

THE
I N D I A N S,
TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, RICHMOND.

—*Nemora, atque cavos montis, silvasque colabant.* LUCR.

L O N D O N :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Indians of North America believe in a supreme being, immortality, incantation, foresight, guardian spirits, omens, and a God of war, whom they term *A-reskouy*. In their villages the power of their Sachems is limited, and often counteracted by the rivalry or animosity of other leaders and forcerers. They have been often visited by missionaries, and have discovered in many instances, notwithstanding their changeful and violent passions, amiable dispositions, and considerable powers of reflection. They give other names than those used by Europeans to many of their lakes and rivers. The river St. Laurence, for example, is term'd by them *Hoshelega*. These particulars are mentioned on account of some allusions and passages in the following poem.

It may be proper to add, that some of the speeches were shortened or omitted when the Tragedy was acted; and that the representation was much indebted to the elegant decorations of the theatre; and in a very remarkable manner to the animated and judicious performance of Mrs. Bernard.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. CUBIT.

*THE tragic Muse on most occasions sings
The strife of nations, and the wrath of kings;
Unfolds the direful mysteries of fate,
The fortunes of the powerful and the great.—
The golden diadem, the flowing pall,
The pillar'd palace, and the trophy'd wall,
The lofty senate house, the sculptur'd fane,
With solemn pomp, the sacerdotal train,
The mighty emperor, and scepter'd queen,
Adorn and dignify the gorgeous scene.—
But our unpractis'd bard, with humbler lays
Aspires to merit your indulgent praise;
And strives, without the pageantries of art,
In simple phrase, to move th' ingenuous heart.
His voice is from the desert: and his muse
All unarray'd in artificial hues,
And all incapable of studied grace,
Presents an artless and uncultur'd race,
Of whom, in Twit'nam's bower, the tuneful tongue
Of Thames's darling Poet sweetly sung:
Indians, "poor Indians whose untutor'd minds
" See God in clouds or hear him in the winds;
" Whose souls' proud science never taught to stray
" Beyond the solar path, or milky way."
These are our Poet's theme, and yet by these
With bold endeavour he aspires to please;
The children of the wild, the froward brood
Of nature, ere by reason's law subdu'd,*

*She rein'd her reckless will; for as they range
 The dreary wilderness, their passions change
 Various and rapid as the gales that sweep
 The bending forest, and convulse the deep.
 But in refinement, and those arts that yield
 Comfort and ease to human life unskill'd,
 To them, no towers nor palaces arise;
 They know no gilded ceiling, but the skies.
 Their drink, the stream that from the fountain flows:
 Their food, the wild-fruit that in autumn glows
 No other viands load their simple board
 Than what the chace, or what their lakes afford.
 To them no gaudier ornaments are known
 Than the plum'd diadem, or painted zone:
 For unarray'd in glittering gay attire,
 They to no high pre-eminence aspire.—
 "Nay," said Apollo, as he slyly came;
 For oft you know, when poets are to blame,
 He swift as light'ning quits his heav'nly cheer,
 And gently twitches the offenders ear:
 "Nay," said Apollo to our poet; frigid,
 "They're not so self-deny'd as you pretend:
 "Unpolish'd though they be, and rude of speech
 "They would the summit of distinction reach;
 "Would please a British audience; and impart
 "Congenial pleasure to the melting heart."
 So said Apollo: and it were unfit
 For me to quarrel with the god of wit:
 Our bard submits too: and with conscious sigh,
 Says, that by you his Indians live or die.*

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ONONTHIO.	Mr. Griffiths.
ONAIYO.	Mr. Evot.
YERDAL.	Mr. Sandford.
NEIDAN.	Mr. Powell.
SIDNEY.	Mr. Cubit.
INDIANS.	
MARAINO.	Mrs. Bernard.

*SCENE, a forest and Indian village on the side of Lake
Huron, in North America.*

THE
I N D I A N S

A T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E, A F O R E S T.

YERDAL, ONONTHIO.

YERDAL.

NAY, 'tis in vain, Ononthio; you but tire
Your age with uselefs labour. All your care
Cannot assuage Maraino's anxious sorrow.

ONONTHIO.

Unhappy mourner! but it were unkind,
Unkind even to Onaiyo, should I leave her
To pine and weep amid the wild alone.

YERDAL.

Not till Onaiyo, our illustrious chief,
Return in safety from the rage of arms,
Will she refrain from grief.

ONONTHIO.

Soon, very soon;
May he return to bless his gentle spouse,
And me his aged sire!

A

THE INDIANS

YERDAL.

He will not tarry.

Soon shall those haughty Islanders, who shake
 The shores of Canada, and with assault
 So furious storm her rampires, that our river,
 Vast Hoshelega, with uncouth difmay
 Recoiling, 'mid their awful folitudes
 Troubles his-parent lakes; soon will they fly
 Before the fury of vindictive Gaul.
 Then will Onaiyo, crown'd with glory, come
 To blefs thee and Maraino.

ONONTHIO.

Poor Maraino!

YERDAL.

Leave her to the retirement ſhe defires:
 It ſuits her ſoft folitude.

ONONTHIO.

But Yerdal;

I cannot leave her unconſol'd.

YERDAL.

Thy age

Requires ſome reſpite from the painful duty:
 Divide the tender office: and with me
 Thy friend, the friend of thy Onaiyo, ſhare
 The kindly miniſtration.

ONONTHIO.

Pray thee ceaſe.

Maraino comes anon. With reſtleſs care,
 Ever as morn along th' unruffled deep
 From the eaſtern marge beaming ſerenely, gilds

Our forest, hitherward she wends; and far,
 Far o'er the wat'ry waste, her wistful gaze
 Lifts anxious to descry the light canoe
 That wafts Onaiyo to her faithful love.
 And now, good Yerdal, leave us: for behold!
 Along the path-way by the wood she comes.

Y E R D A L.

*[Aside and unobserved by Ononchio
 who looks towards Maraino.]*

Sweet blooming flower of beauty! Shall Onaiyo
 Possess thee!—He may perish! in the shock
 Of battle he may fall; and then, O then!
 She may be mine. Transporting thought!—To wish
 On iyo were no more! My friend!—My rival
 And so mine enemy. Yet if his merit
 Were not a cloud between me and the sunshine
 Of public favour, I too would esteem him. *[Exit.]*

ENTER MARAINO.

MARAINO. *[Not observing Ononchio.]*

Onaiyo! My Onaiyo! When, O when
 Shall I behold thee? When wilt thou return
 To free me from affliction? Save him! Save him!
 Spirits of tender mercy, interpose
 And save him from calamity!

O N O N T H I O.

My child!

Maraino!—

MARAINO.

My rever'd, respected father!

O N O N T H I O.

Why wilt thou yield thee to perpetual sorrow?

THE INDIANS

MARAINO.

Two moons have wan'd since my Onaiyo left me:
Nor have I heard of him : and well I ween,
He treads the path of perilous adventure.

ONONTHIO.

I know him firm and valiant: yet I trust,
He will attemper his impetuous valour
With caution not unseemly.

MARAINO.

Too, too valiant,
Too eager in the fight, perchance even now,
He rushes on the ravening sword, and falls!
And leaves me desolate!

ONONTHIO.

Nay; but 'tis impious
Thus to anticipate the will of heaven.

MARAINO.

My husband labours in the toils of death.

ONONTHIO,

He may return.

MARAINO.

And if he should not, who
Who will be my friend, and from affliction save me?
An alien, far, far from my native land,
I have no parent, no courageous brother
To aid and to protect me.

ONONTHIO.

Will not I

A TRAGEDY.

5

Aid and protect thee? Hath my tenderness
But this requital, that thou wilt not trust
In me to comfort and relieve thy sorrow?

M A R A I N O.

In truth you wrong me.—

ONONTHIO. [*With emotion, and not having
observed what she says.*]

—————Have the tears I've shed
For thy disastrous infancy, th' endearment
I've tender'd thee, no other recompence
Than thus to be forgotten?

M A R A I N O.

Never! Never!

No time shall from my memory efface
That night of horror, when the fierce Shawnese
Rais'd by the Delaware, the yell of death:
Then rush'd into our dwelling: slew my parents;
And tore me from their dying arms, an orphan
Of few and feeble years.

O N O N T H I O.

I sav'd thy life.

Leagu'd with the Gaul, and the Shawnese, we fill'd
Virginia with dismay; with consternation
Shook Pensilvania. Yet I was not leagu'd
To perpetrate inhuman deeds. I strove
To mitigate the fury of my friends;
And sav'd thy life.

M A R A I N O.

Not only sav'd, but still
Hast been to me a parent. Though I lost
A father and a brother, thou hast been

A father to the Orphan: and thy son
 Hath gain'd an ampler portion in my heart,
 Than even a brother. But thy son even now,
 Stems the full tide of danger; and thy age
 Trembles beneath the weight of many years.

O N O N T H I O.

Deem not so lightly of thy brethren's faith,
 As that they will not, though Onaiyo perish,
 Succour thy weakness, and regard thy worth.

M A R A I N O.

Nay, if Onaiyo perish, I will not
 Survive the vast misfortune: nor require
 Other assistance, than with decent care
 To lay me in the lonely grave. Can I
 Behold that genial Sun, or tread the vale,
 Or climb the mountain, or explore the wild,
 Rest of Onaiyo? No! for we are one
 And live or die together.

O N O N T H I O.

Neidan comes:

The sage, through all our nation deem'd of skill
 By incantation, and mysterious power,
 To pacify, or to his purpose bend
 The Daemons, that on fleeting pinion fly
 Around, and sway the fortune of mankind.

ENTER NEIDAN.

N E I D A N.

With evil tidings am I come.

M A R A I N O. [*With emotion.*]

Onaiyo!—

A TRAGEDY.

