oh, by the gods, it is so!
And, like a selfish coward, did I stand
And saw him rush and singly front himself
Against a host, when it was evident,

As is the universal light of day,
He must have perished in't.—Coward! coward!
(*Crosses*, R.) He would not thus have done!
Luc. My lord,—
Pyth. Speak not— [*Crosses*, C.
I know thou would'st admonish me to speed,
Or see him dead.
Cal. Pythias! Pythias! [*Grasps his arm.*
Pyth. Now let me go—away, I say!
Cal. Pythias!
Pyth. I say, unloose me, or, by all—
Thou art as guilty, with thy blandishments,
That did provoke this ruin, as I am
For being tempted by thee!—Woman, away!
.... [*Throws her off*
Cal. Unkind one!
Pyth. Ha! thou weepest!—Oh, Calanthe!
Forgive me—pity me—I am desperate!
I know not what I do—but—(*Embraces her.*)—Oh, Calanthe,
There is a horrid fate that tears me hence.
Now, sirrah, lead me on!—Away! away!
Cal. Pythias! Pythias!
[*Clings to Pythias, as he rushes out, preceded by Lucullus*, L.

SCENE IV.—*A Dungeon.*

DAMON *discovered at a table, writing.*

Damon. Existence! what is that? a name for nothing!
It is a cloudy sky chas'd by the winds—
Its fickle form no sooner chosen than changed!
It is the whirling of the mountain-flood,
Which, as we look upon it, keeps its shape,
Though what composed that shape, and what composes,
Hath pass'd—will pass—nay, and is passing on,
Even while we think to hold it in our eyes,
And deem it there. Fie! fie! a feverish vision,
A crude and crowded dream, unwill'd, unbidden,
By the weak wretch that dreams it.
[*Noise of chains and bolts*, L.

Enter PROCLES *and two Guards,* L.—*Procles goes down,* L.

Proc. Damon, thine hour is come.
Damon. Past, sir, say past—to come, argues a stay
Upon the coming. He has refused me, then—
Your general, Dionysius !—the king—
He has refused me even this little respite
I asked of him ?
Proc. All ! he refuses all.
Damon. Did'st tell him why I asked it ? Did'st explain
It was to have my wife warn'd here to Syracuse,
From her near dwelling upon Ætna's side,
To see me ere I die ?
Proc. I said it, sir.
Damon. And he refus'd it ?
Proc. Ay, sir ; he refus'd.
Damon Upon the instant ?
Proc. Yes, upon the instant.
Damon. Is he not wedded ?
Proc. Yes.
Damon. A father, too ?
Proc. He is a father, too.
Damon. And he refus'd it !
I will attend you, and I pray you pardon—
This is no time to play the catechist.
One little boon I have to beg of thee ;
It is the last ; I would not fain be irksome ;
It is the last I shall prefer on earth
Unto my fellow-men. This is my testament ;
I pray thee give it to a friend of mine,
Who may inquire about me : he will hold it,
And use it for my wife.
Proc. His name ?
Damon. It is—
I did not wish to trust my coward tongue
With utterance of that name ; I feared it would
Pluck up all manhood by the roots ; but, sir,
This now is childish ; Pythias, sir !—
[*Procles retires and talks with the Guards.*
Alas !
To-day will prove a woful wedding-day

To thee and thy Calanthe!—And my Hermion,
My fond, poor Hermion, and my boy—
Good Procles,— [*Procles comes down*, L.
Let me not stand here talking idly thus—
I am quite ready—on, sir! I attend you!
[*Exeunt*, L., *Procles first, then Damon, then the Guards.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter four Guards, L. S. E, *then* PROCLES *with* DAMON *in chains, followed by four more Guards.*

Damon. A moment's pause here, Procles.
[*Procles motions the Guards to halt.*
We discoursed together
Of an old friend of mine, who in all likelihood
Would question thee concerning my last thoughts,
While leaving this vain world; I do entreat thee,
When thou shalt see that man, commend me to him,
And say, a certainty of how true a friend
And father he will be unto my wife
And child—
Pyth. (*Without*, L.) Hold back! it is impossible
That ye can butcher him, till we speak together!
I am his nearest friend! I should receive
His dying words—hold back!
(*Enters.*) Oh, Damon! Damon!
Damon. (C.) I wished for this, but fear'd it, Pythias!
Tush!—we are men, my Pythias; we are men.
And tears do not become us.
Pyth. Doom and death
In the same moment! Is there no hope, Damon?
Is everything impossible?
Damon. For me,
With Dionysius, everything—I crav'd

But six hours' respite, that my wife may come,
And see me—
Pyth. And he would not?
Damon. Not an hour—
Yet to have kiss'd her, and my little boy—
Just to have kiss'd her—
Pyth. The cold villain!
Damon. Well,
All that is o'er now, and this talk superfluous.
Ere you came up, my friend, I was about
To leave a greeting for you with the officer—
I bade him say, too—for, despite of rules
Well conn'd and understood, in such a time
As this—so sudden, hopeless, and unlook'd for,—
The eye will water, and the heart grow cowardly,
At thoughts of home, and things we love at home;
And something like a sorrow, or a fear,
For what may happen them, will stick in the throat,
To choke our words, and make them weak and womanish.
Pyth. Tears have a quality of manhood in them,
When shed for what we love.
Damon. I bade him say,
That half my fear for her, and my young boy,
As to their future fate, was banished,
In the full certainty I felt of all
The care and kindness thou wilt have of them.
Pyth. That was a true thought, Damon.
Damon. Pythias, I know it.
And when the shock of this hath passed away,
And thou art happy with thy sweet Calanthe—
Pyth. Damon!
Damon. Well, Pythias?
Pyth. Did'st thou not say
It was thy last desire to look upon
Thy wife and child, before—
Damon. I would give up,—
Were my life meted out by destiny
Into a thousand years of happiness,—
All that long measure of felicity,
But for a single moment, in the which
I might compress them to my heart.

