CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.
A Roman must not be a Romans Lord.
He's master of himself whilst master of his Sw.
His Sword was allways Drawn for Liberty.
Nor must be Sheath'd Untill Its Masters free.
He Conquers Falling and Triumphing Dyes.
And Cesar Views his End with Envious Eye.

See with what Glorious Scorn the Cheife Disdains.
To Save his life and link his Country's Chaines.
Pent up in Utica and Remote from home.

That's a Roman the Excluded Rome.
Wh his sech his Soul all Servile Acts Abhor'd.
CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane,

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. ADDISON.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malis fortunae compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchriori, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fratris, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erexitum. Sen. de Divin. Prov.

LONDON:

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PROLOGUE

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

To wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
    To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
    Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
    Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
    And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author sauns by vulgar Springs to move
    The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
    And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more generous Cause,
    Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:

He
PROLOGUE

He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from Britislh Eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato Thought, and God-like Cato Was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n it Self surveys;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?

Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caesar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly Vain, and impotently Great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State;
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye;
The World's great Victor past unheeded by;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's Sword.

Britains attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd,
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation, and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense your selves, Assert the Siege,
Be justly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.
Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

C A T O.
Lucius, a Senator.
Sempronius, a Senator.
Juba, Prince of Numidia.
Syphax, General of the Numidians.
Portius, sons of Cato.
Marcus, sons of Cato.
Decius, Ambassador from Caesar.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, Daughter to Cato.
Lucia, Daughter to Lucius.

Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Porter.

SCENE a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

CATO
C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Por. The Dawn is over-cast, the Morning low're,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, th' important Day, big with the Fate
Of Cato and of Rome. — Our Father's Death.
Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And close the Scene of Blood. Already Caesar
Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battels, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steady Temper, Portius,
Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and Caesar,
In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy;
I'm tortured, ev'n to Madness, when I think
On the proud Victor: ev'ry time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my View — I see

Th' In-
Th' Insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
Straw'd with Rome's Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood.
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen Curfe,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man
Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious Greatness,
And mixt with too much Honour to be envy'd:
How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness!
His Sufferings shine, and spread a Glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and Rome.
His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head;
Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a World, a base degenerate World,
That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to Caesar?
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor Epitome of Roman Greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian Guards, directs
A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
Remnants of mighty Battels fought in vain.
By Heav'n's, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
Distraet my very Soul: Our Father's Fortune
Wou'd almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us:
The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors;
Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
Loft and bewild'rd in the fruitless Search;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.
Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease:
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the Griefs
That wring my Soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus calmly.
Passion unpity'd, and successless Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Grieves. Were but my Lucia kind! —

Por. Thou seest not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper.

Now, Marcus, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof:
Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:
To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
On this weak Side, where most our Nature fails,
Would be a Conquest worthy Cato's Son.

Marc. Portius, the Council which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my Weakness.
Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or loft
In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness:
'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Puls
I feel it here: My Resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince!
With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,
And breaks the Fiercenes of his Native Temper
To copy out our Father's bright Example.
He loves our Sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him.
When most it swells and labours for a Vent,
The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's Heir
Reproach great Cato's Son, and show the World

B 2
A Virtue wanting in a Roman Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings behind 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy generous Temper well;
Flitg but the Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It freights takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Sufferings claim a Brother's Pity.

Por. Heaven knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in Tears?
Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling Cares and friendly Sorrow?

Por. O Marcus, did I know the Way to ease
Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of Friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells.
With sudden Gushes, and Sinkes as soon in Calms,
The Sport of Passions———-But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this Softness hanging on me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Sempronius solus.

Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my Heart.

Sempronius, Portius.

Semp. Good Morrow Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-Morrow shou'd we thus express our Friendship,
Each might receive a Slave into his Arms:

That
This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman Liberty.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall his little Roman Senate,
(The Leavings of Philaretia) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her Gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the World to Cæsar.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of Rome
Can raise her Senate more than Cato's Presence.
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Would but thy Sister Marcella be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows: I might be blest indeed!

Por. Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of Love
To Marcella, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of thy Race
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The World has all its Eyes on Cato's Son.
Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shews thee in the fairest point of Light,
To make thy Virtues or thy Faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour—I'll straight away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate, to weigh th' Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life.
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

[Exit.

Sem-
C A T O.

Sempronius solus.

Curse on the Stripling! how he Ape's his Sire?
Ambitiouslytententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian Genius
Is well disposed to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurred,
And every Moment quickned to the Course.
Cato has used me ill: He has refused
His Daughter Marcia to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruined Cause
Are Bar to my Ambition: Caesar's Favour,
That shou'd down Greatness on his Friends, will raise me
To Rome's first Honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But Syphax comes!

SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. — Sempronius, all is ready,
I've founded my Numidians, Man by Man,
And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: They all
Complain aloud of Cato's Discipline,
And wait but the Command to change their Master.

Semp. Believe me, Syphax, there's no Time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Caesar's active Soul,
With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
From War to War: In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
He bound's o'er all, victorious in his March,
The Alpes and Pyreneans sink before him;
Through Winds, and Waves, and Storms, he works his way;
CATO.

Impatient for the Battel: One Day more
Will set the Victor thundring at our Gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still wou'd recommend thee more to Caesar,
And challenge better Terms——

Syph. —— Alas! he's loof,
He's loof, Sempronius; all his Thoughts are full
Of Cato's Virtues——But I'll try once more
(For ev'y Infant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles
Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian Temper,
And struck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive.
Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death,
Would give up Africk into Caesar's Hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern
Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion (tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my Country,
And mouth at Caesar till I shake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocrisie's a stale Device,
A worn-out Trick: Wouldst thou be thought in Earnest?
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct Grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African Deceit!

Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy Skill on Juba.
Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman Soldiers,
Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in Haste:
O think what anxious Moments pass between

The
C A T O.

The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fillet'd up with Horror, all, and big with Death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and closes our Design.

[Exit.

Syphax solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
This head-strong Youth, and make him (turn at Cato.
The Time is short, Cesar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy Looks are fall'n,
O'er-cast with gloomy Cares, and Discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
Nor carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
When Discontent sits heavy on my Heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous Terms
Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?
Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before 'em,
And own the Force of their Superior Virtue?
Is there a Nation in the Wilds of Affrick,
Amidst our barren Rocks and burning Sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman Name?

Syph. Gods! where's the Worth that sets this
Above your own Numidia's tawny Sons!
Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow?
Or flies the Javelin swifter to its Mark,
Launch’d from the Vigour of a Roman Arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand?
Or guide’s in Troops th’ embattled Elephant,
Loaden with War? These, these are Arts, my Prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
Perfections that are placed in Bones and Nerves.
A Roman Soul is bent on higher Views:
To civilize the rude unpolish’d World,
And lay it under the Restraint of Laws,
To make Man mild and sociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With Wisdom, Discipline, and liberal Arts;
Th’ Embellishments of Life: Virtues like these
Make Human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience kind Heav’ns! — Excuse an old Man’s warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing Arts,
This Roman Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
That render Man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
To set our Looks at variance with our Thoughts,
To check the Stands and Sallies of the Soul,
And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue;
In short, to change us into other Creatures
Than what our Nature and the Gods design’d us?

Jub. To strike thee Dumb: Turn up thy Eyes to Cato!
There mayst thou see to what a Godlike Height
The Roman Virtues lift up mortal Man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
He’s still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
And when his Fortune sets before him all

Cato

The
The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Sypb. Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian Deserts
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
Amidst the running Stream he flakes his Thirst,
Toil's all the Day, and at th' approach of Night
On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Fub. Thy Prejudices, Sypbax, won't discern
What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
Look down on Pleasures and the Baits of Sense;
Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestic in his Griefs, like Cato?
Heav'n's, with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He Triumphs in the midst of all his Sufferings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon him!

Sypb. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul:
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your Royal Father thought so highly
Of Roman Virtue, and of Cato's Cause,
He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaught'r'd Army now have lain
On Africk's Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of Numidia.

Fub. Why do'lt thou call my Sorrows up afresh?
My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Sypb. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's ills!
CATO.

Fub. What won'dst thou have me do?
Sypb. Abandon Cato.
Fub. Syphax, I shou'd be more than twice an Orphan
By such a Loss.
Sypb. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. Marcia's Charms
Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Fub. Syphax, your Zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Least it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.
Sypb. Sir, your great Father never used me thus.
Alas, he's Dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature,
The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last Farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear sad Remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my Soul.
The good old King, at parting, wrung my Hand,
(His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then sighing cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my Son!—his Grief
Swell'd up so high he cou'd not utter more.
Fub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul.
That best of Fathers! how shall I discharge
The Gratitude and Duty, which I owe him!
Sypb. By laying up his Councils in your Heart.
Fub. His Councils bade me yield to thy Directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest Terms,
Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flie's o'er its Surface.
Sypb. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.
Fub. I do believe thou wou'dst; but tell me how?
Sypb. Fly from the Fate that follows Caesar's Foes.
Fub. My Father scorn'd to do't.
Sypb. And therefore dy'd.
C A T O.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
    Than wound my Honour.
    Syph. Rather say your Love.
Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
    I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
    Syph. Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer Love.
But easy to divert and break its Force:
    Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of Zama's Royal Court
    Have Faces flush with more exalted Charms.
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
    Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
    The pale unripen'd Beauties of the North.
Jub. 'Tis not a Sett of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire.
    Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
    Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her Sex:
    True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms
    With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom, and
Sanctity of Manners. Cato's Soul
    Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles
    Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
    Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.
    Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praise?
But on my Knees I beg you wou'd consider——

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is't not she!—— She moves this Way:
    And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair Daughter,
    My Heart beats thick—— I prithee Syphax leave me.
    Syph.
Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this Woman with a single Glance
Undo, what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[Exit.

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Jub. Hail charming Maid, how does thy Beauty smooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me;
And for a while forget th' Approach of Caesar.

Mar. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my Presence
Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While, warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe,
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battel!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Marc. My Prayers and Wishes always shall attend
The Friends of Rome, the glorious Cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the Gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Marc. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll soften to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with Cato's Virtue;
If e're I lead them to the Field, when all
The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, Then will I think on Thee!
And, in the shock of charging Hosts, remember
What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
For Marcia's Love.

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe:
How cou'd you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an Air,
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honest Soul
Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms?

Mar. How, Lucia, wou'dst thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's Life's at Stake?
Caesar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head:
Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
Who have so many Griefs to try its Force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her lowest Mould,
Enseebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love, by turns, oppress my Heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy Cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired Distress;
Tell me who rais'd up this Conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's Brothers, and the Sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's Eyes:
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me.
But tell me, whose Address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither—

And
And yet for both——The Youths have equal Share
In Marcia's Wishes, and divide their Sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's Choice?
Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my Esteem,
But in my Love——Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.
Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother?
Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, cou'd you blame my Choice?
O Portius, thou hast stole away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tenderness he loves!
And breath's the softest, the sincerest Vows!
Complacenc, and Truth, and manly Sweetness
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his Thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
Have so much Earnestness and Passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of Dread,
And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.
Mar. Alas poor Youth! how can't thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,
He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
And thinks and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy Youth! how will thy Coldness raise
Tempels and Storms in his afflicted Bosom!
I dread the Consequence——
Luc. You seem to plead
Against your Brother Portius——
Mar. Heav'n forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful Lover,
The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.
Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success.
Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
Nor show which Way it turns. So much he fears

The
CATO.

The sad Effects, that it would have on Marcus:

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Despair,
But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments?

Luc. Alas, too late I find my self involved
In endless Griefs and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's Family,
And low Dissention in the Hearts of Brothers.
Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things.
Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Work's it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.

[Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

ACT
ACT II. SCENE I.

The Senate.

*Sem.* Rome still survives in this assembled Senate!

Let us remember we are Cato's Friends,
And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.

*Luc.* Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Heark! he comes!
May all the Guardian Gods of Rome direct him!

[Trumpets.]

*Enter Cato.*

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.

Cesar's Approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her Fate from our Resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man?
Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole Nile is Cesar's.
Why should I mention Juba's Overthrow,
And Scipio's Death? Numidia's burning Sands
Still smoak with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's sultry Desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your Hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By Time and ill Success to a Submission?

*Sempronius speak.*
Semp. My Voice is still for War.
Gods, can a Roman Senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, Slavery or Death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
And, at the Head of our remaining Troops,
Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.
Rise, Fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your Help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered Citizens,
Or share their Fate: The Corps of half her Senate
Manure the Fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold Debates,
If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
Or bear them out in Servitude and Chains.
Rouse up for Shame! our Brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud—To Battel!
Great Pompey's Shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's Ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason:
True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
That Justice warrant's, and that Wisdom guide's,
All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
Are not the Lives of those, who draw the Sword
In Rome's Defence, entrusted to our Care?
Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
Might not th'impartial World with Reason say
We lavish at our Deaths the Blood of Thouands
To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious?

Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on Peace.
Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
With Widows and with Orphans: Scythia mourns,
Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions
Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of Rome:

'Tis
Tis time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the Gods, my Fathers,
The Gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battel,
(Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination.
Already have we shown our Love to Rome,
Now let us show Submission to the Gods.
We took up Arms, not to revenge our selves,
But free the Common-wealth, when this End fail's,
Arms have no further Use: Our Country's Cause,
That drew our Swords, now wreaths 'em from our Hands,
And bid's us not delight in Roman Blood,
Unprofitably shed; what Men could do
Is done already: Heav'n and Earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse and mild Behaviour oft
Conceal a Traytor—— Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [Aside to Cato.

Cato. Let us appear nor Rash nor Diffident:
Immodrate Valour swell's into a Fault,
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betray's like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs,
Are grown thus desp'rate: We have Bulwarks round us;
Within our Walls are Troops enur'd to Toil
In Africk's Heats, and sear'd to the Sun;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near Approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a Moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
In its full Length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty;
And let me perish, but, in Cato's Judgment,
A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this Moment as I watch'd the Gates,
Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arrived
From Cæsar's Camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman Knight; he carry's in his Looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[Exit Marcus.

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
Have loosed those Ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar,
His Message may determine our Resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends Health to Cato——
Cato. Could he fend it
To Cato's slaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your Orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My Business is with Cato: Cæsar see's
The Streights to which you're driv'n, and as he know's
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for his Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his Country.
Tell your Dictator this, and tell him Cato
Disdain's a Life, which he has Pow'r to offer.

Dec. Rome and Her Senators submit to Cæsar;
Her Generals and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his Triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's Friend?

Cato. Those very Reasons, thou hast urged, forbid it.

Dec.
Dec. Cato, I've Orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from Friend to Friend:
Think on the Storm that gather's o'er your Head,
And threaten's ev'ry Hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours,
Do but comply, and make your Peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on Cato,
As on the Second of Mankind.
Cato. No more!
I must not think of Life on such Conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your Virtues,
And therefore sets this Value on your Life:
Let him but know the Price of Cato's Friendship,
And name your Terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,
Restore the Common-wealth to Liberty,
Submit his Actions to the Publick Censure,
And stand the Judgment of a Roman Senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his Friend.
Dec. Cato, the World talk's loudly of your Wisdom—
Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's Voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,
My self will mount the Rostrum in his Favour,
And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.
Dec. A Stile like this become's a Conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a Stile like this become's a Roman.
Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's Foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a Friend to Virtue.
Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica;
And at the Head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the Mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider That who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's Sword has made Rome's Senate little,
And th'n'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
Behold's this Man in a false glaring Light,
Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him.
CATO.

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
Blest with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cesar.

Dec. Do's Cato send this Answer back to Cesar,
For all his generous Cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous Man! The Gods take Care of Cato.
Wou'd Cesar shew the Greatness of his Soul,
Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
By sheltering Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart make'st you forget
That you're a Man. You rush on your Destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The Tale of this unhappy Embassage
All Rome will be in Tears. [Exit Decius.

Semp. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty Genius of Immortal Rome
Speak's in thy Voice, thy Soul breath's Liberty:
Cesar will shrank to hear the Words thou utter'd,
And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc'f The Senate own's its Gratitude to Cato,
Who wish'd so great a Soul consult's its Safety,
And guard's our Lives, while he neglect's his own.