7

N E I D A N.

I fear me is no more!

ONONTHIO. [*Supporting Maraino who falls on his breast.*]

Assist my child.

Too sudden, ah! too sudden was thy tale.

N E I D A N.

In truth too sudden: for our hero's death
Was only rumour'd, fear'd, but not confirm'd.

M A R A I N O. [*Recovering.*]

How! not confirm'd! deceive me not; too sure
My husband perish'd.

N E I D A N.

Nay, forgive my zeal

And deep concern for thy Onaiyo's life,
That urg'd my speech to certainty, instead
Of doubt, more suitable to vague report,
And fear-begotten guesses.

M A R A I N O. [*With emotion.*]

Then he lives!

N E I D A N.

Nor that can I affirm.

M A R A I N O.

What would you then?

N E I D A N.

In bloody battle hath the Gaul been vanquish'd,
Some of our warriors are return'd; they fled

THE INDIANS

Soon as the fortune of the conflict frown'd
On their bold efforts: nor can tell us more
Than that our friends have fail'd; that England's banner
Waves o'er the field victorious: that her sword
Riots in hostile gore; and that Quebec
With all her lofty battlements must fall:

M A R A I N O.

Then my Onaiyo perish'd! would he brook
Discomfiture? Would he survive? O deal not
Deceitfully with my distress, nor trifle
With th' agony that wrings my bleeding heart.

N E I D A N.

They left him 'mid the fury of the fight:
A while they hover'd in th' adjacent woods:
And though they seiz'd a captive, they have learn'd
Of our Onaiyo, nothing.

M A R A I N O.

Too, too brave
He fell! and I will follow.

O N O N T H I O.

Yield not thus
To the suggestions of unseemly fear.
If he has fall'n, I too have lost a son;
A gentle boy; and yet our nation's shield:
A valiant boy; yet dutiful to me.
No! heav'n will not deprive me of a son,
The stay and solace of my feeble age.

M A R A I N O.

Blessings befall thy rev'rend age! thy words
Speak comfort to my soul. Thy holy prayer
Will find acceptance: for thy spotless heart

A TRAGEDY.

9

Harbours no impious, nor inhuman wish;
 For deeds of kindness, are the best oblation
 That heav'n receives. O may they now ascend
 In fair array before th' eternal throne
 And plead for thee: and from disastrous fate
 Preserve thy gallant son!

[Exit.

ONONTHIO.

Thou saidst our brethren
 Had seiz'd a captive?—

NEIDAN.

Snar'd as he pursu'd
 With reckless eagerness the flying foe.
 Of resolute demeanour, though alone,
 And chaff'd to think that he should be in bondage,
 While Albion triumphs o'er the conquer'd Gaul,
 He seems his fetters to despise, and scorns
 With conscious dignity, our menac'd torments.

RE-ENTER YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Thy brethren summon thee, Ononthio! haste!
 And hie thee to the village: for even now
 An awful sacrifice must be perform'd.

ONONTHIO.

That rite betokens an important cause.

YERDAL.

To calm the fury of those angry powers.
 That have with dire calamity o'erwhelm'd us;
 And soothe the melancholy ghosts, whose moan
 Borne in the sighing breezes of the night,
 Upbraids our tardy vengeance; while their limbs

THE INDIANS

Cold and unburied, and defil'd with gore,
Lie undeplor'd by Hofhelaga's wave.

ONONTHIO.

Th' occasion will require no common off'ring.

YERDAL.

A British pris'ner reeking and besmear'd
With Indian blood, shall with his own appease
The vengeance of the dead.

ONONTHIO.

Direful award!

NEIDAN.

Yet just and reasonable. Shall the blood
Of our beloved kinsmen soak the ground
Without due retribution? Haste thee, pierce
The bosom of our foe; and win the favour
Of th' unseen spirits that approve or blame
And with fit recompence requite our conduct.

ONONTHIO.

Those unseen spirits, as they are themselves
Pow'ful and happy, must approve the deeds
That flow from tender mercy; and must blame
Vindictive outrage.

NEIDAN.

Sachem, though thine arm
Be valiant, though thy rev'rend age hath gain'd
Authority, for wisdom in the sway
And ministration of the state; thou knowest not
The counsels of those heav'nly pow'rs, that rule
Our welfare and our woe.

ONONTHIO.

Can I believe
That they are more inhuman than the most
Inhuman of mankind? If th' Indian name
Be branded with dishonour; if our tribes,
Thin'd by the sword, and wasted by disease;
Suffer perceptible and swift decay;
Our own indocile, fierce and cruel nature,
That with gross arrogance supposes Heaven
Furious like us and vengeful; must be charg'd,
And justly charg'd with our decline and ruin.

NEIDAN.

Rulers like thee who wantonly despise
The warnings and the ministers of heav'n,
And would advance their own misguided will
Above their counsels, are the fatal cause
Of our calamities.

ONONTHIO.

Thy zeal transports
And urges thee to unbecoming utt'rance.
The captive shall not perish: not unless
His guilty deeds shall by the doom of justice
Deserve such punishment. [Exit.]

NEIDAN. [*Towards Ononthio at his departure.*]

Thy impious pride
And arrogance deserve rebuke!—And now [*Turning from*
He shall be thwarted! and this prisoner's blood *him.*
Shall seal the downfall of his haughty power.

YERDAL. [*Stopping him going out.*]

Neidan, I would confer with thee. Thou knowst
The holy reverence I've ever borne thee;

And I've experienc'd thee my friend.

NEIDAN.

Thy pleasure?

YERDAL.

You've mark'd, have often mark'd Maraino's beauty.

NEIDAN.

And with regret have seen her radiance kindle
The flame of unrequited love in thee.

YERDAL.

But not of hopeless love.

NEIDAN.

Not hopeless! how!

YERDAL.

Oniyo is no more! doubtless he perish'd.
We have no tidings of his fate, but that
He strove in bloody conflict. Furious rage
And headlong rashness must have urg'd him on
To deeds not only hazardous, but deadly.

NEIDAN.

But yet his death will not avail. Maraino
Erewhile, if I misdeem not, scorn'd thy suit.

YERDAL.

My rival liv'd; but now I'll soothe and win
Her soul to soft compliance: I will practice
Every endearment of subduing love
To bend her stubbornness: and thou art skill'd
In th' efficacies of enchanting spells.
Employ them in my service: thy reward

Shall be whate'er thou wilt and I can compass.

N E I D A N.

But then Ononchio loves thee not, nay hates thee!
For thou hast oft oppos'd him; and will never,
Unless by strong compulsion, yield Maraino
To thy embrace.

Y E R D A L.

And would you grieve to see him
By strong necessity compell'd?

N E I D A N.

No more—

Exert thy influence. If direful charms
And pow'r with th' agents of the troubled air,
Or those that haunt the desert; and if skill
To use the hidden virtues that belong
To ev'ry root and ev'ry plant that waves
Its foliage to the breeze, can aid thy purpose:
Or if sagacity and deep discernment,
Have power to snare our over-bearing chief;
Command their services, and be successful.

Y E R D A L.

Successful to the very utmost height
Of my desires! Maraino shall be mine!
And all the usurpation and the power
Of proud Ononchio trampled in the dust.
He who opposes me, me thus upheld
And aided by thy skill, may sooner stem
The rage of Niagara, when he pours
The upper and the nether floods, with vast
Tremendous tumult, down the foamy cliffs,
And roars, and shakes th' untrodden wild afar. [*Exeur...*]

THE INDIANS

A C T II.

SCENE, A FOREST, LAKE, &c.

YERDAL.

HAVE spells enslav'd me? Have infernal fiends
 Practis'd upon my soul? Is it disease
 Or frenzy that subdues me? Who hath given
 Maraino power to rule and bend my heart
 With such entire dominion? For she cleaves
 Fast to my soul; compels my thoughts, becomes
 A part of my own nature. If I seek
 To drive th' enchanting image from my breast;
 I feel as if a vulture's rav'ning beak
 Tore and devour'd my vitals. Dire compulsion
 Urging to deeds of such tremendous aspect
 As that their bare suggestion shakes almost
 To utter overthrow, my tott'ring reason!

ENTER NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Yerdal, I'm baffled.

YERDAL.

Our imperious Sachem
 Prevails against thee still?

NEIDAN.

His glozing speech,
 And grave authority, impress'd by long
 And crafty usurpation, have misled
 The counsels of our elders, now assembled

A TRAGEDY.

Apart, and lur'd them to undue submission.

YERDAL.

And is thy purpose frustrated?

NEIDAN.

It is not.

I'll rouse the multitude, with them the prisoner
Remains in durance; and before the wisdom
Of our slow solemn ruler interpose,
I'll fire them with resentment, till their rage
Shall headlong scorn and trample on resistance.

YERDAL.

You must be speedy then.

NEIDAN.

I only came

To warn thee of some danger.

YERDAL.

How!

NEIDAN.

Thy rival—

YERDAL.

He is not sure return'd?

NEIDAN.

But may e'er long.

My mind sagacious of the time to come,
Anticipates th' event.

YERDAL.

Should he return?

THE INDIANS

N E I D A N.

Be wary, O be wary; and regard him
As your determin'd foe.

Y E R D A L.

He is! he cross'd
The course of my ambition, and hath blighted
The blossoms of my love But he can ne'er
Return from battle: his ungovern'd fury
Hath driven him to destruction.

N E I D A N.

Should your hope
Be disappointed, guide yourself with caution;
Let him not see Maraino. He believes you
Attach'd to him: contrive some means to hinder
Their meeting. Could you by some rare device
Prevail with him to let this fun descend
Before he visited his friends, the time
Were precious and important.

Y E R D A L.

Though thine eye
Can pierce the mist oft-times, whose thickest fold
Involves futurity, I cannot think
Onaiyo will return.

