

Tarquin the Proud

and Other Poems

Hill, Samuel Prout (1821-1861)

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**Tarquin the Proud
and Other Poems
Sydney
Daniel Lovett Welch
1843**

TO JOHN RAE, ESQUIRE, A.M.,
&c., &c., &c.
DEAR SIR,

In dedicating to you this little work, I feel I am but fulfilling a duty which your kindness has imposed upon me. Ever ready, as you have shewn yourself, to extend to me with cheerfulness both information and instruction, it becomes me to avail myself of the present opportunity of acknowledging the obligations I have received at your hands.

Introduced by you into the agreeable haunts of the Muses, and indebted to you for any knowledge I may possess of the *mechanical* part of poetry, I have much pleasure in nominating you god-father to this the earliest offspring of my brain. "Would it were worthier," both for your sake and my own!

It would be absurd to deny that I have some anxiety about the fate of my "little booke," which I now cast upon the waters: for —

"None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears;

but having taken on my own head the entire responsibility of this hasty appeal to the tribunal of the public, I shall cheerfully submit to its impartial verdict. If the work be possessed of any merit, I am convinced it will receive an adequate amount of support; and if it be devoid of merit, I have no wish to screen it from the oblivion it deserves.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

Poems.

Thoughts on the Career of Napoleon.

The following Stanzas were principally written while perusing the Life of the Emperor Napoleon. They are merely *random thoughts* which occurred to the Writer as he read; and, therefore, the Reader must not expect to find a continuous poem.

I.

BRAVE of the bravest! in the camp of war,
In tented fields, and in the thickest strife,
Fame has pronounced thy deeds both near and far —
Those mighty acts which mark'd thy chequered life.
The implements of war, the bloody knife,
The bellowing cannon and the trumpet's sound,
The arm'd phalanx, and the stirring fife,
The fiery war-horse, prancing o'er the ground —
Were all employ'd by thee to raise man's funeral mound.

II.

The dragon War spreads wide its scaly wings,
Red Slaughter rides upon the gentlest breeze,
Pale Death stands mounted, as o'er earth he flings
His bloodless eyes: all hush'd the rolling seas;
And, gaping widely, lolls voluptuous Ease;
While Virtue shrinks, and yields to Vice full room,
And Danger arms for strife; for now he sees
His master, Death, prepare the silent tomb:
So stalks he forth, forerunner of men's awful doom.

III.

Fair France! thou garden of this lower earth,
Where all is bright and beautifully fair;
The soft god, Love, and laughter-loving Mirth
Delight to own their residence is there. —
Why now must all thy sons for strife prepare?
Why hang their lyre to wield the blood-stained sword?
Enchantment form'd that palace for its lair;
Romance, too, lent its charm; while all ador'd,
Until war's note escap'd, until war's trumpet roared.

IV.

What can repay thee, France, for all thou'st lost? —
Thy soft tranquillity, thy palmy peace?
Stern desolation o'er thy barriers cross'd,
And banish'd hope and joy. Thy woes increase:
Nor will that doleful wail for ages cease,
Which wrung was from thee when thy happy homes
Were reft, by death, of brothers — the short lease
Allotted them of life cut off — and groans
Of slaughter'd husbands echoing back their wives' deep moans.

V.

Now stalks forth Murder in its direst form;
Now tyrants rise to glut ambition's aim;
And through thy streets, fair France, the raging storm
Of civil discord lights up death's pale flame.
Now ROBESPIERRE rises — ever curs'd name! —
And scowls with flendish glance on all around;
He siezes power, and reckless of his fame,
Bathes deep in human gore that hallow'd ground,
Which form'd was for a paradise of arts profound.

VI.

Now here, now there, despair in every look,
The mother flies, her infant at her breast;
She seeks for him, the lov'd one, that partook

Of all her joys — the one, the tried, the best.
Her tottering step, as fondly she caress'd
Her babe, spoke loud the anguish of her heart;
Yet o'er the dead she madly onward press'd,
Until, at last, she reach'd the fatal cart:
She shrieks — she falls — the guillotine had done its part!

VII.

And this was France, but late so calm and fair,
Where peace and happiness were known to dwell; —
And this was France — such scenes enacted *there*,
'Twas Paradise converted to a hell!
'Twere mournful to relate and sad to tell
Of all that crime supplanted in that land; —
'Tis past: and with the victims who then fell
We'll bury thought; and write of him whose hand
Quench'd flaming discord but to light a fiercer brand.

VIII.

But yet, oh France! with all thy laurels gained,
With all the trophies of thy conquering arms,
More wretched are thy sons since glory flam'd
A beacon-light, and since war's stern alarms
Brought woe commingled with each conquest's charms,
To dash the cup of joy each patriot heart
Would fain have drunk: reckless of all the harms,
Which form of thirsty war the greatest part,
And bring the sanguine mind the deadliest, bloodiest, smart.

IX.

More wretched? — aye, by far. Or why those forms
And symbols of a never-dying woe?
Do they not tell of all the inward storms
Of dread affliction? — or are they but a show
To represent the grief you cannot know?
Can you forget the forms once lov'd so well —

The dearest ties that man can claim below?
Can glory stifle in your minds their yell,
When on the bloody field they pierc'd and mangled fell?

X.

Rob misers of their countless hoardes of wealth,
Then view the blight which crosses o'er their hearts;
Deprive the youthful beauty of her health,
Her loveliness, her charms, and it imparts
A pang of sorrow, soon calm'd by the arts
Of reasoning and time: — but who can tell
The pangs a mother feels when death's cold darts
Lay low the child she'd lov'd and lov'd so well?
The tyrant death alone her agonies can quell.

XI.

But hark! it is the sound of coming foes,
And 'neath you murky cloud their way they grope;
To pluck down liberty brave WURMSER goes,
And give his monarch's hate its licenc'd scope.
As well to govern worlds might Prussia hope
As France's sons subdue in nature's mould;
Their enemies, appall'd with fear, may cope
But cannot conquer, though spurr'd on by gold;
They fight — they fall — they die! and so their tale is told.

XII.

Now here, now there, the mighty warrior flies,
Where'er his ranks but seem to halt through fear,
Inspiring courage. “On, brave men!” he cries;
“Glory is yours, though bloody be your bier.
Now may stern death — if ere it should appear
That one among you in the fieroest strife
Can cry, go back, or halt when danger's near,
Seize on that wretch, and bear him hence from life;
For he's unfit to live who dreads the warrior's knife.”

XIII.

On Lodi's bridge the battle fiercely rag'd,
And human life was held in little thought;
Nor was the fearful strife one jot assuag'd,
Though each small plank with many a life was bought.
To horrid phrenzy was each feeling wrought,
As life-destroying cannon swept away
Those long-lov'd comrades who had bravely fought,
And hop'd to win the glory of the day;
But now, besmear'd with blood, they wounded, dying, lay.

XIV.

Now, mingling closer in the dreadful strife,
Each at a foe in desperation flies:
No quarter sought, but stern "*War to the knife!*"
'Till one or both exhausted, mangled, dies.
NAPOLEON heard the fatal splash — the cries
For help: alas! no help was there. The gun
He points and fires — the storm of shot defies;
And rushing on the foe that none dare shun,
He bravely fights 'till Lodi's fatal bridge is won.

XV.

Oh, fatal war! Who can depict the woe
Thy battles cost through loss of human life?
The orphan's tears that for a parent flow —
The widow's moans, who was but now a wife.
All, all, are justly blam'd on thee, dread strife! —
The broken heart — the orphan's curses deep.
Nor will these cease 'till men lay by the knife
Which, robbing innocence of quiet sleep,
Permits intrusive madness o'er their minds to creep.

XVI.

We die, and then there is an end to all
Calamities: nor hunger, thirst, nor pain,
Can from the tomb our spirits e'er recall,
Nor start a tear from our cold lids again.
No more we mourn the loss of children slain
By war's fell ravages; nor yet deplore
Our country's fall, or king's tyrannic reign,
Whose arbitrary sway has clos'd the door
On Liberty, and left us slaves for evermore.

XVII.

And what is life that we should heed its flight —
Should mark its moments as they onward roll?
They sweep across our boyish days, and blight
The happy gambols of the happier soul.
Each instant leaves a sting; it may control
Our hopes, our joys, our sighs, our youthful fears;
Its influence extends upon the whole;
It stamps upon each brow the mark of years,
While down the furrow'd cheeks steal silently our tears.

XVIII.

One moment — aye, one little speck of time
May mar with anguish all the joys we owned,
May waken conscience to the stings of crime,
When crime lies hid, unravell'd, unatoned.
Yes! e'en our reason may be quick dethron'd,
And prostrate laid in one small fleeting hour;
And though sweet sympathy its downfall moan'd —
Though 'twould dispel the clouds that round us low'r —
'Tis enervated, weak — it lacks a tyrant's power.

XIX.

So time flies on: and now NAPOLEON'S life
Is left to history's too partial page;
Where nations' animosity and strife

Augment and grow to fiercer, deadlier, rage.
No, not one word men's passions to assuage,
Or lull to rest the dormant stings of hate,
Is ever found; — such thoughts confound the sage —
He writes for fame, and so his toils create
That sought-for boon he little reck's for other's fate.

XX.

Oh! could these scribes but lift the dreaded veil,
That hides futurity from mortal view;
Could they but listen to the widow's wail,
Or hear the orphan's cry as we now do;
Could they have view'd, on fatal Waterloo,
How liberty was drown'd in human gore;
The tale they then would tell, so sad, so true,
Would blot historic page for evermore,
And ages yet unborn that victory would deplore.

XXI.

Shew me the man of mean and lowly birth,
Who can by talents, unassisted, raise
Himself to sovereignty and fame on earth;
A man whom envious, trembling monarchs praise;
Whose deeds in senate and in field amaze
The proudest men who trust their names to fate;
Eclipsing all their fame in one vast blaze
Of enviable renown, — whate'er his state,
His birth, his parentage, I still would call him GREAT.

XXII.

I loathe and hate the little grovelling mind,
That dares not to aspire, yet still would ban
The fame of him who's greater than his kind;
Whose genius makes him something more than man.
Let men still sneer, and still profess to scan
The mighty deeds they cannot comprehend;

Let them still scoff, while yet they may and can;
Let them rail on; let all their actions tend
To crush the master mind — they never can offend.

XXIII.

But yet with all thy flagrant faults, oh World!
Thou never robs't desert of its true praise.
Some fools have clamour'd loud — their spite have hurl'd;
Yet still, ere long, the voice of truth thou'lt raise.
When silly hate has meted out its days,
And spite in drowsy Lethe has been drown'd,
Then wilt thou sound truth's name in minstrels' lays,
While not one note of discord will be found
To mar the melody — the sweetness of its sound.

XXIV.

Enough of this. Now in the palace hall,
Surrounded by a blaze of royalty,
NAPOLEON stands — the great, the all in all —
While fawning monarchs tender fealty,
Swearing by heav'n——Oh, sad reality!
To stand by him while France herself should stand;
Yet, when a few short years had ceased to be,
And perfidy had gain'd the upper hand,
These liars cag'd him close upon a foreign strand.

XXV.

Now o'er the summit of the towering Alps
An army wends its way: no dread, no fear,
Of avalanche's fall, though many scalps
Lie buried in cold winding-sheet and bier.
No wife o'er them to shed one pitying tear,
But all breasts cold and wintry as the grave:
They too press'd boldly on their path so drear,
'Till one false step — then in the snowy wave
Were buried deep and low the bravest of the brave.

XXVI.

Still onward pressing up the dreadful slope,
Men, horses, wagons, wind the awful steep;
No feeling known or felt, save that of hope —
Of hope, sweet hope, that never knew to sleep.
One step might send them to the yawning deep,
Beyond the helping reach of friends and foes,
Who, standing on the treacherous cliff, might weep,
But could no more: — no time for venting woes,
For see, NAPOLEON comes! and on the army goes.

XXVII.

What vast conception's here! The soaring mind
Of man can scarce encompass it: we grow
Amaz'd with bare reflection; yet we find
It was perform'd, and that few years ago,
The heavy cannon dragg'd through hills of snow,
While music play'd its sweetest, best known air;
And men to death and fame press on — for lo!,
Devoid of fear — they know no cankering care —
In Him their souls are wrapt, and he himself is there.

XXVIII.

Thou kindred feeling! which so strongly ties
Those hearts that feel the same intense desire;
The love of courage in the brave heart lies,
And binds it to the brave with bands of fire.
It starts the mournful tear when those expire
Who've dar'd with us the perils of the fight:
Yet while we weep it rouses vengeance dire;
We rush upon the foe, now pale with fright,
Until we sink into the same dark endless night.

XXIX.

Now pouring from St. Bernard's lofty height,
And thundering on Marengo's fatal plain,
Rush France's sons to mingle in the fight,
And plant the flag of liberty again.
'Twas rear'd aloft — alas! 'twas rear'd in vain,
For liberty disown'd that fearful shore.
In vain brave DESAIX fell — nought could restrain
That pow'r of tyranny which all deplore,
But which, alas! I fear will crush us evermore.

XXX.

On that dread field how many thousands died,
To, Phoenix-like, raise liberty again;
And snowy Mount St. Bernard's storms defied,
More dangerous than the billows of the main.
The leaden shots flew thick, like pouring rain,
And crashing ranks commingled in the fight:
Dying and dead, fell all, alas! in vain, —
For liberty, though brought once more to light,
Lived a few fleeting years, then sunk in endless night.

XXXI.

Ah liberty! thou birth-right of the free!
What can give compensation for thy loss?
Can all the treasures in the raging sea —
Peru's deep mines — or can the miser's dross?
Ah, no! Take liberty, you take the cross,
The shrine, 'fore which the great, the brave man kneels —
You take from life's drear course its truest gloss.
It is to this the swarthy slave appeals
As arbiter of wrongs which tyranny reveals.

XXXII.

The niggard miser's bony hand still grasps,
With more than phrenzy, his unbounded wealth;
Nor love, nor fame, nor hope, nor joy, he clasps;

Nor cares he aught for life, for soul, for health.
Conveying hoardes from mortal's view by stealth,
And counting that which has so oft been told,
Form the chief pleasure, springing out of wealth,
To misers' minds: in one word we behold
Their hopes are ever centred, and that word is GOLD.