Semp. Sempronius give's no Thanks on this Account.
Lucius seem's fond of Life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grow's insipid, and has lost its Relish.
O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword
In Cesar's Bosom, and revenge my Country,
CATO.

By Heav'ns I cou'd enjoy the Pangs of Death,
And Smile in Agony.

Luc. Others perhaps
May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Virtue
In luke-warm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are Friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker Side,
By our Divisions.

Semp. Cato, my Resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reproved.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your Opinion.
Cæsar's Behaviour has convinced the Senate
We ought to hold it out till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till Death; but, Cato,
My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill
This little Interval, this Pause of Life,
(While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
With Resolution, Friendship, Roman Brav'ry,
And all the Virtues we can crowd into it,
That Heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our Councils.

[Ex. Senators.

Enter Juba.

Cato. Juba, the Roman Senate has resolv'd,
Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep
The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on Cæsar.

Jub. The Resolution fit's a Roman Senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condescend to hear a young Man speak.
My Father, when some Days before his Death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas, I thought not then his Death so near!)
Wep't o'er me, press'd me in his aged Arms,
And, as his Grieves gave way, My Son, said he,
Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father,
Be Cato's Friend; he'll train thee up to Great
And Virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better Fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My Father's Fate,
In spight of all the Fortitude, that shine's
Before my Face, in Cato's great Example,
Subdue's my Soul, and fill's my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes:
The Kings of Africk sought him for their Friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame report's,
Behind the hidden Sources of the Nile,
In distant Worlds, on 'other side the Sun:
Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,
But point out new Alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our Cause, and court
Th'Assistance of my Father's power'ful Friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest Kings
Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him;
Their swarthy Hofts would darken all our Plains,
Doubling the native Horrour of the War,
And making Death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the Sword of Caesar?
CATO

Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek Relief
From Court to Court, and wander up and down,
A Vagabond in Africk!

Jub. Cato, perhaps.
I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much Value.
My Heart is wounded, when I see such Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that Valour soar's above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction.
These are not Ills; else wou'd they never fall
On Heav'n's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues, that shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd when e'er thou talk'ft! I pant for Virtue!
And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Abstinence, and Toil,
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Success and Fortune must thou learn from Caesar.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole Success, at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not my Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say?

Jub. Cato, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not hear a Word
Shou'dd lessen thee in my Esteem: Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exact's Severity from all our Thoughts:
It is not now a Time to talk of aught
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death. [Exit.

Enter Syphax.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with Confusion?
You look as if you stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him
The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper Person to entrust
A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like Juba?

Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you changed of late!
I've known young Juba rise, before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tyger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the Chace! I've seen you
Ev'n in the Lybian Dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage
Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Prithee, no more!

Syph. How wou'd the old King smile

To
To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the thugsy Spoils about your Shoulders!

_Syphe._ Syphax, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its Sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

_Syphe._ Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice.

Marcia might still be yours.

_Sup._ What say'ft thou, Syphax?

By Heav'n, thou turn'n't me all into Attention.

_Syphe._ Marcia might still be yours.

_Sup._ As how, Dear Syphax?

_Syphe._ Juba command's Numidia's hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds, unufed to the Restraint
Of Curbs or Bits, and fleeter than the Winds:
Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

_Sup._ Can such dishonest Thoughts
Rise up in Man! wou'dst thou seduce my Youth
To do an Act that wou'd destroy my Honour?

_Syphe._ Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced Men.

To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

_Sup._ Wou'dst thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

_Syphe._ The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Ruffians.

This Dread of Nations, this Almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape.

Your Scipios', Caesar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's,
( These Gods on Earth ) are all the spurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

_Sup._ Syphax, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abound's too much in our Numidian Wiles.

_Syphe._ Indeed my Prince, you want to know the World,
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admire's
The Throws and Swellings of a Roman Soul,
Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man persidious.

May Juba ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear

This Arrogance unanswered! Thou'rt a Traitor.

A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Aside.

Jub. Cato shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [Aside.

Young Prince, behold these Locks, that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battels.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmity of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!
Curse on the Boy! How steadily he hears me! [Aside.

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Fore-fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with such Expressions?
Do's not old Syphax follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why does he load with Darts
His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the flow Remains,
His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence?

Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to Juba,
My royal Master's Son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,
And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.
**C A T O.**

**Syph.** What greater Instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an Action which my Soul abhor's,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

**Jub.** Was this thy Motive? I have been too haft. y.

**Syph.** And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me Traytor.

**Jub.** Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

**Syph.** You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traytor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His Life, pay more, his Honour in your Service.

**Jub.** Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy Zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

**Syph.** By Heav'n's
I'm ravish't when you talk thus, tho' you chide me:
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King:
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.
Happy the People who preserve their Honour
By the same Duties that oblige their Prince!

**Jub.** Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thy self.

Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations
For Breach of publick Vows. Our Punic Faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

**Syph.** Believe me, Prince, you make old Syphax weep.
To hear you talk——but 'tis with Tears of Joy.
If e're your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's Lectures.
Jun. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age:
Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person.
If e're the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness?
My Juy grows burdensome, I sha'n't support it.

Jun. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest Occasion that may set me right
In Cato's Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man
Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers. [Exit.

Syphax solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts;
Old Age is now in both—A false old Traitor!
Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear:
My Heart had still some foolish Fondnesses for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

Enter Sempronius.

Syph. All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's Senate is solv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege, before it yields.

Semp. Syphax, we both were on the Verge of Rate:
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
To Cato by a Messenger from Cæsar.
Shou'd they submit, ere our Designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common Wreck,
Lost in a gen'r al undistinguishes Ruin.

Syph. But how stands Cato?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmoved, and glorious in its Height.

Such
C A T O.

Such is that haughty Man; his towering Soul,
Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Caesar.

Syph. But what's this Messenger?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn:
Is Juba fixt?

Syph. Yes, but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth'd and carres'd, been angry, soothe'd again,
Lay'd Safety, Life, and Inter' est in his Sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Semp. Come, 'tis no Matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax. I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's Cause, and wiltest Marcia mine.

Syph. May he be thine as fast as thou woud'st have her!

Semp. Syphax, I love that Woman, tho' I curse
Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her.

Syph. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Caesar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.
But are thy Troops prepared for a Revolt?
Do's the Sedition catch from Man to Man,
And run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready.
The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spreud
Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers.
They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,
Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more
This Medly of Philosophy and War.

Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian Troops
Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.
C A T O.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction
Pour's in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian Waists extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprize,
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind Dies.

[Exeunt]

End of the Second Act.
Marcus and Portius.

Marc. Thanks to my Stars, I have not ranged about
   The Wilds of Life, 'ere I cou'd find a Friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
   And early taught me, by her secret Force,
To love thy Person, 'ere I knew thy Merit;
Till, what was Instinct, grew up into Friendship.

   Port. Marcus, the Friendships of the World are oft
   Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure;
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
   And such a Friendship end's not but with Life.

   Marc. Portius, thou know'rt my Soul in all its Weakness;
Then prithee spare me on its tender Side,
   Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

   Port. When Love's well timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wife,
   Sink in the soft Captivity together.
I wou'd not urge thee to diminish thy Passion,
   (I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its Force,
Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

   Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient Throbbings and Longings of a Soul,
That pant's, and reach's after distant Good.

   A Lover do's not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's Absence
   Life hang's upon me, and become's a Burden;
And yet when I behold the charming Maid
CATO.

I'm ten-times more undone, while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Port. What can thy Portius do to give thee Help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the Fair One's Presence;
Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her
With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy Brother languish's to Death.
And fade's away, and wither's in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and loath's his Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War are joyles's to him:
Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
And all the Torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Port. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an Office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my Woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows?

Port. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand Reasons——

Marc. I know thou'll say my Passion's out of Season,
That Cato's great Example and Misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my Soul I wish.
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to love!
Then wou'dst thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Port. What thou'd I do! If I disclose my Passion
Our Friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The World will call me false to a Friend and Brother. [Aside.

Marc. But see where Lucia at her wonted Hour,
Amid the cool of you high Marble Arch,
Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Observe her, Portius!
That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of Beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Port. She sees us, and advances——
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue. [Exit.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your Brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?
Port. Oh, Lucia, Language is too faint to show
His Rage of Love; it prey's upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'n's! wou'd one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm diff'rest'd! my Heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensue
Our mutual Bliss, wou'd raise to such a Height
Thy Brother's Griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Port. Alas, poor Youth! what doft thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning Heart
Has beg'd his Rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, Portius, no! I see thy Sister's Tears,
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
F 2 To
To Heav'n, and all the Row's that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While such a Cloud of Mischief's hang's about us.
But to forget our Love's, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far--as I am able

Port. What hast thou laid! I'm thunder-struck!----Recall
Those hafty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
May all the Vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

[After a Pause,

Port. Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pant's for Breath, and stiffer's, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks: A Monument of Wrath!

Luc. At length I've aterd my severest Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart! my Tears will flow.
But oh! I'll think no more! the Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid!

Luc. Oh stop those Sounds,
Those killing Sounds! Why doth thou frown upon me?
My Blood run's cold, my Heart forget's to heave,
And Life its self goe's out at thy Displeasure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
But oh! I cannot bear thy Hate and live!

Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.
I've been deluded, led into a Dream
Of fancied Bliss. O Lucia, cruel Maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still found's
In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee!----Hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my Rashness done!

Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy Sex! awake, my Lucia,

Or
Or *Portius* rushes on his Sword to join thee.

--- Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,

They shut not out Society in Death.

---

But Hah! She moves! Life wanders up and down

Through all her Face, and light's up ev'ry Charm.

*Luc.* O *Portius,* was this well! — to frown on her

That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in Doubt

The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,

That love's thee more than ever Woman lov'd!

--- What do I say? My half-recover'd Sense

Forget's the Vow in which my Soul is bound.

Destruction stand's betwixt us! We must part.

*Port.* Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run back,

And startle into Madness at the Sound.

*Luc.* What wou'dst thou have me do? Consider well

The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw behind it.

Think, *Portius,* think, thou see'st thy dying Brother

Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,

Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire

Sternly demand's the Cause, th' accurs'd Cause,

That robb's him of his Son! poor *Marcia* tremble's,

Then teares her Hair, and frantick in her Griefs

Call's out on *Lucia!* What cou'd *Lucia* answer?

Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow!

*Port.* To my Confusion, and Eternal Grief,

I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.

The Mist that hung about my Mind clears up;

And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow

Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,

More amiable, and rifest in thy Charms.

Lov'ly of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,

Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,

Bright'ning each other! Thou art all Divine!

*Luc.* *Portius,* no more! thy Words shoot thro' my Heart,

Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love.

Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes?

Why heaves thy Heart? Why swells thy Soul with Sorrow?
It oftens me too much — Farewell, my Portius.
Farewell, tho' Death is in the Word, For-ever!

Port. Stay, Lucia, stay! What do'ft thou say? For-ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy Success
Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hang's quiv'ring on a Point, leap's off by Fits,
And fall's again, as loath to quit its Hold
—— Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of Parting, think what Lucia suffer's!

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills fall's on me,
It beat's down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.

We must not part.

Luc. What do'ft thou say? Not part?

Haft thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'n's and Gods and Thunder o'er us!
—— But see thy Brother Marcus bend's this way!

I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'd me, if thou think'ft
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [Exit.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what Hopes? how stands She? Am I doom'd
to Life or Death?

Port. What wou'dst thou have me say?

Marc. What mean's this pensive Posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

Port. I've Reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd Thoughts
Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success
My Cause has found.

Port.
Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Mar. What? do's the barb'rous Maid insult my Heart,

My akeing Heart! and triumph in my Pains?

That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too suspicous in your Grieves.

Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love,

Compasionate's your Pains, and pitie's you.

Mar. Compasionate's my Pains, and pitie's me!

What is Compasion when 'tis void of Love!

Fool that I was to chuse so cold a Friend

To urge my Cause! Compasionate's my Pains!

Prithhee what Art, what Rhet'rick did'ft thou use

To gain this mighty Boon? She pitie's me!

To one that ask's the warm Returns of Love,

Compasion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death——

Port. Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this Treatment?

Mar. What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!

A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out.

With ev'ry thing, its Friend, its self—But hah!

What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?

What new Alarm?

Port. A second, louder yet,

Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Mar. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battel!

Lucia, thou haft undone me! thy Disdain

Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Port. Quick, let us hence, who knows if Cato's Life

Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my Heart

Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory. [Exeunt.

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Semp. At length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blow's high,

Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up

In it's full Fury, and direct it right,

'Till it has spent it self on Cato's Head.

Mean while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem

One: 
One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe.

Lead: We all are safe, Sempionius is our Friend,
Sempionius is as brave a Man as Cato.
But hark! he Enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest;
Fear nothing, for Sempionius is our Friend.

Enter Cato, Sempionius, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General send a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curse on their Dastard Souls, they stand astonished!

Cato. Perfidious Men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past Exploits, and fully all your Wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for Rome,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?
Fired with such Motives you do well to join
With Cato's Foes, and follow Cesar's Banners.
Why did I 'scape the invenom'd Aspic's Rage,
And all the fiery Monsters of the Desart,
To see this Day? Why cou'd not Cato fall
Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful Men,
Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injured strike the Blow.
Which of you all suspect's that he is wrong'd,
Or think's he suffer's greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!
Painful Pre-eminence!

Semp. By Heav'n's they droop!
Confusion to the Villains! All is lost.

[Aside.

Cato.
Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning Waft,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untridden Path?
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Hofl that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to Cato,
Did not he dash th' untafted Moifture from him?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
In the fame fultry Winds, and scorching Heats?

Cato. Hence worthless Men! Hence! and complaint to Caesar
You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see th' unhappy Men! they weep!
Fear, and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,
And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. Cato, commit these Wretches to my Care.
First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remain'd, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind,
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. Sympronius, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate
Of wretched Men?

Semp. How! wou'dst thou clear Rebellion!
Lucius, (good Man) pitie's the poor Offenders
That wou'd imbrue their Hands in Cato's Blood.

Cato.
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius! —See they suffer Death, But in their Deaths remember they are Men. Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous. Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires Severity and Justice in its Rigour; This awes an impious, bold, offending World, Command's Obedience, and give's Force to Laws. When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish, The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure, And lay th' uplifted Thunder-Bolt aside.

Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty. Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights, The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down, From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers, (So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood) O let it never perish in your Hands! But piously transmit it to your Children, Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls, And make our Lives in thy Possession happy, Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence. [Exe. Cato, &c.

Sempronius and the Leaders of the Mutiny.

1 Lead. Sempronius, you have acted like your Self, One wou'd have thought you had been half in Earnest. Semp. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling worthless Wretches, Mongrels in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors!

2 Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius: Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends. Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeed's, They're thrown neglected by; But if it fail's, They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do. Here, take these factious Monsters, dragg 'em forth To sudden Death.

Enter
Enter Guards.

Lead. Nay, since it comes to this—
Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their Tongues,
Least with their dying Breath they low Sedition.
[Execunt Guards with the Leaders.

Enter Syphax.

Syph. Our first Design, my Friend, has proved abortive;
Still there remains an After-game to play:
My Troops are mounted; their Numidian Steeds
Snuff up the Wind, and long to scow'r the Desart:
Let but Sempronius head us in our Flight,
We'll force the Gate where Marcus keeps his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.
A Day will bring us into Caesar's Camp.
Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose.
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Syph. How? will Sempronius turn a Woman's Slave!
Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy self, Sempronius.
What hinder's then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force?
Semp. But how to gain Admission? for Access
Is giv'n to none but Juba, and her Brothers.
Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's Dres's, and Juba's Guards:
The Doors will open, when Numidia's Prince
Seem's to appear before the Slaves, that watch them.
Semp. Heav'n's, what a Thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my Bofom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her strugling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms,
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
So Plutus seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his Sun-shine and his Skies.