Pyth. Good Procles, [*Crosses*, R.
Lead me at once to Dionysius—
I mean, unto the king—that's his new name—
Lead me unto the king—(*Trumpet*, R) Ha! here he comes!

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* DAMOCLES, R.

Behold me, Dionysius, at thy feet! [*Kneels.*
As thou dost love thy wife, and thy sweet children;
As thou'rt a husband and a father, hear me!
Let Damon go and see his wife and child
Before he dies—for four hours respite him—
Put me in chains: plunge me into his dungeon,
As pledge for his return; do this—but this—
And may the gods themselves build up thy greatness
As high as their own heaven. [*Rises.*
Dion. What wonder's this?
Is he thy brother?
Pyth. No, not quite my brother!
Not—yes, he is—he is my brother!
Dion. Damon—is this a quibble of thy school?
Pyth. No quibble, for he is not so in kin,
Not in the fashion that the word puts on,
But brother in the heart!
Dion. (*To Damon.*) Did'st urge him on
To this?
Pyth. By the gods, no!
Dion. And should I grant
Thy friend's request, leaving thee free to go,
Unwatched, unguarded, thou mak'st naught of it,
Quite sure that thou wilt come and ransom him,
At the imminent time?
Damon. Sure of it? Hearest thou, Heaven?
The emptiest things reverberate most sound,
And hollow hearts have words of boisterous promise.
I can say only—I am sure!
Dion. 'Tis granted
[*Two Officers take the chains off Damon, and place them on Pythias.*
How far abides thy wife from hence?
Damon. Four leagues.

Dion. For six hours we defer thy death. 'Tis now
The noon exactly; and at the sixth hour
See that thou stand'st not far from him; away!
Conduct that man to prison.
Damon. Farewell, Pythias!
Pyth. And farewell Damon! Not a word upon it.
Speed thee. What, tears?—Forbear.
Damon. I did not think
To shed one tear; but friendship like to thine—
Pyth. Farewell! Come, officer.
Damon. I pray thee, Procles,
Give me the testament thou had'st of me.
[*Procles gives it to him.*
Pythias, thy hand again: Pythias, farewell!
Pyth. Farewell!
[*Exeunt, Damon,* L., *Pythias, Procles, and Guards,* R.
Dion. Oh, by the wide world, Damocles,
I did not think the heart of man was moulded
To such a purpose.
Dam. It is wondrous.
Dion. Wondrous!
Sir, it doth win from the old imaginers
Their wit and novelty!—
I'll visit Pythias in his dungeon: get me
A deep disguise. We'll use such artifice
As the time, and our own counsel, may suggest.—
If this should triumph, crowns are nothingness—
Glory is sound—and grandeur, poverty! [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter DAMON, R., LUCULLUS, L.

Luc. Oh, my dear lord, my master, and my friend,
The sight of you thus safe—
Damon. Safe!
Luc. For at least
A respite, my kind lord.
Damon. No more, Lucullus.
Is my horse ready?
Luc. Yes, the gallant grey,
Of Anaxagoras, you lately purchased. [*Exit,* L.

Enter CALANTHE, L.

Cal. Hold, sir!—is what they tell me, true?
Damon. Calanthe,
At any time save this, thy voice would have
The power to stay me—Pr'ythee, let me pass—
Nor yet abridge me of that fleeting space
Given to my heart.
Cal. Speak! have they said the truth?
Have you consented to put in the pledge
Of Pythias' life for your return?
Damon. 'Tis better
That I should say to her—'Hermion, I die!'
Than that another should hereafter tell,
'Damon is dead!'
Cal. No! you would say to her,
'Pythias has died for me'—even now the citizens
Cried in mine ear, 'Calanthe, look to it!'
Damon. And do you think I would betray him!
Cal. Think of it?
I give no thought upon it—Possibility,
Though it should weigh but the least part of a chance
Is quite enough—Damon may let him die—
Ay, meanly live himself, and let him die!
Damon. Calanthe, I'll not swear. When men lift up
Their hands unto the gods, it is to give
Assurance to a doubt: But to confirm,
By any attestation, the return
Of Damon unto Pythias, would profane
The sanctity of friendship —Fare thee well—
[*Crosses,* L.—*she clings to him.*
Nay, cling not to me.
Cal. So will Hermion cling—
But Damon will not so reject her
She will implore thee back to life again,
And her loud cries will pierce thy inmost breast,
And Pythias will be murdered!
Damon. I must unloose thy grasping.
Cal. Mercy, Damon!
Damon. Unwillingly I stay thy struggling hands—
Forgive me for't.

Cal. Damon, have mercy on me!
Damon. May the gods bless thee!
[*Throws Cal. off, and exits,* L.
Cal. Damon, mercy, Damon!
He flies!—and there's a voice that from my heart,
As from the grave, cries out, that never more
He will return to Pythias.—Hermion—his child—
And his own selfish instinct—or some accident
May fall, and stay him back, and that will be
The axe to Pythias!—Oh, I will follow him—
I'll tell him that; and, like a drowning wretch,
Fasten about his neck, and cling to him!
But, ah!—he flies—his steed is on the wind!
My evil demon wings him, and he tramps
Already the wide distance!—Pythias,
The flowers of bridal mockery on my brow,
Thus I rend off, and keep them for the grave!

Enter DIONYSIUS, *disguised,* R.