XXXIII.

Life's but a span — short, brief — now here, now gone —
A space of misery, anguish, and deep pain —
Of carking care, of glory never won,
Of hope, which flits away nor comes again —
Of ideal joy, which breathes but to be slain,
To mar itself, and raise from out its fall
More poignant grief than mortals can sustain —
Converting all our peace to bitter gall,
And chaining down to dark despair, hope, love, joy, all.

XXXIV.

Ah, fleeting life! for what wast thou ordain'd?
What unknown duty are we to perform?
The viper stings of sin our steps have stain'd;
And our whole being is but one dread storm
Of passions — lust. In our weak minds we form
I deas grand of God, of heav'n, of hell,
Of vast eternity: our bosoms warm
With dark uncertainty. We cannot tell
What scenes of joy or woe may follow our death knell.

XXXV.

We were not — now we are — and soon again
We shall not be. The withering hand of time
Will gather all mankind within its fane,
And doubt will cease; and that which was will chime
With that which is; and holiness and crime
Will meet their due reward. Thou Son of God!

Purge from man's soul the ever damning slime
Of foul transgression, ere thine awful nod
Shall give his hopes to death — his body to the clod!

XXXVI.

And death will come despite our prayers, our tears,
And man must leave this world of sin and shame,
While all his indigested doubts and fears
He'll realize in certainty. His name —
His deeds, perhaps, exist, which is all fame
Can heap on votaries, who, in this world,
Striv'd long for immortality. The same
Will be their fate, when fate shall be unfurl'd —
They'll live in endless joy, or to the shades be hurl'd.

XXXVII.

Come then, sad Thought, let's meditate awhile;
Let's ponder o'er each varied, bustling scene
Of life, devoid of envy and of guile.
Why, why, my soul, — while youth still fresh and green
Should softest pleasure woo, — why still wilt lean
To morbid melancholy? All is fair
Around: the glow of happiness I ween
Still marks youth's cheerful course; yet stern Despair
Has ta'en its home with thee, and dwells for ever there.

XXXVIII.

Dark, dark. Oh! ever thus since Memory came,
I've known and felt the poison'd sting of woe:
Life has no charm, no long enduring flame
Of joyous hope it can on me bestow.
While others garner up each cherish'd flow
Of earthly bliss, and joyful pass each day,
The blighting winds of sadness o'er me blow,
And mock each passing hope of joy. Oh! say,
Was man then born to sigh his cheerless life away?

XXXIX.

What rapid strides were made, great man, by thee
To subdue earth beneath thine own control;
Thou master wert of each man's destiny,
And all but master of his living soul.
Thy life caused wonder; yet, upon the whole,
'Twas but a whim of fortune's changeful mind —
A phantasy, a dream, that o'er man stole —
A prodigy, which in no breast could find
One corner for belief that thou wert of mankind.

XL.

Step, fast succeeding step, and each a stride
Towards the gaol of sovereignty and power,
While all vain schemes of men were then defied,
And thou didst reign the creature of an hour.
Dark clouds around thy throne began to low'r;
The earth, too, crumbled 'neath thy tottering feet;
The lightning flash'd around thy giddy tower;
The rumbling thunder shook th' imperial seat;
And 'neath pale friendship's mask crouch'd treasonous deceit.

XLI.

That night — that fearful night. — Oh, Waterloo!
What but the elements should speak thy birth?
Swift through the skies the vivid lightnings flew,
And living thunder skipt from heav'n to earth.
These all proclaim'd the tragic end of mirth —
Light, buoyant, happy — where our bosoms swell
With mutual love. But what is pleasure worth?
Where is its value when war's fatal knell
So soon can mar its joy — so soon dissolve its spell?

XLII.

War! war! ye elements! 'Tis fit your strife
Should mingle with death's horrid carnival;
For man now robs his fellow-man of life,
And thousands die that *one* alone may fall!
Let not dark massacre your senses pall —
Fight on! fight on! Each blood-stain'd blade now rings
The death-cry of the brave! What though ye all
Should die for that which no true blessing brings?
Do ye not fight for gods — for heav'n's anointed kings?

XLIII.

At night — and all was gaiety and love;
Responsive sighs would mingle with the dance;
While Heav'n's artillery now roll'd above,
Warning their souls of woe who dreamt 'twas chance.
Did it not seem to woman's heart a trance —
An unreal thing — that those so young and gay,
Whose eyes but now love's softest joys enhance,
Should on the morrow spurn this world away,
And all that fire is *now*, be *then* but earth's cold clay?

XLIV.

In vain, great man, those mighty acts of thine —
Those deeds of valour in the battle field; —
In vain thy desperation. Thou did'st shine,
And now 'twas hard through treachery to yield.
We cannot soon forget: no mind is steel'd
'Gainst memory — we dwell on what we were,
Then ponder o'er our fall: we have no shield
To ward off thoughts — with glaring eyes they stare,
Haunting our waking dreams; nor will they quit their lair

XLV.

Until stern death commands. Who can withstand
That summons when it comes? Can you or I?
Will pity — tears? — Ah! no. The dreaded hand

Of death, array'd with terrors from on high,
Knows no compunction; nor the lisping cry
Of babes; nor manhood's louder agony,
Which rends the air and pierces e'en the sky,
Can scare him from his prey. The bond, the free —
The great, the small — the rich, the poor — shall judgment see.

XLVI.

Oh! Greatness, here's a lesson sad for you!
The conqueror, the emperor, the great —
Who with a word call'd legions forth to view
The phalanx — the arm'd bulwark of the state,
The mighty of the mightiest — elate
But now with victory, with power o'er all
The nations of the world — Oh, fickle Fate!
And now like those his power did enthrall —
(From such a giddy cliff how dread must be the fall)

XLVII.

“Cabin'd and cribb'd, confin'd, bound in” — nor now
E'en master of his will — a slave *sans* chains,
And though a diadem entwin'd his brow,
And monarchs bent to him, yet now he drains
The dregs of bitterness; and all the stains
Of bloated power rush on his wearied thought:
He ponders o'er his loss; nor can the gains
Of vast dominion ease the mind when wrought
To tension's crack — for glory, honor, fame, he'd fought,

XLVIII.

And now the chalice, by remorseless fate,
Was dash'd from lips which would its poison drain,
And all the pageants of a mighty state —
Strongest foundations of a monarch's reign —
Vanish, depart; and, in their glittering train,
Obedience, love, and all a sovereign's aid,

Wing them away, nor will return again.
Fortune makes kings, but leaves them when once made,
To feel the impotence of royalty's parade.

XLIX.

Ambition! boundless is thy soaring aim,
Aspiring more the higher men attain;
A thirsty longing for an endless fame,
Sometimes acquired, yet sometimes lost again:
To be a king, o'er mortal men to reign,
How many plunge in hated crime their souls!
Reckless of conscience, 'till at last the stain
Of direful sins, as every moment rolls,
Wrecks all their cherish'd hopes upon life's poison'd shoals.

L.

Oh! doubly curs'd the wretch whose soul could aim,
To grasp the sceptre, though in blood sunk deep;
If such there be, on men must rest the shame,
For why need they the golden bauble keep?
But who may blame the tears we fain would weep
When genius sinks in aiming to aspire?
Poor WHITE!* around thee now the angels sweep,
And to thy pensive numbers tune each lyre;
While kings and emperors in agonies expire!

LI.

Now view NAPOLEON on his humble couch,
Stript of all greatness by the hand of doom;
While that stern brow, before which kings did crouch,
Is pallid, pale, and quivering near the tomb.
The wretched sycophants who did succumb
To him like abject slaves, while fortune smil'd,
Where are they now? Oh! doubly curs'd the womb
Which bore such men; they have this world defil'd,
And truth, and innocence, and faith, have driven wild.

LII.

Yes! there he dwells, with few of that great train
He'd led to glory — (if such can be found
In horrid war, in trampling on the slain
While their warm blood still saturates the ground) —
Their muffled steps emitting scarce a sound
To break the awful stillness of the night:
All noiseless; for they fear'd the clayey mound
Would shortly hide him from all mortals' sight,
Who'd made the earth to quake — who'd conquer'd her in fight.

LIII.

But hark! what strange unearthly sounds are those?
From whence proceed they? What do they foretell?
Are they a foretaste of the damning woes
Which sinners feel who're doom'd t'exist in hell?
Oh, God forbid! It is the fatal knell
Of death — the rattle — the upturned eyes,
Which warn us of the tomb. Unwelcome bell!
But see, he sinks! Methinks the world should rise,
For now the mighty conquerer NAPOLEON dies!

LIV.

He dies: and all that now remains is — what?
A lump of mortal clay — inanimate:
No sound indicative of what his lot —
No secret voice to warn us from his fate —
But all is mystery. Who can relate
The secrets which the silent tombs unfold?
Who can describe what thou, who wert so great,
Shalt be in that far region, dark and cold,
To which thou'rt fled? Ah, none! It cannot now be told.

LV.

Men still may think — but where's the good of thought?
Will it assist us when *to-come* is nigh?
Ah, no! The feeble mind of man ne'er ought
To think on that which must be mystery.
We know not, nor can know, the motive why
The future's hid from mortal's longing sight;
We look above, and there behold the sky,
While all beyond is wrapt in dismal night,
Defying our weak gaze, and laughing at our fright.

LVI.

Because we *wish* that things are so, we *hope*
That they are true, and judge of future life
By what our minds would fain believe; we cope
With mystery, and mingle in a strife
From which unscath'd no man can go. 'Tis rife
With dreadful danger; and that wish'd-for goal
Of heavenly bliss is sever'd by the knife
Of our own thoughts, from man's eternal soul,
Because our wandering fancy would not brook control.

LVII.

And now that all is pass'd of that great man
Which conjur'd fear in each suspecting mind;
Let's heave a generous sigh — his actions scan
With eyes devoid of enmity. Mankind
Will err: and while the best of men may find
Some unjust acts which they dare not maintain
In their own history; they should be blind
To those in him. Death's dark, mysterious chain,
Should blot out all our faults — but let our virtues reign!

* Henry Kirk's White.

The Castle Ruins.

THOSE hoary battlements, though once so gay,
Now silently and sadly steal away.
The ivy fresh and green just budding now —
A wreath adorning sad decay's dun brow —
Is creeping slowly o'er those aged walls,
Laughing to scorn old Time's repeated calls,
To leave to him his prey. A corpse drest out
In bridal gems, or victory's loud shout,
Still mocking starr'd defeat, now represents
These gay, yet fast decaying battlements
Those wainscot halls are all deserted now;
No loud laughs ring, nor frowns the sterner brow,
But all is hush'd, and death alone reigns there,
The servant of decay — thy friend, despair!
The owl gives out its ominous night cry,
A strange and doleful sound, and eagles fly
The turrets round, and seem to flout the sky;
They eye those walls now crumbling in decay,
And scare from quiet rest their destined prey.

Where once the merry dance denoted mirth,
And maidens tript it o'er their mother earth,
Their hearts so gay, so bounding, and so free,
'Twere sweet to view their happy revelry:
Each glance exchang'd spoke loud the inward mind,
The thoughts that pierc'd the future, all combin'd
To paint this life to them one joyous day —
And now those lovely forms, where, where are they?

Ask Time: he knows each lovely maiden's doom;
He pilots all to death and to the tomb;
He scatters far and near from out each hand
Disease and war to desolate the land:
While premature old age, upon his trail,
Culls victims for the grave. Oh! we bewail
Their loss — we ponder o'er their absence now
With sorrow's traits cold mantling o'er our brow;

We sigh a long farewell to them and theirs,
And dread approaching nothingness with tears.

And yon old hall too (where the pilgrim's tread
Faint echoes o'er the vaults of sleeping dead;
Where echo still to echo doth resound,
And nought save echo breaks the silence round)
Was once a scene which happiness imparted,
Though now, alas! 'tis cold and absent hearted.

And where's Sir Hugh and all that gallant train
Who made those halls resound with mirth again?
And where's the lady whose soft virtuous smile
Would smooth the rugged brow, and hours beguile
Of tediousness and care? Go, ask old Time;
The secret's his, and he can make it thine.

Ode to the Yacht Petrel.

IN calm or storm, by day or night,
In thee, sweet ocean! I delight.
To float along thy glassy plain,
Feeling myself a boy again,
Recalls each cherish'd scene of life,
So tranquil, calm, devoid of strife;
So twin'd around this heart of mine,
That I'd ne'er bend at other shrine,
But live and die thine, only thine!

Yet now that charm is lost to me,
No more I love the tranquil sea,
But where the storm dwells — there I'd be!
The cares of life, so thickly sown,
The blasts of Time have o'er me blown;
While cherish'd peace now wings away,
And dark night frowns where once shone day.
Arise, ye waves! put forth your might —
Howl in your strength — it suits this night;
Arise! and shake your frothy mane,
And be my own lov'd sea again!
'Tis when in tempests dark and free,
My angry soul clings most to thee:
I love to hear thy wild waves howl,
While elements around them scowl —
While lightnings flash their forky flame,
Then leave all murky — dark again.

I love to hear the thunders hurl'd
In living fire bolts o'er the world;
All warring in their strength and might,
And mingling with a fierce delight,
'Till heav'n and earth join in the strife —
Then, then I feel that this is life;
Then, when man trembles, let me be
A partner of thy rage and thee!

How calm and sunny was the morn
That broke o'er yonder placid bay;
The sky was of its terrors shorn,
And marshall'd in the new born day,
Array'd in gorgeous scenery!
'Twas like our childhood, all so still —
No cares of life, no dreaded ill —
But glassy, calm — with nought to mar
The glorious dream; while from afar
The bright horizon smil'd in peace,
As though its charms would never cease!
And there, sweet PETREL! did'st thou ride
In all thy beauty, pomp, and pride;
Nought to dispute thy rightful reign,
As empress of the sunny main!
The finny fish around thee wait,
Expectant of the treacherous bait;
And eager dart to seize the prey,
That snatches all their joys away!
Oh! then while gazing on the main,
I felt my soul expand anew;
'Twas paradise return'd again —
With all its joys, without its pain —
Although, alas! 'twas fleeting too!
I thought of home in that fond hour;
I thought — but thoughts are vain — the power

Of sweet association brings
Both pleasure's sweets and pleasure's stings.
That morn was full of dear delight,
But oh! how fearful was the night!
'Twas like disease, whose cankering fingers
Heighten the bloom on beauty's face;
Then mar the only charm that lingers
The last sad hour of life to grace!
Why should such glorious morning shine —
So full of peace, so near divine —
When night behind it lowering came,
Groaning 'neath thunder, storm, and flame?