End of the Third Act.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. **NOW** tell me, **Marcia**, tell me from thy Soul,
   If thou believest it possible for Woman
To suffer greater IILS than **Lucia** suffers?

Marc. O **Lucia**, **Lucia**, might my big swoln Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow:
**Marcia** could answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By **Juba**, and thy Father's Friend **Sempronius**;
But which of these has Pow'r to charm like **Portius**!

Marc. Still must I beg thee not to name **Sempronius**?

Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous Man:
**Juba** to all the Brav'ry of a Héroé
Adds softest Love, and more than Female Sweetness,
**Juba** might make the proudest of our Sex,
Any of Woman-kind, but **Marcia**, happy.

Luc. And why not **Marcia**? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your Thoughts from one, who know's too well
The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While **Cato**live's, his Daughter has no Right
To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to **Sempronius**?

Marc. I dare not think he will: but if he shou'd—
Why wilt thou add to all the Griefs I suffer
Imaginary IILS, and fancy'd Tortures?
I hear the Sound of Feet! they march this Way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger.
When Love once plead’s Admission to our Hearts
(In spite of all the Virtue we can boast)
The Woman that Deliberates is lost.

[Exeunt.

Enter Sempronius, dress’d like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Semp. The Deer is lodg’d. I’ve trackt her to her Covert.
Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His Mistress lost? If aught cou’d glad my Soul,
Beyond th’ Enjoyment of to bright a Prize,
‘Twou’d be to torture that young, gay, Barbarian.
——But hark, what Noise! Death to my Hopes! ’tis he,
’Tis Juba’s self! there is but one Way left——
He must be murder’d, and a Passage cut
Through those his Guards.—Hah, Daftards, do you tremble?
Or act like Men, or by yon azure Heav’n——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who’s this that dares usurp
The Guards and Habits of Numidia’s Prince?
Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
Presumptuous Youth!
Jub. What can this mean? Sempronius!
Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have at thy Heart.
Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous Man!

[Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.

Semp. Curse on my Stars! Am I then doom’d to fall
By a Boy’s Hand? disfigur’d in a vile
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman?
Gods, I’m Distracted! This my Close of Life!
O for a Peal of Thunder that would make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble! [Dies.
Juba. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,
And left the Limbs still quivering on the Ground!
Hence let us carry off those Slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.
[Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure twas the Clash of Swords; my troubled Heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throb's with Fear, and ache's at ev'ry Sound.
O Marcia, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake!
I die away with Horror at the Thought.
Marc. See, Lucia, see! here's Blood! here's Blood and
Murder!
Hah! a Numidian! Heav'ns preserve the Prince:
The Face lie's muffled up within the Garment.
But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,
And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he;
Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's Heart, Juba lie's dead before us!
Luc. Now Marcia, now call up to thy Assistance
Thy wonted Strength, and Constancy of Mind;
Thou can't not put it to a greater Tryal.
Marc. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my Patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted!
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort?
Marc. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a Sight, that strike's all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way.
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,
That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.
CATO.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of Men? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears; when I behold
A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortured Breast.
This empty World, to me a joyless Desart,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Juba. I'm on the Rack! Was he so near her Heart?

Marc. Oh he was all made up of Love and Charms,
Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! When he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladded all that saw him,
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Juba. I shall run Mad——

Marc. O Juba! Juba! Juba!

Juba. What means that Voice? did she not call on Juba?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who know's but his poor bleeding Heart
Amidst its Agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me.Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and Juba!

Juba. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia think's! all is Elision round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus——

Juba. See, Marcia, see,
The happy Juba live's! he live's to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze, I stand transported!

Sure
Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A Wretch,
Disguised like Juba on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father know's it all. I cou'd not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the haste of Love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrap'd with Joy to see my Marcia's Tears.
Marc. I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded Hour,
But must not go back: The Love, that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burn's in its full Lustr
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.
Jub. I'm lost in Extasie! and do't thou love,
Thou charming Maid?
Marc. And do'ft thou live to ask it?
Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preserving!
Such Life as Juba never felt till now!
Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know my self how much I lov'd thee.
Jub. O fortunate Mistake!
Marc. O happy Marcia!
Jub. My Joy! my best Beloved! my only Withe!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul?
Marc. Lucia, thy Arm! Oh let me rest upon it!-----
The Vital Blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Return's again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment.
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me,
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour,
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee.
And make the Gods propitious to our Love. [Ex. Marc and Luc.
Jub. I am so blest'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
H

Thy
C A T O.

Thy past Unkindness. I absolve my Stars.
What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd Towns
And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph?
Juba will never at his Fate repine,
Let Cæsar have the World, if Marcia's mine.

[Exit.

A March at a Distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish't! What, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the Croud of Patriots,
As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to Madnes——

Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil Discords have produced such Crimes,
Such monstrous Crimes, I am surpriz'd at nothing.
—— O Lucius, I am sick of this bad World!
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius come's! What mean's this Haste?
Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Port. My Heart is griev'd.

I bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman Blood?

Port. Not so.
The Traytor Syphax, as within the Square
He exercis'd his Troops, the Signal giv'n,
Flew off at once with his Numidian Horse
To the South Gate, where Marcus holds the Watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He toss'd his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He wou'd not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious Men! But haste my Son, and see

Thy
CATO.

Thy Brother Marcus act's a Roman's Part. [Exit Portius.
—Lucius, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives Way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no Business in it.
Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign;
The World will still demand her Cato's Presence:
In Pity to Mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy Mighty Soul to Life.
Cato. Wou'd Lucius have me live to swell the Number
Of Cæsar's Slaves, or by a base Submission
Give up the Cause of Rome, and own a Tyrant?
Luc. The Victor never will impose on Cato
Ungener'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his Virtues! They've undone his Country.
Such Popular Humanity is Treason—
But see young Juba! the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.
Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deserves Compassion.

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy Presence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy Crime?
Jub. I'm a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one too,
Thou haft a Roman Soul.
Jub. Haft thou not heard
Of my false Countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falseness and Fraud shoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the Distress'd.
Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd.
Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,
C A T O.

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Juba. What shal I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart
O'erflows with secret Joy; I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O Cato, than Numidia's Empire.

Enter Portius hastily.

Port. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother Marcus——
Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
Till obstinately Brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Port. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of Syphax:
Yonder he lie's. I saw the hoary Traytor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.
——Portius, when I am dead, before thou place
His Urne near mine.

Port. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O Cato, arm thy Soul with all its Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome my Son! Here lay him down, my Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody Cæle, and count those glorious Wounds.
How beautiful is Death, when ear’d by Virtue?
Who wou’d not be that Youth? what Pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our Country!
Why fit’s this Sadness on your Brows, my Friends?
I thou’d have blush’d if Cæs’s House had stood
Secure, and flourish’d in a Civil War.
—Portius, behold thy Brother, and remember.
Thy Life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Juba. Was ever Man like this!

Cato. Alas my Friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loss
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our Tears.
The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And set the Nations free, Rome is no more.
O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Juba. Behold that upright Man! Rome fills his Eyes
With Tears, that flow’d not o’er his own dead Son.

Cato. Whate’er the Roman Virtue has subdu’d,
The Sun’s whole Course, the Day and Year, are Cæsar’s.
For him the self-devoted Res’d dy’d,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio’s conquer’d:
Ev’n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh my Friends!
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The Roman Empire fall’n! O curft Ambition!
Fall’n into Cæsar’s Hands! Our great Fore-Fathers
Had left him nought to Conquer but his Country.

Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. Cæsar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia!

Luc. Cato, 'tis Time thou save thy self and us.

Cato. Lost not a Thought on me. I'm out of Danger.
Heav’n will not leave me in the Victor’s Hand.
Cæsar shall never say I’ve conquer’d Cato.
But oh! my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart

With
With anxious Thoughts: A thousand secret Terrors,
Rise in my Soul: How shall I save my Friends!
’Tis now, O Caesar, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Caesar has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate’er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I my self, with Tears, request it of him,
The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish’d.

Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.
Shou’d I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the Conqueror?———

Jub. If I forfake thee.

Whilst I have Life, may Heav’n abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one Day make thee Great, at Rome, hereafter,
’Twill be no Crime to have been Cato’s Friend.

Porcius, draw near! My Son, thou oft hast seen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction: Now thou see’st me
Spent, overpow’rd, despairing of Success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the Sabine Field,
Where the great Censor soil’d with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were bless’d
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of Rome,
Content thy self to be Obcurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Port. I hope, my Father does not recommend
A Life to Porcius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends! if there be any of you
That dares not trust the Victor’s Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepared by my Command,
(Their Sails already op’ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wisht-for Port.
Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you? The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel! If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore, Where Caesar never shall approach us more. There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired, Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired, Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there (Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care) Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune, crost, Shall find the gen'reous Labour was not lost.

End of the Fourth Act.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimate's Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—This World was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of Conjectures—This must end 'em.

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Thus
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End:
But this inform's me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smile's
At the drawn Dagger, and defie's its Point.
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself.
Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her.
That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
Disturb Man's Rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his Choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intrusion?
Were not my Orders that I wou'd be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Port. Alas, my Father!
What means this Sword? this Instrument of Death?
Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!

Port. O let the Pray'rs, th' Entreaties of your Friends,
Their Tears, their common Danger wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'd'st thou betray me? Wou'd'st thou give me up
A Slave, a Captive, into Cesar's Hands?
Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
Or know, young Man!
Port. O Sir, forgive your Son,  
Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!  
How am I sure it is not the last Time  
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,  
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,  
And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you  
To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [Embracing him.  
Weep not, my Son. All will be well again.  
The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to please,  
Will succour Cato, and preserve his Children.  

Port. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.  

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my Conduct.  
Thy Father will not act what misbecome's him.  
But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting  
Among thy Father's Friends; see them embarqued;  
And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.  
My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks  
The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. [Exit.

Port. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my Sitter, 'tis all there's Hope!  
Our Father will not cast away a Life  
So needful to us all, and to his Country.  
He is retired to Rest, and seems to cherish  
Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatcht me hence  
With Orders, that bespeak a Mind composed,  
And studious for the Safety of his Friends.  
Marcia, take care that none disturb his Slumbers. [Exit.

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Good;  
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,  
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul  
With easy Dreams; remember all his Virtues!  
And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Enter
Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your Father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Marc. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to Rest.

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning Hope
Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at humne Frailty,
Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of Rome,
He is all Goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compasionate, and gentle to his Friends.
Fill'd with Domestick Tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father! I have ever found him
Easie, and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Consent alone can make us blest.

Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.
The cruel Hand of Fate, that has destroy'd
Thy Brother Marcus, whom we both lament——

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows Cato's Thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thy self?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r invisible support's his Soul,
And bear's it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, Caesar thou can'st not hurt me.
Marc. His Mind still labour's with some dreadful Thought.
Luc. Lucia, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow?
Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—His Presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Juba. Lucius, the Horsemen are return'd from viewing
The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.
On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower
We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd Helmets,
And cover's all the Field with Gleams of Fire.
Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy Father.
Caesar is still disposed to give us Terms,
And waits at Distance 'till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.
What Tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.
Port. As I was hastening to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
From Pompey's Son, who through the Realms of Spain
Call's out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
And rouse's the whole Nation up to Arms.
Were Cato at their Head, once more might Rome
Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
But hear! what mean's that Groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my Father's Presence.
Luc. Cato, amidst his Slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild Disorder of his Soul

Mourn's
C A T O.

Mourn's o'er his Country; Hah! a second Groan!—
Heav'n guard us all—

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the Voice
Of one who sleep's! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound——

Re-enter Portius.

Port. O Sight of Woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword——
Luc. O Portius,
Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale,
And let us guess the rest
Port. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasp's for Breath, and, as his Life flow's from him,
Demand's to see his Friends.
His weeping Servants,
Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[The Back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the last sad Duties to my Father.
Juba. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O Caesar!
Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed! ——

[Cato brought forward in his Chair.

Cato. Here set me down——
Portius come near me——are my Friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their Service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
——O Lucius, art thou here? ——Thou art too good!——
Let this our Friendship live between our Children;
Make Portius happy in thy Daughter Lucia.
Alas poor Man, he weeps! ——Marcia, my Daughter——
——O bend me forward! ——Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A Senator of Rome, while Rome survived,

Wou'd:
Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But Caesar's Arms have thrown down all Distinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a Roman——
——I'm sick to Death——O when shall I get loose
From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!——
——And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
The best may Erre, but you are Good, and——oh! [Dies.

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd
A Roman Breast. O Cato! O my Friend!
Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful Corps to Caesar,
And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand
A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.
From hence, let fierce contending Nations know
What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms,
Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
And robb's the Guilty World of Cato's Life.

[Exeunt Omnes.

End of the Fifth Act.
EPILOGUE,
By Dr. GARTH.
Spoken by Mrs. Porter.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!
Who would not listen when young Lovers woo?
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginity show'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Would you revenge such rash Resolves——you may;
Be sightful—and believe the thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you your selves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell,
Heights with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Power of Charms,

What
EPILOGUE

What Pains to get the Gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
There, golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time.
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's Son.

FINIS
THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF
Marcus Portius Cato Uticensis:
COLLECTED
From PLUTARCH in the Greek, and from LU-
CAN, SALUST, LUCIUS FLO-
RUS, and other Authors in the Latin Tongue.
Design'd for the
READERS OF
CATO, a TRAGEDY.

Quid ergo Libertas sine Catone? Non magis quàm Catò
sine Libertate.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, between the Two
Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. MDCCXIII. Price 6 d.
THE

LIFE and CHARACTER

OF

M. CATO of Utica.

This Gentleman was the Great-Grandson of M. Portius Cato Major, who by his Virtue and Excellence gain'd a wonderful Reputation and Authority amongst the Romans, and transmitted a Grandeur and Nobility to his Family, which to that Time it wanted, and which his famous Descendant, of whom I am here treating, by the signal Probity of his Life, and Glory of his Death, as it were studied to preserve and keep alive to all Posterity.

This Cato Uticensis was born in the 659th Year from the Building of Rome, when C. Caldus and L. Domitius Ahenobarbus were Consuls; for he kill'd himself in the 48th Year of his Age, which was the 707th Year from the Building of the City, when the Great Julius Caesar was the third Time Consul, with Marcus Aemilius Lepidus.
Our young Cato was, by the Loss of both his Parents, left an Orphan, and was bred up in the House of Livius Druus, his Uncle by the Mother's side. He from his very Infancy discover'd those Seeds of Virtue in his Disposition, which naturally produce the Harvest of his After-Sentiments and Actions: The Accent and Delivery of his Words, the Frame of his Countenance, and even the very Diversions of his Childhood, were concurring Testimonies of a firm and inflexible Temper, that would neither easily be carried away with youthful Levities, or sway'd by more ungentle Passions. I shall not here trace him thro' all his growing Years, but only give an Instance from Plutarch, how early those Principles, and that Love of Liberty for his Country, were rooted in his Breast; to which he Religionly adhered thro' all his Life, and to which he set the Seal of his Approbation in his memorable Death: Being now almost Fourteen Years old, and carried by his Tutor Sarpedo to Sylla's House, who was then Dictator, and who had formerly had a Friendship with Cato's Father, the young Gentleman saw the Heads of Great Men brought thither, who had fell under the Dictator's Displeasure, and observing that all the Standers-by sigh'd in secret at the Repetitions of Cruelty, he turns to his Master, and with an Air of indignant Resolution asks him, Why does nobody kill this Man? The Master replying, Because they all fear him; Child, more than they hate him: Why then (says Cato again) do you not give me a Sword that I may stab him, and free my Country from this Slavery?

He seem'd indeed design'd by Fate a Pattern of Integrity, in Opposition to the general Corruption of the Times; for he thought the only Way to be honest, was to run counter to the Age, and not be ashamed of his own Singularities, but his Contemporaries Vices: He was a Man (says Velleius Paternus) that was the very Picture of Virtue, and in all his Faculties more allied to the Purity of the Gods than the Frailties of Man; who never did a good Action,
of M. Cato of Utica. 5

Swithin, in an Ostenation of Honesty, but because he could not recede from the Sentiments of Honour which were implanted in his Breast, and only thought such Proceedings had Reason on their Side which were founded on Justice.