Dion. Thy name's Calanthe, and thou art the bride
Of Pythias—is't not thus?
Cal. What dost thou come
To say to me of Pythias?
Dion. Art thou not
His bride?
Cal. The marriage-temple was prepared,
The virgins' voices were sent up to Heaven,
When death did all at once
Rise up, and all that pomp did disappear,
And for the altar, I behold the tomb!—
He never will return!
Dion. He will not.
Cal. Ha!
Dost thou confirm my apprehensions?
They were black enough already—and thy smile—
It is the gloss upon the raven's plumes—
Thy smile is horrible!
Dion. Calanthe, hear me:
The tyrant, Dionysius, has resolved
To intercept this Damon, and prevent
His coming back to Syracuse.

Cal. Oh, gods!
Dion. I am an inmate in the tyrant's house,
And learn'd his fell decree!
Cal. Then speed thee hence:
Mount thou the fleetest steed in Syracuse—
Pursue the unhappy Damon—tell him this;
I know he has a brave and generous nature,
Will not betray his friend! Go after him
And save my husband!
Dion. I have found a way
To rescue him already: thou and Pythias
Shall fly from Syracuse.
Cal. What! shall he 'scape
The tyrant's fangs?
Dion. Forever!—But thou must
Follow my precept.
Cal. I will obey you, sir,
And bless you!
Dion. Then to Pythias—come with me. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A terrace attached to the prison, with the Sea outstretched before it.—A portal on one side—on the other side, the dungeon-door of Pythias, barred and chained.*

Enter DIONYSIUS, R. S. E., *preceded by* PROCLES, *who points to the dungeon.*

Dion. Is this the dungeon?—Unbar the door.—
[*Procles undraws the bolts and lets fall the chains.*
I'll probe him deeply.—
Observe well the orders that I gave thee!
[*Exit Procles*, R.
My lord Pythias!
Pyth. (*Within*) How now! who calls me?
Dion. A friend, Pythias:—the time is precious; haste,
And follow me.

Enter PYTHIAS, *from dungeon*, L. U. E.

Pyth. (L.) Where do you lead me?
Dion. (R.) I come
To serve and succor thee.
Pyth. And who art thou?
And how can'st succor me?

Dion. I dwell beneath
The tyrant's roof, and learn'd by accident
This fell determination—he hath resolved—
Pyth. My life!—
Dion. Thy life!
Ere this, he hath despatch'd some twenty men
To intercept thy friend, on his approach
To meet and ransom thee.
Pyth. Almighty Heaven!
Dion. He not arriving at the appointed hour,
Thy life is forfeited.
Pyth. We try the depth together; I had hop'd
That one or other of us could have liv'd
For thy poor Hermion's, or Calanthe's sake—
No matter.
Dion. Pythias, I came to save thee.
Pyth. What dost mean?
Dion. Urg'd by my pity for such noble friends,
So trusting and betray'd—anxious, besides,
To leave the tyrant's court,
Hither I brib'd my way.—Thy fair Calanthe
Shall be the partner of thy flight.—Thy father—
Pyth. Sir!—
Dion. Yes, thy father, too—thy time-struck father,
Who, till this day, for many circling years
Hath not held human intercourse,
Was visited by me—he hath uprais'd him
From his lonely bed.
Pyth. Thou speak'st of miracles!
Dion. And ere I came, with all despatch and secrecy
I have provided in the port of Syracuse
A good quick-sailing ship—yonder she lies.
Her sails already spread before the breeze,
And thou and thy Calanthe—see, she comes—
Haste, lady, haste to thy betrothed lord!
Pyth. Wide-working Heaven, Calanthe!

Enter CALANTHE, R.

Cal. Pythias!
Though when thou should'st have cherish'd, thou did'st spurn me,

Though, in the holy place where we had met
To vow ourselves away unto each other,—
Though there, when I was kneeling at thy feet,
Thou did'st forswear and mock at me—yet here
I do forgive thee all—and I will love thee
As never woman loved her young heart's idol,
So thou but speed'st to safety!

Pyth. Hold, Calanthe.—
If mothers love the babe upon the breast,
When it looks up with laughter in its eyes,
Making them weep for joy—if they can love,
I loved, and do love thee, my own Calanthe:—
But wert thou magnified above thyself,
As much in fascination as thou art
Above all creatures else,—by all the gods,
In awful reverence sworn, I would not cheat
My honor!

Cal. How!

Dion. Madman, what dost intend?

Pyth. Dost thou not know the tyrant spar'd his life,
On the security I gave for him—
Stand I not here his pledge?

Dion. (*Aside.*) 'Tis wonderful!
His brow is fixed; his eye is resolute.

Cal. Pythias, mine idoliz'd and tender Pythias,
Am I then scorned?

Dion. The tyrant doth break faith with thee.

Pyth. 'Tis said so.

Cal. And Damon cannot come to be thy ransom.

Pyth. I have heard it, my Calanthe

Cal. And that thou—
That thou—Oh, gods!—must die when he comes not!

Pyth. And that I know, Calanthe.

Cal. If thou knowest it,
What is thy heart, then, that it can still be obstinate?

Pyth. I should not have heard it; or, having heard it
I still may hold it false. This busy world
Is but made up of slight contingencies—
There are a thousand that may alter this,
Or leave it where it was—there is not one
Should push us a mere point from any pledge
Of manliness and honor!

Dion. Behold! Behold!
[*Pointing to the side of the Stage,* R.
The good ship hath her streaming signal out!
The canvass swells up to the wooing wind!
The boat puts off—now, now, or never!
Cal. See [*Crosses,* R.
How swiftly, in her gallant liberty,
She comes through the calm sea!—Oh, hark! the oars,
How rapidly they plash in harmony!
Oh, look at Freedom, Pythias, look at it!
How beautiful it is upon the sea!
Pythias, my Pythias—Oh! how we shall laugh
While bounding o'er the blessed wave that bears us
From doom and death, to some fair Grecian isle!
Dion. See, they approach! dost hesitate?
Cal. Pythias!—my husband, Pythias!
Pyth. No! no! so help me heaven!—'Tis hard!
It plucks my heart up—but, no! no! [*Kneels.*
Cal. Oh, gods!
[*Pythias rushes into the dungeon—Calanthe falls into the arms of Dionysius.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.—A table with fruit laid out.*

HERMION *discovered arranging a little feast.—Her* CHILD *beside her, with a basket of flowers.*

Child. Will he come soon home, mother?
Her. I pray the gods
He may, my child.
Child. It seems so long a time
Since he has ta'en me on his knee, and kissed me.
Her. Hark thee, my boy!
This is the hour wherein Lucullus said,
Thy father would arrive to visit us.