Sweet, gallant yacht! we shar'd that night,
In all its far and fierce delight;
I brav'd with thee that boisterous sea,
And gain'd at length yon bay with thee.

GO, PETREL! like thy namesake, skim
The sea's white heads, and o'er them swim;
Gambol in all their wanton play; —
O'er rippling waves, go — bound away,
Or rush through bright phosphoric spray.
Bend to the blast — now show thy might,
And laugh to scorn this fearful night.
Nay, tremble not, but spurn away
From thy sweet prow the dashing spray.
Arise! and shake thy glittering mane,
Then plough thy onward way again.
Sail on! sail on! thou shalt be free —
Waves crush weak man, but harm not thee!

And when thou'rt moor'd in yonder bay
Waves gracefully around thee play,
Like sunbeams on the brightest day!
The sea-bird, imitating thee,
Sinks from its flight and rides the sea;
It proudly stems, with swelling pride,
The rippling of the flowing tide,
And finds its rest by thy smooth side:
But when, once more, thou'rt under weigh,
It plumes its wings, and sails away!

Go, gallant yacht! still swiftly go —
The billows well their rider know:
As mothers for their offspring feel,
So loves the sea thy gliding keel;
It proudly bears thee o'er its waste,
And hails thee — sweetest child of Taste!
No wave will dare to raise its head,
Or wrong thee on thy native bed:
The winds will catch thy swelling sail,
And waft thee on with gentle gale.
Yet should they blow, and seas run high,
'Till waters mingle with the sky;
Across them all with wings thou'lt fly,
And prove thy glorious majesty!

Madeline.

SEE! how she moves, dejected, sad and pale —
Her raiment loosely, carelessly put on:
For what was once the beauty of the vale,
Is now a thing not fit to look upon.
Oh! here's a sight: let thoughtless wretches rail,
And laughing, boasting, say they've glory won;
Let them but hear her sigh, her plaintive knell: —
To all my hopes, a long, a last farewell!

No more thou'lt greet with rapturous delight
Thine aged sire, nor wait upon his wants;
With conscience now thou'st wag'd a fearful fight,
And it will kill thee by its cruel taunts.
No more thy cheerful laugh, and step so light,
Attend upon thy daily — once-lov'd jaunts;
No more thou'lt sing of happiness and love;
No more thou'lt kneel to Him who reigns above.

No more thy graceful form will 'chant the eye;
No more a blush diffuse thy lovely brow;
No more thy maiden modesty, so shy,
Will wake again. Ah, no! — all's wither'd now.
From thine own tainted shadow would'st thou fly —
The shadow of that form once pure as snow.
All, all has fled, and Madeline no more
Can win back fame — or virtue can restore.

In a Thunder Storm.

THOU rolling thunder! thy dread peals
Jehovah's mightiness reveals:
He rides along thy rumbling plain,
Attended by seraphic train;
And as his chariot swiftly flies,
The lightnings play along the skies;
And while they flash — a mortal dies!
Thy wild and awful note I love,
As now thou roll'st in clouds above;
While lightnings speak, in living flame,
Of Him who gave the world a name.

My mind's a dark tempestuous sea —
It seems a kindred part of thee.
Then lend me wings that I may fly,
With meteor swiftness through the sky —
One moment bright — then let me die!

Napoleon's Grave.

THEY have ta'en him away from his dark island grave,
Where his fame threw a halo around his lone tomb,
Attracting the pilgrims who came o'er the wave,
E'en to gaze on his last home — to mourn o'er his doom.

Red battle no longer can call its chief forth
To carry its thunders throughout the wide world;
Nor the east nor the west, the south nor the north,
Can shake off his deep sleep — his banners are furl'd.

They have ta'en him away to the land of his glory —
The land of fair France which first bade him arise —
Which sent him triumphant through fields red and gory;
Yet now in her bosom how silent he lies!

His virtues and crimes are now part of his fame,
They neither adorn nor reproach his cold bier;
He lies there entomb'd, with grim death and his name;
His fate pleads for one sigh — one pitying tear.

Sadness.

STRIKE, minstrel, strike thy sweetest notes,
Yet let them tell of woe:
Around my brain stern sadness floats
In one unbroken flow,

I tell thee, minstrel, thou must sing
Some lay of doleful note:
Some lay where grief's sad echoes ring,
And scenes of woe denote,

Then in this kindred soul a chord
'Twill find repeat each sound;
To sadness then will grief afford
The balm it has not found.

Then fling around me, minstrel, fling
Thy mystic mantle's power;
Let melancholy touch each string —
'Twill suit this sombre hour.

On Perusing the Poems of Henry Kirke White.

A STRANGER in a far-off land,
By fame unknown — unknown to fame —
Kindled by fire from thy young hand,
Would add another to the band,
Who sing and feel this lambent flame.

Oh! could I soar on wings like thee,
I'd dash the worldling's joys away;
The poison'd chalice drain with glee —
For poison, WHITE, it proved to thee —
The usher of eternal day.

But why lament that thou hast fled?
Hast wing'd thee to a happier shore?
Sorrow can never haunt thy bed,
Nor cast its mantle round thy head,
Nor break thy slumbers more.

If from the starry heav'n above
Thy spirit looks on things below,
Receive this worthless pledge of love,
From one that only lives to rove
Through scenes, like thine, of woe.

Sympathy.

Why did I cross the briny, treacherous, deep,
And wander far from Albion's sunny bowers,
To cast my lot in far-off lands, and weep
An after life in melancholy hours.
My youth's now sad, and robb'd of all those flowers,
Whose fragrance fill'd up every gap of pain,
They're gone — they're dead — they lack those copious showers
Of sympathy they ne'er may know again,
For all is dark and boisterous like the raging main.

Cold, callous, haughty, now are all around,
No friend to whisper one kind hope of joy;
For thoughts of gain in all men's minds abound,
And dreams of wealth their deepest thoughts employ.
Thus to exist would all life's charms destroy,
For cursèd gold can boast no spell o'er me;
I'd rather be the pauper and enjoy
The love of friends and their kind sympathy,
Than trust my happiness on fortune's fickle sea.

Oh, Sympathy! there's magic in thy sound,
A balm thou art to ease our aching souls;
'Tis love, pure love, that holds thee from the ground;
And nought but love thy influence controls.
Though all our hopes be wreck'd upon the shoals —
The sunken reefs — the quicksands of this life,
Thou meet'st the danger as it onward rolls,
And bear'st thy part most nobly in the strife;
Nor wilt thou yield one inch till driven by the knife.

Tarquin the Proud; Or, the Downfall of Tyranny. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.

A friend of the Author having pointed out to him a similarity of *idea* which exists in two passages of the following Tragedy with two others in the celebrated Play of “Brutus,” he deems it but justice to himself to state, that at the time “Tarquin the Proud” was written (nearly two years since) he not only had never seen the Play of “Brutus,” but was totally ignorant of its existence.

Persons Represented.

SERVIUS, King of Rome,
TARQUIN THE PROUD, Son-in-law to Servius, afterwards King.
SEXTUS TARQUINIUS, Son to Tarquin.
LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, a Noble Roman.
COLLATINUS, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, Romans, Friends to Brutus.
TURNUS, Chief of the Latines.
ROMAN SENATORS.
ROMAN CITIZENS.
LATINE CHIEFS.
PAGE TO TARQUIN.
TWO AURICIANS, Conspirators against Turnus.
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS, &c., &c., &c.
TULLIA, Queen of Rome, and Wife to Tarquin.
LUCRETIA, Wife to Collatinus.
PORSENA, her Maid.
WOMAN, Attendant on Tullia.
GHOST OF SERVIUS.

SCENE. — At the commencement of the third Act, in the Latine Camp: the other portion of the Play principally in Rome.

Act I.

Scene I. — A Street in Rome.

Enter two CITIZENS.

1st Citizen.I greet you friend. What is the news?

2nd Cit.I did intend to put that question to you. Something there is afloat, although i' faith I scarce know what.

1st Cit.Nor I. 'Tis true I heard——

2nd Cit.What — what didst hear?

1st Cit.Nay, 'tis but report; and you well know report is not to be depended on.

2nd Cit.Well, the report — what does it say?

1st Cit.That Tarquin's wife is dead; as also Tarquin's brother: if it be true——

2nd Cit.Pshaw! It must be false. Tarquin but now I saw in conversation with the Senators. But who comes here?
Enter 3RD CITIZEN.

3rd Cit.Hast heard the news? Hast heard the news?

1st Cit.Not I. What may it be?

2nd Cit.Nor I.

3rd Cit.Tarquin, I hear, has slain his wife——

1st Cit.No!

3rd Cit.And Tullia, our king's daughter, slain her husband. 'Twill break old Servius' heart should it prove true; and true I fear it is.

1st Cit.Now may the gods forbend!

2nd Cit.And so pray I. But tell me: — Does report divulge their motives?

3rd Cit.No, not that I can gather: although some say that Tarquin does intend to marry Tullia. If that be true — why — why —

2nd Cit.Why — what?

3rd Cit. Why — there will be a pair of them: farewell.
[Exit 3RD CITIZEN.]

1st Cit. I fear much 'twill prove true.

2nd Cit. I fear so too; but let time shew. If thou should'st hear aught more,
I pray you let me share it.

1st Cit. I will. Do you the same. Farewell.

2nd Cit. Farewell.
[Exeunt at opposite sides.]

Scene II. — Room in Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN and TULLIA.

Tarquin. The deed is black, good Tullia, I like it not.

Tullia. And yet, methinks, thou should'st have thought of this
Before my sister and my husband died.
Our hands are yet quite red with their pure blood;
And shall we stop, and pause, and then turn back —
Giving up all our budding hopes for fear? —
You cannot dream the like.

Tarquin. I know not what I dream. I would be king,
But —

Tullia. And so thou may'st. For if thou art the man
My woman's soul was wont to figure thee,
Thou wilt be king. Oh! now were I a man,
There's not a deed, however black or foul,
But I would perpetrate to gain the prize —
The golden prize — on which our eyes are bent.

Tarquin. Then art thou better as thou art. The fiends
Would blush at such a horrid crime as this
You urge me to commit. Your father's life
Intrudes between my hopes and me. That man
Who gave you life. Oh! ponder on it well.

Tullia. Why thou relenting fool! An old man's life
Is barely worth a thought. The faded rose

We pluck from off the tree and cast it hence,
For 'tis a useless thing. Its fragrance gone,
And it is valueless. And so with man;
When old, decrepit, and weigh'd down with years;
The springs of life all sapp'd away; the sense
Gone mad; and imbecility usurp'd
The vacant throne of reason: — 'tis a deed
Of mercy then to free the aged soul
And let it wing away.

Tarquin. Yet urge me not to do this dreadful deed.
Die he soon must; then let him die a king.
My childish soul, not yet inur'd to crime,
Shrinks back within me at the thought of death,
And chides my great ambition.

Tullia. Tarquin! I might have lov'd my former lord,
For he was great as thee. But no. I thought
Thou had'st a noble pride; I thought the gods
Of Tarquin's race, and those of Tarquin's land,
Were treasur'd in thy breast; I thought thy sire's
Proud visage's stamp was on that haughty brow;
I thought the palace, too, in which you dwell,
The princely throne, and Tarquin's far-fam'd name,
Did constitute thee king. But I was wrong.
Then if thy spirit dares not undertake
This noble enterprise, why wear that garb?
Dost hope thou canst deceive the nation too?
Go, get thee home: thy royal blood is gone.
Assume the insignificant, the mean,
And humble dress of some poor shepherd-boy;
Eke out thy life in poverty and shame,
And dream thyself a man. The village girl
Has rosy cheeks — but think of that — and when
Thy lips with her's in loving tumults join,
Then say to her: — *My name was Tarquin once,*
But now —

Tarquin. Enough. Thy father's dead.

Tullia. My dearest, dearest, lord.

Tarquin. Oh! could'st thou pray
With equal force for what I'm now to do,

I'd do it with alacrity and glee;
But I most sadly fear, that not one hour
Of future peace, or soft tranquillity,
Will ever cross my path. Why then away
With conscience and remorse; pity no more
Shall enter this firm breast: but cruelty,
Ambition, and revenge, my soul shall fill,
And Tullia's father is the first I'll kill.
[Exit TARQUIN.]

Tullia. Why so, this proves thou art my dearest lord,
And I will ever love, obey, and honor thee.
Thou should'st be king, and I, thy faithful wife,
That spurr'd thee on to win the glorious prize,
Should be a queen. Why this is worth all else,
And shall be uppermost in all my thoughts.
My woman's heart feels no compunctions now,
And fear, that parent of remorse, that tool
Employ'd for making cowards cringe, and bend
The abject knee, dwells not in this firm breast.
I would be queen; and shall an old man's life
Bar from my hopes this great and golden prize?
Never. What though he be my aged sire,
The act is still the same: 'tis but murder.
But soft. I fear that Tarquin's woman's heart,
Is not yet steel'd against the fiend remorse,
And may e'en now give way. I will be gone,
And in the very Senate-house I'll rouse
His drooping soul. If he should quake with fear,
Rather than fail, I'll do the deed myself.
Come then, ye gods! diffuse in my dark breast,
The blackest feelings that the fiends possess;
All mother's daughter's fondness rend away,
For this must be a dark and dreadful day.
[Exit.]

Scene III. — A Street in Rome.

Enter COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, and VALERIUS.

Lucretius. I care not Collatinus; I cannot think, nor will I believe, that
Tarquin's aims aspire so high. I doubt not thy veracity; I only think thou
hast been play'd upon.