N E I D A N.

Nay, but he will:
For now behind that shelving rock I spied
A light canoe, that quickly skimm'd across
The curling wave and bore thy rival's ensign.
And now, behold him!

Y E R D A L.

Ha! Onaiyo! blast him!

A canoe is rowed by Indians across the back scene: Onaiyo comes out; makes a signal towards the canoe to row away; and then coming down the stage, joins Yerdal Neidan.

NEIDAN TO YERDAL.

Be firm! collected! close! rein and suppress
The tumults of your heaving breast.

ONAIYO.

My friend!

But you seem troubled!

NEIDAN. [*Wishing to turn Onaiyo's
attention from Yerdal's confusion.*]

Unexpected joy
For your arrival overpowers his heart
Now Yerdal, now banish your grief; our friend
Our hero, our Onaiyo is returned.

ONAIYO.

My peril was indeed extreme.

YERDAL.

'Twas rumour'd
That you had fall'n; and every eye was fill'd
With weeping, every voice with lamentation.—
Now, songs of gladness shall arise.

ONAIYO.

But tell me,

How fares it with my Love?

THE INDIANS

Y E R D A L.

Thy rumour'd death
Afflicts her heart with agonizing sorrow.
Ononthis strives to soothe her, but in vain.

O N A I Y O.

Where is the lovely mourner? Let me fly
And clasp her to my bosom.

Y E R D A L.

Nay, Onaiyo!
It were too sudden. Trust me, the transition
From sore affliction bordering on despair,
To the transporting tumults of delight,
Might from her delicate and feeble frame,
Expel with extacy th' enraptur'd spirit.

O N A I Y O.

Spare me! in truth I cannot brook delay.

N E I D A N.

Nay, but my gallant chief, he counsels well.
Maraino's form so exquisitely fashion'd,
Of alien growth, nor fenc'd with Indian nerves,
Is all too feeble for assault so rude.
The tidings of thy death had overwhelm'd her,
And now a gentle slumber soothes her sorrow;
The first that for two miserable nights
Hath kindly visited her weary couch.
I then will hasten and attend her rest;
And when she wakes, so as may least alarm
Her fluttering soul, will mention your arrival.
And then will lead you thither.

[Ex

O N A I Y O.

Haste, I pray thee!

Y E R D A L.

Meantime how speeds the fortune of our friends?

O N A I Y O.

Our friends are fall'n, and Gallia now deplores
Her armies vanquish'd, and her empire lost.

Y E R D A L.

Most lamentable issue! we have heard
But not distinctively of that disaster:
Sure 'twas a fierce encounter.

O N A I Y O.

Fierce indeed!

'Twas like th' encounter of two warring clouds
Shrouding the sky with darkness; big with storms
And fire and thunder, neither yields, but onward
Both drive with rapid conflict, till the crash
And deaf'ning roar of bursting flames and fury
Rend heaven and earth.

Y E R D A L.

And so the dire event
Hung long in doubtful balance?

O N A I Y O.

No, not long;
The thunder of th' engaging armies peal'd
As if the firmament's stupendous arch
Rush'd headlong, with tumultuous ruin down.
But soon they clos'd in nearer conflict; swords

Blaz'd o'er the field: the bayonet was drench'd
 In reeking gore: determin'd valour firm
 And disciplin'd, in either host, maintain'd
 The direful shock, till Gallia's leader fell.

Y E R D A L.

Then unoppos'd, the furious foe prevail'd!

O N A I Y O.

No courage, nor exertion could resist
 The flame of British valour burning bright
 With love of fame, with love of freedom strong
 Strong by those native energies and zeal
 For England, that in every age and clime
 Have rous'd her gallant progeny to deeds
 Of unexampled prowess. Gallia fled!

Y E R D A L.

What joy to Albion, and her haughty race!

O N A I Y O.

Yet Albion grieves—Though victory adorn
 Her brow with beams of glory, sadness shakes
 Her mighty spirit; and her hosts have shower'd
 Tears on their conquering arms.

Y E R D A L.

What heavy loss
 Compell'd their grief to such severe excess?

O N A I Y O.

The loss of their brave leader. Wolf expir'd
 Even in th' embrace of victory. He saw
 The tide of battle overwhelm the Gauls
 The while a fiery minister of death

Strove with his lab'ring spirit. Yet "They fly!
 "They fly"—he cried: and then his soul set free,
 Flew rapture-wing'd, flew from her mould of clay
 To th' islands of the blest'd, where heroes crown'd
 With glory, triumph in immortal joy.

Y E R D A L.

A glorious death!

O N A I Y O.

A death that might outweigh
 Ten thousand lives. And though Britannia shed
 The tear of heart-felt sorrow on his tomb;
 Yet shall *his* praise embellish *her* renown
 And through all future ages shall excite
 Her offspring to excel in great exploits,
 And earn the need of everlasting fame.

Y E R D A L.

But by what wondrous means, amid the storm
 And rage of battle was thy life preserv'd?

O N A I Y O.

Wondrous indeed!—Engag'd in close encounter
 With a brave Englishman, I strove in vain
 Against his vigilant and skilful valour.
 He saw me fainting. "Yield thee" then he cry'd;
 "Thou art a valiant youth, and it would grieve me
 "To spill thy life-blood: yield thee, and obtain
 "Requital suited to thy vent'rous daring."
 My soul was melted. He receiv'd me nobly;
 I told him my condition. "Go," he said,
 "Comfort thy parent, and protect thy spouse!"
 I left him then: and sure you will not marvel
 If my heart thrill to him with grateful rapture.

THE INDIANS

YERDAL.

Some of our friends who saw thee rush on danger,
Beheld thee in the very fangs of death.

ONAIYO.

They left me in the conflict. They beheld
Inevitable ruin, as they deem'd,
Gird me around. Exhausted and impair'd
With sleepless care and labour, some short space
I sojourn'd for recovery, and renewal
Of vigour, with our brethern who frequent
Ontario's woody margin.—But 'tis strange
Neidan returns not.

YERDAL.

He returns anon.

RE-ENTER NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Ah me! Maraino!—

ONAIYO.

How!

NEIDAN.

With frenzy tofs'd
The tumult of her brain cannot be calm'd.

ONAIYO.

I'll rush into her arms.

NEIDAN.

Yes— If you'd have her
Expire in th' extacy of fev'rish transport:

But if you would preserve her life, O come not
 Into her presence. Let no tidings reach her
 Of your return. Ononchio charges you
 Beneath the shelter of the grove, awhile
 To rest unseñ: till cautiously we steal
 Upon her feelings: by degrees insinuate
 The probabilities of your escape:
 Then tell her, as by rumour unconfirm'd,
 That you are safe; and thus by rend'ring hope
 The harbinger of joy, gently prepare her
 Harrafs'd and sore afflicted, to sustain
 The tide of happiness, which your arrival
 Will pour upon her heart.

YERDAL.

'Tis wisely urg'd.
 For the short space of a few hours restrain
 Your fond solicitude. Meantime conceal
 Your vessel by that cliff. With such assistance
 As your condition needs, and I can give;
 I instantly will join you.

ONAIYO.

O be careful!
 Be careful, Neidan, of my love. Restore her,
 O speedily restore her to my arms. [Exit.

NEIDAN.

Yerdal, my engines are at work; and ere
 Ononchio meet the multitude, I'll rouse
 The fury of our kinsmen. Be it thine
 Meanwhile to guard and to deceive Onaiyo. [Exit.

THE INDIANS

ENTER ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

The venerable elders of our nation,
Mov'd with becoming pity, have resolv'd
To save our captive from inhuman outrage.
And now I come to minister relief
To my afflicted child.

YERDAL.

If I misdeem not,
Within the cavern of the cliff retir'd,
She wins an hour from overwhelming grief,
Employ'd in orisons and supplication
For her Onaiyo's safety. [Exit.]

ONONTHIO.

She returns. [Enter MARAING.]
How fares it with my child?—Serene and calm!
What joy it gives me to behold thee free
From overwhelming care.

MARAING.

Some lenient influence
Reigns in these hallow'd mansions of retirement
That soothes and elevates the pensive breast.

ONONTHIO.

That lenient influence has an inward source;
It flows from a well regulated heart.
Clear and unfulled by no conscious sense
Of ill intention'd thought, or froward deed,
The soft effusion from that well of life,
Flows gently, and imparts serene delight.

A TRAGEDY.

33

The joy to rapture rises when the heart
Glow's with devotion: and if I misdeem not,
The secret shelter of the wild even now
Heard thy pure orison.

M A R A I N O.

With holy trust
Before the great and everlasting spirit,
I pour'd out my complaint: and as my tears
Flow'd as before a father and a friend
I felt my soul disburden'd.

O N O N T H I O.

Be assur'd
The mighty Spirit whose tremendous voice
Roars in the thunder, but whose bounty smiles
In the mild radiance of a vernal morn
All-powerful, all-discerning, unconfin'd,
Can see the meanest creature, and protect,
The lowliest reptile. If an earthly Ruler
Hear not the lamentable moan of those
Whom lowliness and penury remove
Far from his view, let weakness and not will
Be charg'd with the defect. But he whose eye
Searches the mazes of the human heart,
Whose arm can from his golden orbit tear
The flaming sun, and hurl him through the sky
Like a bewilder'd meteor, sees and guards
The lightest insect, that on gilded wing
Flits o'er the surface of a summer stream.
He 'mid o'erwhelming grief, will often deign,
With beams of comfort, flashing through the gloom
Of misery, to solace and support
The soul that bears and struggles with affliction.

D

M A R A I N O.