Go, see if he be coming; he'll be glad
To greet the rosy fruit upon thy cheeks,
Even as he enters our sweet garden here.
Hie thee, and bear me word if he approaches—
The first kiss shall be thine. [*Exit Child*, L. S. E.
Thou unkind Damon!
To send me here to woman's loneliness,
A prey to all the sickening hopes and fears
I must have of thee, in these blustering times.

Enter DAMON, *with the* CHILD *in his arms*, L.

Child. See, I have found him for you, mother!
Her. Ha!
Damon. Hermion! my treasure, Hermion!
Her. My dear lord!
I had prepar'd this little feast for you,
But hope at last grew sick within my heart,
And I could hardly force it to a thought
That yet thou would'st arrive—Oft I look'd out
Upon the weary way thou should'st have journeyed,
And oft the hills' dim vapor rose like Damon,
Till the sun came to shape it, and to show me
That yet thou wert away.
Damon. And are ye, then,
Are ye so helpless in our absence, Hermion?
Her. Come, now—you know it. Oh, my dear, dear husband!
If I should tell thee of my quaking heart,
While thou art bustling there in Syracuse—
Why wilt thou start?—'twould cheat thee of thy tears,
And make thee womanish; and—for I know
Thou lov'st thy own poor Hermion—thou should'st swear
Never again to leave her.
Damon. Nerve me, Heaven!
Her. Indeed thou shouldst! and look thee here, my Damon,
But for this little boy, and his talk,—
His childish prattle on my knee, of what
He would achieve and be—Come, sir, rehearse
These matters over; say, what would'st thou be?
Damon. What would'st thou be, my boy?

Child. A soldier, father.
Damon. Come, come, now, not a soldier.
Child. Nay, but I'd choose, sir,
To be what Pythias is
Damon. (*Much moved.*) Thou art a brave boy!
Go, pluck a flower from yonder gay recess,
At the other end of the garden.—Wreathe me now
The fairest garland for my welcome—there—
A brave, brave boy.— [*Exit Child,*
(*Aside.*) Now, gods!
Her. Dost thou not think
He grows apace?
Damon. Have I in all my life
Given thee an angry look, or word, or been
Ever an unkind mate, my Hermion?
Her. Never! the gods know, never!
Damon. From thy heart
Thou sayest this?
Her. Yea, from my inmost heart!
Damon. I am glad of it; for thou wilt think of this
When I am dead, my Hermion: and 'twill make thee
The kindest mother to our boy!
Her. Oh, gods!
Why dost thou talk of death? Damon, thy cheek,
Thy lip is quivering—art sick, or griev'd
With some discomfiture? Oh, these wild wars
And bickerings of the state, how have they robbed thee
Of thy soul's quiet.
Damon. Tell me, tell me, Hermion,—
Suppose I should impart the heaviest news
That could possess thine ear; how would'st thou bear it?
Her. Laugh at it!—mock at it, to make thee smile,
And teach thee to be happy in despite
Of any turn of fortune. What dost thou mean?
What heavy news? I know the part thou takest
In the state's service. Hath the tyrant risen?
Damon. He hath; but that's not it
Her. The Carthagenians
Have sacked the city?
Damon. No!
Her. Why then thy friend
So well beloved of thee—Pythias!—'tis he!

Damon. No, thank the gods, not he !
Her. What is it, then ?—
The heaviest news that could possess mine ear !—
Ha ! 'tis thyself—some danger hath befallen thee,
Or threatens thee.—Speak, my dear Damon, speak,
Or I shall die of thoughts that come to kill me !
Damon. When I wooed thee, Hermion,
'Twas not the fashion of thy face, or form—
Though from the hand of Heaven thou camest so rich
In all external loveliness, it was not
Such excellence that riveted my heart,
And made me thine ; but I said to myself,
Thus :—Here is one, who, haply were I wreck'd
Or, were I to-morrow, or a later day,
Struck down by fortune—
Her. Wert thou made as low
From what thou art as earth's foundation-stone
Is from the top of Ætna—did men scorn thee—
Damon. Nay, thus I said, my Hermion :—Did the blow
Fall deadly as it might—here is a woman
Who hath such firm devotion in her love,
She would not rend my heart, but for my sake,—
And, should we have a child, for his sake, too—
Bear firmly up, though death itself—
Her. Death ! Death !
Damon. (*Giving the Testament.*) Take this—read this—
'twill speak what I cannot !
I thought I could, and by the gods I cannot ! [*Crosses,* R
Her. Ha ! here's a poisoning adder in this scroll—
It eats into my heart !—Die ! Damon ! Death !
When ? how ? I cannot understand it—Die !
Where ? what offence ?
Damon. I have been doom'd to death by Dionysius.
Her. But thou hast 'scaped the sentence ; thou art here.
Alone ! unguarded !—It is but to fly
To Greece, or Italy, or anywhere
From this.
Damon. From this to Syracuse.—I'll tell thee :
Ere now I had been dead—
Her. No ! no !
Damon. Ere this
I had been dead, but that my friend, my Pythias,

By putting on my fetters—giving up
Himself as hostage for my sure return,—
Wrought on the tyrant to bestow me time
To see thee here.

Her. By the wide world, thou shalt not!
I hold thee here—these arms encompass thee
As doth thy heart its life-spring!

Damon. Not!