Being now one and twenty Years Old, the Gladiators War broke out in Italy, which was rais'd and fomented by one Spartius a Thracian, who had persuaded seventy of his Fellow Swordsmen, it would be much more Honourable for them to fight for their own Liberty, than the Diversion of Rome: Lucius Gellius, the Consul, was chosen Praetor of the Army to subdue the Rebels, and Cato entered himself a Voluntier under that General, for the love that he bore to his Brother Capio, who had the Command of a thousand Foot under the Consul. Cato soon met the Advancement he had to good a Title to; and was himself sent a Tribune into Macedon, to Rubrius, Praetor there; at whose Camp he no sooner arrived, but he was honoured with the Charge of one of the Roman Legions; where he endeared himself extremely to the Soldiers, by always taking a part in what he commanded them; and by being in his Apparel, Diet, and Labour, more like a Common Soldier than their Officer: And when the time of his Service in the Army was expired, he received at his Departure not only the Prayers and Pratifs, but the Tears and Embraces of the Soldiers, who spread their Garments at his Feet, and kissed his Hands as he pass'd; which was an Honour rarely confer'd by the Romans on any of their Generals.

Cato, erc he would return Home, resolving to travel over Asia, and observe the Customs and Strength of the several Provinces, was met by Pompey at Ephesus, who would not receive him sitting, but rose to Embrace and Welcome him as one of the noblest Persons of Rome, and said many Things in Commendation of his Virtue both in his Presence and after he was gone away: Thence proceeding to pay
pay his Respects to Old Deiotaros, King of Galatia, he had the Offers of immense Presents from that Monarch which he could neither be persuaded himself to receive, no suffer a Distribution of them to be made amongst his Followers.

On his Return to Rome, he spent much time in Philosophical Arguments with Athenodorus, sometimes at his own House, and oftentimes in publick Disputations at the Forum to oblige his Friends: And when it came to his Turn to make Suit for the Quæstorship, he would not be prevailed on to make his Applications, till he had fully informed himself in all the Ordinances belonging to the Duty and Authority of the Office: Thus instructed, he entered on this first Step to Civil Preferment, and fill'd the Place with such Sufficiency, and serv'd Applause, that 'twas universally said, Cato had made the Office of a Quæstor equal to the Dignity of a Consul.

Cato, after he had laid down his Power, yet did not throw off his Care of the Treasury, but at the Expence of five Talents, had the Books containing Accounts of the Revenues, from Sylla's time to his own, transcrib'd for him, and kept the same always by him: Nay, so diligent and laborious was he for the Good of the Commonwealth, that he was generally observ'd to be the first Man that came to, and the last that retired from the Senate House.

Being now in the One and Thirtieth Year of his Age, he was sollicited by his Friends to stand up for a Tribunalship of the People; which he resolutely declined, till he found Metellus Nepos was pushing for that Office, who was an Instrument employ'd by Pompey to get a Decree to pass in the Senate, that that General should presently be call'd into Italy with all his Forces for the Preservation of the City. Cato, who was apprised of the Measures this rash Agent meant to take, thought it was no
of M. Cato of Utica.

no time of Retirement for him; but that he must go and prevent Metellus in his Designs, or bravely die in Defence of his Country's Liberty. He was back'd with the Interest of Persons of the best Quality, who perceived that he exposed himself to this dangerous Honour only for the Service of Rome, and was declared one of the Tribunes.

The beginning of this Year (which was the 69th from the Building of the City) threatened Rome with the most dangerous Conspiration that ever was formed against the Safety of so potent a State, to wit, that of Cataline and his profligate Accomplices: In the detecting of which most horrid Combination, our Cato was not only Serviceable to the Consul Cicero, but when detected, the principal Instrument and Promoter of the Malefactor's Punishments: For when this Subject came under the Debate of the Senate, Julius Caesar (who with Marcus Crassus was suspected as private Abettors of Cataline's black Purpose) in a plausible and elegant Oration perfwaded Mercy, and disapprov'd that the Criminals should die: He told the Senators, "That in Affairs of Moment, where Men are ask'd their Sentence, they ought to be free from the Influences of Passion, for that the Mind must err in its Judgment that was either prejudiced by Hate or Anger, or byass'd by Affection or Pity: That the foul Fact of the Conspirators should not weigh more with the Senate than their own Dignity, or they be more Indulgent to their Resentments than their Honours: That if Punishments could be found to equal the Crimes of the Conspirators, he should Approve the utmost Severities, but if the Greatness of their Guilt exceeded all Invention, he thought it fit they should so proceed, as their Laws in such Cases provided: That no Sentence could be Cruel against such Delinquents, but that it was abhorring from their State, since to a Citizen of Rome, offending, their Laws gave Exile, and not Death: That Syllanus (the design'd Consul, and who spoke"
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"spoke before Caesar) could not advise Execution, for fear of the Traytors, when the Diligence of the worthy Cicero had detected and prevented Danger; and if he meant it for a Punishment; Caesar thought Death was the End of Evils, and rather a Release from Pain, than a Torment; as it dissolved all Grievs, and beyond it were neither Care nor Joy. That therefore his Opinion was, that the Criminals should have their Estates confiscated to the publick Treasury, and their Persons confined in the Free Towns distant from Rome, and divided from each other; that they should have no Privilege of Appealing either to the Senate or People to have their Doom reversed or mitigated, and that whoever should presume to move it, the Senate should determine of them as Enemies to the Peace and Safety of the Roman State.

When Caesar had harangued the House in a long Oration to this Effect, won over Syllaus to a more candid Interpretation of his Sentence, and inclined the Majority of the Senators to Votes of Clemency: Cato with much Warmth rose up and reply’d to Caesar’s Arguments. " Owned his Sentence was for different from the precedent One; that they disputed on the Kinds of Punishments, and fate consulting what they should decree against those of whom they rather should beware: That such a Conspiracy was not like those Common Facts, which the Laws may Prosecute when they are Committed, but that if it was not provided against and prevented ere it happen’d, it would not wait their Judgment when it was happen’d; but when a City was taken, the vanquish’d Party had no Redress left: That they were not debating now on the Subject of Tribute and Customs, or the Injuries of their Allies, but on no less important a Theme than the hazard of their Lives and Liberties: That he had often been heard there, com-
of M. Catō of Utica.

"plaining either of the Licentiousness or Avarice of
his Fellow-Citizens; and had procured himself many
Enemies thereby; for that as he could not indulge him-
sel in the committing of any Enormities, so he did
not easily pardon a vicious Liberty in others; which
seasonable Inveighs of his, if they had Slighted, it
was because Plenty and Prosperity made 'em Negli-
gent; but now it was not the Case in Dispute, whether
their Lives and Manners were conformable to the Rules
of Honour, or how the Empire might be Enlarg'd;
but whether their Properties should continue their own,
or become the Spoil of Invaders: That they had now
even forgot the True Names of Things: That to give
away Another's Effects, was esteem'd Liberality, and
an Hardines in Ill Actions, was term'd Fortitude; to
such a low Ebb of Virtue was the Common-Wealth
reduc'd: That Caius Cæsar had very well and subtil-
ly discours'd of Life and Death, as if he thought those
Things a Fable, which were deliver'd them of Hell and
Furies; and of ill Men going separate from Good to fil-
thy dark and ugly Places: That therefore Cæsar would
have the Paricides live, but far from Rome, and im-
prison'd in the small Free Towns, lest there they might
have Rescue. As if Men fit for such Attempts, were
only to be found in the City, and not divers'd through-
out Italy? or that their audacious Proceedings would
not have most Scope, where it found least Resistance?
That Cæsar's Counsel was vain if he thought them
dangerous; which if he did not, but alone remain'd
unfrighted, where all others were terrified, it should
give Cato and the Senate cause more to fear im:
That the Fathers look'd about one at another, doubt-
ing what to do; with Fears, as they trusted to the Gods
to save them; but that they are not Wishes and com-
manish Prayers can draw the Immortal's Aid; but V3.
B
"gilance,
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gilance, Counsell, Action, which they never forfake: That they bad the Traytors in their Houses, tho' flood fearing what to do with them: He thought, if they were so inclin'd to Softness, they should even let the Conspirators loose and furnish 'em with Arms; that their Mercy might turn their Misery! That as their Crimes had already been qualified by some, who pleaded, that they were great Men and had offended but through Ambition: He thought also, the Senate should spare the Honour of the Criminals, if they themselves had ever spar'd it, or their Name, or More defly, or the Gods, or Men; but that as Things then
flood, Necessity and the Preservation of the City call'd aloud for speedy Punishment which ought to be instated, More Majorum. This Speech of Cato's, delivered and received with all the Authority of so Great a Man, tur'n'd the House again, and it was decreed the Conspirators should be put to Death. I doubt not but the Readers will Pardon me for transcribing the Orator's Sentiments so fully, since therein is seen the Strength of his Reasoning and Austerity of his Manner; since therein are painted the most lively Strokes of his Temper, and the true Image of his honest Mind.

Soon as the Traytors were dispos'd of at home, and Catiline worsted by Petreus abroad, and that Rome began to breath again, the Oppressions of such Imminent Danger being removed: Cato made use of the Power of his Tribunate to secure the Health of the City, and prevent the poison'd Effects of Metellus's Designs, in calling Pompey home with an Army, which he was sure would Strike at the Liberty of his Country, and Invest the Absolute Power of the State in that Victorious and Experi-enced General; wherefore after a warm Debate with Metellus in the Senate on that Head, he concluded boldly: That while he liv'd, Pompey should never come arm'd into the


the City. But tho' Cato set all his Power against the Interests of Pompey, and stood up for the Maintaining the Laws, and Defending the Properties of Rome, yet Force prevailed over honest but impotent Opposition, and the City embroil'd with continual Heats and Factions, lay expos'd to the sinister Designs of those Ambitious Citizens, who were forming Combinations against her Liberty: Yet however the Party of Tyranny strengthened it self, Cato's undaunted Spirit resifted their Proceedings even to the hazard of his Life, being one time paughted with Sticks and Stones by the Faction, and afterwards imprison'd by Caesar; but the Groans of the Senate, and the Universal Sadness of the People made Caesar allam'd of the Action; and he privately sent one of the Tribunes to take Cato out of the Prison. So zealously did this worthy Patriot labour to Prop the Ruins of his sinking City, and divert that Slavery which now like a Deluge began to overflow and swallow up all the Rights and very Being of a Free State: for Rome had tasted but four Years Respite from Cataline's Invasion, when Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus entered into a firm but fatal Combination, ratify'd with mutual Oaths and Promises, That nothing should be done in the Common-wealth against any of their Interests or Approbations. But this Union, which they Disguis'd under the Name of Friendship, was in Effect no other thing than each Man's Private Ambition, and the Consequences prov'd, that as this League, according to the Opinion of Cato, ruined the Foundations of the Roman Liberty, so their Proceedings were but Preludes to a Civil War.

Now was Rome either Aw'd or Debauch'd to a Compliance with these powerful Triumvirs; Offices, Provinces, and Governments were Engrossed between them; and each to heighten his own Power, contributed to strengthen and establish his Candidate's Interest. Cato, when a Law was Propos'd, concerning the Provinces and Legions for
Caesar, apply'd to Pompey, and told him, He did not consider now that he took Caesar upon his own Shoulders, who would shortly grow too weighty for him; and at length, when he would neither be able to lay down the Burthen, nor yet to bear it any longer, he would fall with it upon the Common-wealth; and then he would remember Cato's Advice, which was no less Advantageous to Pompey than it was just and honest in itself.

While thus for near eight Years all Matters were carried in the Common-wealth by the compacted Artifice and Grandure of three Men, and even the meanest Elections in the Civil Power obtained with Canvassing and Intreague, with Strugglings and Hostilities, Crassus at length was cut off, with a mighty Slaughter of his Forces, in the Parti-yan Wars; and the Death of this Triumph, who, while he liv'd, was as a Check upon the other two, left them now an open Field for their Ambition and Emulation to work in: 'Twas now Caesar and Pompey began to grow Jealous of each others Growth and Desigms, and Caesar's Exploits and Victories over the fierce Gauls and Germans, made his Conquering Powers formidable to Rome: Caesar's Immense Riches were an Eye-fore to Pompey, says Lucius Florus, and Pompey's Dignity grated Caesar. One could not bear an Equal, the other a Superior; and they both laboured for the Mastery, as if so great an Empire could not satisfy the Ambition of Two such Grandees at once. When News was brought that Caesar had pass'd the Rubicon, taken Ariminum, and was coming on with his Army towards Rome, Pompey and all Men cast their Eyes on Cato, who had alone foreseen Caesar's Intentions: Cato then told them, If you had believed me, or regarded my Advice, you would not now have been reduced to stand in fear of one Man, and also to put all your Hopes in one Man alone. Pompey too late confessed, that Cato indeed had spoke most like a Prophet, and that himself had acted too
too much like a Friend to Caesar. Disturbances and Dissensions daily encreas'd in Rome, and the City was fill'd with Murthers and Quarrels; Pompey was look'd upon as the fittest Person to redrefs all, and Cato advised the Senate to put all into his Hands, saying, That those who could raise up great Evils, could best allay them; and thereupon Marcellus the Consul took a Sword, which he carried publicly to Pompey, accusing him in these Terms, I Command you in the Name of the Senate, that you Assist the Republick with the Troops now under your Command, and speedily Levy more. Pompey, finding he had not sufficient Forces, and that those he could Raise were not very Resolute, forlook the City; and Cato followed him.

For tho' he had an equal Aversion for the Heads of both Parties, as being jealous, where-ever the Fate of the Civil War confer'd the Conquest, the Victor would be likely to invade the Republick; yet being the greatest Assertor of Liberty the Roman State had now left, and Pompey being invested with a Command by the Senate in Defence of the City, Cato embark'd with him, thinking it the highest Dishonour, says Lucan, to live in Ease and Security while his Labouring Country was in Danger; and professing that he would stick by Rome and her Cause to its last Gasp, as a Parent follows the Corpse of a Deceas'd Child. And from the Time of the Civil War's breaking out, 'tis said he never cut his Hair or shaved his Beard, never wore a Garland, or was seen to smile, but wore a constant Sadness, Grief, and Dejection on his Looks and Gesture for the Calamities of his Country, and he continually bore the same Habit to the last, which-ever Party had Misfortune or Success. No body that reads the Eloquent Description of this Great Man's Behaviour in Lucan, can be sufficiently enamour'd of his Virtues, or sufficiently admire him who was engag'd in a War, yet not prompted to Action by any private Piques, or by a Favourite-Faction, but study
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Studyng the rigid Precepts of his Philosophy, labouring to know himself, and grieving for the Calamities of his Fellow-Creatures. To find him believing that he owed his Life to his Country, and that he was not born for himself but the Publick: To behold his Temperance, that accounted every thing a Banquet that but appeas'd his Hunger, every House a Palace that secures him from the In- clemencies of Weather, and every Vesture a Robe of State that was Proof against the Inconveniences of Cold and Rain; that though the Increase of Kind, was the chief End of Marriage; that was a Father and Husband to his City, a Courter of Justice, and Maintainer of Severe Honesty; good to All, and in All; and one that never let Pleasure and Levity creep into the Annals of his Nobler and more Elevated Actions.