Indeed the succour of reviving hope
 Hath not from me, been chaastly withheld.
 For now with gratitude I well remember,
 Beneath the shade of the preceding night
 When downy sleep, with lenient influence stole
 Soft on my weary sense; that I beheld
 My husband blazing with effulgent beams.
 I rush'd to meet him: but behold! a wide
 Voracious gulf flaming with waves of fire,
 Gap'd, and between us roll'd a furious tide.
 O who can tell what anguish I endur'd,
 When through the livid steam I saw Onaiyo
 Dark with malignant passion, while a fiend
 Urg'd him behind, urg'd him with dire despair,
 To plunge into the deep! He sprung! and safe
 Flew o'er the torrent, that with conscious rage
 Reluctant, and with hideous bellowing clos'd
 Like thunder roaring on a distant hill.
 I wak'd with agitation: and descry'd
 The blush of orient mora. But I descry'd not
 Onaiyo; though my beating heart was full
 Of tender recollection. So I shed
 Some foolish tears and sigh'd, because Onaiyo
 Was not beside me. Yet I know full well
 I should as now, have cherish'd hope, and given
 A kindly welcome to the smiles of peace.

ENTER AN INDIAN.

I N D I A N.

Haste thee, Ononthio: the elders of our tribe
 Thus bid me tell thee—"If thou wouldst defend
 "The pris'ner from destruction, haste thee, save him

From Neidan's fierce and unrelenting rage."

ONONTHIO.

We had determin'd to preserve his life.

I N D I A N.

But Neidan fires the multitude; informs them
That our departed kindsmen slain in battle
Demand a sacrifice: and that this Briton
Alone, can satisfy their thirst of vengeance. [Exit.

ONONTHIO.

He shall not be the victim .

M A R A I N O.

Haste and save him!

Altho' mine own peculiar griets have striven
To sink my soul, yet heaven be prais'd, I still
Have tears of sympathy for those that mourn;
And would administer what aid I can
To the poor sufferer that has no friend. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, *An open space adjoining to the village.*

Sidney in fetters.—Indians along with Neidan, arranged around him, armed with tomahawks.

1st. INDIAN.

Spirits of the dead, that fly!
All athwart the midnight sky,
When the sable-suited night
Bars the western gate of light
And with lamentable wail
Load the intermitting gale.

2d. INDIAN.

By your melancholy groans
Mangled carcases and bones,
That besmear'd with recent gore,
Lie on Hothelega's shore,
Dismembred spirits come
And enjoy the victim's doom.

3d. INDIAN.

Come, my brethren, fierce and grim
Fill the cauldron to the brim:
Fowl in the forest hue,
Cypress, pine and baleful yew,
Till the smoke and smould'ring fire
Round the footy files aspire.

4th. INDIAN.

With a thousand tortures slow
Vary his protracted woe:
Every nerve and every vein
Claims its destin'd dole of pain,

Till the wilds and rocky shore
 Bellow with th' unpitied roar.

5th INDIAN.

Bend th' elastic bow to fly
 With his hairy scalp on high!
 Hither, from the waste of war
 Areskouy, roll thy car!
 Grim with horrible delight,
 Hallow the tremendous rite.

6th. INDIAN.

Blasts that wing the winnow'd air
 Fly! on rapid pinion bear
 Far beyond the billowy main
 Screams of anguish, shrieks of pain!
 Far beyond th' Atlantic deep
 Let his kindred wail and weep.

NEIDAN. [*With threatning gesture
 addressing Sidney.*]

Never, never, never more
 Shalt thou tread on Albion's shore,
 Friends and kindred never see,
 But convuls'd with agony,
 Here 'mid Indian wilds shalt have
 Early, thine unhonour'd grave.

SIDNEY.

Unhonour'd! No! Although an early grave
 May be my doom, think not I die unhonour'd
 True honour cannot be impar'd by mere
 External wrong. That innate principle
 Reigns independent of all force or fraud,
 Invested with th' invulnerable mail
 Of conscious dignity. I scorn your tortures;

Your savage menaces and coward insult:
They speak the language of ignoble vengeance,
And not the true born majesty of valour.

N E I D A N.

But when thine eye-balls shall be wrung with anguish
And the blood boil in thy fermenting veins,
And every quivering limb be rack'd with torment,
Thy haughtiness shall be cast down; thy vaunting
Be chang'd to piteous fervile supplication.

S I D N E Y.

Savage, I vaunt not; but despise your menace.
In Albion born, and conscious of the rights
That give our isle pre-eminence and splendor
Above the nations of the world, I fought
In their behalf, and to preserve the same
Of England unimpair'd. I fought determin'd
To combat every peril that might cross
My undertaking. To have fall'n in battle,
Fall'n with my gallant leader, would have been
A soldier's choice, rather than perish here
By cruel fiends unheard of: but I care not,
Begin your rites: I scorn them; and defy
All that your bloody vengeance can inflict.

N E I D A N. [*Lifting his tomahawk*

Tear him! compel his stubborn heart to yield.

ENTER ONONTHIO AND MARAINO.

ONONTHIO.

Down with that bloody weapon! Ha! my friends
And have I striv'n for many a year in vain
To mitigate the fierceness that hath branded
Our Indian name with infamy?

N E I D A N.

He triumphs
 In our calamity. His hands are red,
 Red with the bloodshed of our friends. They cry
 For speedy retribution.

O N O N T H I O.

Soft a while.
 We have no certain proof that they have perish'd.
 They may return. Perchance they are in bonds.
 We may recover them if we preserve
 This Briton. Leave us then: I would confer
 With him apart; and learn what hath befallen
 Our valiant friends. Retire—

N E I D A N.

But let not pity
 Sheathe thy resentment. If our friends have fallen
 Blood must atone for their lamented death.

[*Exeunt Neidan and Indians.*]

O N O N T H I O.

Unhappy stranger! With unfeign'd compassion
 I greet thee: and beseech thee not to judge
 Too rashly of our friends.

S I D N E Y.

I know them well.

O N O N T H I O.

They are indeed too vehement. They feel
 Too ardently: too ardently relent
 The sufferings of their brethren. Yet their wrath
 Is like the rushing of a mountain blast,

Sudden but soon appeas'd. I trust they know not
The hate that rankles in a vengeful breast.

S I D N E Y.

Too well ere now, I've prov'd their deadly rancour,
When at stilli hour of midnight they surpriz'd
My father's dwelling, barbarously slew
My parents and my infant sister. I
Escap'd their fury: but my heart preserves
Indelible, th' impressions of their rage.

M A R A I N O.

Merciful heaven! and were thy parents slain
By cruel Indians? and hadst thou a sister?
An infant sister?—Wilt thou, gentle stranger
Grant me the boon I crave; and tell me where,
Where was their dwelling?

S I D N E Y.

You appear as if
Th'intelligence concern'd you.

M A R A I N O.

Very nearly:
More nearly than you can suppose. O tell me
Who were thy parents? Where they liv'd? And all
The lamentable story of their death.

S I D N E Y.

My parents
Were born in Britain. In their early days
Fortune had smil'd on them, but soon alas!
With sad reverse she frown'd Gen'rous disdain
To be the constant objects of compassion,
Determin'd them to leave their native land;

A TRAGEDY.

41

And strive by honest industry, elsewhere
To earn a peaceful livelihood. They cross'd
The wide Atlantic: in a woody vale
Lav'd by the Delaware for many a year
Bless'd with success in their unenvied toil
They liv'd, and rear'd their progeny, myself
And my poor helpless sister. But even here
Their fate was adverse.—Cruel fate! O heaven,
Did they deserve their sufferings?

M A R A I N O.

O proceed!
And free me, free me from suspense!

S I D N E Y. [*With emotion, not observing
Maraino.*]

My parents!
Most barbarously massacred! can I
Recal that night of horror, and not feel
My bosom torn with agonizing sorrow?

M A R A I N O.

O direful night! when at the dreary hour
Of midnight, the tremendous yell arose:
My father starting from his sleep, beheld,
By th' hideous light of his own roof in flames
The scouling visages of savage fiends
That yell'd with horrid howling. Dire event!
The earliest image stamp'd on my remembrance
Was that disastrous night!

S I D N E Y.

On thy remembrance!

E

THE INDIANS.

M A R A I N O.

My brother! O my brother! I am thine
 Thy only sister! thy poor sister! then
 Rest of my parents and of thee. But now
 I have recover'd thee!

S I D N E Y.

Thy name?

M A R A I N O.

O Sidney!

You are indeed my brother. Oft I have heard
 'The tale of our disaster; but believ'd
 You too had perish'd.—Holy heav'n! I thank thee!
 My brother lives, lives to protect and guard me!

O N O N T H I O.

She is indeed thy sister. At that time
 So full of horror and distress I sav'd her!

M A R A I N O.

Sav'd me! preserv'd me! with parental care
 Rear'd me!

S I D N E Y.

My sister! and I trace in thee
 The form and lineaments of her that bore thee.
 O long lamented!—but to find thee *here*!

M A R A I N O.

Here with increasing tenderness and care
 Have I been rear'd. That venerable man
 Hath been a father to me, and his son—

A TRAGEDY.

45

SIDNEY.

His son!

MARAINO.

A gentle youth! gallant, yet mild —

SIDNEY.

An Indian!

MARAINO.

O my brother, we grew up
As children of one house. Our infant sports
We shar'd together: and together rang'd
The forest: and if I were weary, he
Would bid his people tarry for me: yield me
What aid he could: and bring me cooling fruits
Or water from the fountain. Would you think it?
I've seen him weep for me, and his cheek glow
With indignation of the grievous wrongs
My infancy had suffer'd. O he is
A gallant youth; valiant, but very gentle—
If you but knew him! knew his noble nature!
Indeed, my brother, he resembles thee!

ENTER NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Our brethren are impatient.

ONONTHIO.

Go, inform them
That I have freed the captive: that you saw me
Loosen his fetters. [He unbinds Sidney.]