Her. Thou shalt not!

Damon. Not! not return!—Not go to take my friend
Out of the fetters I have hung upon him?

Her. Life! to save that, the wrong becomes the right
The gods that made us have so quicken'd us,
Nature so prompts us, and all men forgive it,
Because all men would do it. By the love
(If thou hast any,) of thy wife and child— [*Kneels.*
Ay, frown—

Enter CHILD, *with flowers*, L.

Do, Damon, frown, and kill me, too,
Or live for us! [*Sees the Child, who is approaching her.*
Ha! the blessed gods have sent thee
With thy sweet helplessness—Kneel down, my child,
Hold up thy little hands with mine, and pray
Not to be made an orphan—not so soon,
So very soon!—Kind Damon, look upon us!
Husband, look on us, we are at thy feet!

Damon. Ye are!—I see it, and my heart bleeds for ye!
Nay, I must turn my eyes away from you
While you are urging me to my dishonor,
And bid me murder him that I may live!
Hermion, farewell! [*Turning round and embracing her.*

Her. (*In agony.*) Live, Damon! live! live! live!

Damon. Hermion, my life, look up! awake, my Hermion!
[*Swoons in his arms.*
The hour is past! I trifle with necessity!
Hermion! I now indeed must part from thee,
All pale, and cold, and death-like as thou art:
Thus may I part from thee, to go and be
Myself full soon as cold!—
[*Places Hermion on the garden bench.*

And oh, with what a broken-hearted love I press thee
For the last time! (*Kissing her.*) Farewell, farewell, forever!
Once more!
Child. Father, father!
Damon. My child, too!—Oh, this is too much!
My little orphan!—my dear boy! the gods,
The gods will take my care of thee, my child!
[*Places Child near Hermion, and rushes out,* L

SCENE II.—*The Exterior of Damon's Villa.*

Enter LUCULLUS, L.

Luc. It is achieved! I have slain his horse!
Never shall he return.—This hand has cast
An intercept between him and the block.
Perchance he'll kill me—but 'tis no matter:
The time shall come, when, at Lucullus' name,
He will lift up his hands, and weep for me.
Ha, he comes! In desperate haste,
He rushes from the garden! Shall I fly
From the swift fury will await upon
The terrible revealment?—'Tis too late!

Enter DAMON, R.

Damon. 'Tis o'er, Lucullus—bring thou forth my horse;
I have staid too long, Lucullus, and my speed
Must leave the winds behind me. By the gods,
The sun is rushing down the west!
Luc. My lord—
Damon. Why dost thou tremble? Fetch the color back
Into thy cheek, man, nor let thy weak knees
Knock on each other in their cowardice!
Time flies—be brief—go, bring my horse to me!
Be thou as swift as speech, or as my heart is!
Luc. My lord!—
Damon. Why, slave, dost hear me? bring him here!
My horse, I say! The hour is past already
Whereon I bade old Neucles summon me.
Luc. My generous master, do not slay me!

Damon. Slave!
Art mad? or dost thou mock me in the last
And fearfullest extremity?—Yet you speak not!
Luc. You were ever kind and merciful, nor yet
Commended me unto the cruel whip,
And I did love you for it!
Damon. Where's my horse?
Luc. When I beheld the means of saving you,
I could not hold my hand—my heart was in it,
And in my heart, the hope of giving life
And liberty to Damon; and—
Damon. Go on!
I am listening to thee!
Luc. And in hope to save you,
I slew our steeds!
Damon. Almighty Heavens!
Luc. Forgive me! [*Kneels.*
Damon. I am standing here to see if the great gods
Will with their lightning execute my prayer
Upon thee! But thy punishment be mine!
I'll tear thee into pieces! [*Seizes him.*
Luc. Spare me! Spare me!
I saved thy life. Oh, do not thou take mine!
Damon. My friend! my friend! Oh, that the word would kill thee!
Pythias is slain!—his blood is on my soul!
He cries, where art thou, Damon? Damon, where art thou?
And Damon's here!—The axe is o'er his neck,—
And in his blood I'm deluged!
Luc. Spare me! Spare me!
Damon. A spirit cries, 'Revenge and Sacrifice!'
I'll do it—I'll do it.—Come—
Luc. Where should I go?
Damon. To the eternal river of the dead!
The way is shorter than to Syracuse—
'Tis only far as yonder yawning gulf—
I'll throw thee with one swing to Tartarus,
And follow after thee!—(*Throws him round to* R.)—Nay, slave, no struggling!
Pythias is grown impatient! His red ghost

Starts from the ground, and, with a bloody hand,
Waves to the precipice!
Luc. Have mercy!
Damon. Call
For mercy on the Furies—not on me!
[*Exit, dragging Lucullus*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public place in Syracuse.—A scaffold, with steps ascending to it, upon the right hand.—In the back of the stage the gates of a prison.—Executioner with an axe, and Guards discovered.*

DAMOCLES, L., *and* PROCLES, R., *discovered*.

Proc. It is a marvellous phantasy, thou speakest of
In Dionysius.
Dam. Yes, his mind is made
Of strange materials, that are almost cast
In contrariety to one another.
The school and camp, in his ambition, make
A strange division.
Proc It is his creed, that, in this flesh of ours,
Self ever entertains predominance;
And, to all friendship he hath ever been
A persevering infidel. For this,
Belike, he tries a strange experiment.
What sayest thou? Will Damon come again?
Dam. "Our love of life is in the very instinct
Of mere material action, when we do
Even so slight a thing as wink an eye
Against the wind. Place me a soulless dog
Upon the bare edge of a height, and he
Shall shudder and shrink back, though none have proved
To his capacity, that the fall were dangerous."
I hold the thing impossible.