Collatinus. Then the gods help thy incredulity! I overheard what I now told you, therefore I must believe although I fain would not.

Valerius. Nay, Lucretius, I heard it too; and certain am I that they spoke of Tarquin aiming at the crown. In fact they stated that himself had sued them for their voices; and, what is more, they had promised them.

Lucretius. Then I, perforce, believe. Look you, Collatinus, if Tarquin be made king, pray what becomes of good old Servius?

Collatinus. Banish'd.

Lucretius. True: and after that?

Collatinus. Nay, faith I know not: yet I fear that Servius, having been king after being still alive, would be a thorn in Tarquin's side which he must needs be rid of.

Lucretius. And so I fear. Besides, old Servius has within our walls many a friend both stout and true, who will not fail to plead his cause, e'en though it should breed war. His absence, too, will be an argument of no small force. May the gods help poor Rome: she's suffer'd more from kings and senators, than ever she will gain.

Collatinus. Tullia his wife would check him did he dream of aught against her father.

Valerius. Nay, hope it not. I know somewhat of Tullia. Dost think, Collatinus, or you, Lucretius, that I could fly? could take all Rome upon my back? could single-handed beat an array?

Collatinus and Lucretius. No.

Valerius. Then think not that that woman would stop her father's murder. I know her. By Jupiter, if there's a fiend on earth more foul and dark than hell itself, that fiend is Tullia. But here comes Tarquin. I'll leave you with him.

Exit VALERIUS.

Collatinus. And so he does.

Enter TARQUIN, musing.

Collatinus and Lucretius. Good day, my noble lord.

Tarquin.To both of you I wish good day. Collatinus.

Collatinus.My lord.

Tarquin.Knowest thou, good Collatinus, whether the Senate be now sitting?

Collatinus.My lord, the Senators are there; but not our gracious king.

Tarquin.'Tis well. Collatinus.

Collatinus.My lord.

Tarquin.I would be king! what say'st thou?

Collatinus.My lord?

Tarquin.Wilt have me for thy king? I speak it plainly, sir.

Collatinus.If — if — my good lord —

Tarquin.Hold sir! I ask not thy conditions. Attend upon the Senate.
[Exit TARQUIN.]

Lucretius.Hem! hem! How like you him, good Collatinus? Methinks his stomach's somewhat proud. But whom have we here?

Collatinus.'Tis half-mad Brutus.

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus.If not too late, good time of day my friends. But how is this? Not at the Senate, Collatinus? nor you, Lucretius? But that I'm half a fool I should have been there some time since.

Collatinus.And but that I'm all a fool I never should go there again. I go to the Senate! What! to be snapp'd at by that proud dragon, Tarquin?

Brutus.Ah! Tarquin at the Senate? *(Aside.)* Did'st say that Tarquin had gone there? *(To COLL.)*

Collatinus.I did; and he may fill my place, for I'll not go.

Brutus.Nay, now you play my part, good Collatinus: it is not wise, I think, to stay away. Thy place! aye, and higher than thine if not

prevented. (*Aside.*)

Collatinus. But now he ask'd: — would I have him for king? And when I did essay to answer, bluster'd out: — “*I want not thy conditions, sir;*” because, forsooth, I answer'd him with “*if.*” I go to the Senate!

Brutus. Have him for king, say'st thou?

Lucretius. Yet, still, I think, we'd best attend.

Brutus. And so think I.

Collatinus. Have with you then. I fear him not.

Brutus. Proceed before me friends. You'll gain no laurels in such company as mine. I pray you go; I soon will follow.

[*Exeunt COLLATINUS and LUCRETIUS.* What! Tarquin at the Senate! Then 'tis true.

Oh! have I aped the fool to save this hour;
And yet all turn'd to nought? Great Jupiter!
The father of this man did dedicate
A temple to thy fame: and shall the son,
By impious murder, now undo that act?
Fool! fool! why stay I here? I'll not delay,
Or Servius falls, and Tarquin reigns this day.

Scene IV. — Rome.

Interior of the Senate-house. Senators discovered around the throne, and the throne unoccupied.

1st Senator. Where is our king? Can any Senator
Divine the cause that holds good Servius hence?
I sadly fear that some mishap has fall'n
Upon his majesty. Speak, Senators.
Ah! Collatinus!

[*Enter COLLATINUS and LUCRETIUS.* Hast heard the reason,
Collatinus, why
Our Sovereign liege has not appear'd to day?
Or you, Lucretius?

Collatinus. Grave Senators! As I came hither now,
With my good friend Lucretius here, I heard
That Tarquin aim'd to place the royal crown

Upon his head. I doubted very much
The truth of what I heard. Tarquin himself,
Just then, approach'd, and, with a haughty voice,
Desir'd to know — would I have him for king?
I did reply, I scarce know what; perhaps, —
My lord? or, aye my lord? or, what my lord?
Or some such random words. Again he ask'd —
Would I own him for king? And when I did
Essay to speak, he stopp'd me short, and cried: —
“I want not thy conditions sir!” because
I chanc'd to use the words — “if, my good lord.”
With this he broke away, desiring me
To wait upon him at the Senate-house,
For which I now attend.

1st Senator. What says Lucretius?

Lucretius. I am the echo of my friend; and do
Subscribe to all that he has said.

1st Senator. We thank you, sirs,
And bless the gods that you have spoken thus
To warn us of that man's approach.

2nd Senator. And yet,
Methinks, grave sir, that one so near in blood
To Servius, our good king, might still command
Some share of our respect. Our language should
Be scarce so blunt when speaking of my lord,
The noble Tarquin.

1st Senator. Grave sir, I know no measure for my words.
If Tarquin aims to snatch the crown, he is
A traitor.

2nd Senator. This is worse than treason.

3rd Senator. I do uphold that he must be a man
Of trait'rous principles, who aims to snatch
The crown of Rome from Rome's anointed king.

1st Senator. And so say I.

4th Senator. And I.

5th Senator.And I.

Collatinus.And I.

Enter TARQUIN, hurriedly.

Tarquin.Peace, wrangling babblers! silence, peace, I say.
Methinks the pomp and majesty of state,
Are but ill-suited to your senseless brawls. (*Ascends the throne.*)
What ho! Some herald loud proclaim that I,
Tarquinius, do request the presence of
All Senators elected by this state,
On matters great and momentary. Proclaim. (*Trumpet sounds.*)
Grave Senators! you know full well that I,
Tarquinius, am of noble birth and blood;
My father having occupied this throne
With honor to himself and fame to Rome.
Wherefore I do appear among you now,
And claim of you — for 'tis my right — this crown
And kingdom.
For who is he that hath usurp'd this seat?
Is he of royal blood? of noble birth?
Or hath he any great pretension to
A seat so elevated as this throne?
He hath not, sirs. He is born of a slave,
And hence he is a slave himself. And shall
A slave fill Rome's high throne? lead out her men?
And teach us how to vanquish enemies?
I blame not you; the fault was none of yours.
Not one of you did call him to be king,
For he elected never was; but did
Usurp this regal state without your will,
Or seeking your consent. My father's corse
Was scarcely cold when Servius was hail'd king:
No interregnum, no brief space for tears,
Was then appointed you. You know full well
What tender love he bears the lowest slave;
Robbing you of your land to give it them,
And raising them to offices of state,
Because, forsooth! he was a slave himself.
Had it not been for this he might have reign'd
Until the gods did snatch his soul away.
Then shall this man, descended and born thus,
Still trifle with our rights? Shall we, who are

Of noble blood and high descent, submit
To be thus trampled on? Perish the thought.
Let's rather shew this imbecile old king
That we have yet some pride. I am your king.

1st Senator.No.

2nd Senator.Yes. (*Senators draw their swords.*)
Enter SERVIUS.

Servius.How now — how now, Senators! how is this?
What! brawling in the sacred Senate-house?
And you, proud Tarquin, how dare you presume,
Whilst I in proper person am alive,
Thus to convene these noble senators,
Or sit upon my throne? Speak, I demand.

Tarquin.The throne on which I sit belongs to me;
It did belong to Tarquin, my great sire,
Who left it as a legacy to me.
And who shall then prevent my filling it?
I tell thee, Servius, that thy insolence
To those who are thy masters, thus has caus'd
This seeming to revolt. Thou art a slave —
A wicked, haughty, and presumptions slave,
And shalt not be our king.

Servius.Is there not one in all this Senate-house,
For love extended, or for favors shewn,
That dares to draw a sword on my behalf?

1st Senator.Yes, here is one, my liege.

Collatinus.And here another.

Servius.Now, haughty Tarquin, I defy thy power.
I am and will be king.

[TARQUIN rushes from the throne — throws SERVIUS on the ground — stabs him, and places one foot upon him.]

Tarquin.Why so thou art.
Thou'st died a king as well.

[Enter, on one side, BRUTUS, who, on seeing the King murdered stands aghast. On the other side, TULLIA, who places one foot on the

other side of the body of SERVIUS.

Tullia. My lord, my liege, my king!
END OF THE FIRST ACT

Act II.

Scene I. — A Street in Rome.

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. Ye gods! I'm mad, I'm mad — 'tis true — I'm mad:
But yesterday and all was feign'd and false;
And now — monstrous villain! — my brain whirls round,
Making me what I aped. Oh! 'twas a sight
To harrow up a soul of adamant.
To harrow up a soul of adamant.
So old, too, that he could not save himself,
When struggling with that fiend. Now I could tear
His flesh from off his bones and grind his bones
To dust. Murd'rous villain! The Senate too,
To stand and see it done. For it they're damn'd!
Yet heav'n forgive them all. So old, so grey,
To drag his body through the crowded streets
And leave it there for fools to giggle at.
'Twas horrible — 'twas more than horrible!
And Tullia too, must drive across his head,
And carry off his blood and brains upon
Her chariot wheels. His daughter, yes, his child!
Oh! nature, nature! can'st thou gaze on scenes
Like these, and own thyself their mother!
[Exit.

Scene II. — Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN.

Tarquin. Lie still, lie still, thou dreadful minister,
Torment my soul no more. Yet 'twas a deed
The blackest of the black — much more than foul.
My crown, my life, my all, I'd give to him
That whispers in my ear — Servius still lives.
But no — he's dead; — and slain by me who should
Have stood between his death and him, a wall

Of strength for foes to batter at. My sword,
Ought never to have left its sheath, but when
My father, friend, and king did need its edge
To screen his age from dang'rous enemies.
And yet I slew — I murder'd him. Oh! foul.

Enter TULLIA.

Tullia. What! always thus, my liege? Your sorrow seems
To know no end. It cannot be undone
Mourn how you will; and therefore should be borne
As does become a man. I do not weep,
And yet to me he was both sire and king.

Tarquin. Look, Tullia! look. There's not a deed that man
Could do; there's not a pain he'd undergo;
There's not a penance he'd perform; but I
Would do and bear to hear thy father lives.
The gods did weep to hear his passing groan!

Tullia. They weep when all men die! I too could weep,
But as we cannot bring to life this king,
Why should we grieve! Come, come, my liege, 'tis time
This garb of mourning and of wretchedness,
Was laid aside. Thy subjects, too, revolt:
And half-mad Brutus waits to see his king.

Tarquin. Ah! ah! my dagger, quick! he means no good.

Tullia. Say'st thou so! Then let him look to't well. (*Going.*)

Tarquin. Yet stay. Perhaps 'tis but my foolish fear.
Yet did'st not notice, sweet, that when the king
Was bleeding at my feet, e'en as you came
Into the Senate-house, how Brutus swoon'd?

Tullia. No, my dread liege. My heart was full — of gladness. (*Aside.*)

Tarquin. Well, well; I may be wrong. I hope I am. But see — he comes.
Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. Oh! murd'rous fiends. (*Aside.*)

Tarquin. No duty, Brutus, for your king and queen?

Tullia.What ails thee, Brutus, art not well?

Brutus.I crave your pardons both. You know oh! king,
And you my gracious queen, that since my youth
My mind has wander'd oft. At times I feel
As though my sense had altogether gone,
Leaving behind but what is visible,
And what, without the sense, is little priz'd.
But now this august presence seems to woo
My reason back; and prompts, in duteous love,
My knee to bend. (*Kneels.*)

Tarquin.Arise, arise, good Brutus.
Full well you know you're very near ourself
In royal blood; and, therefore too, in love.

Brutus.And so was aged Servius. (*Aside.*)
True, my liege.

Tarquin.Then name thy wants. Thou shalt possess them soon.

Tullia.Speak, good Brutus; you know *I* love you.

Brutus.My feelings, lady, must return you thanks.
But since your love does urge me on to speak,
I would be bold to crave some public place
Of trust and honor near your gracious selves,
Where I may testify that tender love
I bear towards you both.

Tarquin.Thou hast thy prayer, good Brutus, and shalt be
Companion to our dearest son. Thou know'st
We speak of wild young Sextus, who will reap
Much knowledge from thy company. He leaves
For Delphi some days hence. The oracle
Is wise; and much we wish to ascertain,
What that alone can speak of us. And now,
Good Brutus, fare thee well: to-morrow noon
We shall expect to see thee.

Brutus.I humbly say farewell.
[Exit BRUTUS.]

Tullia.I do believe, my lord, that that man feigns

The madness which he wears. If so, it is
But clumsily put on.

Tarquin. Tullia, I like him not. Yet still he seems
A fav'rite with the mob, and must not be
Offended now. But come, my gracious queen
Let us in love forget our painful thoughts,
Let's banish hence health-fritting care; for know,
Men are not sad unless they think they are.
[Exeunt.]

Scene III. — A Street in Rome.

Enter two CITIZENS, meeting.

1st Citizen. Well met — well met. I'm to the Council: you had better turn
and go.

2nd Citizen. The Council?

1st Citizen. Aye, the Council. The king in state appears today, to speak of
war with Turnus.

2nd Citizen. You're not awake. Why, man, our Tarquin is too proud to
speak of aught to us. He fancies his own wits are better far than ours.

1st Citizen. You're wrong. Tarquin is not so proud as some suppose.

2nd Citizen. You think so. But mark me. If all Rome should tell him not
to war with Turnus, still he'll do it.

1st Citizen. Nay, I'll not believe it. But you'd better go with me, and hear
what may be fixed upon.