THE INDIANS

NEIDAN.

'Tis a ventrous deed.

ONONTHIO.

Inform them that he is my son, the brother
 Of my Onaiyo's spouse; and tell them too
 That ere the radiance of yon golden orb
 Shall blaze upon the western wave, even they
 Shall with affection clasp him in their arms
 Meantime, my children, underneath my roof,
 Shelter'd behind that hill tufted with trees,
 Retire a while: your suff'ring needs some respite.

[*Exeunt Ononthio, Sidney and Maraino.*]

NEIDAN.

Th' insidious daring traitor! 'tis to thwart
 My influence, that his guileful art contrives
 This specious tale.

ENTER YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Neidan you seem incens'd?

NEIDAN.

A dextrous artifice! this captive Briton—
 Would you believe it—is Maraino's brother
 And must be kindly us'd! So says our Sachem,
 Our sage sagacious Sachem!

YERDAL.

More sagacious,
 Perchance than you conceive. Doubtless he deems
 Onaiyo lost; and would maintain his sway,

A TRAGEDY.

45

By an adopted son.

NEIDAN.

In all his projects
It much concerns us to oppose his power.
He is unfriendly to our nation's weal;
Prefers the modes of Europe; would establish
Strange artificial customs, and annul
The laws of our forefathers: nay he scorns,
If I misdeem not, in his heart he scorns
The rites of our religion.

YERDAL.

'Tis no secret:
Thee with derision he regards; contemns
Thy mystic powers, and holds them forgeries
To blind the vulgar. Even his boastful son
Is too much skill'd in European lore,
And treats our worship with audacious insult.

NEIDAN.

And if thy bosom glow with just resentment,
And if thy wrongs rouse thee to vengeful daring,
That arrogant and irreligious boaster
May be compell'd to greet his native shore
With other notes than joyful gratulation.

[Exit.]

ENTER ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

Who is that stranger? And of Albion too
He seem'd by his apparel; who even now
Went hence, and with Maraino?

Y E R D A L.

You observ'd them?

O N A I Y O.

As by a shady path-way, down that hill,
 I came unseen, I spied them. They appear'd
 In earnest conversation. On the stranger
 Maraino hung; and with impatient gaze,
 Nay, even with extacy, devour'd his speech.
 By heaven 'tis strange!—

Y E R D A L.

Did you accost them?

O N A I Y O.

No.

I hasten'd to accost them: and to cheer
 Maraino, as I deem'd, sunk in a tide
 Of overwhelming grief. But griev'd she was not!
 By heav'n, she smil'd! and with assiduous care
 Carefs'd the stranger! Struck, as if a shaft
 Of fire had pierc'd my heart, I paus'd.—They past
 By heav'n 'tis strange!—I follow'd: but return'd
 To learn from you the meaning. Has she heard
 Of my escape?

Y E R D A L.

She has not.

O N A I Y O.

How! believe

Me lost? and smile!

YERDAL. [*Afide.*]

This suits me well. Suspicion
Hath fix'd her talons in his heart.—'Tis well.

O N A I Y O.

What means thy hesitation? Speak, I charge thee;
And on thy life inform me of that stranger.

Y E R D A L.

Good, my brave leader, let not wrath inflame thee.
That youth, and sooth to say, he is a gay
And comely youth, was brought in bondage hither;
And was condemn'd to perish: but thy spouse
Was mov'd with pity—Who would not have pitied
A youth so gallant?—And preserv'd his life.

O N A I Y O.

So gallant! and my spouse preserv'd his life!

Y E R D A L.

He is of Albion too.

O N A I Y O.

Was I forgotten?
Was her solicitude for me so slight?
Her bosom so accessible to pity?—
Perchance to other feelings!—fiends and daemons
Of vengeance hence! Nor with inhuman fangs
Torture my soul.

Y E R D A L.

It were indeed a trespass
Of heinous aggravation, if thy love

And kindness met not with deserv'd requital.

O N A I Y O.

You deem her false then?

Y E R D A L.

Nay, I would not say so.

O N A I Y O.

But you believe it! and I now remember—
I now remember well, at my return
You were embarrass'd, spake with hesitation
I'm wrong'd, by heav'n I'm wrong'd!

Y E R D A L.

Nay, be not rash.

O N A I Y O.

You hinder'd me from meeting with Maraino.
But I will meet with her.

Y E R D A L. [*Endeavouring to hold him.*]

Restrain your fury.

O N A I Y O. [*Bursting from him*]

Away, detain me not! I will have vengeance.
By ev'ry power of heaven, I will have vengeance.
I'll tear the guilty passion from her soul:
And pierce the heart of her base paramour. [*Exit.*]

Y E R D A L.

I must prevent him. Neidan shall pursue,
Lead him astray, and lure him from their course. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, before the Cottage of Inonchio.

ONAIYO, NEIDAN.

Onaiyo seems desirous of entering the Cottage, Neidan strives to prevent him.

ONAIYO.

I will not be restrain'd. This way they came
And here I will have vengeance.

NEIDAN.

Nay, Onaiyo,
Your fiery rage misleads you.

ONAIYO.

As I live,
They are beneath that roof.—Merciful heaven!
Beneath my father's roof! Can that abode
Of purest innocence afford protection
To perfidy and baseness? And must I
Stain the recesses of that blameless mansion
With guilty blood? Bear witness, heav'n and earth
To the reluctance of my just revenge.

NEIDAN.

I will not suffer thee. Wilt thou disquiet
The peace and comfort of thine aged sire?
Enflam'd with jealousy, and mad with anger,
Thus wilt thou rush into his sacred dwelling,

Confound him in thy wrath, and overwhelm him
With horror and astonishment?

O N A I Y O.

I would not :
But that my wrongs compel me. My resentment
Can ne'er be fated but with blood.

N E I D A N.

Thy rashness
Will disappoint thy purpose. While thy rage
Flows out in needless menaces, th' offenders
Escape thy vengeance.

O N A I Y O.

Are they not within
My father's threshold?

N E I D A N.

How your heedless wrath
Mifguides your judgment! Would they choose that man-
As a fit scene for wantonness?—They past, [sion
They sought the shelter of the grove; with speed
They plung'd into the forest; and ere long
May shape their course beyond the utmost search
And vigilance of your pursuit.

ENTER YERDAL.

Y E R D A L.

Onaiyo !
If you would o'ertake Maraino's flight
You lose th' occasion. Through the boundless wild
By unfrequented paths, she and her lover
Elude your tardy chace.

O N A I Y O.

By heav'n they shall not!
 I'll leave no glade no cavern unexplor'd.--
 Guardians of truth and righteous judgment, aid
 And brace mine arm for deeds of just revenge. [Exit.]

Y E R D A L.

How narrowly we escap'd!

N E I D A N.

The time is urgent.
 Your purpose is to bear Maraino hence?
 Have you devis'd the means?

Y E R D A L.

I have. Pretending
 To save her brother, at dead hour of night,
 I will convey them a distant shore.

N E I D A N.

Our captive then escapes? our project fails?
 And our thy Sachem still retains his power?
 If such be thy intent, I cannot aid thee.

Y E R D A L. [*With some confusion.*]

Nay, you miscalculate. Though now he seem
 To leave us, he shall not escape. Believe me,
 I will not frustrate your design.

N E I D A N.

Your schemes
 Are difficult, and lead to th' utmost brink
 Of danger. If Ononthio's guile prevail,
 Your purpose will be baffled. For our tribes

Are soften'd by his arts. They deem this Briton
 The kinsman of Maraino: and even now,
 Shifting and changful, as the flitting breeze,
 They, who, an hour ago, would have condemn'd him
 To ev'ry torment, every varied pain,
 That fury can inflict, would, in their transport
 Of warm affection, clasp him to their hearts.

Y E R D A L.

So very changeful are their miads, that now
 They mean, with customary forms and pledges
 To offer him adoption.

N E I D A N.

Will *he* bear
 An Indian name? will *he* so long accustom'd
 To European softness and refinement
 Consent to live in deserts, and associate
 With those, whom in their arrogant pride,
 His brethren term not only rude, but *savage*?

Y E R D A L.

He will not: and his insolent refusal
 Will kindle hot displeasure. But I've wing'd
 A shaft to fly with surer aim. An Indian,
 One too, who mark'd Onaiyo in the battle,
 School'd in sagacious policy, will come
 With seeming speed: and overwhelm'd and loud
 With clamorous and counterfeited grief,
 Will bring assurance of Onaiyo's death.

N E I D A N.

And so rekindle their extinguish'd wrath?

YERDAL.

Nay more; he shall, as fit occasion offers
 Charge the destruction of our gallant leader
 Upon the captive; and recite a tale
 So trick'd with circumstances, so disguis'd
 With semblance of the truth, and fashion'd so,
 According to Onaiyo's own report,
 As shall impose belief, and rouse to madness
 The fury of our brethren.

NEIDAN.

Then you seize
 That opportunity and waft Maraino,
 Aiding her brother's flight, to some retreat,
 Far from Onaiyo's search?

YERDAL.

And you meanwhile
 Before you follow his misguided step
 To lead him more astray, rest here, and help
 Our present business. What else remains
 I will myself accomplish. [Exit.]

NEIDAN.

Ha! he means
 To save the pris'ner!—Toss'd and whirl'd about
 By his own schemes and passions, he neglects
 Higher concerns; and cares not though the ghosts
 Of our unburied kinsmen cry for vengeance.

Enter from the cottage, Ononthio, Sidney, and Maraino.

ONONTHIO.

Go, Neidan, and inform our honour'd elders

That with due forms, and customary state,
 They hold themselves in readiness, to give
 The calumet of peace, and to receive
 With true affection, as a faithful friend,
 The brother of Maraino.

NEIDAN.

How! a friend!
 Why not a brother? An adopted brother?