Proc. He'll not!
Dam. What, when he feels his pent-up soul abroad,
His limbs unfetter'd, "and the mountain breeze
Of liberty all around him, and his life
Or death upon his own free choice dependent?"
'Tis visionary!
Proc. But is there no hope
Of Dionysius' mercy?
Dam. He'll not give
A second's hundredth part to take a chance in.
"His indignation swells at such a rashness,
That, in its fling of proud philosophy,
Can make him feel so much out-soared and humbled."
What a vast multitude upon the hills
Stretch their long blackening outline in the round
Of the blue heavens!
Proc. They wait the great event.
Behold, upon the roof what thousands gaze
Toward the distant road that leads to Syracuse!
An hour ago a noise was heard afar,
Like to the pulses of the restless surge;
But as the time approaches, all grows still
As the wide dead of midnight!
Cal. (*Without*, L.) There's no power
Shall stay me back! I must behold him die,
Then follow him!

Enter CALANTHE, *followed by* ARRIA, L.

Arria. My child!
Cal. I cannot hear thee!
The shrieking of the Furies drowns thy cries!
Arria. This is no place for thee—no place Calanthe,
For such a one as thou!
Cal. No other place
Is fit for such a wretch! I am his wife,
Betrothed, though not married. There is no place
For me but at his side: in life or death
There is no other.
There is the scaffold with the block on it!
There is the—Oh, good gods!
Arria. Come back, my child!

Enter DIONYSIUS *still in disguise, down,* E.

Ha! are you come?
'Twas you that told me so,
And froze the running currents in my bosom,
To one deep cake of ice! You said too well
That Damon would not come.—The selfish traitor!
The traitor Damon!
Dion. Hark thee, Calanthe!
It was an idle tale I told to thee!
Cal. Ha!
Dion. A mere coinage, an invention.
Cal. I do not ask thee why that tale was fram'd-
Fram'd in thy cold deliberate cruelty—
But only this—one question:—May he yet—
May Damon yet return?
Dion. He may—he is
As free to come, or stay, as are the winds.
Cal. And Dionysius withholds him not?
Dion. He does not.
Cal. Whatsoe'r thou art, the gods,
For that one word, be unto thee, and thine
Guardians, forever!—Oh, that ray of hope
That breaks upon my soul, is worth a flood
Of the sweet daylight of Elysium!
Damon may yet return!—But, powers of Heaven!
Death is prepared already!—What is the time?
Dion. Thou may'st perceive by yonder dial-plate
Against the temple, six poor minutes only
Are left for his return.
Cal. And yet he comes not!
Oh, but that temple, where the shade of time
Moves unrelentingly, is dedicate
To the great Goddess of Fidelity—
She will not, in the face of her high fane,
Let such a profanation hurl forever
The altars of her worship to the ground;
For who will offer incense to her name
If Damon's false to Pythias? (*Sound of chains behind,* c.)
Ha! they unbar
The ponderous gates!—There is a clank of chains!
They are leading him to death!

Dam. Bring forth the prisoner!

The gates of the prison are flung open, and PYTHI *discovered. He advances to the scaffold,* R.

Cal. Pythias!
Pyth. Calanthe here! (*She rushes into his arms.*) poor, fond girl!
Thou art the first to meet me at the block,
Thou wilt be the last to leave me at the grave!
How strangely things go on in this bad world—
This was my wedding-day; but for the bride,
I did not think of such a one as death!
I deemed I should have gone to sleep to-night,
This very night—not on the earth's cold lap,—
But, with as soft a bosom for my pillow,
And with as true and fond a heart-throb in it
To lull me to my slumber, as e'er yet
Couch'd the repose of love.—It was, indeed,
A blissful sleep to wish for!
Cal. Oh, my Pythias,
He yet may come!
Pyth. Calanthe, no! Remember
That Dionysius hath prevented it.
Cal. That was an idle tale of this old man,
And he may yet return!
Pyth. May yet return!
Speak!—how is this? return!—Oh, life, how strong
Thy love is in the hearts of dying men!
[*To Dionysius.*) Thou'rt he, did'st say the tyrant w prevent
His coming back to Syracuse?
Dion. (R.) I wrong'd him. [*Goes*
Pyth. (L.) Ha! were it possible!—may he yet come
Cal. Into the sinews of the horse that bears him
Put swiftness, gods!—let him outrace and shame
The galloping of clouds upon the storm!
Blow breezes with him; lend every feeble aid
Unto his motion!—and thou, thrice solid earth,
Forget thy immutable fixedness—become
Under his feet like flowing water, and
Hither flow with him!

Pyth. I have taken in
All the horizon's vast circumference,
That, in the glory of the setting sun,
Opens its wide expanse, yet do I see
No signal of his coming!—Nay, 'tis likely—
Oh, no—he could not! It is impossible!
Cal. I say, he is false! he is a murderer!
He will not come! the traitor doth prefer
Life, ignominious, dastard life!—Thou minister
Of light, and measurer of eternity
In this great purpose, stay thy going down,
Great sun, behind the confines of the world!
On yonder purple mountains make thy stand!
For while thine eye is opened on mankind,
Hope will abide within thy blessed beams—
They dare not do the murder in thy presence!
Alas! all heedless of my frantic cry,
He plunges down the precipice of Heaven!
Pythias—Oh, Pythias!
Pyth. I could have borne to die,
Unmov'd by Dionysius—but to be torn
Green from existence by the friend I lov'd,—
Thus from the blossoming and beauteous tree
Rent by the treachery of him I trusted!
No! no! I wrong thee, Damon, by that half thought—
Shame on the foul suspicion! he hath a wife,
And child, who cannot live on earth without him,
And Heaven has flung some obstacle in his way
To keep him back, and lets me die who am
Less worthy, and the fitter.
Proc. Pythias, advance!
Cal. No, no! why should he yet? It is not yet—
By all the gods, there are two minutes only!
Proc. Take a last farewell of your mistress, sir,
And look your last upon the setting sun—
And do both quickly, for your hour comes on!
Pyth. Come here, Calanthe! closer to me yet!
[*Embraces her.*
Ah! what a cold transition it will be
From this warm touch, all full of life and beauty,
Unto the clammy mould of the deep grave!