2nd Citizen. I will.
[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. — The Senate-house.

*The King upon the throne, attended by SEXTUS, COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS,
VALERIUS, SENATORS, &c.*

Tarquin. Say, Sextus, have you seen our much lov'd Brutus?

Sextus. My liege, I've not.

Tarquin. 'Tis strange. He promis'd to be here.

Collatinus. My gracious liege, the noble Brutus comes.
Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. A short time since, and on yon purple throne,
The aged Servius sat; but now——(*Aside.*)

Tarquin. Brutus.

Brutus. My liege.

Tarquin. What was't thou said'st but now?

Brutus. I did but wonder, sire.

Tarquin. Wonder?

Brutus. Aye, wonder.

Tarquin. The cause, good Brutus.

Brutus. Faith, your majesty, I——wonder'd what the moon consisted of.

Tarquin. Brutus! art mad?

Brutus. Now and then.

Tarquin. Come Brutus, throw away this foolish whim,
It suits not with thy dignity or birth: —
Come — speak thy sentiments upon this war.
What say'st thou — shall we fight or no?

Brutus. With whom my liege?

Tarquin. With haughty Turnus.

Brutus. Some short time since,
My liege, ere Rome aspir'd, as now she does,
To hold the scales of justice in her hands,
And turn them how she will, by all means fight,
(Such would have been my honest sentiment),

Provided we have cause. But now, great king,
Rome is the world — the world is nought save Rome:
Justice, though once immaculate and pure,
Now prostitutes herself to pleasure Rome;
While that which yields Rome joy is dignified,
And though it were the foulest crime, 'tis still
Call'd justice. That's gall and wormwood. (*Aside.*)

Tarquin. Brutus, remember this! What says our son, The noble Sextus?

Sextus. My liege, I'm but a novice in the field.
In lady's camps I'm more at home; and this,
Perchance, might tempt me to forgo the war
You deem so requisite. With your consent,
For that same cause, I will withhold my voice.

Tarquin. You are a foolish boy.

Sextus. My liege I know't.
That foolishness now prompts my tongue to state,
I think that Rome has never had a war
Worthy the name of just — save one.

Tarquin. And that?

Sextus. The Sabine war.

Tarquin. And why was that so just?

Sextus. Because we fought for women, sire.

Tarquin. Foolish boy! thou know'st not what thou say'st.
You, noble Senators, are of our mind,
Or we do much mistake. Haughty Turnus,
And the Latines, do hold Rome's honor cheap,
Dreaming that we are now fall'n off from the
High pinnacle of fame on which we stood.
Pride must be humbled — taunts return'd; if not
By words, by dreadful blows. For who so blind
That cannot see Auricians at our gates?
Ye gods! shall Rome be trampled on — despis'd,
And we not lift our arm to save her fall?
But yet, though gods assist our righteous cause,
We will not rashly act. Therefore, my friends,

And countrymen, we do intend to hold
A conference with these men; and if by words
We can succeed, with honor to ourselves
And Rome, in shewing them the fallacy
Of this their mad attempt, it will rejoice
Us much; if not, then blows must end the strife,
And on their souls will rest the loss of life.
Brutus. Oh! hypocritical villain. (*Aside.*)

Tarquin.Brutus.

Brutus.My liege.

Tarquin.Issue an order that the Latine chiefs,
Do meet us, at the grove Ferentina,
To-morrow at the dawn of day. Brutus,
See this be done without delay. And you
Lucretius, Collatinus you, and you
Valerius, together with our much lov'd
Brutus, we do appoint companions for
Our dear son Sextus here. Sextus! wear them
Near thy heart.

Sextus.My noble king, I will with all my strength Obey you.

Tarquin.Brutus, one word.

Brutus.Ten an' it please you. (*Aside.*)

Tarquin.My friends, you are at liberty.

[Exeunt all but TARQUIN and BRUTUS.

(Descends from the throne.) For what this strange, fantastical, absurd,
And singular demeanour? Are we not
Worthy of thy loving duty, that thou
Should'st answer us so lightly in this court?
Think of it, Brutus, ponder over it;
It is not wise to beard us. Think on't,
I say.

Brutus.Your majesty——

Tarquin.Brutus, think on't,

Think on't, or——

[Exit TARQUIN.

Brutus. Or I shall follow my old king. Well, well;
It will and must soon reach that end. Yet oh!
Could I believe that I was justified
In taking Tarquin's life, Tarquin should die,
Before another threat could pass his lips,
Or thought flit o'er his mind. Oh, Liberty!
The dusky womb of dark futurity
Reveals thy glimmering. My eyes are bent
Upon thy faint advancing glow, and I
Will watch its onward march until this sight
Shall ache. E'en now my breast expands with joy; —
I see the tyrant's throne now crumbling 'neath
Thy glorious pow'r; and man, erect and firm,
Hailing with anxious joy thy near approach.
I hear triumphant shouts rend earth and sea,
For man has gain'd his long-lost liberty!
I'd rather be the meanest toad that crawls
Around the rank and slimy ditch, than say,
I'd be a tyrant for a single day!

[Exit.

Scene V. — Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN.

Tarquin. What ho! within there ho! The paltry wretch
To beard me thus. What ho! I'll be reveng'd
Upon his caitiff head, the sneaking half-mad fool.
What ho! Before the Senate too; 'tis more
Than man can bear.

Enter TULLIA.

Tullia. What is't, my lord?

Tarquin. I'll teach the insolent
To tamper with my kingly rage.

Tullia. My lord?
What is't, my lord?

Tarquin. Nothing.

Tullia. Then why this rage?

Tarquin. What rage, my sweet? Oh! furies.

Tullia. Come, come, my lord; there's something wrong I know.

Tarquin. Nothing. Bearded in the Senate! Bearded —
You understand — by Brutus! — Oh! fiends.
[Exit TARQUIN.]

Tullia. Why so; this looks like pride. I'll fan the flame
Until it blaze and blaze, consuming all
That comes within its reach. Brutus I loathe,
And murder is too sweet to satiate
Or slake my thirsty hate. No, no. This man
Shall live to curse the hour which gave him birth,
Heap imprecations on the head of her
Who bore and nourish'd him. I hate the king
As well; but then I hold my queenly name
Depending on his will. I have it now: —
My giddy brain is whirling with delight,
I will away and ponder on't this night.

[Exit.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Act III.

Scene I. — The Latine Camp. A number of Warriors discovered, conversing.

Enter TURNUS.

Turnus. The sun, my friends, is sinking 'neath yon hill,
And speaks this day as nearly spent and gone;
The shadows of the trees grow long and faint;
The chirping birds have hush'd their pleasing notes,
And nature makes long strides towards repose —
Yet Tarquin has not come. Methinks he holds
Our pow'ër and our love in great contempt,
And acts thus but to ascertain how far
Our patience will endure. By Jupiter,
I fear this is a prologue to some scene
Of shame, of which the chiefs assembled now,
Shall form an ignominious part. It is
No wonder now to us that Tarquin should
Be styled the Proud: the title suits this hour;

And all his trifling and contempt proclaim
He well deserves the name. Our throne he aims
To fill; and gives us thus a foretaste of
His proud and haughty mind. My counsel is: —
Let's all depart.

1st Chief.No. Let us wait till dusk. We know not what
The cause may be that holds Tarquinius hence.

2nd Chief.I'm of your mind. Let's wait 'till dusk, say I.

Turnus.Do so; and gain your merited reward.
This man through parricide fills great Rome's throne,
It was by murder that he won the crown,
And now by insult and contempt he aims
To fill our throne. And shall he be a king
O'er us? Go, ask the Roman you first meet
How many murders, banishments, this fiend
Has perpetrated and decreed? You'll find
His answer very brief: and mark——

Enter TARQUIN, hurriedly.

Tarquin.Noisy, turbulent, seditious, babbler,
Hold still thy saucy tongue. To you, good sirs,
I owe some great spology. You know full well —
At least I trust you do — that I would ne'er
Have tried your patience thus without good cause;
And, therefore, must acquit me of the wish
Of doing you a wrong. As I came here,
At break of day, a father and a son
Had words of wicked growth: indeed, I fear'd
The quarrel mightily, lest, by some chance,
Its termination should be blood and death.
To stop this consequence I did believe
Of far more import than my being here;
Knowing that you would readily forgive
This seeming slight. I thank ye, oh! ye gods,
For making me thus humble.

Turnus.We know, great Tarquin, that your royal mind
Is generous, is kind, is merciful,
And likely to be led where justice calls.
But yet, the quarrel of a sire and son,
Although of weighty argument, methinks

Falls short of reason and excuse, why we,
The Latine chiefs, should dance upon your will.
Were I a sire, and did my son presume
To cross my will or disobey command,
'Twere done upon his peril — at his cost;
Upon the instant he should surely die.
My dreadful punishment, should, hand in hand,
Jump into life with that which gave it birth —
Without one moment's loss of time. But to
Suppose, I would insult the nobles of
A land to quell a paltry broil, would be
To give the lie to reason and to sense,
And state those things which merited contempt.

Tarquin. Hence

And quit my sight, thou discontented man,
Or on thy recreant head I'll hurl my wrath,
And crush thee 'neath my feet. Begone, I say.

*[Exit TURNUS. In faith, my noble lords, this trait'rous man,
Has moved my hasty will. I did intend
To speak on matters of high interest
To you and yours. But since I'm hearded thus,
I shall reserve my good intent, until
You've time to teach your tongues respect, and know
To whom you speak. Exit TARQUIN.]*

1st Chief. Our swords shall answer this contempt. Away!

[Draw their swords and exit.]

Scene II. — Evening. Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN, enraged.

Tarquin. By heaven, my soul is bursting from my frame.
Ye gods! there was a time when I was free,
From all pollution, crimes, and murd'rous stains;
But now they weigh me to the dust. There's nought
Can blacken fame but I have done. My life
Is one dark spot upon this glorious world's
Creation: and all for nothing, less, less,
Than nothing. To be a king — to wear a crown,
And all reward is ours. Ambitious fools!
We always love the thing we want; but when
We've gain'd the long'd-for prize, our love dispels —

And like a vapour disappears: disgust
Succeeds, which is our only true reward.
But still I am a king; and who shall dare
To beard me to my face? Ah! was I king
When Turnus belch'd his filthy words on me,
And I did not revenge? And Brutus too! —
But hold! I'll be myself. Two murders more,
Will free me from these dogs. What ho! there, boy.

Enter a PAGE.

Page. My liege.

Tarquin. Come hither boy. Two men will seek for me.
I know them not; but on their angry brows
You'll find the marks-of discontent and hate.
A surly frown — a dark and shaggy beard,
Speak well the evil thoughts that reign within:
Their lips, too, curl'd with scorn, as though their trade,
Exalted rather than debased their minds.
A loose and swaggering air; their voices rough,
And harsh, and disagreeable. Such men, I say,
Will seek for me.

Page. My liege, they are without.

Tarquin. Then lead them hither, boy.
[Exit PAGE. I am resolved to free myself. Better
Be deeper in this sea of blood than thus.

Enter two AURICIANS. The arms, I spoke
To you about, are ready. I wish them
Convey'd and hid beneath old Turnus' couch,
And that without alarm. Employ your thoughts,
Just as you please; let this your silence buy.

(Throws them a purse.)

1st Aurician. My liege we do obey.

2nd Aurician. We shall require
Some note or order for these arms my lord.

Tarquin. I had forgot. 'Tis here. Now let your haste
(Gives a paper.) Speak for your love. Away!

Auricians. We're gone my liege.

[Exeunt two AURICIANS.]

Tarquin. Thus will I ever rid me of my foes.
Therefore let men beware they tamper not
With me, or wake from slumber my fierce wrath.
Conscience has fled her wonted sphere, and left
All here at rest. Thou, Time, alone can'st tell,
What told, would paint my mind a living hell!
[Exit.]

Scene III. — Exterior of the Palace.

Enter SEXTUS, BRUTUS, COLLATINUS, and LUCRETIUS.

Sextus. It may do well for men of your temperament, Brutus, but it won't suit me: nothing but surly looks and silence. My royal parents are not what they were. I verily believe the fiends are in the palace; it is unbearable. I tell you, Brutus, I think I am the more mad of the two.

Brutus. More fool than madman. *(Aside.)* Sweet prince, you are facetious.

Collatinus. It is your own blame, my lord. You have amusements.

Sextus. How so, Collatinus? You were a clever conjurer to give them proper names.

Collatinus. Hunting, sweet prince.

Sextus. Bah! What! to be in a perpetual torment lest my mettled steed should throw me. Perchance, too, break my neck. It puts me in a vile ferment to think on't: see, I perspire already.

Brutus. 'Twould save the executioner notwithstanding.
(Aside.)

Lucretius. Then fall in love, my lord.

Sextus. Why so I have fifty times: nevertheless 'tis sensible. I love the girls but they love not me. I marvel much at it.

Brutus. I do not. *(Aside.)*

Collatinus. Attend upon the forum or the Senate.

Sexius. Oh! the furies take the forum and the Senate too.

Brutus. They would if you were in it. (*Aside.*)

Lucretius. Or wait upon the games. Contend, and who can tell, my lord, but that you'd win the prize.

Sextus. Tut, tut! what, run myself to a skeleton; tear my limbs from their joints with quoits; or have my back broken in wrestling? No, no; try again: I am not ambitious for any of these distinctions.

Collatinus. Then go to war, my lord, and fight for fame.

Sextus. Worse and worse, For although I have some skill in blows, I have no love for them. For fame, too! This fame's a mighty word. Look you: — there's not a man who yet has lived and died, but what would give his fame to be alive again. Tut' man; fame! 'tis nothing. But come, my gloomy Brutus, know'st thou of aught would give me pleasure?

Brutus. Not I, my lord, unless it were to slay yourself.

Sextus. Nay, that would pleasure you perhaps.

Brutus. Why — it might. (*Aside.*)

Lucretius. My lord; 'twas said in jest.