ONONTHIO.

Th' adoption may not be: away, inform them
 Of our design. *[Exit Neidan.]*

MARAINO.

Alas! it may not be!
 Bars of eternal hind'rance intervene;
 The limits never can be cross'd; and Sidney
 Can never be adopted, nor become
 The brother of Onaiyo, and thy son.

ONONTHIO.

I cannot urge it; no! it were unjust
 To bid him forfeit Europæan culture,
 The high attainments of instructed reason
 And the embellishments of polish'd life,
 To sojourn in the wilderness. Though we
 Boast of our freedom; and enjoy our share
 Of happiness; for none of nature's children
 Are doom'd to misery; and tho' in the hour
 Of docile infancy, the pliant fibres
 And shoots of human structure, may be bent
 To any form; yet by the lapse of time
 Even minds contract rigid unyielding habits,
 And like the body will not quit their bias.

A TRAGEDY.

55

S I D N E Y.

And therefore, though I feel many a sharp pang
For thee, Maraino; yet I see thee fashion'd
To thy condition: I perceive the chords
That string thy heart, tun'd to the sweetest strain
Of tenderness and love: and would not therefore
Endanger thy pure innocent enjoyment
With change of situation.

M A R A I N O.

Never, never
Would I forsake Onaiyo! Never, never
Forego the kindness of this good old man.

Enter in haste an Indian.

I N D I A N.

Hurons! inhabitants of this retreat,
Lift up the voice of weeping and of woe.

O N O N T H I O.

What means thy dismal out-cry?

I N D I A N.

Honour'd chief!
Alas! I greet thee with no joyful tidings!—

M A R A I N O.

Of my Onaiyo!

I N D I A N.

[To Maraino.]

Though it grieve me fore
To smite thy gentle heart, yet true it is,
That our brave leader is no more!

M A R A I N O.

[Wildly.]

No more!

ONONTHIO.

My child! my child! come to my bosom. Here
 Pour out thy tears, and mingle them with mine.
 Ha! wilt thou not? 'tis right! 'tis very right!
 I cannot comfort thee! no! Never, never!
 Can I know any comfort, but to die! [Exit.

M A R A I N O. [*Gazing wildly.*

No more! Onaiyo lives no more! 'twas sure
 Some hideous phantasy, some direful dream
 That thook it horrors on my soul! no more!
 I'll not believe it! 'tis an arrant falsehood!
 Traitor, thou art suborn'd! and wouldst impose
 On my affliction. Swear Onaiyo died!
 And let each feature of thy tale be stamp'd
 With truth that mocks conjecture.—O my heart!
 You did not say he was no more! you could not
 Be so inhuman. Never to my knowledge
 Have I done injury to thee. Nor would I
 For any the most precious thing on earth,
 Afflict thy heart as thou afflictest mine!
 O pity me! and if thou dost desire
 That heav'n should bless and prosper thee, O tell me,
 And tell me truly, that my husband lives.

I N D I A N.

I cannot: 'mid the fury of the fight
 He perish'd.

S I D N E Y.

Sure you err.

I N D I A N.

Ha! who art thou?

A TRAGEDY.

57

Tear him, and torture him, wring every joint
Till with his life-blood he make expiation.

S I D N E Y.

What expiation?

I N D I A N.

'Twas thy ruthless sword
Pierc'd our Onaiyo.

S I D N E Y.

Nay, 'tis false.

I N D I A N.

I saw thee:
Was with our leader in the heat of battle:
Beheld him press on thee: his arm grew weak:
I saw thine eye flash with indignant ire,
And thy sword lifted to inflict the wound —

M A R A I N O. [*Interrupting him.*]

That made me desolate! that left me here
Poor and forlorn, and helpless, and undone!
O was there none but thee, but thee, my brother!
To shed my husband's blood, and ruin me?

S I D N E Y.

I slew him not.

M A R A I N O. [*With impatience.*]

Who slew him then?

I N D I A N.

His sword
Was lifted to inflict the wound.

G

S I D N E Y.

But spar'd him.

N E I D A N. [*Who had entered, at the time the Indian accused Sidney, and now comes forward from behind.*]

He would impose upon us: it behoves thee,
 By all the tenderness Onaiyo bore thee,
 By all the honour due to his remembrance,
 To avenge his death. Go, Indian, tell Ononthio,
 And tell our brethren if they wish for vengeance
 To speed them hither, that the fullen caitiff
 May suffer as his cruelty, and guile
 In basely daring to deny his guilt,
 In bonds may suffer as his deeds deserve;
 While with uplifted arm Onaiyo's spouse
 Shall cleave his stubborn heart. [*Exit Indian.*]

M A R A I N O.

Must I perform

The desperate deed?

N E I D A N. [*Giving her a tomahawk.*]

Grasp the tremendous steel!
 Nor hesitate: nor let misgiving fear
 Render thee weak.—Did not Onaiyo love thee?
 Nay, dote on thee? With adoration held thee
 In excellence supreme?—And now his blood
 The life-blood gushing from his bosom cleft
 With cruel wounds, to thee, with dire regard,
 Cries for revenge. Lift the tremendous steel.
 Be resolute. Avenge thy husband's death!

M A R A I N O.

And slay my brother?

NEIDAN.

Thy husband's murderer.

MARAINO. [*Casting away the tomahawk.*]

Away! away! I will not slay my brother!
I cannot shed a brother's blood—Although
A cruel brother hath he been to me!

NEIDAN.

Onaiyo's death requires swift retribution.

RE-ENTER ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

Begone! begone! who speaks of retribution?
I am Onaiyo's father. It behoves
Me of all others to require atonement.

NEIDAN.

Behold the spoiler of our hero's life!

ONONTHIO.

Have I not heard that he denies the charge?
Retire till I have question'd him.

NEIDAN.

Beware

Of his insidious craft.

[*Exit.*]

ONONTHIO. [*First to Neidan, then to
Sidney.*]

I pray thee go—
Now, stranger, now have pity on my woe,

Nor look inflexible with fullen sternets,
 But deign to hear and answer me. O scorn not
 The supplication of a poor old man.

S I D N E Y.

By heav'n I would not injure—I revere thee!

O N O N T H I O.

I had an only son, a gallant boy,
 The pride and comfort of my feeble age:
 And if you slew him, 'twas a piteous deed!
 A deed that soon will drag my aged head
 With sorrow to the grave. But if he live
 And by thy clemency, may heav'n reward thee
 With ev'ry blessing. Pity my affliction!
 Tell me, O tell me, is my son alive?

S I D N E Y.

May heav'n so help me in my utmost need
 As I believe thy son is yet alive.

O N O N T H I O.

The ground of thy belief? tell! and relieve me!

S I D N E Y.

Amid the tumult and the rage of battle,
 An Indian leader, and of valour rare
 Among th' undisciplin'd and roaming tribes
 That range the forest, charg'd me, and became
 My captive. Though our time could not admit
 Of tedious parley; yet in brief he told me
 " He had an aged father, and a spouse,
 " And that their lives were knit with his." His valour
 Had claim'd my admiration: and the freedom,

The manly confidence of his discourse
 Won my sincere affection. "Go," I said,
 "Comfort thy parent, and protect thy spouse."
 I thought no more of him, but kept this belt [*Shewing*
~~Given~~ me as he departed. *a wampum belt.*

M A R A I N O.

Ha! that belt!
 The work of mine own hands, my husband lives!
 My brother has preserv'd my husband's life!—
 Gave thee that belt!

S I D N E Y.

And earnestly entreated
 I would preserve it as a true memorial
 Of his unfeign'd esteem.

M A R A I N O.

Wond'rous event?
 Who would have thought when by th' Acafia tree
 Diffusing fragrance from its snowy blooms,
 I curiously with beads and mottled shells,
 The wampum belt for my Onaiyo wove;
 Blent in rare symmetry the various hues
 The white, the scarlet, and the sky-worn blue,
 And said, "This braid will be a braid of love
 "To bind affectionate and tender hearts,"
 Who could have thought it would have gain'd the pow-
 To bind in love my husband and my brother? [*er*
 Surely some gentle Spirits then were by,
 Heard me, and smil'd, and bless'd the pleasing task.

O N O N T H I O.

My child! be ever studious of thy duty

And of becoming deeds. The fair effect
 May far out-go the ken of bold conjecture;
 And reach enjoyment more supreme than hope
 Tranc'd in estatic vision ever fancied.

ENTER YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Fly! fly, Ononthio; and preserve the captive
 From imminent destruction. Furious rage
 Enflames our brethren. They have heard Onaiyo
 Perish'd beneath his arm.

MARAINO.

Tell them he lives!
 My brother sav'd my husband's life! inform them.

YERDAL.

It were in vain: you might as soon command
 The Northern tempest, when he plows our lake
 Down to its nethermost abyss, to rein
 His fury and be calm: as quell their rage
 Rous'd even to frenzy.

ONONTHIO.

Till their wrath subside
 We will retire.

YERDAL.

And in the secret cave
 Fast by the lake, you may a while conceal
 The stranger from their fury. I meantime
 Will strive to mollify their ire.

M A R A I N O.

Good Yerdal

Use all thy lenient power of soft persuasion
As often heretofore, with winning speech
And soul subduing energy, I've seen thee
Sway the tumultuous multitude : go soothe,
And mitigate the violence of their anger:
Sure that if my endeavour e'er can meet
Thy wishes, I will serve thee.

[Exeunt Maraino, Cnonthio Sidney.]

Y E R D A L.

Kindly spoken !

With phrase well set, and very courteous accent!
But these I must not now regard: the time
Requires the speed of rapid execution.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE, a wild recess by the Lake. A canoe at a little distance.

YERDAL AND INDIAN MEETING.

INDIAN.