Cicero for some Time stood Neuter in this War; and when at last he came to find Pompey in his Camp, Cato remonstrated to him, That he ought to have preserved the Neutrality, which he at first made Profession of, and that the Inconstancy of his Proceeding was unworthy of a Man that was so well acquainted with the Maxims of true Philosophy: Cicero was so confounded with the Authority of this Reprimand, that he took the first Opportunity of Retiring, and never came up to the Battel of Pharsalia. Cato had the Government of Sicily allotted to him, and pass'd over to Syracuse: And when Advice was brought him of Pompey's unhappy Condui, and quitting of Italy, he broke out into this pathetick Exclamation, How dark and uncertain is the Will of Heaven! Pompey, when he did nothing wisely nor honestly, was always successful, and now that he would preserve his Country, and defend her Liberty, he is altogether unfortunate. He counsel'd Pompey to delay the War to a Treaty, and no way hazard an utter Overthrow: His gentle Laws, that no Roman City should
of M. Cato of Utica. 15

Should be sack'd, not Citizen kill'd in cold Blood, won Pompey all Italy, and his Courtesie at Rhodes, all Asia.

When Pompey had obtained a signal Advantage over Caesar's Men, in a Conflict at Dyrrachium, and all were rejoic'd, and magnified the Success, Cato bewail'd his Country, and curs'd that Fatal Ambition, which made so many brave Romans murthver one another.

When Pompey followed Caesar into Thrasy, he durst not trust Cato with the Command at Sea; because he knew he fought not against one Tyrant, but against Tyranny it self; that if he succeeded not, Cato would be faithful to his Misfortunes, but if he conquer'd, then Cato would be too faithful to the Interest of the Republic.

After the Pharsalian Defeat, Cato went into the Island of Corcyra, where he found Cicero, who had not been in the Battel; and many Senators who had escaped thither from it, amongst whom was the Eldest Son of Pompey. Cato, who always was for governing himself according to the Prescription of the Law, offered the Command of his Forces to Cicero, who had been Consul; but he refusing the Charge, incens'd Pompey's Son and all the young Gentlemen of his Party to such a Degree, that drawing their Swords upon him, they call'd him Traitor; and had not Cato's Authority interpos'd to appease their unruly Anger, they had certainly slain him: Cicero escapes immediately to Brundusium, excuses the Choice he had made of an Unfortunate Party, and reconciles himself to Cato: But Cato, understanding that Pompey was fled towards Egypt, resolved to haften after him, and having taken all his Men aboard set sail; but first to those that were not willing to accompany him, he gave free Liberty to depart. Coming to the Coast of Africk, they met with Sextus Pompey's Younger Son, who saluted 'em with the disagreeable News his Father's Murder in Egypt: The Soldiers were all excessively griev'd for the Loss of their admir'd General,
and unanimously declared, that after Pompey they would follow no other Leader but Cato: Cato, in Compassion to the worth of Persons, who had given many Testimonies of their Fidelity, and whom he could not for shame leave in a Desart Country, amidst so many Difficulties, took upon him the Command of the Forces, which amounted to the Number of near ten thousand Men; and march'd towards the City of Cyrene, which presently received him: And here he design'd to have Winter'd, but being inform'd that Scipio (Pompey's Father-in-Law) was receiv'd by King Juba, and that Appius Varus, whom Pompey had left Governor of Lybia, had joyn'd them with his Forces, Cato resolved to march towards them by Land. From Cyrene therefore he goes forward towards the Desarts of Lybia; after having furnished himself with Provisions, and got together a great many Asses to carry Water, and also some of those sort of Men, who by Sucking cure the Wounds made by the Bites of Serpents, who very much abound in those Desarts: They journey'd on for seven Days together; and here the Constancy of Cato is not a little to be admired, who march'd always on Foot at the Head of his Troops; always drinking the last, nor that neither, till all the rest of his Army had undergone the extreamest Thirst, and were running to quench it at the Wells which they found in those Desarts: And ever after the Battel of Pharsalia he us'd to sit at Table, and add'd this to his other Ways of Mourning, that he never lay down (as it was the Custom of the Romans) but to Sleep. At last he arrived at Scipio and Juba's Camp, where the Insolence of that King of the Barbarians was very dis- gus'tful to him, and where the Affairs of Scipio and Varus went very ill, by reason of their Diffentions and Quarrels among themselves, and their Submissions and Flatteries to King Juba: But Cato in his Wisdom found means to pull down
down the haughty Spirit of that Monarch, and reconcile him and the jarring Generals to one another.

All the Army were ambitious of having Cato to be their Leader; and Scipio and Varus giving Way to the Soldiers Desires, offer'd him the Command: But Cato declined it absolutely, saying, He would not infringe those Laws, for the Defence whereof he had involv'd himself in Civil War, that he being but Pro-prator ought not to Command in the Presence of a Pro-consul; besides that, the People would take it as a good Omen to see a Scipio Command in Africk, and that the very Name would give Courage to the Soldiers.

Scipio then taking upon him the Command of the Army, resolv'd to put the Inhabitants of Utica to the Sword, and to raze the City, for having taken part with Caesar; but Cato exclam'd and protested against this Hostile Repriñal, and with much difficulty delivered that City, of which he afterwards took upon himself the Government, lest it should fall into Caesar's Hands.

Cato knowing it was a strong Place, and would be of great Consequence to either Party, improved the Fortifications, brought in great Stores of Corn, repaired the Walls, erected Towers, and made deep Trenches and Outworks round the Town; and was so Indulgent to the Inhabitants, that he took care no Injury should be done, nor Affront offer'd them by the Romans: Cato, who from this City sent great Quantities of Arms to the Camp: with mighty Tendernefs advised Scipio, By no means to hazard a Battel with Caesar, who was a Man not only experienced in War, but encourag'd with his Successes: that 'twere better to tire him out with Delays, and as his Passions cool'd his Strength would lessen: Scipio, whose fierce Raffiness would misconstrue Cato's Cautions for Cowardice retorted, That as Cato was safe himself within Trenches, so be ought not to hinder them from making use of
of their Courage taken occasion offer'd: This ungrateful Reply of Scipio's made Cato repent he had yielded the Command of the Forces to him, and he told his Friends, That if contrary to his Expectations Caesar should be overthrown, for his part he would not stay at Rome, but retire from the Cruelty and Inhumanity of Scipio, who had already given out fierce and proud Threats against many.

And here permit me, for a while to leave our Hero employed in the strict Care of his Government, making the City a Magazine for the Camp, studying the best Arts of Defence all Day, and groaning for the Miseries of his Country by Night; while I take a View of Caesar's Measures after his Pharsalian Conquest, and the Celerity and Vastness of those Successes that forced Cato to shut his Eyes against the Victor, and make his Retreat to the friendly Arms of Death, nē Tyrannum Videret, lest those sacred Opticks which were only blest with Scenes of Roman Liberty should be blasted with the Sight of Rome's Invader.

Caesar, who had made this Remark on Pompey's Conduct at Dyrrachium, that he had been lost without redress could Pompey have known how to have made use of the Victory, took care not to slip into the late Error himself upon Pompey's Overthrow, but cry'd out to his Soldiers, That they ought to pursue their Advantage, make themselves Masters of the Enemies Camp, and not abuse themselves with the Plunder, but compleat the Conquest. Pompey, whose Forces were entirely cut off, or surrendered to the Victor, accompanied with a small Number of Friends, retired from Larissa to the Sea-side, and was reduced to seek for a Retreat in a poor Fisherman's Cabin. Caesar, who made a close Pursuit, obliged Pompey to go on Board a small Bark, who was so intarass'd with his Misfortune that he could not think of laying hold of those Advantages which he had by Sea, where he had a Powerful and Victorious Army,
Army, but hearing that Cæsar was upon his March, he
slay’d for no Body, but sent Sall towards Lesbos: After
many Deliberations with his Friends, he resolved to retire
into Egypt, where the Young King Ptolemy’s Council ad-
vised, that they ought to invite him to shore and kill him;
as the sure means to obtain Cæsar’s Friendship, and never
thereafter to be afraid of Pompey. Thus this great Man lost
his Life miserably by the Instigation and Hands of three
or four Villains. Cæsar, who knew all his Enemies Hopes
were wrapped up in the Person of Pompey, with his usual
Diligence embarks his Forces, from whence at Alexandria,
where he was entertain’d with the News of Pompey’s Death,
and presented with his Head: The mournful Spectacle
drew Tears from his Eyes, and persuaded him to revenge
Pompey’s Death. Cæsar, who found fresh Marks every
Day of the Egyptians untoward Intentions to him, from
the Insolence of the King’s Envoy, was provok’d to take
his Revenge; and being likewise caught by the admirable
Charms of Cleopatra, declared, That he being the first Ma-
gistrat of Rome, was resolv’d to enquire into the Differ-
ence between the King and his Sister: Not to trace the
Grounds of these Proceedings, which are obvious to all
Knowers of the Roman History, let it suffice, that a short
War ensued: Cæsar with the Assistance of Mithridates of
Pergamæ defeated the Egyptians, and establish’d Cleo-
patra Queen of Egypt jointly with her younger Brother
Ptolemy: Thus everywhere Victorious, Cæsar departed
with his Sixth Legion from Egypt to go into Syria; But
that Province being at Peace, he leaves his Kinman Sex-
tus Cæsar there with one Legion, embarks for Cilicia, pursues Pharnaces to Cappadocia, and defeats him at Zie-
lax, a City of Pontus, with a great Slaughter. Thence,
giving some necessary Orders to the Neighbouring Provinces,
he embarks and goes into Italy with a Diligence that put
all the World in Admiration. Cæsar made but a short

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Stay at Rome, received many of Pompey's Party, who came to meet him, with wonderful Moderation; appeased the Mutinous Insolence of the Tenth Legion; re-established Quiet in the City, and leaving Mark Antony to Command there, march'd by great Journeys into Sicily; and thence, even when the Winds were contrary, set Sail for Africa, so impatient was he to root up the last Reliques of the Civil War. Scipio and Juba were Entrench'd in two several Camps near the City of Thapsus, whither Caesar March'd directly to attack them, and after a bloody Engagement totally overthrew their Powers, and obliged Scipio to fall on his own Sword, and Juba to seek a Death from the Hand of one of his Slaves: The Consequences of this Battel were so great, that all that Part of Africa submitted to Caesar, except the City of Utica; the Reduction whereof was the only Task now remained for his Arms, and the Attempt whereof naturally brings me back to the Connection of Cato's Story.

It was not long before Cato was inform'd of Scipio's Defeat, by some of the Cavalry that had escaped the dreadful Slaughter, and who offer'd him their Service, if he would retreat with them from the hot Pursuit of the Enemy; but Cato then told them, he design'd to hold out the Siege of Utica. But the Faintness and Irresolution of the Townsmen, who were aw'd with the Apprehensions of Caesar's vast Fortune, made him forego that Resolution; and he in vain attempted to pacifie their Frights, by telling them, That Scipio's Loss was nothing near so great as it was represented, and that it was common to have Disasters enlarged by Report, that often'd to Fear more than Truth. Cato had establish'd a kind of Senate in Utica, which he had compos'd of 300 Romans of good Quality; these Gentlemen he summon'd upon this threatening Juncture, and address'd himself to them with a wonderful Calmness and Resolution, in the following Manner: He advis'd
of M. Cato of Utica.

advise'd enquir'd principally neither to divide their Numbers nor Counsels; for that while they continued their Union, Caesar would be afraid of their Opposition, and would the sooner pardon them, if they were reduc'd to the Misfortune of submitting themselves to his Mercy: Begg'd them to fix on what Measures they meant to take, and that for his part he should not mislike whatever they determined; that if they were entirely dishearten'd by the ill Success of their Cause, he would impute their Change to the Necessity of the Times; but if they had Resolutions to brave Misfortunes, and Lives to hazard in the Defence of Liberty, he should stand in Admiration of their noble Courage, and would be himself their Captain and Companion, to push the Fortune of their Cause and Country to the uttermost. Much more he said to them in the most animating Terms that the Hope of prevailing and hearty Sincerity of his Soul for the Interest of Rome could dictate: And while he was present, his Auditors were fill'd with a Noble Fire, that seem'd to inspire them to the Daring even of Impossibilities; but that Couragious Heat soon relax'd, and gave Way to the viler Counsels of preserving their Persons with their Effects. Cato at length finding his Authority was too weak to subdue their Cowardice, chang'd his Thoughts of Defence for others more agreeable to his Character, and those Opinions of Philosophy he had all along profess'd. News being brought that Caesar was in his March with all his Army towards Utica, he gave out his Orders with admirable Prudence and Resolution, and assist'd many of his Friends to save themselves by Sea, others he advis'd to rely on Caesar's Goodness, and gave this Charge and Exhortation to his Children, never to intermeddle with the Affairs of the Republic, telling them, the Corruptions of the Times would not permit them to act therein uprightly, as Cato's Sons ought; and that for them to grow servile Observers of the Time, they could not act like honest Men.

At
At Night several of his particular Friends were at Sup-
per with him, and amongst the rest some Philosophers.
After Supper the Company fell into grave and learned Di-
scourse, and it running mostly upon Philosophy, Cato advanced
that Stoical Maxim, That the Virtuous only were happy and
free, but wicked Men always miserable and in Slavery: De-
metrius the Peripatetic, who made one of the Guests,
would not easily allow this Paradox, and Cato defended the
Subject with so much Warmth and Passion, that his Friends
could not but suspect he had something more than ordina-
ry in his Mind; and their Fears were increased by this Cir-
cumstance, that when Lucius Cæsar proffer’d to fall on
his Knees before his victorious Kinsman to beg Cato’s Life,
Cato would not be brought to permit it, saying, He would
not owe his Life to the Power of a Tyrant. Soon after
Cato retir’d to Bed, and embraced his Sons and the whole
Company with such unusual Tenderness, that their Suspi-
cions were redoubled by it, and they caufed his Sword to
be privately convey’d away, which at other Time he was
used to have by him.

He took up Plato’s Book of the Soul, and having read
a little while, look’d for his Sword; missing it he call’d for
one of his Slaves, and without the least Disorder, bid him
fetch it; but not being obey’d, he grew in Anger, and
struck the Slave with such force that he hurt his own Hand,
crying out, He was betray’d, and should be delivered to the
Enemy naked and unarmed.

The Noise immediately brought his Sons and Friends in-
to the Chamber, on whom looking sternly, he ask’d them,
If they had observ’d him to have lost his common Sense?
And why they did not try to persuade him by Reasons,
without obliging him by Force to follow other Opinions than
those he had already learnt? That a Man Resolv’d, had no
need of the help of a Sword, nor could miss of a way to
Death; but might stifle himself, or beat out his Brains a-
gainst
M. Caro of Utica.

At this Discourse his Sons wept, and left the Room, but the Friends and Philosophers staying behind, he renewed his Discourse, and asked them, If they were ordered to stay and stare on him like Mutes, and wait upon him for his Guard. That if they had good Reasons to convince him, that having nothing else to rely on, it would not be unworthy of him to beg his Life of the Enemy, to make him renounce all those Maxims which he had hitherto maintain'd, why did they not proceed to their Proofs? If they were not thus prepared, he bid them be gone, and tell his Sons they ought not to think of persuading him by Force, to a Thing which they could not pretend to convince him of by Reason.

After this the Company retir'd, and his Sword was sent him back by a Young Slave, he examining the Point, and finding it for his Purpose, laid it by, saying, Now I am Master of my self. He betook him again to the same Treatise of Plato, and having read it over twice, fell into so profound a Sleep that he was heard into his Anti-chamber. As soon as the Day appear'd, Cato snatch'd up his Sword, and thrust himself thro' the Breast; but the Hurt of his Hand had so weakened the Blow, that he did not Dye immediately; but, staggering, fell upon his Bed, and threw down a Table, on which he had drawn some Figures of Geometry; the Noise whereof made his Slaves run in, who with their Cries alarm'd all his Sons and Friends.

They found him with his Bowels out of his Body, and were so confounded with their Grief, that they beheld him without being able to assist him: His Eyes were yet open, and his Physician laying him upon his Bed, put up his Bowels which were not hurt, and clos'd up the Wound. But Cato, recovering his Spirits, and transported with Fury, thrust back the Physician, rent open the Wound, and tearing his Bowels expired before their Eyes.