Sextus. Yet 'twas a serious jest. But since you are so hard push'd, I'll try your wits no further. Love will not do — that's but a one-sided argument; the games require too much exertion; the Senate not enough: we are not at war just now, save with ourselves, and that is so very unnatural; so, that I've only hunting left. Well, well, 'tis better too than doing nought. Gentlemen, proceed: I'll follow. [*Exeunt all but SEXTUS.* Besides, it answers well to my intent. Late in the day I will entrap them in a conversation regarding their wives' beauty. Then — let me see — I'll back Lucretia's charms against them all; the proof of course must follow. Yet, hold; Brutus I love not. There's something in his aspect not at all inviting confidence. He must be left behind; or else I fear that all my schemes will end in idle talking. The queen, my mother, knew my failing, if failing 'tis, and yet she strongly urged me on; this is beyond my comprehension. And then my gracious king, swearing, and foaming at the mouth, all day and night. His pride is but a frothy substance; — but what misery! I verily opine that Brutus' plan was best; although 'twas like his impudence to name it. No matter; I'll to the chase, and then to fair

Lucretia. I trust the gods will be propitious, or else 'twill prove a chase indeed. *[Exit.]*

Scene IV. — Midnight. Turnus' House. Turnus discovered, seated on his couch.

Turnus. Cheer up, cheer up, my soul; it cannot be
(Advances.) That thou hast cause to mourn for aught of sin
And wickedness, in this late work of shame.
And yet, a load hangs heavy on my breast,
Seeming to warn me of some coming, sad,
And tragical conclusion. Haughty Tarquin
Thirsts much for blood, to wipe away the stain
Which I, of late, by free and open speech,
Did cast upon his pride. I do believe,
Had he the power to rob me of my life —
Were I a free-born son of Rome — there's no
Impediment would stop his dreadful wrath,
Or slake his thirst for blood. But I am not.
I'll to my welcome couch: this aching head
(Reclines on his couch.) Calls loudly too for sleep, and warns me of
The midnight hour's approach. *(Sleeps.)*
Enter two AURICIANS, with arms.

1st Aurician. Hist, hist!

[They steal softly to TURNUS' couch, and under it conceal the weapons. As they leave, one drops a dagger and exeunt hurriedly. TURNUS starts from his sleep.]

Turnus. Ah! what was that? I'm sure I heard a noise
Of something falling to the ground. No, no.
It was but fancy after all. And yet
It scarce could be. It was but fancy's dream.
Is it not strange that things unreal, should scare
Away the rest which tired nature woos?
I'll to my couch once more.
(Sleeps. A loud knocking.)

Voice within. What ho! Turnus, Turnus. Quick, man, quick!
(Starts from his couch.)

Turnus. Ah! some one calls.

Voice within. What ho! Turnus.

Turnus. 'Tis true. I'll let him in. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter OFFICER and several armed SOLDIERS. Ah! how is this? What men are ye, who thus intrude upon my privacy?

Officer. Nay, nay, good Turnus; we've orders from King Tarquin to search this house for arms and implements of war conceal'd. 'Twere useless then to offer opposition. Proceed. (*To his soldiers.*)

Turnus. I do not intend.

(They search and discover the arms.)

Soldier. Here they are.

Turnus. Ah! what villain has done this?

Officer. Well feign'd, by Jupiter.

Turnus. This is Tarquin's work. Oh! cruel fiend! I am entrapp'd by treachery.

Enter TARQUIN.

Tarquin. What! is it true? Oh! villain.

Turnus. Die, tyrant, die!

[Attempts to stab TARQUIN, but his arm is held by a soldier behind him.]

Tarquin. Detestable villain! Away with him:

Convey him to the reservoir, and there,

Beneath its sleepy waves engulph'd, let death

Entrap his perjur'd soal. Ah! if the power

Was in my hands, I'd heap upon thy head

Accumulated wrath. Years upon years

I'd make thee feel a lingering death; nor should

Thy groans call forth one pitying sigh. Away!

Detested wretch! *[Exit TARQUIN.]*

Turnus. Heartless monster! Have mercy, oh! ye gods.

[Exeunt slowly. TURNUS first.]

Scene V. — Midnight. The Palace. Tullia rushes from her bed-room, with her hair in disorder.

Tullia. Oh, horrible! horror, horror!
That pale old man. Ye gods! I'm mad, I'm mad.
No rest, no peace. Nor night, nor day, can ease
The racking torments of my living soul.
Remorse, remorse — that hated fiend remorse —
That scorpion to the guilty mind — now goads
Me on to mad despair. Better be dead,
Than be tormented thus — haunted by death,
In human shape, and yet without the soul
And sense.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to gaze on what
We've wrong'd; to view the drooping, injur'd, form,
Groaning beneath the load of perfidy
We've cast upon't. We cannot help but loathe
The sight; it harrows up our soul, it brings
Back to our minds our wicked deeds, and makes
Us feel that they are done afresh. Each wound
Gapes wide and bleeds; while every horrid thought
Assaults our recollection.

(The Ghost of Servius crosses the stage, weeping.) See where it comes!
Avaunt! dread shape, avaunt!
I know thee well. Thou art the fiend Remorse,
And bear'st about thee all the pangs of hell.
Hence, damn'd illusion, hence!

(The Ghost turns, points to his death-wound, and exit.) Oh! horror!
(Falls in a swoon.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

Act IV.

Scene I. — A Lodge. Sextus, Collatinus, Lucretius, and Valerius discovered, drinking.

Sextus. Well thought and glibly spoken, Collatinus. I drain this cup to your advancement. *(Drinks.)*

Collatinus. Thanks, my good lord, thanks, many thanks; you are a pleasant comrade: I drink to your success when next you fall in love. *(Pretends to drink.)*

Sextus. The devil you do. *(Aside.)* I am beholden to you: Come Lucretius, and you Valerius, my trusty friends, I pledge you in this cup. *(Drinks.)*

Lucretius.Thanks, my dear lord, thanks.

Valerius.I thank you too, my lord.

Sextus.And so, good Collatinus, you think Lucretia a better wife than can be found in Rome besides. Well, well, no doubt you're right. Come gentlemen, I'll wager that Lucretia's charms shall far out-do the beauty of your wives. What say you Lucretius, and you Valerius, will you uphold your ladies' beauty by a bet?

Lucretius.It is a novel one, my lord, but still I'll humour you.

Valerius.And so will I. And come, we'll to the proof at once.

Sextus.*(Assumes intoxication.)* Agreed. You are right, Valerius, you are i' the right. They lie who say Time lags: no bridegroom could complain of this day's tardiness.

(Sings.) When first my wife and I made one,
How swiftly flew each day:
We slept beneath thy beams, fair sun,
And kiss'd the night away.

But then you see, Collatinus, I have no wife; — *(hiccup)* — that is the fault of it.

Collatinus.You have not, sweet prince. Nor ever will.
(Aside.)

Valerius.You sang that very well, my lord.

Lucretius.Very well sung indeed. But come — to horse.

Sextus. To horse be it then — *(hiccup.)*

Collatinus.Shall I take this drunken wretch to see my wife?
(Aside.)

Sextus.This wine is potent, Collatinus: it makes sad innovations on my sense — *(hiccup.)*

Collatinus.You were never oppressively burden'd with that. *(Aside.)*
Does it, my lord?

Sextus.It does. But come gentlemen — (*hiccup*) — to horse, to horse. Lead the way, good Collatinus, to the fair Lucretia's charms. (*Hiccup.*) By Jupiter, I am right glad I made the bet. Come, gentlemen, proceed: I'll follow. (*Hiccup.*) Confound the wine. (*Hiccup.*)

[*Exeunt all but SEXTUS.* Why so, they're gone; then am I sober. Brutus, Brutus! how that man haunts my imagination! I hate your sulky looking villains, who clap their hands upon their daggers, yet never mean to use them. By the gods, there is not one of them so black a wretch as I. There's nothing like your smiling villain. He is a man after my own heart. Oh! Pleasure, Pleasure, thou art a most delightful creature; although to gain thee is so difficult. Sin, deep, and damning, frowns between us; but all beyond is joy and transports! How monstrous then it is to mourn the means by which thou wert acquired, when all around is sickly with thy very charms. Love, dear, delicious love! still let me bask amongst thy flowery fields; still let me cull thy ever varying sweets; and I will laugh with scorn at conscience and its stings. A smile will drive away suspicion: the merry laugh will ring out innocence, though all beneath were dark as hell itself. Lucretia! you must fall. Yet still I dread the consummation of my wishes. No matter; here I come, my lovely Venus! Collatinus, look to your wife! Ha! ha!

[*Exit.*

Scene II. — A Street in Rome.

Enter two CITIZENS, meeting.

1st Citizen.Where away, my countryman? Your looks bespeak much sorrow.

2nd Citizen.Sorrow! Oh! no. I'm only banish'd.

1st Citizen.Banish'd?

2nd Citizen.Aye, 'tis true. The haughty tyrant Tarquin has order'd me away.

1st Citizen.You are not serious.

2nd Citizen.Believe me it is no joke. Neither am I the only one. Most of us, who were Senators, are objects of the tyrant's hate: we thwarted him by voting 'gainst the Latine war; and though that war was prosecuted much against our wish, still he has never ceas'd to hold us all in enmity.

1st Citizen.No.

2nd Citizen. Oh! 'tis monstrous, 'tis unbearable. Our wives and children driven from their homes — compell'd to wander without shelter. Confiscations, banishments, and murders, are daily taking place, and all without desert.

1st Citizen. I am surprised he dares to shew himself.

2nd Citizen. Nor has he dared, save once, since the tragic death of good old Servius.

1st Citizen. I do not wonder at it.

2nd Citizen. The nation hate him. The proud, haughty, unbending, despicable tyrant, is not possessed of one virtue to soothe the people's minds. They loudly speak of banishment.

1st Citizen. Is't true?

2nd Citizen. It is. Liberty is now the word. The Romans have it in their heads, and will not soon forget it. Treason is now afloat; and Tarquin hopes by tyranny to crush it. Fatal mistake for him.

1st Citizen. You astonish me.

2nd Citizen. Nevertheless 'tis true. You'll hear its rumbling sound ere long.

1st Citizen. This news is chequered. I'm glad to hear that Tarquin shall be banish'd; but grieve to learn his tyranny. And are you really banish'd?

2nd Citizen. Without a doubt. I'm on my way from Rome. Neither do I grieve. My absence, when 'tis nois'd abroad, will aggravate the people's hatred, and hasten Tarquin's fall. It is the price I am to pay for liberty, and cheerfully I pay it.

1st Citizen. Then farewell. I trust you'll soon return.

2nd Citizen. I trust I shall, for well I know 'twill not take place till Rome be free. Farewell.

[Execute at opposite sides.]

Scene III. — Collatinus' House. Lucretia and Porsena discovered at the wheel.

Porsena. When did you say my lord, your husband, would return?

Lucretia. I did not state for certain, Porsena; I hope it will be soon.

Porsena. I hope so too, my lady.

Lucretia. Why, Porsena?

Porsena. I scarce can tell, lady: perhaps because you wish it.

Lucretia. It is very kind of you.

Porsena. Indeed, sweet lady, I do love your lord myself; he is so very kind.

Lucretia. He is, he is, my girl. I shall ever love you for saying so.

Porsena. He cannot, I am sure, be happy with the prince.

Lucretia. Why so, Porsena?

Porsena. Why — I do dislike Prince Sextus.

Lucretia. Do you?

Porsena. Yes lady: I saw him once, and I have never lik'd him since; and yet I have no reason for't.

Lucretia. Then 'tis wrong in you to hate him.

Enter COLLATINUS. My life! my love! Where have you been; are you well? tell me, Collatinus.

Collatinus. Well, quite well, my love. Prince Sextus comes to be your guest.

Lucretia. Does he, my dear lord?

Porsena. Then I will fly.

[Exit PORSENA.]

Collatinus. He does, my dear girl; and that immediately.

Lucretia. Shall I retire and dress, my lord? or stay here as I am?

Collatinus.What! dress for him? No, no, my girl. He is inflam'd with wine; at least, he does pretend to be; therefore, I pray you, see that no offence befalls him here: he is my guest; and let it not be said I am a niggard host. But hark! I hear his steps: resume your wheel.

Enter SEXTUS, LUCRETIUS, and VALERIUS.

Sextus.My fair Lucretia, I salute you.

(Kisses her — she turns away.)

Lucretia.My humble duty to my noble lord.

Sextus.What! turn away? *(Aside.)*

Lucretia.As you came in, my lord, you saw I was employ'd.

Sextus. You were, my sweet Lucretia. *(Attempts to take her hand — she withholds it.)* Hem! 'tis her part. *(Aside.)* Will you not give me your hand, Lucretia?

Lucretia.My lord, I gave it Collatinus here.

Collatinus.And your heart too, Lucretia, did you not?

Lucretia.I did, my lord; and wer't to do again I'd give it you.

Collatinus.My pretty angel! But, my noble lord, and you, good sirs, I give you all much welcome. Lucretia welcomes——

Sextus.Nay, this is not fair, good sir: I pray you let Lucretia welcome us herself. 'Twill give the welcome greater rest. Come, my sweet hostess.

Lucretia.My noble prince, I am most glad to see you: and you, good sirs, are equally as welcome.

Sextus.Equally! But 'tis her part. *(Aside.)* I thank you, pretty lady, my heart and life are yours.

Lucretia.You're very good, my lord.

Valerius.My heart I gave my wife; my life my country owns; but still, sweet lady, my duty's at your feet.

Lucretia.I thank you, sir.

Lucretius. Believe me, lady, while o'er this heart sweat virtue holds its away, so long 'tis yours; when that is gone, all semblance disappears, and we must part. Virtue and Vice can ne'er go hand in hand.

Lucretia. Good sir, you are a courtier: yet still I thank you. My lord and sirs, I will withdraw. The thrifty wife will ne'er forget the duties of her station. Her dear lord's home depends for comfort on her will. Retiring from the cares of busy life, but for so brief a space, 'twere hard indeed that he should lack for aught. And who, my lord, but she who shares with him the sweetest joys of home; who mourns when he has cause to mourn; who smiles when he has cause to smile; whose soul is his; whose every wish is his: who is the partner of his life — partaker of his joys; who, sweet lord, but she, should be solicitous to render his life happy? But yet, once more, to such comforts as so poor a house as this affords, you're very welcome.