I pr'ythee, my Calanthe, when I am gone,
If thou should'st e'er behold my hapless friend,
Do not upbraid him! This, my lovely one,
Is my last wish—Remember it!

Cal. (*Who, during this speech, has been looking wildly towards the side of the stage.*) Hush! Hush!
[*Crosses,* R.

Stand back there!

Pyth. Take her, you eternal gods,
Out of my arms into your own!—Befriend her!
And let her life glide on in gentleness,
For she is gentle, and doth merit it.

Cal. I think I see it—

Proc. Lead her from the scaffold!

Pyth. Arria,—receive her!—yet one kiss—farewell.
Thrice—thrice farewell!—I am ready, sir.

Cal. Forbear!
There is a minute left: look there! look there!
But 'tis so far off, and the evening shades
Thicken so fast, there are no other eyes
But mine can catch it—Yet, 'tis there! I see it—
A shape as yet so vague and questionable,
'Tis nothing, just about to change and take
The faintest form of something!

Pyth. Sweetest love!

Dam. Your duty, officer. [*Officer approaches her.*

Cal. I will not quit him
Until ye prove I see it not!—no force
Till then shall separate us.

Dam. Tear them asunder!
Arria, conduct your daughter to her home.

Cal. Oh, send me not away—Pythias, thine arms—
Stretch out thine arms, and keep me! see, it comes!
Barbarians!—Murderers!—Oh, yet a moment—
Yet but one pulse—one heave of breath! Oh, heavens!
[*Swoons, and is carried away by Arria and Officers,* R.

Pyth. (*To the Executioner.*) There is no pang in thy deep wedge of steel
After that parting.—Nay, sir, you may spare
Yourself the pains to fit me for the block.—
[*Drawing the lining of his tunic lower.*

Damon, I do forgive thee !—I but ask
Some tears unto my ashes !
[*A distant shout is heard,* R.—*Pythias leaps up on the Scaffold.*
By the gods,
A horse and horseman !—Far upon the hill,
They wave their caps, and he returns it—yet
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch ! [*A shout,* R.
Why should they shout as he comes on ? It is—
No !—that was too unlike—but there, now—there
Oh, life, I scarcely dare to wish for thee ;
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me—
No !—let it not be Damon ! he has a wife
And child !—gods !—keep him back !— [*Shouts,* R.
Damon. (*Without,* R.) Where is he !

DAMON *rushes in,* R., *and stands for a moment, looking round.*

Ha !
He is alive ! untouched ! Ha ! ha ! ha !
[*Falls with an hysterical laugh upon the stage.—Three loud shouts without,* R.—*Drum.*
Pyth. The gods do know I could have died for him !
And yet I dared to doubt !—I dared to breathe
The half-utter'd blasphemy ! [*Damon is raised up.*
He faints !—How thick
This wreath of burning moisture on his brow !
His face is black with toil, his swelling bulk
Heaves with swift pantings. Damon, my dear friend !
Damon. Where am I ? Have I fallen from my horse,
That I am stunned, and on my head I feel
A weight of thickening blood !—What has befallen me ?
The horrible confusion of a dream
Is yet upon my sight —For mercy's sake,
Stay me not back—he is about to die !
Pythias, my friend ! Unloose me, villains, or
You'll find the might of madness in mine arm !
(*Sees Pythias.*) Speak to me, let me hear thy voice !
Pyth. My friend !
Damon. It pierc'd my brain, and rushed into my heart !
There's lightning in it !—That's the scaffold—there

The block—the axe—the executioner!
And here he lives!—I have him in my soul
(*Embraces Pythias*) Ha! ha! ha!
Pyth. Damon!
Damon. Ha! ha!
I can but laugh!—I cannot speak to thee!
I can but play the maniac, and laugh!
Thy hand!—Oh, let me grasp thy manly hand!—
It is an honest one, and so is mine!
They are fit to clasp each other! Ha! ha! ha!
Pyth. Would that my death could have preserved thee!
Damon. Pythias,
Even in the very crisis to have come—
To have hit the very forehead of old time!
By heavens! had I arriv'd an hour before,
I should not feel this agony of joy—
This triumph over Dionysius!
Ha! ha!—But did'st thou doubt me? Come, thou did'st—
Own it, and I'll forgive.
Pyth. For a moment.
Damon. Oh, that false slave!—Pythias, he slew my horse,
In the base thought to save me! I would have kill'd him,
And to a precipice was dragging him,
When, from the very brink of the abyss,
I did behold a traveler afar,
Bestriding a good steed—I rushed upon him.
Choking with desperation, and yet loud
In shrieking anguish, I commanded him
Down from his saddle: he denied me—but
Would I then be denied? as hungry tigers
Clutch their poor prey, I sprang upon his throat—
Thus, thus I had him, Pythias! Come, your horse,
Your horse, your horse, I cried. Ha! ha! ha!
Dion. (*Advancing and speaking in a loud tone.*) Damon!
Damon. (*Jumping on the scaffold.*) I am here upon the scaffold, look at me:
I am standing on my throne; as proud a one
As you illumined mountain, where the sun
Makes his last stand; let him look on me too;
He never did behold a spectacle

More full of natural glory. Death is—(*Shouts*, R.) Ha !
All Syracuse starts up upon her hills,
And lifts her hundred thousand hands. (*Shouts*, R.) She shouts, [*Shouts*, R.
Hark, how she shouts ! (*Shouts*, R.) Oh, Dionysius
When wert thou in thy life hail'd with a peal
Of hearts and hands like that one ? Shout again ! [*Shouts*, R.
Again ! (*Shouts*, R.) until the mountains echo you,
And the great sea joins in that mighty voice,
And old Euceladus, the Son of Earth,
Stirs in his mighty caverns. (*Three shouts.*) Tell me, slaves,
Where is your tyrant ? Let me see him now ;
Why stands he hence aloof ? Where is your master ?
What is become of Dionysius ?
I would behold, and laugh at him !