Thus
Thus died this great Man in the eight and fortieth Year of his Age, and was honourably buried near the Sea-side by the Uticans; and there, in Plutarch's Time, was to be seen an Image of him, holding a drawn Sword in his Hand: Utica was presently surrendered to Caesar, who being informed how Cato had slain himself, cried out, That Cato had envied him the Glory of saving his Life, and it is for that Reason, says he, that I envy his Death.

FINIS.
CATO
EXAMIN'D:
OR;
ANIMADVERSIONS
ON THE
FABLE or PLOT,
Manners, Sentiments, and Diction
OF THE
New Tragedy of Cato.
WITH A
Comparison of the CHARACTERS of the
Dramatical and Historical HERO.

Necessary for the Perusal of not only the Readers of CATO, but of all other Tragedies.

Dedicated to JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN PEMBERTON, at the Buck and Sun against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. MDCXIII.
To
Joseph Addison, Esq;

Sir,

The great success of your play has drawn this dedication upon you, as well as the trouble of the following reflections, if you shall think fit to give them a perusal. If the general applause of the audience can give a sincere merit, yours is beyond controversy in the writing of Cato; since it is so great, that it may look like a sort of singular assurance to bring it to a nearer examination. But I assure myself, that Mr. Addison is too sensible of the frail foundation of a fame built on the voice of the million, to be satisfied with that alone which has been equally indulgent even to Durfey and Settle, and some others of no higher desert. The Quixots and the Empress of Morocco, are mortifying instances how little real value there is in success on the stage, which cannot preserve the author from after neglect and infamy, if his performance will not stand the censure of the learned in that art of the drama.

A2

The
The Epistle Dedicatory.

The Month's Run of the Empress of Morocco will not now prevail with an Audience to see it one Night with Patience, tho' it was once thought worthy the Labour of Three Poets to expose and condemn it.

No Play in France ever met with a more General, and Violent Applause than the Cid; so that it is put into a Proverb—-More Beautiful than the Cid—-when the French would give an Hyperbolical Praise to any thing they admir'd. Yet we find Corneille was not protected by this from the Censure of the Academy, whose Members enquir'd into his Absurdities and Errors against the Rules of Art; which has ever since put that Play in a very low Class among the Men of Judgment and Art. Tho' we have had a Player of ours, and one of the Directors of the House, to shew the Finesse of his Judgment and Taste, presume to give us a wretched and base Imitation of it in his Heroic Daughter; which with all his Interest, and good Assurance, he has not been able to Impose on the Town.

I am very sensible, that Criticism lies under a very hard Name among our ignorant Poets, as the Effect of Ill Nature; but that can have no manner of Influence on me at this time, since I write to and on a Person, that is too well acquainted with the Antients, and their Beauty and Excellence, not to allow them our Masters in Poetry and Oratory; and that who soever cannot be tried by their Rules, has no just Claim to the Titles of Poets. The Praise of the Ignorant is but a Reproach, if indifferent with the Approbation of the Knowing. Lesson shows his Resentment against such a false Applause; and Zeuxis,
Zeuxis; and Horace advises his Pupil not to labour to please the Many. The Chance of that in Works of this Nature, is like making the Wapping Picture-Sellers and Daubers Judges of Titian and Raphael. For none in reality can judge of the Excellence of a Performance in any Art but such as are perfectly skilled in that Art. The Million happen sometimes to be in the Right, but it is by Accident alone, and therefore they are not to be depended upon.

Suffer your self therefore, Sir, to be brought to that Examination, which can only determine your Fate. If you have performed like an Artist, your Glory will be as Great as Sincere; if you have not, you lose only the Vanity of a Day, in the Artless Applauses you have met with in the Representation.

But it will be said, that you have met with Success with all Degrees, with the Quality as well as People, and therefore it may with Justice be depended on. By no means, Sir; Arts are not conveyed by Titles; nor are Dignities and Estates capable of raising Ignorance above the Vulgar. There is the Great Vulgar as well as the Small, as Cowly has distinguished them:

Begon; Prophane! I hate you all;
Both the Great Vulgar, and the Small.

The little Encouragement Men of Art meet with among our Great Men, is a certain Proof, that they are but ill Judges of Merit, and have no fine Taste in the Politer Studies; their Applause will not therefore secure
Theo. Eliott, Esq.

Dedication

care your fame is only confirmed by the knowing, and cier discovering which is the best, that which pleases the few, or that which transports the many; the first be never prefers to the last, yet allows that the best which pleases both. It is plain from your success that you have pleased the many; we shall examine in the following pages whether you have gained the same point with the few.

Cato.
CATO Examín'd, &c.

There is nothing so discouraging to the progress of any Art, as to have its performances submitted to the judgment of the ignorant; which daily revives the century of Midas giving the Laurel to Pan, tho' Apollo were a Candidate. This deers the fine spirits from applying to such Arts, who only can carry them up to perfection; and gives assurance to impudent pretenders to invade a province; which however they are incapable of cultivating, they have a double probability of obtaining, since the gift is in such hands as are determined by fancy and chance.

The Art of Poetry has hitherto, in this nation, lain under this disadvantage: but no part of poetry more, than tragedy, which is the noblest and most useful to human society. For the stage being generally in the hands of persons most commonly strangers to all manner of literature, they choose, and encourage by mere caprice and fancy, and by their management, the best performance has always the worst luck, either by the negligent performance, the ill dress, or the ill name they give it. From this ignorant management, the noblest performance of human wit is sunk into disgrace, and many (not without some reason) into infancy.

From hence proceeds the frailty of that transient reputation, which any gentleman derives from the success of his tragedy. And many plays, that have had a prodigious rumour on their first appearance, have scarce been born with patience on their revival. And yet there is that natural vanity, in poetical persons especially, that cannot but receive a satisfaction from
from this Applause, which he would persuade himself to be
the just Effect of his Merit. And the most self-denying of
them all, are unwilling to have this favourable Verdict of the
Million call'd in Question, and examin'd into; unless they are
perfectly assur'd in themselves, that there is a Sterling Merit in
their Performances, that will turn that Scrutiny to their Advan-
tage, either in the Ignorance of the Critic, or his Justice.

This was Mr. Philips's Case, in the Distress'd Mother. The
great Success of his Play alarm'd an old Writer of K. Charles's
Reign, by finding a Tragedy of 10 different Plays of the
Minions of the Town in his Juvenile Days, so well receiv'd by
our Audience; which produc'd a Criticism upon it, that at the
same time discover'd the Ignorance of the Critic, and the Ex-
cellence of the Poet. But his Fate cannot deter me from my
present Attempt. But to avoid his Fate, I shall lay down such
Rules of my Censure, as are founded on Reason and Nature,
and have been establisht above these 2000 Years; and which
I am confident, that the Gentleman, whose Play I shall Exa-
mine by them, will allow unexceptionable. Yes, Mr. Addison
will confess, that Poetry is an Art: And if so; that, as an
Art, it has certain Rules, or Means of arriving at some End
that it proposes; which is the Instruction of Men by Plea-
sure.

This Gentleman will farther own, as the Consequence of the
Premises, that the Means or Rules of Obtaining this End, are
known; or it would else be the same thing as if there were
no Rules at all. I believe he will further grant, that it is im-
possible to succeed without them. The certain Consequence of
this is, that the Rules, and What pleases, are never contrary to
each other; and that you can never please without the Rules.
For where there is a Right, and a Wrong, there must be some
Rules to avoid the latter, and arrive at the first.

From hence it is plain, that there are Rules of just Writing in
the Drama, that these Rules are known; and that they are ne-
ever opposite to what pleases, since they were made to show us
what will excite Pleasure in the Reader or Spectator.
Cato Examined, &c.

There would be nothing bad (says that admirable Critic Ducier) in the World, if all that pleased were good, since there is nothing so absurd but will meet with some Admirers. You may say indeed, that it is not true that what is good pleases, because we daily see Disputes about the Good and Plea-
sants: the same thing pleases some, and displeases others, nay it pleases and displeases the very same Man at different Times. From whence then proceeds this Difference? It comes either from an absolute Ignorance of the Rules, or that the Passions alter it. Rightly to clear this Truth, I believe I may lay down this Maxim; — That all sensible Objects are of Two Sorts, some may be judged of by the Sense independently of Reason (I call Sense that Impression which the Animal Spirits make on the Soul) and others cannot be judged of but by Reason exercised in Science or Knowledge. Things simply agreeable or disagreeable are of the first Sort, all the World may judge alike of these: — For Example, — The most ignorant of Music perceives very well when a Lutunist strikes one String for another, because he judges by his Sense, and his Sense is the Rule. On such Occasions we may say, that all that pleases is good, because that which is good does please, or that which is ill never fails to displease; for neither Passion nor Ignorance dull the Senses, but sharpen them. It is not thus in Things that spring from Reason; Passion and Ignorance work very strongly in them and check the Judgment; and for this Cause we ordinarily judge so ill, and differently in those Things of which Reason is the Rule and Cause. Why what is Bad often pleases, and that which is Good does not always do so, is not the Fault of the Object but the Judgment. What is Good will infallibly please those, who can judge, and that is sufficient. By this we may see, that a Play, that shall bring those Things which are to be judged by Reason within the Rules, and also that, which is to be judged by Sense, shall never fail to please both the Learned and Ignorant. Now this Conformity of Suffrages is the most sure, or, according to Aristotle, the only Mark of the Good and the Pleasant. But these Suffrages are not to be obtained but by observing the Rules, and conseq-
C A T O Examin'd, &c.

Ssequently these Rules are the only Cause of the Good and the
Pleasant, whether they are followed Methodically and with
Design, or only by Chance. For it is certain, there are many
Persons, who are entirely ignorant of these Rules, but yet do
not miss of Success in many Things; but this is far from de-
stroying the Rules, since it only serves to shew their Beauty,
and proves how far they are conformable to Nature, since
those often follow them, who know nothing of them.

Our Shakespeare is an undeniable Proof of the Truth of
the latter End of this Quotation, who is exactly con-
formable to the Rules in all that pleases the Judicious, and
never disgusts but for want of his Knowledge of them. This, I
hope, is sufficient to satisfy any Man of Reason, that the Rules
are absolutely necessary for judging and writing well. I shall
therefore proceed to lay down as briefly as the Matter will per-
mit, the Rules which determine the Goodness or Badness of a
Tragedy: With the Definition of which I shall begin.

TRAGEDY is the Imitation of one grave and entire Action
of a just Length, and which without the Assistance of Narration, by
the Means of Terror and Compassion, perfectly refines in us all
Sorts of Passions, and whatever is like to them.

We may explain this by a Piece of History Painting, where
the Painter takes one entire and grave Action to express by Fi-
gures and Colours, without mingling any thing else with it. Ra-
phel in his Battel of Constantine, brings not all the Actions of
the Life of that Prince, which would have been absurd and con-
 founding, but only what concerns that one Action alone. Thus
Tragedy is the Imitation of one grave Action, not of all the
Actions of a Man's whole Life.

As the Action imitated by Tragedy must be grave, so it must
be entire; that is, it must have a Beginning, Middle, and End.
The excluding Narration, and confining it to Terror and Com-
passion, distinguishes it from the Epic Poem, which employs
chiefly Admiration, in which Corinelle transgressed in almost all
his Plays.

All
All Tragedies have these Four chief Parts: The Fable, which we call the Plot; the Manners, what we call the Characters; the Sentiments, and the Diction. The Fable, or Composition of the Incidents, which form the Subject of the Tragedy, is the Principal and most Valuable Part; for that is the Imitation in the Definition. For Tragedy being the Imitation of an Action, it plainly appears, that Action constitutes the Tragedy, and must therefore be the Chief Part; since there can be no Tragedy, where there is no Action. The Good and Evil Fortune of Men depends on their Actions; and the End proposed by every Man to himself, is an Action, not a Quality; and what Qualities Men pursue, are only as Medials to some Action. Thus the General End that Mankind propose, is to live happily: But to live happily, is an Action, not a Quality. Man therefore Happy or Miserable by his Actions, not Manners or Qualities; Tragedy proposes not to imitate the Manners, but adds them for the Production of Action: So that the End in all Things being of the greatest Importance, the Fable must be so in Tragedy.

I have urg'd this the more (but not by much so far as I might) because our Pretenders to the Tragic Muse make the Diction their chief Care and Study, without much Regard to the Plot or Fable, tho' that be in Reason, and according to Aristotle, the least Valuable Part of a Tragedy, but what indeed they are more capable of arriving at. The former requires a great Genius, and a great Judgment; the latter only a Mastery of a Language, and a little Address in Expression.

The Manners are the next in Excellence to the Fable. For as Tragedy is the Imitation of an Action, so there are no Actions without the Manners, since they are the Cause of Actions. The Inclinations of the Dramatic Person are discover'd by the Manners; by them we see what he will pursue, what Course or Part he will take on any Emergence of Importance. Thus, from the Manners of Achilles, we are prepar'd for his Answer to the Messengers of Agamemnon: Thus we know the Obedience of Oeneas to Mercury, from his Manners of Piety; which must induce him to submit to the Will of the Gods, to the Preju-

B 2
dice of his Love. The Violence of the Character of Oedipus, prepares us to expect extravagant Passions, and the Excess, which his Obstinate will prompt him to be guilty of. Whatever Discourse in Tragedy does not this, wants the Manners, and cannot be Dramatic.

The Sentiments obtain the Third Place in Tragedy; being the Same for the Manners, that the Manners are for the Fable; the Action can't be justly imitated without the Manners, nor the Manners express'd without the Sentiments. In these we must regard Truth, or Verisimilitude; that is, take care that every Sentiment proceeds from the Nature of the Manners, or Characters of the Persons.

The Diction or Language gains but the Fourth Place in the Essential Parts of Tragedy, tho' made the most important Care of our Modern Poetasters.

Having thus run over the Chief Parts of this Poem, I shall now come to the Rules of each.

Every Tragic Action must have a just Length; it must have a Beginning, Middle, and End. The Cause or Design of Undertaking an Action, is the Beginning; The Effects of those Causes, and the Difficulties we find in the Execution, are the Middle; The Unravelling and Dissolving these Difficulties, the End.

The Anger of Achilles is the Action propos'd by Homer: The Quarrel between him and Agamemnon, is the Beginning; The Evils this Quarrel produc'd, is the Middle; The Death of Hector, and the Appeasing Achilles by the Prayers and Tears of Priam, is the End.

The true Beginning of an Action, is that, which does not necessarily require or suppose any thing before it, as Part of that Action. The Beginning of an Epic or Dramatic Poem, may be the Sequel of another Action. Agamemnon's Injustice is the Beginning of the Quarrel between him and Achilles; the Action of the Iliad, all Things being before quiet in the Camp. Thus we may suppose this the Sequel of, but not depending necessarily on any thing precedent, tho' it came not to pass without it, and requires something else to follow depending on it, present
sented or remote. The present Effects of the Anger of Achilles was his Retreat to the Ships, and the Success of the Trojans, and Slaughter and Rout of the Greeks upon it, and the Death of Patroclus, and Hector; and the Reconcilement of Achilles and Agamemnon were the remote. Thus the End is just the Opposite to the Beginning, necessarily supposing something to go before, but nothing to follow it; as the Anger of Achilles naturally supposes a Beginning of it, but nothing to follow it, for then the Action is compleat.

The Middle necessarily supposes something gone before, and something to follow. Thus all the Evils, that the Anger of Achilles produced, necessarily suppose that Anger as their Cause and Beginning, from whence they did proceed; so these Evils (which make the Middle) producing the Satisfaction and Revenge of Achilles in the Death of Hector furnish'd the End in his relenting at the Misery of Priam. This is the most perfect Example of an Epic and Dramatic Action, and which demonstrates, that a Poet cannot begin and end it when he pleases, if he would manage his Subject with true Oeconomy and Beauty. Yet this is what has been known to very few of our Tragic Writers.

A Tragic Action ought to take up just so much Time as is necessary, or probable, for the introducing the Incidents with the just Preparation. If the Action will not come into the Time of Representation, then some of the Incidents must be brought into the Intervals of the Acts.