[Exit LUCRETIA.]

Sextus. By heaven! she is an angel. They own, good Collatinus, they have lost; you being by of course must share the spoil.

Collatinus. My lord, my wife is what she is. She is my wife; and therefore I'll not sell her charms (if charms she has.) Who won your money, Valerius?

Valerius. The noble prince.

Collatinus. And yours, Lucretius?

Lucretius. My lord, the prince.

Collatinus. Then, my good lord, I pray you keep it. Lucretia's charms were never meant for market. And, since our object here is gained, we will return. Valerius, and you, Lucretius, kindly lead the way. I'll speak one word of parting to my wife, and follow you.

[Exeunt LUCRETIUS and VALERIUS. My lord, your pardon.]

[Exit COLLATINUS.]

Sextus. Yes, yes: I remember, — I understand — it is her part. 'Fore heaven a lovely girl — an angel — nothing less. Farewell, my sweet; tomorrow night, and then — hem! —

Enter COLLATINUS. You've soon return'd. Now if Lucretia were my wife I should not part so easily from her. When once these arms embrac'd her, they would defy a separation.

Collatinus. But then, my lord, she's not your wife.

Sextus. Nay, that's certain. I hope there's no offence, good Collatinus, but I wish she were my wife.

Collatinus. Wilt please you lead the way, my lord?
[Exeunt.]

Scene III. — Evening. Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN.

Tarquin. Oh! Madness, what a minister art thou!
Crime's awful penalty! Men die in thee,
And yet they do not die. When Reason's gone,
The noblest part of nature takes its flight,
And what remains is empty nothingness.
Our outward form — the shell as 'twere of man —
Still treads this lower world, although that form
Has lost its brightest part. We walk, we sleep,
Our limbs perform their functions, but we know
Not how or why. 'Tis when the thoughtful mind —
Abus'd and pamper'd by its own dark deeds —
Rekurs to recollection; when we dwell
Upon those wicked acts long since flown by,
'Tis then that reason murders what it is;
And scares itself from our possession.
All then is night; dark, sombre, cheerless, night:
The very air seems crush'd by darkness, while
We wander 'midst the ever dreary scenes
Our madness conjures in the mind's dark void.
Tullia! this was the case with thee. No strength —
No human strength — upset that iron mind;
'Twas thought — deep thought. Well, well; 'tis better so.
My mind and reason both hold firm; and yet
I've much to think and ponder on. Turnus
Is dead; Brutus' days are meted out,
And must soon reach their end. This waste of blood
Now brings no dread remorse — no agonies —
No pangs from conscience's stings. All here is still,
And silent as the tomb. It should be so:
For now great Rome revolts; my subjects, too,
By threat'nings think they'll undermine my throne's

Foundation. Fools, fools, fools! Tarquin must yet,
With his strong arm, quell this seditious broil;
Must bend or break these weak presumptuous minds,
That now aspire so high. Such are the means
By which I'll fortify myself a king.

[Exit.]

Scene IV. — Midnight. Collatinus' House.

Enter SEXTUS.

Sextus. And this is gratitude! I am now about to sever that bond which binds us to our kind: to blur my name with a stain which will ever hold my memory up for the eternal execration of all virtuous minds. Is this well, Sextus? is this well? Under the roof of your friend — of whose food e'en now your mouth is full — thus to embitter his life? What shall compensate him for this foul outrage on Lucretia's chastity? Will money? no, no; I know him better: nothing but blood can expunge it from his memory. But never mind; I will not now retreat. Come forth my sword. Lucretia! — *(draws his sword)* — you are mine. Ah! struggle away, my pretty girl — struggle away. You but augment the prize I aim to grasp. Weep too, aye, weep. Beauty is more than beautiful when well bedash'd with tears. Now, my girl, now. Thus will I press thee to my burning breast. Thus — thus.

[Exit.]

Scene IV. — A Street in Rome.

Enter BRUTUS and COLLATINUS.

Brutus. Hast seen the Prince to-day, Collatinus?

Collatinus. No, nor do I wish.

Brutus. 'Tis strange. He's got some freak into his head — some mad pursuit. In faith, I want him not.

Collatinus. Nor I. I hate his company. And yet if the oracle speaks true, he is to be the greatest man in Rome.

Brutus. Do not believe it. Did you not notice how my foot slipt on leaving?

Collatinus. And what of that? It augurs nothing.

Brutus.Perhaps not: although my madness tells me otherwise. It was I who kissed my mother first.

Collatinus.You are mad indeed to say so. Your mother is long since dead.

Brutus.The earth is the common mother of all; and I kissed it.

Collatinus.And so thou did'st. But who comes here?

Enter PORSENA. Ah! how is this? what brought you here?

Porsena.Oh! my dear lord, I am right glad I've found you. Lucretia's sent me here to seek you.

Collatinus.Luc——Luc——! What is the matter, girl? — speak — quick!

Porsena.My lord, I know not. The Prince Sextus slept at your house last night.

Collatinus.Ah! the Prince sleep at my house? Hold! hold! my heart. The Prince——but it is not true.

Porsena.It is indeed, my lord.

Brutus.I'll with you, Collatinus. You may require e'en me.

Collatinus. Away, away!

[Exeunt BRUTUS and COLLATINUS.]

Porsena.And I will follow; for I fear me much that some sad accident has happen'd to my poor mistress; so good, so kind a mistress too. If Sextus should have wrong'd her — but he dare not.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

Act V.

Scene I. — Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN and PAGE.

Tarquin.By heaven this looks like treason.

Did'st say I'm banish'd, boy?

Page./speaker>Aye, my dread liege: so it is publicly proclaimed.

Tarquin.The silly fools! Come forth my thirsty sword.

(*Draws.*) Now must thou prove thy master's friend, and bring
These recreant Romans to their senses. But —

Enter one of the Queen's WOMEN. How now: how is your mistress?

Woman.She's dead, my liege.

Tarquin.Dead!

Woman.Alas! my lord, it is too true.

Tarquin.Leave me.

[Exit PAGE and WOMAN. Another guest at Pluto's dreadful banquet!

And this is life! But yesterday, and slaves
Were watching to obey each small command;
And now they fly, nor dare to cast one-glance
On what remains. To-day we live and move;
To-morrow comes, and we are gone. Oh life!
That tak'st possession of this mortal lump
Of clay, but to deceive and mock our hopes,
What, what art thou? for what wast thou design'd?
That we, just reaching, grasping, our fond aims,
Must summon'd be from hence!

Enter a SOLDIER. How now! What say the Senators?

Soldier.My liege, that you are banish'd.

Tarquin.Now, may th' infernal furies seize them all.

Banish'd! And who has powër to banish me?

Am I not king? Do I not wear the crown?

Do I not bear the sword? Banish'd, say you?

Soldier.Aye, my dread liege.

Tarquin.Unmanner'd dog: dar'st thou to tell me so A second time?

Soldier.My liege, you——

Tarquin.Hold thy slavish speech! And, on thy life, see none

[Exit SOLDIER. But friends do enter here. Look to't.

Why now I am resolv'd. I do not wish
To live. My life has lost its charm — content;
And therefore 'tis a heavy load, not worth
The bare enduring. Then throw it away.
Why so I will: but first I'll be reveng'd
On these damn'd Senators. They banish me?
Insolent dogs! But let them try so force
Their sentence on my life. The silly fools!
Why have I'll fortify myself against
Their weak assaults. Never shall Tarquin fly,
While Tarquin has the powër to defy.
[Exit.]

Scene II. — Collatenus' House.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Lucretia. Oh! all ye host of gods who govern heav'n;
And overrule this earth, list to my pray'rs!
If there be one more potent than ye all —
Whose pow'r is more than powerful — listen,
Oh! listen to my pray'rs. I was as chaste,
Unspotted, and as pure, as ever maid
That breath'd; and now I am an abject thing,
Without a virtuous name. Ye gods! resent
This injury; pour out on him, the cause —
The curs'd cause — of this my grief and shame,
The vial of thy wrath. Upon his head
Let fall thy heaviest punishment. Let him
Be curs'd in all he does — in all he speaks —
Wherever he may be. Grant this, ye gods!
And thus revenge my shame and death. But hark!
(She rises.) I hear the steps of Collatinus.
Enter BRUTUS and COLLATINUS.

Collatinus. What, weeping, my poor girl? Tell me the cause. All is not well. *(Attempts to embrace her.)*

Lucretia. Hold, man! I am not chaste. Collatinus,
How can I say that all is well? Your wife
Has lost her chastity — her virtue's gone.
Another man's impression now your bed
Reveals; although my mind is free from guilt.
Sextus Tarquinius, late last night, came here;

He wish'd to be my guest, as 'twas then late,
And lodge here for the night. But under this
Fair mask he wore a mind as black as hell.
By arm'd violence he did obtain
O'er me a deadly victory; and, if ye're men,
A victory as deadly to himself.
But give me your right hands. Now swear by heav'n,
(Takes their hands.) And by your own and heav'n's honor too,
That Sextus shall not 'scape. Collatinus,
Wilt swear? It is Lucretia asks it.

Collatinus. My angel! my Lucretia! I swear by heav'n,
And heaven's great gods, that Sextus shall not 'scape
My thirsty sword. Oh! would he now were here.

Brutus. And I, my sweet and injur'd friend, do swear
What Collatinus has now sworn.

Lucretia. It is your own concern. *(Lets go their hands.)*
You must consider what is due to him
As well as what to me. Although I do
Acquit me of the guilt, I never can
Dispense with that guilt's penalty. Farewell.
To Collatinus, a long — last — farewell.
Oh! watch around my fame when I am gone!
Never shall woman an example plead,
From poor Lucretia's end; to warrant life,
Outliving virtuous chastity. Farewell.
(Takes a dagger from her bosom, stabs herself, and falls.) Collatinus!
Oh, remember me! *(Dies.)*

Collatinus. Oh horrible!

Brutus. Now by this blood most chaste and more than pure,
(Takes the dagger from LUCRETIA'S body.) Until by royal lust abus'd;
I swear,
And call on you — oh! all ye gods in heav'n —
To witness what I swear; that I by sword
And fire will prosecute, even to death,
Tarquin the Proud and all his hellish race:
Nor shall there from henceforth be kings in Rome.
I swear it by this blood.

Collatinus. You?

Brutus. Yea, I. I am not mad: it was all feign'd.
Now Rome, Brutus shall set thee free. Wilt swear?

Collatinus. Give me the dagger. I swear — to all I swear.
(*Takes the dagger.*) Farewell my dearest wife. I hasten now
(*Kneels and kisses her.*) To seek revenge. Farewell, my girl, a long
Farewell.

[BRUTUS kneels on the other side of LUCRETIA; when the scene changes to a street in Rome.]

Scene III. — A Street in Rome.

Enter two CITIZENS, meeting hurriedly.

1st Citizen. Where away? Your hurry looks suspicious, friend.

2nd Citizen. To the Senate, fool; to the Senate.

1st Citizen. Fool! eh!

2nd Citizen. Yes, Brutus has got his wits; Lucretia has been murdered;
and all Rome is in ferment.

1st Citizen. Do you expect me to believe this?

2nd Citizen. You may believe it or not, as it pleases you friend. You may
go to the Senate, or stay away; or — or — kill yourself an it please you.
I'm for the Senate. *[Exit.]*

1st Citizen. And so am I; at least 'tis better than self-destruction. Brutus
murder'd! and Lucretia got her wits. Ugh! I'd better go. *[Exit.]*

Scene IV. — Senate-house, Rome. The Senators in Council. Solemn music. Enter two Romans, bearing the body of Lucretia on a bier. They set it down in the centre of the Stage, and fall back.

Enter BRUTUS with the dagger, and COLLATINUS.

Brutus. Listen, oh! listen all ye men of Rome;
My heart is full of anguish. Oh! listen.
A few hours since and yon poor murder'd corse,
Which now so pale and lifeless you behold,
Shone forth the pride and glory of great Rome.

A flow'r she was surpassing beautiful:
The blighting hand of Time had pass'd it by
And scorn'd to blast such glorious loveliness.
Those eyes, though now conceal'd 'neath their cold lids,
Beam'd forth in all the majesty of truth;
That tongue, whose winning accents the poor slave
Was wont to hear speak words of charity;
Those hands, so ready to extend relief; —
All come, in death, to ask from you revenge.
Virtue had rear'd a monument in Rome —
A type and symbol of herself; and there
It lies all shiver'd at your feet, and pleads
Revenge. This dagger which I hold, now reeks
With injur'd blood, that cries for dire revenge.
Oh! men of Rome, your wives may share her fate.
No innocence can screen them from their doom.
Dost not remember her? Sextus, the Prince,
Did violate that form, and render'd life,
Through loss of chastity, unbearable.
And will ye not revenge her death? Oh! heav'ns
I saw her fall by her own hand; I wept,
That royal insolence and crime should mar
So sweet a form. 'Twas but a passing tear.
My angry soul began to rouse within;
I saw before me her still bleeding corse;
Her piteous tale still rung within my ears;
I thought of her that but a few hours since,
Was seen array'd in nature's majesty;
I thought of him who'd dar'd to violate
The ties of home; and all within was fire.
I seiz'd the dagger from her bleeding breast,
And as I came along the very air
Did seem to spur me on to seek revenge.
And now I'm come to you, my countrymen,
And, in the name of Rome, I ask revenge:
Lucretia, too has come, all pale in death,
To add a silent echo to Rome's pray'r,
And spur you on to deep revenge. Away!
(*They weep.*) Away! with tears; they're not for injur'd men;
Away! with ineffectual complaints;
They suit not this dark hour. Take hence, take hence,
That mangled corse, it moves not our hard hearts:
[*Exeunt two bearers with the body.* There's none amongst us now, so
good and brave,

That dares resent this cruelty. Revenge!
Thou'rt nothing but a name — an empty sound!
Oh! look not, gods, upon this hour of shame,
Lest Rome should lose thy fost'ring influence.
But come forth, sword; my injur'd friend and I
(*BRUTUS and COLLATINUS draw their swords.*) Have sworn to do
this holy work, and will,
Without reluctant aid. We will be free;
'Tis but one blow for Rome and Liberty!
[Exit BRUTUS.