I have obey'd thee. Neidan comes anon:
But seems in wild disorder.

YERDAL.

How! disorder?

INDIAN.

Amid a dreary dell, where scatter'd trees,
Scath'd by the livid lightning, spread their bare
And half burnt branches, his dishevel'd locks
Sigh'd to the passing breeze. And muttering accents
Uncouth, and incoherent, he appear'd
As if he held strange parley with th' unseen
And shrieking spirits of the night. He comes. *Exit.*

ENTER NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Yerdal, be wary. Danger like a snake
Of fascinating eye, and swell'd with poison
Lies in thy path. Daemons and fiends conspire
To work thy ruin.

YERDAL.

Let not terror move thee
To mar my purpose.

A TRAGEDY.

65

N E I D A N.

Fiery spirits glare
Athwart the wild. Howlings and shrieks of woe
And voices more than mortal in mid-air
Threaten events of most tremendous issue.

Y E R D A L.

The fictions of thy fear.

N E I D A N.

Even now the moon
Labour'd with awful jeopardy in heaven.
Scarce had she risen in lucid robe array'd
And pour'd upon the grove a flood of light
When a foul monster, like a dragon, spread
O'er half the welkin, and approach'd with wide
Voracious jaw to swallow her reluctant
And struggling with his fury. Darkness then
Ensu'd, and then a dreary blast that froze
My very heart with dread.

Y E R D A L.

I too beheld
The fancied conflict. But the lucid orb
Burst through the vapour: and even now ascends
Unclouded in serene and silent state.
Away then with thy omens: they concern not
Me more than others. Tell me of Onaiyo.

N E I D A N.

Far through the pathless wilderness he roams;
Imprecates vengeance on his faithless spouse;
And vows infuriate, in her lover's breast,
To plunge his trusty steel.

H

YERDAL.

'Tis well. Observe him;
 And let him not come nigh this lone recess:
 For if he once held converse with Maraino,
 My scheme were baffled.

NEIDAN.

This decisive hour
 I deem, will ratify his fate—or thine. [Aside.

YERDAL.

Behold my fleet canoe. Ere noon of night,
 I shall have left the shore.

NEIDAN.

Maraino carries.

YERDAL.

She will be here anon. I but delay
 Our going hence, till from Ononchio's care
 And fond officious vigilance, I part her.

NEIDAN.

Th' attempt is hazardous.

YERDAL.

And is it thus,
 With timid indecision, you would blast
 Ononchio's power.

NEIDAN.

The prisoner escapes!

YERDAL.

Although he should, will not our project tend

A TRAGEDY.

64

To the fulfilment of your hearts desire!
 Maraino's flight deem'd guilty, and the rage
 Or madness of Onaiyo, will o'erwhelm
 Ononchio with despair.—You dare not now
 Recede or hesitate. You have promoted
 Onaiyo's jealousy. Or will you venture
 To tell him 'twas a fiction?—a device
 To poison his repose?

NEIDAN. *[Partly aside.*

He hath ensnar'd me.

YERDAL.

I hear the noise of trampling feet: withdraw.

[Exit Neidan.

Enter Ononchio, Sidney and Maraino. Yerdal having gone up the stage, is at a little distance.

ONONCHIO.

How calm and placid is this solemn scene!
 The moon from her high tabernacle bright
 With burnish'd silver, looks directly down
 On the smooth bosom of th' unruffled lake
 That far and wide reflects the radiant blaze.
 How calm and how serene that azure sky!

MARAINO.

Calm and serene as thy untroubled breast,
 Ononchio, dimm'd by no malignant passion
 No grov'ling wish, or unbecoming thought
 But purified with love to all mankind;
 And tranquiliz'd with steady confidence
 In th' everlasting spirit.

ONONTHIO.

Every blessing

Befal my child ! it were indeed most churlish
 To scorn the applause of thy unblemish'd truth.—
 The native approbation of a heart
 Like thine untainted, is a pleasing note
 That sounds in unison with th' inward sense
 Of conscious good intention : or replying
 To that assuasive melody. It seems
 A balmy gale blown from those blissful isles,
 Where, after death, the virtuous shall receive
 The happy recompence of every toil.

YERDAL.

[*Advancing.*]

Well met, Ononchio. In this lone recess,
 Shelter'd with wood, and cavern'd rocks, and lav'd
 By the still water of the Huron lake,
 Maraino and her brother may enjoy
 An interval of rest, till my canoe,
 Duly prepar'd, waft them in safety hence.

ONONTHIO.

Maraino too?

YERDAL.

It will afford her joy
 To share so long a brother's conversation.
 Before the noontide of another day
 She will return. Besides, my bosom augurs
 With very strange, but glad anticipation,
 That in our course we may with blyth encounter
 Meet our expected chief. Meantime thy sage
 And grave authority must interpose
 To calm the rage of our impetuous friends.

A TRAGEDY.

69

O N O N T H I O.

[*To Sidney.*]

Now peace attend thee, stranger, soon, I trust,
In other guise, when bloody-minded war
Tires of his pastime, thou again will visit
These wilds and thy Maraino. Now, farewell!

S I D N E Y.

Ne'er shall th' impression of thy gen'rous worth
Be from my faithful heart effac'd. Farewell!

[*Exeunt Ononthis and Yerdal.*]

M A R A I N O.

May heav'n preserve him!

S I D N E Y.

He indeed deserves
Every requital of unfeign'd affection.
Yet pity it is such merit should be lost
Amid this savage wild; nor have the aid
Of European culture; those improvements
That mend the heart, and dignify our nature.

M A R A I N O.

In truth my brother, I cannot but marvel
At your regret. Think you that in the wild
Amid the shades and silence of retirement
Virtue may not be prov'd and have a field
For exercise? I marvel much your schools
Have not inform'd you, that true piety,
From proud philosophy needs little aid,
But may in ev'ry place be known and practis'd:
And what should mend or dignify our nature
But virtue and true piety, I know not.

THE INDIANS

SIDNEY.

Nor am I lefs surpris'd to hear from thee
Discourfe fo little fuited to thy ftate.

MARRAINO.

The fage Ononthio has not gain'd the honours
Of reverend age without much intercourfe
With ftrangers, both from Britain and from Gall,
And all the ftore of wifdom reap'd from them
He ever earnestly and with affection
To me imparted. Many a fummer's even
'Mid the recesses of a woody dell,
Have I with rapture liften'd to his lore.

SIDNEY.

He is no alien then to the belief
Profefs'd in Chriftendom.

MARRAINO.

Be well affur'd
An upright mind ftain'd by no bafe defire,
Nor apt to be inflam'd with fiery rage,
Or dimm'd with envious rancour; but inclin'd
To deeds of mercy and of love; and glowing
With kind affection; patient ftill; and free
From prideful arrogance, or vain conceit;
And lifted above earthly things with hope
Of joy untainted in a life to come;
With fymphathetic extacy will yield
Obedience and due homage to that Teacher
Who with fupreme authority enjoins
A correfponding conduct.

A TRAGEDY.

71

S I D N E Y.

I could listen
For ever to thy pleasing speech, unlike
The difficult and harsh conceits, that oft,
Too oft in Europe, vested with parade
Of knowledge, force from th' unper-suaded mind
A cold reluctant semblance of belief.

M A R A I N O.

Some other time, unless the joyful hopes
That now give comfort to my soul deceive me,
The theme we may resume. For now thy toils
Require some pause: and that umbrageous bank
Cushion'd with leaves and yellow moss invites
To soft repose.

S I D N E Y.

Even so, 'till Yerdal come;
And as the time wears; if I deem aright,
His coming will be speedy. [Exit.

M A R A I N O.

Guard his rest!
Spirits of peace and comfort! And may I
Soon welcome my Onaiyo! Soon receive him
Returning safe from bloody strife and peril.
O should he now arrive! And meet my brother!
Renew their friendship!—What delight! What dream
Of fancied happiness! Yet Yerdal said
It might be so.—O at this precious hour,
Beneath the silent moon-beam, while the lake
Sleeps placid as an infant's rest; should now
His glancing oar at intervals arise
And cut the glassy surface!—Sure I heard

The dashing sound! I'll hasten to the rock!
 O should I now descry and meet Onaiyo! [Exit.

ENTER ONAIYO:

ONAIYO.

Ye know ye everlasting fires, that cheer,
 With conscious brilliancy, the vault of night;
 Ye lights of heav'n, that oft beheld us range
 The grove or valley; how sincere the love
 I bore Maraino! this sequester'd nook
 That with a heart fore smitten and afflicted,
 I now revisit sorrowful, hath seen us
 Pass many a blissful hour! * Ha! Have I found thee?

* *Discovering Sidney in the adjoining recess.*

Impious seducer! Now for deep revenge!

While Onaiyo goes forward as about to kill Sidney, Neidan enters from behind.

NEIDAN.

Ha!—And by heav'n 'tis well!—He stays the caitif.—
 But what unnerves thine arm? Let not dismay
 Arrest the righteous doom. He cannot harm thee.

ONAIYO.

Away! away! 'tis monstrous! direful fiends
 Conspire to ruin me! The very braid
 I gave him in the fight!

NEIDAN.

Can he resist?
 Sleep overpowers him: seize the lucky time;

A TRAGEDY.

93

O N A I Y O.

The deed were horrible! He! gracious heav'n!
He rescu'd and preserv'd me from destruction!

N E I D A N.

He is thine adversary.

O N A I Y O.

My deliverer!

N E I D A N.

Hath he not rest thee of thy spouse's love?

O N A I Y O.

He might have slain me—but preserv'd my life!

N E I D A N.

He rather chose to load thee with dishonour.

O N A I Y O.

Injur'd by my deliverer!

N E I D A N.

A seducer.

O N A I Y O.

Away! nor urge me to the deed! begone!

N E I D A N.