There must be a Unity of the Dramatic Action; that is, it must be but one Action, not many, of one Man; for that breaks the Unity. In which Point all our Old Authors are generally faulty, and Shakespeare might as well have brought his Play of Julius Caesar down to Nero's Time, as to the Death of Brutus and Cassius.

But this Unity of Action does not exclude various Under-Actions or Episodes, which are dependent on and contribute to the Principal, and without that are nothing. For this Action, with its Episodes or Under-Actions, ought to be so link'd together, that to take any Part away, or to endeavour to transpose the
the Parts, destroys the Whole; for these Under-Actions ought either necessarily or probably to be produced by the Main Action, as the Death of Patroclus by the Anger of Achilles. This Rule will, it is confess'd, condemn most of our English Tragedies; in some of which, the very Principal Character, that names the Play may be left out, and the Play not at all injur'd.

This Dramatic Action ought to be General and Allegoric, not Particular; because Particular Actions can't have a General Influence. Thus the Action of Achilles is to show what Violence and Anger would make all Men of that Character say or do. To make a just Hero of a Tragedy, he must always be as General and Allegoric as Achilles, acting necessarily or probably, as all Men of such a Character would. Tragedy differs from History in this, the Drama consults not the Truth of what any one Person did say or do, but only the General Nature of such Qualities or Manners, to produce such Words and Actions. This Poem indeed makes use of true Names; but that is to give a Credibility to the Action, the Person still remaining General and Allegoric. I therefore approve more of the Poet's rather inventing his own Fable; there being very few Historical Persons, that can be made General, and Allegoric. Not but a Poet may make use of such Incidents as History and Matter of Fact may afford him; but then these Incidents must have that Probability and Verisimilitude, which Art requires.

There remains yet another Quality of the Dramatic Action; it must be capable of Exciting Terror, or Compassion, or both; but not Admiration alone, which is too cold a Passion for Tragical Effects.

These Actions which Tragedy imitates, and the Fables or Plots composed of them, are called either Simple or Implex. The Simple has no Change of the Condition or Fortune of the Principal Person or Persons, nor Discovery, the Play ending only in a single Passage of Agitation, or Trouble, or Repose, and Tranquillity. The Implex Fable, or Plot, is that, which has a Change of Fortune, or a Discovery, or both, which is the most beautiful and least common. This Change is either from Bad to Good Fortune, or from Good to Bad, as even in our Oedipus may be seen.
seen; and it is still the more beautiful in that this Change is made by the Discovery, and contrary to his Expectation, by which _Oedipus_ comes to know, that _Jocasta_, his Wife, is his Mother, and that _Laius_, whom he had killed, was his Father. This Change ought to be either necessarily or probably produced, as in the _Oedipus_ before quoted; for _Ægeon_ who comes to bring him agreeable News, which should put an end to his Fears of _Incest_ and _Parricide_, proves him on the quite contrary, evidently guilty of both.

The Characters, that are to compose a Tragic Fable or Plot, may neither be _Sovereignly Virtuous_ and _Innocent_, nor _scandalously Wicked_. For to make a _Perfect_, Vertuous and Innocent Character unhappy excites _Horror_, not _Pity_, nor _Terror_. 'Tis true, there is a sort of Satisfaction in the Punishment of the Wicked; but it is neither Terrors nor Pity, and not therefore _Tragical_; for we cannot pity what we think our selves incapable of committing. The Medium between Both, but rather _Good than Bad_, makes a true _Tragic Character_; and this Character should draw his Misfortunes upon him by _Faults_ proceeding from the _Excess of Passion_, _Involuntary Faults_ which have been committed by _Ignorance_ or _Imprudence_, against the _Natural Temper_ of the Man, when he was transported by a _violent Passion_; which he could not suppress; or in the Execution of Orders he could not, but obey, as _Orestes_ in the killing of his _Mother_. But such _scandalous Villanies_, as are brought on our Stage, are fitter for the _Hangman's Correction_, than that of the _Muse_.

A Fable with a single _Catastrophe_ is better than a Plot with a double one; and the unhappy _End_ is better, than the happy, provided the Unhappiness be the _Effects_ of such _Faults_ and _Crimes_. Next to this, we may prefer a Fable with a double _Ending_; one _Happy_ for the _Good_, and another _Unhappy_ for the _Bad_.

_Pity_ and _Terror_ being the principal _End_ or _Aim_ of _Tragedy_, and those being only to be moved by the _Plot_ or _Fable_, it must, to obtain this _End_, be composed of the following _Incidents_. _Incidents_ are Events happening between somebody; those which
which are Terrible, and Pitiful only between Friends or Relations or the like; for what happens between Enemies can have no Tragical Effects. But when a Brother is going to kill his Brother, the Father the Son, the Son the Father, the Mother the Son, or Son the Mother, the whole Soul is alarmed, and Fear and Pity make their Way to the Soul with irresistible Force. All these Incidents may be divided into those, which the Actor performs with an entire Knowledge of what he does or is going to do; or those, whose Guilt the Actor does not know till the Fact is committed, when they, that did it, come to discover the Relation they have to the Persons they have destroyed. The Third and most beautiful Sort of Incidents, is when a Person is going to kill a Relation unknown to him, and is prevented by a Discovery of the Friendship and Relation between them. The first is the worst, the last the best, and the second next to the third; having nothing flagitious or inhuman in it, but as a Sin of Ignorance, the Discovery is extremly Pathetic. The Poet must artfully (in the second and third Sorts) bring the Relation of the Dramatic Persons to the Audience, without destroying their Ignorance of each other.

The next thing, in a Tragedy, to the Fable, are the Manners. Those distinguish the Characters, and lead us to the Action by the visible Inclinations of the Dramatic Persons. The Manners should have four Qualities; they must be Good, Like, Convenient, and Equal. Good is when the Discourse of the Persons make us clearly and distinctly see their Inclinations, and what Good or Evil Resolutions they will be certain to take. Like has only to do with known Characters in History, with which the Dramatic Person must agree, at least not have any Quality contrary to what History has given them. Convenient is that the Manners be agreeable to the Age, Sex, Climate, Rank and Condition of the Person represented; that is, a Prince must not have the Manners of a Porter, a Princess those of a Prostitute, like Normahal in Aurengzebe, and many of Fletcher's Queens and Ladies of Quality. Equal is Constant and Consistent; the Brave must not be Fearful, nor the Avaritious Generous.
The Manners, therefore, of the Principal Persons at least, ought to be so clearly and fully mark'd, as to distinguish them from all other Men. In this Shakespeare has excell'd; but few of our Poets since him, except Otway and one or two more, have any other Distinction of their Characters, but the Names.

Besides these Four Qualities, there is another Essential to the Beauty of the Manners; and that is, that they be Necessary: That is, No Vicious, or Base Quality or Inclination, ought to be given to any Dramatic Person, but what is absolutely necessary, and requisite to the Carrying on of the Action. Every Hero has Three Sorts of Qualities. First, Such as are absolutely necessary to the Table or Action: And these are to appear most, and evidently prevailing above the rest; so that the Hero is to be known and distinguished by them. The Second are to embellish the First; and the Third to sustain both. The First in Aeneas, is a transcendent Goodness of his Nature; the Second, an entire Renunciation of his Will to the Gods; the Third, sustaining both, is a Heroic Fortitude. In Ulysses, Dissimulation is set off by Prudence, and sustained by Courage. In Achilles, Rage is embellish'd by a Noble Vehemence, and sustained by a Wonderful Valour. Thus the first Quality, Goodness, is to appear throughout the Character of Aeneas; Rage thro' that of Achilles; and Dissimulation thro' that of Ulysses.

Omitting what might be said of Discoveries, as being of no Use in our present Enquiry; I shall only add a few Words of the Sentiments, and not many more of the Dialogue; and then proceed to see, how far Mr. Addison's Cato will come up to these Rules; that is, how far his Play merits, or falls short of, its Publick Applause.

The Sentiments are such Thoughts, as naturally proceed from such Manners, in such a Circumstance, on such an Occasion, Passion, or the like: For all that are essentially concerned, in the Forming the Sentiments. And whatever any Dramatic Person says, that either flows not naturally from these, or are inconsistent with them, are Sins against the Sentiments. Which at once
once will condemn almost all our Rhiming Plays, and the greatest Part of the rest; since our Poets have employ'd their Study to bring in Fine Things, (as the Ladies and Beaux call them;) more than to consider, what a Person so qualify'd, would think in such a Case.

The \textit{Diction}, or Language, is the last of the Parts of \textit{Tragedy}, which I before enumerated; which, tho' by \textit{Aristotle} and the Ancients thought the most inconsiderable, has been most studied and applauded by our Modern Poets. But as we generally err as much in this Part, as in the other Three, I shall only say, That Propriety and Elegance are to be learn'd from \textit{Grammar} and \textit{Rhetoric}, adding Two or Three Rules, which are absolutely necessary to give a true Beauty to \textit{Dramatick Diction}.

Some have thought Milton's \textit{Epic} Style proper for \textit{Tragedy}; but falsely: And Milton himself has, in his \textit{Samson Agonistes}, vary'd extremely from that of his \textit{Paradise Lost}. \textit{Segrais} and \textit{Boswell} tell us, That the Style of an \textit{Heroick Poem}, ought to be more Lofty than that of the \textit{DRAMA}. And Mr. Dryden, on this, says, "—The Critic is in the Right, for the Reason already urg'd. The Work of \textit{Tragedy} is on the Passions, and in "Dialogue: Both of them abhor strong Metaphors, in which "the \textit{Epic}, delights. A Poet cannot speak too plainly on "the Stage, &c." Another great Critic tells us, "That to "deserve the Applause of the People, you must diversify your "Style perpetually: For too equal and uniform a Manner, "thins to no Purpose, and inclines us to Sleep, &c. Every "Passion has its proper way of Speaking; which a Man of Ge-

From these few Observations on the \textit{Diction}, it is evidently shown, far from \textit{Fine Language} some of our Poets are, who have de-

\textbf{Beau's}
Defects in all the other more Important Parts of the Drama.

Having laid down these Certain and Undoubted Rules of Writing, and Judging of a Tragedy, in a very narrow Compass, for the Variety of the Matter, and the Shortness of the Time that my Affairs allow me; I shall now venture to examine, how far the Author of CATO has comply'd with them, and where he has been guilty of any Offence against Art. For let the ignorant Miltion exclaim as they please against the Rules, and Art, and make a senseless Glamour about Nature, without giving us any Account what they mean by the Word; the Judicious of all Ages and Nations, where the Politer Studies have made any Progress, have allowed not much more to an Un-cultivated Genius, than to mere Art. Horace, who is own'd a Competent Judge, even by these Noisy Favourers of Confusion, tells us, That to make a Great and Just Poet, Nature must be instructed, or guided by Art. Indeed, without the Rules, there is no Standard of Excellence. And the worst wretched Poet after, that has ever met with Success, has as just a Claim to Merit, as the most Consummate Writer, that ever ennobled the Scene.

I shall therefore begin with the Plot, or Fable, of the Tragedy of CATO.

We have seen, that the Action to be imitated in a Tragedy must be One and not Many; it must be Grave and Serious, not Merry or Ridiculous; it must be entire and of a just Length, that is, have a Beginning, Middle, and End. The Time ought not to exceed the Representation, or at least what Incidents extend farther ought to fall between the Acts, and the Place for that Reason must be confined to a narrow Compass; Lastly, it ought to be General or Allegoric, and the Incidents that compose this Action ought to be fitted for the moving of Terror and Compassion.

C 2

The
The Fable or Action of Cato is plainly simple, for there is no Discovery producing a Change of Fortune in any of the principal Characters from their knowing one another. If we make the Action of this Play to be the Death of Cato, it may seem to be with more difficulty preserved from a Breach of Unity, which by the Rules of Art we have shewn to be essential to a Dramatic Action. But if we make the Action of the Play to be expressed in the Moral from the Mouth of Lucius:

From hence let fierce contending Nations know
What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow, &c.

then the Unity will be most manifest, from every Character in the Play, from Cato himself, even to Syphax and Sempronius. To this, Cato owes his Misery and his Death; to this Marcus his Slaughter, and to this Syphax his Destruction as well as Sempronius. It was the Civil Discord that cooped them all up in Utica together; that set Syphax and Sempronius to work in forming new Divisions and Civil Discord among the Remnant of Romans, which produced the Death of Marcus and Syphax directly, and that of Sempronius circumstantially, and hastened on that of Cato himself.

But not to strain where there is no Necessity, we will make the Action of this Tragedy what, I believe, the Poet meant it, and that is the Death of Cato; by which means its Unity will be yet more clear. Thus the Fable is full of the Simple, not Complex Kind. It is first entire and of a just Length; has a Beginning, Middle and End; the Unity of Time is preserved by the express Words of the Play; for Page 10.

Portus: The Dawn is over, call; the Morning lowers:
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day, &c.

which shews the Beginning of the Play to open with the Day, and how it concludes with the Setting Sun is as evident from these Words in the last Act:

Fuba
This is but Eighteen Lines before the Groans of dying Cato are heard. So that it is plain, that the Time of this Play is within the allowed Compass of a Day; and it is as plain, that all that is represented exceeds not the Time of the Representation, the Overplus of Time being artfully thrown into the Intervals according to the Rules already laid down.

The Unity of Place, tho' much less considerable, is observed to the greatest Nicety, it being confined to a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

Sure after this, our Enemies to Regularity will no more object, that a Play written according to the Rules can never please; they must at last own, that if such have ever miscarry'd where the Rules have been justly followed (which I can never grant) it has been the faulty Management of a little Genius in the Author, not of the Rules.

That the Action is of a just Length, that is, has a Beginning, Middle, and End, we shall shew by the following Examination. The Cause or Design of undertaking an Action, we said, is the Beginning; the Effects of those Causes, or that Cause, and the Difficulty we find in the Execution, are the Middle; and the unravelling or dissolving those Difficulties the End. Thus we have shewn, that the Anger of Achilles is the Action of the Ilias; the Quarrel betwixt him and Agamemnon is the Beginning; the Evils this Quarrel produced is the Middle; and the Death of Hector, reconciling Achilles by the Tears and Prayers of Priam, the End.
The Action of this Tragedy is the Death of CATO, the Cause is the Extremity of his and the Roman Affairs in his being besieged in the City of Utica, which is the Beginning; the Delays of his Death were his Hopes of Success; and the Care of his Friends embroiled with him, are the Middle; the utter Disappointment of all in the Treachery of Sempronius and Syphax, and the Inclinations of Lucius and others to try the Clemency of Caesar, produced his Death, which was the End.

The Beginning, I have said, is supposed to be the Sequel of something going before, but not dependent on it. Thus Cato’s being confined to Utica was the Consequence of the Civil War, but not depending upon it, since Cato might have been elsewhere, as in Numidia or any other Place; but being there, the Place and Circumstances were the Cause of his Resolution of dying with the Liberty of his Country, when he had no farther Means of supporting it.

As the Confinement to this City was the Cause of Cato’s Fatal Resolution, so it produced the Necessities of his Friends, and their Struggle to win him to listen to Caesar, and the Conspiracy of Sempronius and Syphax, and the Death of Marcus, which produced the End, in Cato’s Death; for after that we have nothing to expect, the Action is at a full Period; and to have gone farther, had been to have begun a new Action, a Defect that our Poet had too much Judgment to be guilty of.

Lastly, The Action ought to be Allegorical, not Particular. Thus it is with Cato; for it not only shews what Cato did, but what any other Hero with his Manners, and Qualifications, in the same Circumstances, Notions, and Passions, would have done. Which will appear plainer, when we come to examine the Manners.

The Incidents which compose this Fable, are such as are fitted to move Terror and Compassion. For what nearer Relation can there be, than that of a Man to himself? It is true, this grand Incident is of the first Sort of those Incidents enumerated, that is, it is done with a perfect Knowledge of the Fact he commits; yet the Pity is heightened when we find it free from Inhumanity.
Inhumanity, or Malice to any one, and purely the Effect of an Heroic Frailty of Temper, that would not think of surviving the Loss of his Country's Liberty, or of meanly craving the Clemency of the Destroyer of the Roman Liberty.