Collatinus. Shame, shame, degenerate men! I'll not delay, Tarquin must
die, and Rome be free this day.
[Exit COLLATINUS.

1st Senator. What spell is this that binds our tardy swords?
Shall we be branded slaves? — forego the bliss,
Of helping in a work so great as this?

All. We'll follow Brutus. Away.
[Draw and exeunt.

Scene V. — Tarquin's Palace.

Enter TARQUIN.

Tarquin. What ho! within there, Sextus. Ye gods! What Sextus! By
heav'n! this looks like danger. What, Sextus, ho! There's not a man that I
dare trust to guard my castle gates. What, Sextus, I say!

Enter SEXTUS. Quick, quick! fly to the walls, and see who comes.
Spare not their lives if they grow insolent. And, hark! if Brutus should be
there — an opportunity and a dagger must be found. Away!

Sextus. I understand, my liege.
[Exit SEXTUS.

Tarquin. Why now my soul
Thou art thyself — thou art my better guide.
Now conscience lie thou still. If friends be firm,
The palace walls will save my life from harm!
[Exit.

Scene VI. — Before the Palace walls.

Enter BRUTUS and COLLATINUS.

Brutus.What ho! within there.

Collatinus.Within there ho!
Voice within. Who's there?

Brutus.Friends.

Voice within.Unbar the gates.

Sextus within.Hold, on your lives, I charge you, held.
Enter SEXTUS on the walls.

Sextus.How dare ye, traitors that ye are, to seek, by stealth, an entrance to the palace?

Brutus.Oh! cursèd flend, come down and learn. (*Aside.*) My noble lord, what means this care?

Sextus.Are you not Brutus?

Brutus.Aye, my dear lord.

Sextus.And you Collatinus?

Collatinus.I am, my lord.

Sextus. Then both of you are traitors.

Brutus.You jest, my noble prince. Am I a traitor?

Sextus.You are. And Collatinus is the same.

Collatinus.I swear, my lord, I am no traitor to my country.

Sextus.I charge ye both, in Tarquin's name, to hold yourselves aloof; for if ye're found within Rome's walls after this warning, your lives shall pay the forfeit. (*Going.*)

Brutus.Sweet prince, I would a word with you.

Sextus.Speak then, Brutus.

Brutus. It needs must be in private, my dear lord.

Sextus. I will not trust you, Brutus.

Brutus. You are suspicious then: I never gave you cause. A spotless mind, my lord, should soar above suspicion.

Sextus. Enough, Brutus. Treason's afloat, and I have had command that none should be admitted within these walls. If thou hast aught to say, speak now; if not I charge you both away.

Collatinus. I do beseech you, my good prince, admit us to the king.

Sextus. Collatinus, I dare not. But what would ye that ye have not now? I fain would serve ye for the love I bear ——

Brutus. Lucretia, I would have thy heart's blood, foul lump of curs'd deformity — thou lecherous toad — thou filthy, black, seducer — thou twig of Tarquin's bloody tree. Dost understand?

Sextus. Ha! ha!
[Exit SEXTUS, laughing.]

Brutus. Can man hear this? Oh! all ye gods, if ——
Enter a CITIZEN.

Citizen. My lords, the Senate is in arms; they come this way, and bring all Rome along with them.
[Exit CITIZEN.]

Brutus. I thank you, gods! I thank you. Now, Sextus — now I come; and thy damn'd rape I'll punish home. This way, this way, my friend, this way.

Collatinus. I follow on your steps.
[Exeunt.]

Scene VII. — Tarquin's Palace.

Tarquin, within. Look to the walls, I charge you.
Enter TARQUIN.

Tarquin. By heav'n they muster thickly; all Rome is round my palace

walls. My swelling soul is up in arms, and hunts for scenes of death. Oh!
I could tear the rabble limb from limb; I could——

Enter SEXTUS. What makes you from your post? Speak, quick!

Sextus. My liege, the palace gates are——

Tarquin. Thou liest, slave; thou false degenerate son of Tarquin's race,
thou liest. Crawling, despicable, paltry, coward, thou liest. But thus does
Tarquin spit upon you all; thus — thus — I fling myself upon you!

[Exit TARQUIN.]

Sextus. Devils!

[Exit SEXTUS.]

Scene VIII. — Another part of the Palace.

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. Come forth, come forth, thou bloody villain; thou tyrant king of
Rome, come forth, I say.

Enter SEXTUS. I thank you heav'ns. Now, Lucretia, now behold thy
death and fame reveng'd.

Sextus. Perfidious traitor!

Brutus. I have no words. Blood must answer thee. Now, brave weapon,
stand my friend.

(They fight, and SEXTUS falls.)

Sextus. Brutus! thou'st conquered. We are now even. I conquered
the fair — Lucretia!

[Dies.]

Brutus. Lucretia! thou'rt reveng'd. Now, Tarquin, Brutus seeks for thee.
Come forth — come forth — thou tyrant.

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Alarm. Enter TARQUIN and LUCRETIUS, fighting. LUCRETIUS falls.

Tarquin. Well done, bright sword: this day will yet be mine.

Lucretius. Believe it not, foul tyrant; Brutus lives for thee.

Tarquin. Ah! die! *(Stabs him.)*

Lucretius.Oh!

[Dies.

Tarquin.What! Sextus dead. This is no time for grief. Brutus! why hidest thou thyself? I'm faint with seeking for thee. *(Going.)*

Alarm. Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus.Turn, foul disturber of Rome's peace! Turn, hellish tyrant; 'tis Brutus speaks.

Tarquin.Thou liest — in thy throat thou liest, half-mad slave. My sword shall prove thou liest.

(They fight, and TARQUIN falls.) 'Tis past, 'tis past. The world, with all its cares, and joys, and woes, now vanishes; while all around seems but mysteriously to echo — Tarquin — good — night.

[Dies.

Enter COLLATINUS, VALERIUS, SENATORS, SOLDIERS, &c., &c.

Brutus.My friends, this day is ours. The gods have fought
Our battles, and not we. This haughty king,
Who has so long torn Rome's fair peace to shreds,
Now vainshes from 'mongst the ranks of men;
He cannot now reign over us — he's dead.
Then shall we place within a tyrant's power
The liberty so dearly bought? Shall we
Again place on our necks this painful yoke?
And have our virtuous wives and daughters slain;
Their virtue violated; citizens
Banish'd from their homes, their wives, their children;
Our property destroy'd and torn away
To feed another tyrant's pride? Never.
Perish the thought. And now that Rome is free,
We'll kneel and bless the gods for Liberty!

[They all uncover, and kneel on one knee. Curtain drops.

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

Helen.

BEAUTY and youth once painted thee the fairest of the fair,
The soft smile danc'd across thy lip, and banish'd carking care;
The fire that from thine eye burst forth, and fix'd our raptur'd gaze,
Burns now alas! a sickly flame — a blue and wan-like blaze.

Thy bounding step — thy graceful form, no more the eye delight;
Thy maiden's blush has pass'd away in terror and affright;
And all that once was beautiful, and seem'd to spurn decay,
Has left the form it proudly own'd, and scornful flown away.

The red spot on thy care-worn cheek tells loud of the despair,
Which burns and blasts within thy breast, and reigns triumphant there.
Scorn mocks the tale thou fain would'st tell, and points to thy dark doom,
Where silent thou may'st ever lie the tenant of the tomb.

Who shall presume to sneer at thee, or taunt thee with thy fall;
Repeat the lessons of thy youth, and each pass'd joy recal?
Thy crime of ardent love, fond girl, the angels scarce could blame,
For sin engender'd in pure love, is love, though sin's its name.

How happy had thy days flown by had'st thou been taught to hate
Those kindred feelings in our breasts that sin and shame create;
Then had'st thou mov'd in angel shape all spotless and all pure,
And 'scap'd the poison of that spell which charms but to allure.

The form had still its gracefulness; thine eye its kindling fire;
Thy bounding step a witchery e'en envy must admire;
But thou wast told to love thy kind, to warm in thy fair breast
A monster cloth'd in God-like shape, that stung as he caress'd.

Yes! soon beneath the fatal arts of man's perverted power,
Thou hung'st thy head that bloom'd but late, so fair, so sweet a flower;
It droops all wither'd on its stem — it bends its stalk in shame,
Nor ever can it bud again, or boast its once pure name.

The prudish world will have its way — will blast with its foul breath
Thy worldly fame — thy worldly hopes — and hunt thee to the death.
More pure thou art by far than they who now with horror rave,
And, by a shew, conceal the sins they carry to the grave.

A mind, like thine, has that within will punish its own fall; —
A consciousness of wrong that steeps our fondest hopes in gall: —
A canker eating to the core of our once spotless heart,
Yet purging the foul spot away ere soul and body part.

With thy sad crime, in the cold grave, thou may'st for ever dwell,
While Virtue e'en may weep for thee, and sadly sigh farewell.
Let no stone mark thy grassy mound, or decorate the sod,
But sleep that one dark stain away — then trust thy soul with God.

Lines.

ISLE of my fathers! Mighty state! An exile from thy shores, —
A wand'rer in a far-off land — this humble tribute pours.
Arise, fair Nature! all thy charms in majesty display,
And let thy brightest beams illumine the glories of her day.

Dear England! how my soul expands on hearing thy lov'd name!
It brings back all my youthful sports — my glory in thy fame;
To be a son of thy fair clime — to owe to thee my birth,
Embrace at once the only charms — the brightest gifts of earth.

My heart within me leaps again — again I am with thee; —
This is no conjur'd joy I feel — no trick of poetry; —
Once more I grasp thy long lost charms — I wander on thy shore —
I gambol with the furious waves — I echo back their roar.

My country! I am once again upon thy pebbly strand,
And bask beneath thy sunny skies, my own — my father-land!
Once more thy wayward child returns — once more fond home I flee,
And gain at once a heav'n on earth — a paradise in thee!

Alas! alas! how vain the spell — the dream has pass'd away.
Oh! that such joys should ever know so short, so brief, a day!
I truly felt what I express'd, the glow was not unreal,
For, when a child I left my home, I felt as now I feel.

Yet though I'm far away from thee, I send across the wave,
My blessing, England, on thy shores — thou Mother of the brave!
Pour out, oh heaven! thy brightest gifts; protect her glory yet,
And let the bright sun sink in death when Britain's sun is set.

Ode to Winter.

SEE! from the regions of the shivering North,
Pale Winter soars upon its snowy wings;
To chase dear mellow Autumn stalks he forth,
While o'er her charms his mantle now he flings.

His white hair matted with still whiter snow,
His chilling breath, cold — freezing all below,
And blighting each warm beam of you fair sun:
The elements around him wait, all pale;
The rain converted is to pelting hail,
As he goes forth his shivering course to run.

Where have thy beauties, glorious Nature, fled?
Where are those leafy bowers we loved so well?
All scared and yellow — emblems of the dead —
For Desolation triumph'd — and they fell.

Where are those streets, all thronged with happy faces?
Where are those charms which beautified the graces?
And painted life so cheerful and so gay?
You lazar-like old man now moves alone;
Cold and benum'd, he shivers out a groan,
As through the snow he roams the live-long day.

A houseless wanderer in his old age,
He envies not the joys his children knew;
They spurn'd him from their door, in furious rage,
And now pale, trembling, to the grave he flew.

The chilling blasts, as cold they sweep along,
Wave his grey hairs and freeze his tearful eyes;
His groans bear burden to their mournful song,
And sinking on the ground — he prays and dies.

But hark! from yonder far and shivering clime,
The brazen trumpet sounds the note of war;
The sleepy Russian rouses to the chime,
And echoes back the sound to lands afar.

To arms! to arms! to arms! the cry they raise,
Let cannon belch its bright and living blaze,
 And blood-stain'd sabres answer to its sound:
Fight! fight! the Cossack shouts, and, shouting, dies.
On! on! the invader chief yet louder cries;
 To Moscow, quick! the snow is on the ground.

How awful Moscow, was thy burning grave!
 Splendid in ruins — City of the North;
Thy glory sinking but to shield thy brave,
 And crush invasion as its pride burst forth.

May softest peace watch o'er thy ashes now,
 Thou Nation's glory! Tyrants curse thy fall:
It snatch'd the laurel from the Victor's brow,
 While Nature answer'd to thy dying call.

She sent white Winter, with its dreary snows,
 To bury deep the joys one conquest raised;
To rouse the tyrant from his short repose,
 On that red spot where late destruction blaz'd.

Oh! ever thus thy chilly lessons teach,
 When man aspires to sever nations' ties;
To aim at power that lies beyond his reach; —
 Then war against him all ye northern skies!

Then name their names who fell midst that retreat,
 Whose only bier and charnel-house were snow;
Let Moscow point to their cold winding-sheet,
 And softly tell their wint'ry tale of woe.

Lines

On the Recent Sudden Death of a Beautiful and Accomplished Young Lady.*

WHO shall dare pride themselves on health and youth,
Or boast of charms which death may scare away?
Go — ponder o'er her fate, and let stern truth
Recal the beauteous form of yesterday —
Then gaze upon it *now!* Stay, beauty, stay!
She could once conjure dreams of earthly bliss;
Across her lip the mantling smile could play;
She saw not then the yawning precipice —
Nor dreamt so soon to fall into death's dark abyss.

Like her, thou may'st the brightest circle grace;
Like her, each raptur'd scene of home enhance;
Like her, enjoy a parent's fond embrace;
Like her, alas! find all a dreaming trance.
Cold — cold — she lies, the victim of a chance;
And though but yesterday so young and fair,
All now is blank and passionless: the dance
Succeeded is by death, while dark despair,
Withering our heart's fond hopes, usurps dominion there;

Go — think, young beauty, on her awful fate;
Go — learn the lesson taught you by her fall;
Remember *now* — it soon may be too late —
That youth and beauty sleep beneath you pall.
Love, kindred, home; death separates them all;
It laughs to scorn the tears that mourn our doom;
All, all, must die — must drink death's bitter gall;
And we, like her, though drest in youth's bright bloom,
May sicken, wither, fall — may moulder in the tomb!

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