[*Dionysius advances between Damon and Pythias—Damon being on the scaffold—and throws off his disguise.*

Dion. Behold me.

Damon & Pyth. How ?

Dion. Stay your admiration for awhile,
Till I have spoken my commandment here
Go, Damocles, and bid a herald cry
Wide through the city, from the eastern gate
Unto the most remote extremity,
That Dionysius, tyrant as he is,
Gives back his life to Damon. [*Exit Damocles*, L.

Pyth. How, Dionysius ?
Speak that again !

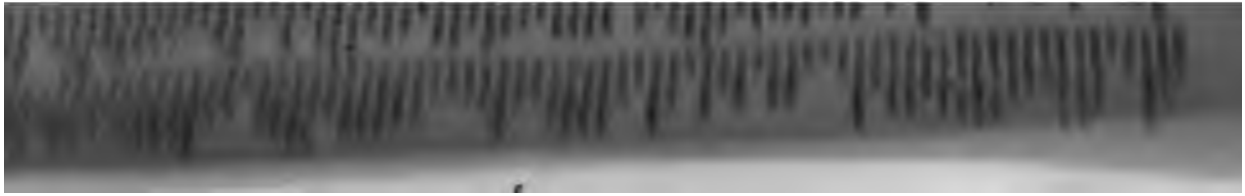
Dion. I pardon him.

Pyth. Oh, gods !
You give his life to Damon ?

Dion. Life and freedom !

[*Damon staggers from the scaffold into the arms of Pythias. Three shouts.*

THE END.



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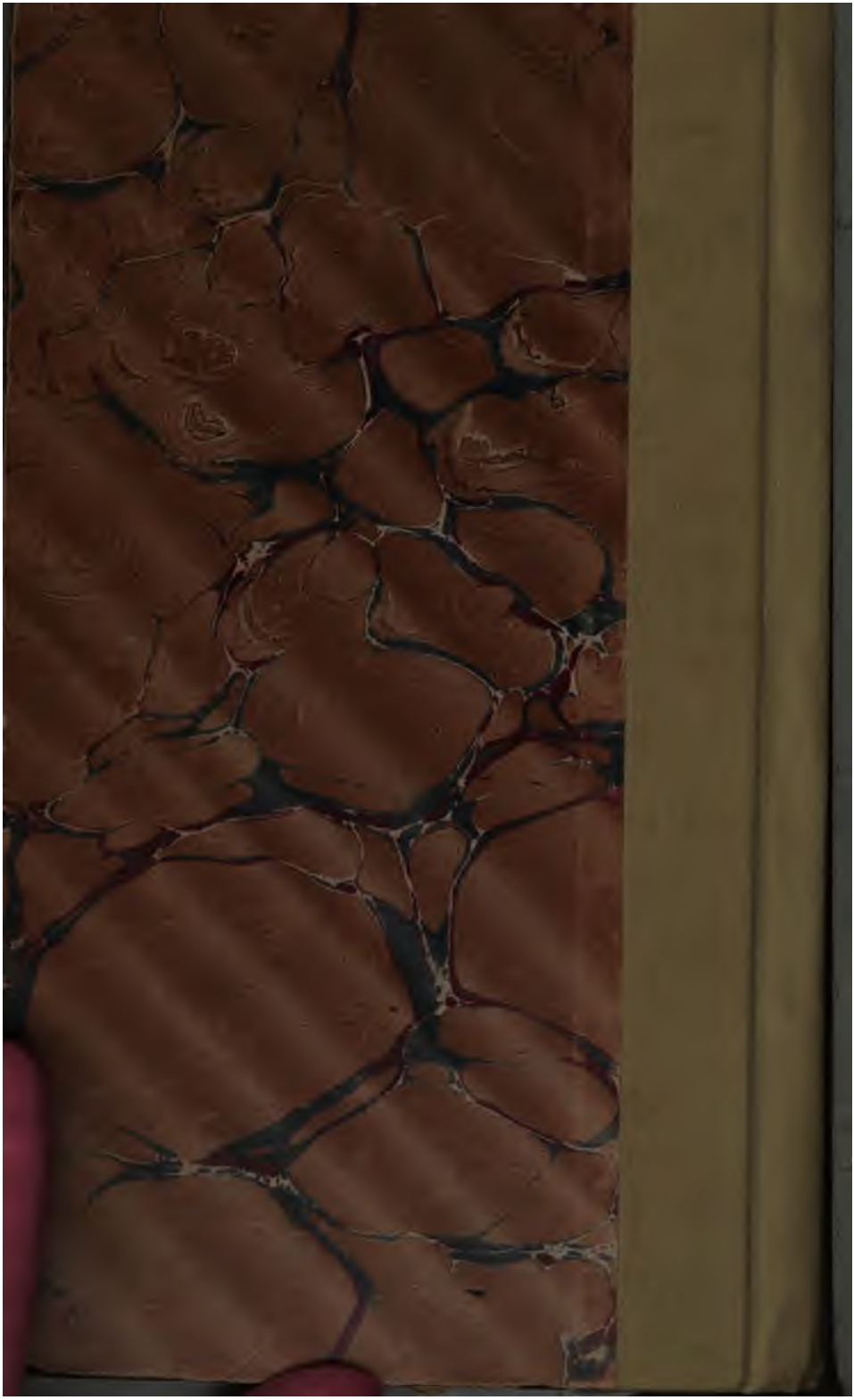
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