'Tis to preserve thee from reproach.

O N A I Y O.

Avaunt!

!

Vile tempter hence.—

NEIDAN.

A thousand curses blast thee. [*Exit.*]

ONAIYO.

Injur'd by my deliverer! requited
 With foul disgrace by her whom I ador'd
 Congenial spirit! that from th' early dawn
 Of life hast been my guardian and my guide.
 Thou shalt not blush for me, nor with disdain
 Abandon me: yet I will perpetrate
 A deed of horror. Shall Onnaiyo live
 Dishonour'd? No, Maraino shall behold me
 Weltering in gore. Her lover too shall know
 I scorn'd insidiously to shed his blood;
 But scorn'd to live dishonour'd.

RE-ENTER MARAINO.

MARAINO.

Ha! my love!
 Onaiyo! my Onaiyo lives! My love!

ONAIYO.

O that I were, Maraino! but alas!

MARAINO.

What means thy strange demeanour, and that look
 Of wild aversion?

ONAIYO.

Hence, for ever leave me!

MARAINO.

Leave thee, Onaiyo!

O N A I Y O.

With thy lover go!

M A R A I N O.

He is my brother!

O N A I Y O.

False deceiver hence!

M A R A I N O.

Save me! my brother!

ENTER SIDNEY.

S I D N E Y. [*Advancing to Onaiyo.*]

Who would do thee wrong?

O N A I Y O.

Briton, observe me; 'mid the rage of battle,
 Thy sword was lifted to destroy my life:
 But smote not. Then in sooth I held myself
 Indebted to thy clemency. But now,
 I render thee thy gift: I will not live
 Beholden to thee. Take my life erewhile
 Forfeited to thy prowess.

S I D N E Y.

Gallant youth!

I honour'd thee:—still honour thee.

O N A I Y O.

Yet taint

Th' affections of my spouse?

THE INDIANS.

SIDNEY.

By heav'n I'm wrong'd!
 From th' imputation of so foul a trespass
 My heart recoils with horror. You behold me
 The brother of your spouse.

ONAIYO.

The proof?

SIDNEY.

I've said so.—

Would you have farther proof? Concerning thee
 What other evidence did I require
 When with brief parley 'mid the strife of battle
 You told me your condition! No, Onaiyo,
 Your faith I never question'd.

ONAIYO.

Noble youth!

Even in thy outward portraiture and frame
 And manly lineaments, I might have scann'd
 Thy inborn dignity of soul. Maraino!
 Wilt thou forgive me?

MARAINO.

How! forgive thee! no!
 I'll not forgive thee: never will forgive thee!
 Forgiveness would suppose offence. And how
 Hast thou offended? By excess of love!
 If that be guiltiness, O precious guilt!
 O still be guilty; and I'll still forgive,

SIDNEY. [*While Onaiyo and Maraino embrace*]

Sweet reconciliation! beautiful child
 Of rashness and of love, that weeps delighted,
 And on the gentle bosom of forgiveness

A TRAGEDY.

77

Covers its blushing face, and weeps, and sheds
The kindly dew that nourishes affection.

ENTER ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

My son!

ONAIYO.

My honour'd sire!

ONONTHIO.

Restor'd to me
From direful danger!

ONAIYO.

More alarming danger
Than in the shock of battle, hath assail'd me
Since my return.

ONONTHIO.

Th' invidious Yerdal, fir'd
With horrid frenzy, as I've learn'd from Neidan
Who now professing penitance, abjures him;
Strove, like the serpent of our wilds to sting thee.

ONAIYO.

Strove more maliciously: that venom'd reptile
Gives warning of his vengeance; sounds th' alarm
Of deadly rage. But Yerdal's fell device
Was artfully disguis'd; and wore the semblance
Of faithful friendship.

ENTER NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Save thee! save thy life

Onaiyo! Yerdal with insatiate fury
Pursues thee.

ENTER YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Go! thou miserable wizard!
Hence! with thy false perfidious tale; Go, hide thee
Amid the wilderness: nor henceforth dare
Visit the haunts of social life: thy spite
Merits another doom: but that thy baseness
Saves thee from bloody vengeance. [*Exit Neidan.*]

ONAIYO. [*Advancing to him.*]

You reserve
That doom for me; and come no doubt, to prove
Your manhood by my death.

YERDAL.

I come to tell thee
And without subterfuge, or mean disguise,
I hate, and I abhor thee.

ONAIYO.

Fair return
For confidence and unsuspecting faith!
To thee my heart was open. No reserve
Lock'd up the secrets of my soul from thee:
Nor was there any form of menac'd ill,
However desperate and full of danger,
I would not at thy bidding, and for thee
Have freely combated. Yet, thy return!—
It shames me Yerdal, to express before thee
The baseness of thy trespass; for 'tis worse,

A T R A G E D Y.

79

Far worse than the resentment, that a sense
Of wrong provokes: and yet thou can'st not say
I ever wrong'd thee.

Y E R D A L.

Wrong'd me! Shallow reasoner!
Who speaks of wrong?—Was I to bear thy vain
And arrogant presumption? Or to join
In th' acclamation of the senseless crowd
T' exalt and homage *thee*!—homage Onaiyo!
Vile prostitution! No! Was I to quench
The strong desires and wishes of my soul
In deference to thine! and be beholden
To thee for condescension! I would scorn
Life on the mean condition.

O N A I Y O.

If I've gain'd
The favour of our kinsmen; 'tis by striving,
With unaffected, unremitting zeal
To render them due service. Or if blest
To th' utmost height of my desire, I've won
Maraino's tender heart, it is by love,
As pure and as unchangeable as e'er
Glow'd in a youthful bosom. Were I given
To proud presumption, as thy charge implies,
I would not now regard thee. But I lov'd thee:
And honour'd thee: and little, little deem'd
That had I wrong'd thee, as I ne'er have done,
Thou would'st have sought mean vengeance, rather than
With bold avowal of thy soul's desire,
Whether from love or from ambition sprung,
Vent undisguis'd resentment.

THE INDIANS

YERDAL.

Now the bold
 And undisguis'd avowal of my hatred
 Shall cleave thy heart; while thus— [*Endavouring to
 stab him.*]

M A R A I N O. [*Falling on Ononthis.*]

My husband dies!

O N A I Y O. [*Having seiz'd the dagger,
 and stabb'd him.*]

Perish, perfidious fiend!

Y E R D A L. [*Having fallen.*]

Thine arm prevails!

Thy destiny prevails! and now I scorn
 To live and see thee blest'd. Although my soul
 When bound and prison'd in these limbs hath felt
 Reluctant and unnatural compulsion,
 To yield thee defiance and extorted praise;
 Free and unshackled from this vile condition
 I trust I shall have vengeance. I will haunt
 Thy rest with hideous phantoms, and appall
 Thy heart with horror. Live, and be accurs'd!
 For me, I die! and with my parting breath,
 As with the pestilence's noxious steam,
 Would blast thee! [*Dies.*]

M A R A I N O.

Powers of mercy and of truth!
 Ye interpos'd; and when the rav'ning steel
 Was rais'd against my husband's life, the traitor
 Fell by my husband's arm: O now avert
 His vengeful imprecation.

A TRAGEDY.

81

O N O N T H I O.

Hapless youth!

I pity thee! Blear envy dimm'd thy reason;
Tainted thy soul with bitterness; pour'd rancour
Into the golden vessel of thy heart;
And all thy kind affections turn'd to gall.
Envy, foul fiend! whose dusky wings distill
Corrosive dews on the shy, fearful bud
Of merit unassur'd; that scarcely dares
Unfold its delicately-tinctur'd hue
Even to the vernal ray! far be thy flight,
And baneful intercourse from those I love!
But still may kindness, gentleness and truth,
Preserve their lives serene!

S I D N E Y.

Forever just,
Heav'n lays revengeful malice in the dust,
With infamy deserv'd, and dire defeat
Confounds the purposes of base deceit:
But will all those, who would obtain success
By virtuous efforts, still preserve and bless,

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BERNARD

“INDIANS! rude Indians! *mer-savage elves!*
“He should have given us creatures like ourselves;
“He should have copied Nature, and have shewn
“Tempers and dispositions like our own.”

So says a Critic: but with defence due
Our bard appeals from his award to you:
He pleads not guilty, says he has not err'd;
And trusts that his defences may be heard:
Nay he maintains that he has fully shewn
Tempers and dispositions like your own.

Th' Indian encounters danger, laughs at fear;
Sure we have lines of strong resemblance here;
Th' Indian loves liberty, and will be free:
And so have Britons been, and still will be.
Our Indian chief too has a generous breast
By nature's loveliest signatures imprest;
And burns with ardor for the public weal;
And serves his nation with a patriot's zeal.
The tenderest passion too, his bosom warms
With all love's sweet and exquisite alarms
Charm'd by the magic power of female merit,
Modest allurements, gentleness of spirit,
Manners unblemish'd, unaffected ease,
The power to govern, but the wish to please:
Th' ingenuous air, the sweet expressive face;
Charm'd by an English girl's bewitching grace,
Throbbings unbidden, sighings half-suppress'd,
The native language of a kindred breast;
The fault'ring accent, and impassion'd eyes,
Announce how faithfully ye sympathize.

And yet it must be own'd, that in one feature
There is no correspondence in your nature.
You've seen a spiteful and malicious heart
Goaded with passion, practise wicked art,

EPILOGUE.

To persecute the guiltless and prepare
For unsuspecting truth, th' insidious snare.
But English spirits candid still, and just;
And kind to those that in their candor trust:
Scorn the base thought to injure or deceive,
And with indulgence graciously receive——
So pleads with beating heart our bumble bard—
Th' attempt by worthy means to merit their regard.
With this exception, and with deference due
He leaves the judgment of his cause to you.