As for the other Episodical Incidents of this Play, we must look back to the Cause of Action, the Confinement to Utica, this brought all his Family, Children, with Juba, Sempronius, Syphax, Lucius, and the rest, to the same Place; and every one of them are one way or other concerned in the Main Action, the Death of Cato: So that the several Episodes of Love, and its Effects, plainly proceed from the Cause or Beginning, and had a Hand in delaying or furthering the End, according to their several Inclinations and Interests.

Thus I have as briefly as possible, gone through the most important Part of the Tragedy of Cato, the Plot or FABLE; and shewn by the Rules themselves, how justly they have been observ'd by our Author; which alone is a sufficient Justification of the Applause the Town has given it; since in that is the Supreme Mastery of a Tragic Writer, and in which so many of our Taking Poets have so very much fail'd. I confess that this Tragedy has not that Wonderful Perpetuity or Change of Fortune, and Discovery, which we find in the Oedipus of Sophocles. But then it must be said, that no other Poet into Sophocles had them so perfectly; and that the Noble Design of stirring us, at this time, the Factual Effects of Faction, and Domestic Feuds, which are at so great a Height in our Days, is a Balance for it. Besides, taking his Fable from so known a History, it was impossible to furnish it either with so just Perpetuity, or Discovery, which is an Advantage that the Greek Poets had, in building on the Fabulous Part of Grecian Story; of which, through the various Accounts of their blind and uncertain Tradition, they were entirely Masters of their Fables, and might frame them according to their Pleasure, and the Skill of the Poet, to render them delightful.

Thus the Common Fable of Helena was, that she was taken away to Troy by Paris; yet Euripides has made a very Beautiful

several
ful Discovery and Perepetie, by ascertaining that Paris carry'd only away a Phantom, form'd by Venus, to impose on him, while the true Helena was conveyed to Pharos, and shelter'd there in the Temple from the Love of Theseyomenes, till the Arrival of Menelaus on that Coast, with his Followers, and the Phantom of Helena, which vanishes away, and he finds the real Helena, and makes his Escape with her for Greece.

I have often thought, that if our Poets would study the Nature and true Beauties of Tragedy something more, the uncertain Part of our own History would be as advantageous to them, and Milton seems of the same Mind in the Writing of his English History. Besides, the Nation being the same, the Customs and Manners would have a more Natural Influence on the Audience, and the Poet would avoid some Absurdities in the Manners, which many have been guilty of, by placing their Scenes in Foreign Countries; for tho' the Scene be at Indostan, or Constantineple, the Manners are all Northern, English, &c. But of all Foreign Stories those of Greece and Rome are the most valuable; because our common Liberty has given us Sentiments, in many things, common with them. I know not but if we should ever out-live our Liberties, but then the Seraglio may afford us as useful Examples; but as long as Cato pleases, it does not appear that we are much in Love with Slavery.

I come next to the Manners, which have the second Place in Eminence to the Plot or Fable. I know it has been objected, and I myself was once of that Opinion, that Cato was by no means a proper Hero for Tragedy; a Stoic by Profession, and therefore supposed to be without Passions, whereas Passion is the very Characteristic of that Poem, Violenta Tragedia.

But in reviewing the Life of that Roman, I found that his Love for his Country was not without Passion, and that of great Violence; as his bursting into Tears in going over the Field where the Conflict of Dyrrachium was; and his doing the same whenever Mention was made of the Battle of Pharsalia. His Sword being conveyed away privately the Night of his Death by the Order of his Friends, on missing it he called one of his Slaves
Ca\-\-tor Examined, &c. 19

Slaves and bid him fetch it; but not being obeyed he grew so angry, that he struck his Slave with such Force that he hurt his own Hand, crying out he was betray'd, and should be deliver'd to the Enemy Naked and Unarmed. And his after-Words to his Sons and Friends shew plainly, that he was not so much a Stoic as to be void of Passion, especially in the Cause of his Friends and his Country.

This being thus plain, let us examine his Manners as a Dramatic Person, for as such only we have to do with him here.

The Manners, as we have shewn, should have: Four Qualities, which all meet in Cato. They must be good, that is, well mark'd; they must be like, they must be convenient and equal. Thus, the Manners of Cato are poetically good, that is, well marked; for his Discourse makes us clearly see his Inclinations, and what Resolutions he will be certain to take. The Manners of the Poetical Cato are like; that is, they are conformable to those, which true History gives this Roman.

In History, he was of a Sedate, but Stern Inflexible Temper, a constant Lover of his Country and its Laws; he was of Singular Integrity, and thought no Cause good, that was not founded on Justice; incapable of Corruption; and an irreconcilable Enemy to those, he thought Enemies to his Country; and of unquestionable Courage both in the Field and the Senate. Now there is not one of these Qualities but are visible in our Poetic Cato, even in the First Scene of his Appearance. As his Conduct between Sempronius and Lacius, and to Decius, on his Message from Caesar, make it evident.

The Manners of our CATO are likewise Convenient, that is, everywhere consistent: As they begin, so they end; and he is always the Same, which makes them also Equal.

Thus we have seen the Manners of our Tragic Hero to be Good, Like, Convenient and Equal; and we shall soon find that they are also Necessary, for the Carrying on the Action. I have laid it down as a Rule, that there are Three Sorts of Qualities, that compose the Character of a Hero. First, such as are absolutely Necessary for the Fable or Action; and those are most to appear, and prevail above the rest, since the

D. Hero
Hero is to be known by them: The Second are to Embellish the First; and the Third, to Sustain Both.

The First of these in our CATO, is, the Love of his Country, which appears wherever he is seen: And this is set off by an invincible Resolution; and Both are sustained by a very uncommon Fortitude.

Thus I have likewise gone thro' my Examination of the Manners of CATO, by the Just Rules of Aristotle himself; and shown, beyond Contradiction, that Mr. Addison has arriv'd at a Perfection in this Particular; in which he is also almost singular among his Contemporary Tragic Writers, (if we add those of King Charles II.'s Reign to them) except Otway, some of Lee's Plays, and One or Two of Mr. Dryden's.

It may perhaps be expected, that having gone thro' the Plot, and the Principal Character, I should likewise say something of the other Dramatich Persons, that fill up this Play: But having already shown, that they are all dependent on the Main Action, and produc'd by the Beginning of it; I shall only say, that they are perfectly distinguish'd: The Sedateness of Portius, is sufficiently distinct from the Fiery Temper of Marcus. The Two Characters of Sempronius and Syphax, are distinguish'd in themselves, tho' Carrying on the same Treacherous Cause, nor are they furnish'd with Manners, that are not necessary to the Business they are engag'd in. They are not made more wicked, than they shou'd be, merely to introduce a Villain; but as Love or Lust, and a Fear below a Friend of Cato's, engag'd Sempronius in his Treachery, so overcome by such Passions, in this Age, they wou'd almost be pity'd. More may be said for Syphax, no Subject of Rome, nor indeed with those Principles, that were worn out then in the Romans themselves; a Numidian, an African, that was not willing to perish in a Cause, in the Success of which he cou'd expect to be no
Cato Examin'd, &c.

Gainer. In short, he is what we may call Wicked, but not guilty of such Breaches of common Honesty or confirm'd Villany, as are too frequent on our Stage, and have nothing Dramatic in them. The Character of Womanhood is every where preserv'd in the Ladies, in whom Modesty shines, and Virtue is always conspicuous. Juba is every where honourable, and a true Pupil of Cato, and promising that Man, that he afterwards was in Reality; he does nothing unworthy a Prince, nor indeed of a Roman.

All I have to say of the Sentiments is, that I cannot find any, but what are the Natural Product of the Manners, the Occasion, and Passion. And I am satisfy'd, that every one will excuse my saying nothing of the Diction, since that is what every one will allow to be Just and Dramatic, vary'd according to the Subject. The Passions are not clogg'd with insipid sounding Epithets, that make the Passion languish, that is, when they have any Passions to express.

I shall here conclude, That as this Celebrated Tragedy of Cato has receiv'd the general Applause of the Town; the Reader may judge, by the Examination I have made, by the known and allow'd Rules of the Drama, how much Justice there was in that Applause.

Est ubi recte judicat est ubi peccat. Hor.

FINIS.
OBSERVATIONS
UPON
CATO,
A
TRAGEDY.
By Mr. ADDISON.

In a Letter to * * *

CUNCTA Terrarum SubaeHa,
Prater atrocem Animum CATONIS.
Hor.

LONDON:
Printed for A. BALDWIN in Warwick-Lane. M. DCC. XIII.
Price Six Pence.
Observations

upon

Carl

Sweden

By

Read

in

of

D. W. Hume

Prussian

in

of

of

J. D. T. Heberdey
SIR,

London, April 25, 1713.

Here send you the Tragedy of CATO, which had rais’d the Expectation of the Town to a great Height, and now has justly satisfi’d it, to the Play I will leave you for Conviction; but since you desir’d some Observations from me, which you were pleas’d to think would make the Reading more agreeable and useful to you, I shall give you some with the same Freedom you request’d them.

In the first place I shall present to you a general Idea of the main Character of CATO, that you may the better observe with what Justice and Propriety his Character with all his Sentiments is preserved to the last.

The next Head that I propose is, to point out to you how justly all the other Characters are distinguish’d from each other, and made subservient to the Conduct of the whole.

And for a Conclusion, I will endeavour to hint at some extraordinary Beauties, and shew how exactly they are conformable, not only to the true Spirit of Poetry, but the best Rules of Criticism.

In order to form a general Idea of CATO, you must have a View of the Scene of Affairs in which he acted, an Age full of Vice and Corruption, debauch’d from their old generous
Observations upon CATO.

numerous Roman Principles, abounding with Plots and Conspiracies against the present Model of their Government, divided into Parties, headed by violent and ambitious Spirits, and carried on with all the Arts of Design, Hypocrisy, and Diffimulation; and in short, such an Age wherein as Cicero describes it, it was as dangerous for a good Man to hazard himself in Business, and act in publick Offices, as it was disgraceful and mean to retire from them. In this Age the great CATO appear'd, acting merely upon the Principles of Honour and Justice, neither aw'd nor seduc'd by Parties, with the truest Notions for the ancient Republic Form, and a hearty Zeal for it, publickly opposing both its disguis'd and open Enemies. When the Civil War broke out he sided indeed with POMPEY, as most of the Senators and Lovers of their Country did, not thinking him so dangerous an Enemy as CAESAR; and CATO particularly hoping by the Influence he had over him to bring him to re-settle the State upon its old Bottom, if he happen'd to prove the Conqueror. Upon these Motives he engag'd in the Civil War, the Event of which you very well know, so that I shall pass that over, and come to the Scene of the Play, when he and the Remnant of his Followers were inclos'd by CAESAR in Utica.

But I know you will not forgive me, unless I touch upon CATO's Character, as drawn by Poets as well as Historians; and therefore I shall give you both his publick and private one out of Lucan, who in this Description had as strict a Regard to Truth as any Historian, his private Life, the Simplicity of his Manners, and Habit, his Notions of Philosophy, and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently painted in the second Book which I shall venture to translate.
Observations upon CATO.

—- Hi mores, hac duri immota Catonis
Seulla sui.

These CATO's Morals were, and this the kind,
Of His rough Seula, and His severer Mind,
A due proportion'd Medium to attend,
And think while living to respect his End;
To follow Nature, and observe her Laws,
To pour His Life out in his Country's Cause;
From mean Idea's to enlarge His Mind,
Nor think his Actions to himself confin'd,
Nor CATO born for One, but All Mankind.

He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense,
A happy Epicure in Abstinence,
His House to keep out Cold alone did seem,
Convenience was Magnificence to Him;
Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore,
Such as His Sabine great Forefathers wore;
Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express,
This was his Pomp and Quiet of Dress;

He
He sought the Pleasure of a chaff Embrace,
For One great End, to propagate his Race:
Severely honest, just without Allay,
Studious, the Common Good alone to weigh.
At once discreet, and fond in ev'ty view,
His Country's Husband, and Her Father too.

His Zeal and Heartiness for the State, and the Anximity
of his Spirit for the Calamities that were likely to befall it,
His generous Concern for his Fellow Sufferers, and his Neg-
lect of himself, are farther displayed, when Brutus is de-
scribed coming to him in the Dead of Night, to ask his
Opinion of the Condition of Affairs, in order to follow his
Resolution.

Him Brutus found with wakeful Care opprest,
The Public Good revolving in his Breast:
Big with the Fate and Destiny of Rome,
Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom;
Fearful what each might Act, and each Endure,
But unconcern'd, and for Himself secure.

And since I have got thus far in shaping his Character,
as drawn by this Poet, I will attempt to translate that Part
Observations upon Cato

of his Speech to Brutus, wherein he offers himself a voluntary Sacrifice for his Country, only wishing that it may in some Manner represent the Beauties of the excellent Original.

O! would the Gods above, and those below,
In Mercy harken to their Cato's Vow,
And on this willingly devoted Head
All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed!

For Rome of old her Decius could fall,
In one illustrious Ruin saving all:
That thus I might this single Life expose,
To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes!

O! against me may both their Hoots engage;
Set up the happy Mark of Public Rage:
Hither fly every Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,
And ev'ry vile Barbarian Arm strike here.

I would sustain each Individual's Share;
Be pierc'd, be gor'd, by ev'ry Murd'rer there,
And all their Wounds in bleeding Transport bear.

Could but this Blood, for her Preservation spilt,
Redeem the Nation; and atone her Guilt:

Could
Could this one Sacrifice prevent Her Doom,

And quit the Score between her Gods and Rome.

And now, Sir, you will easily perceive how agreeable to this the Character of CATO is sustained through the whole Play; how exactly he Acts and Talks as CATO should; the dear Imression and Image of his Country always rising up in his Thoughts, and being express'd in such a Manner as is answerable to the Idea of that Great Man. How easy the Private Concerns of Life fit upon him! and how full he is of Rome! In the Second Act, you find him besieged and encompass'd by Cæsar at Utica, in Conference with a few Senators who had stuck to the Cause of Liberty, in this utmost Exigence, not dropping a Word unbecoming his Roman Spirit, regulating their Debates, and returning an Answer to Cæsar with an Air superior to his Fortune. And tho' in this Debate CATO utters many Sentences which would not be graceful for another to speak, yet according to Quintilian's Rule, they are very proper and just in him: for, says the Orator, Sentences are most properly put in the Mouth of Men of Authority, that the Person may give a Confirmation to the Weight and Importance of the Subject. Consider, Sir, then what an Idea they must needs have of CATO before, and you will plainly perceive what an Influence his Resolution, deliver'd in that solemn Manner, must naturally have over them.

A second Instance of the Greatness and Intrepidity of his Soul, you will observe in the Third Act, where he ventures himself unarmed amidst a Band of Comspirators, who, by the single Awe of his Virtue, are so abash'd, that they dar'd not to execute their Purpose when it was most in their Power, which puts me in mind of a Passage in Virgil that seems
OBSERVATIONS UPON CATO.

seems to bear a near Allusion to this Action. The Poet is there describing the Sudden Fall of the Waves, and the Ceasing of the Winds, at the Appearance of Neptune, and makes a Similitude drawn from a popular Tumult compos'd at once by the Sight and Words of a grave and good Man: take it in Mr. Dryden's Translation.

As when in Tumults rise th'ignoble Crowd,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud,
And Stones and Brands in ratling Vollies fly,
And all the rustic Arms that Fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious Man appear,
They hush their Noise, and lead a lifting Ear;
He soothes with sober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

By this it appears that there is nothing unnatural attributed to the Power and Influence of CATO's Virtue in this Instance. After he has delivered the Mutineers up to Justice, he wisely takes an Opportunity from thence to recommend their Darling Liberty to his Friends, and goes off as calm and sedate as if no such thing had happened.

In the Fourth Act you will see a greater Trial of his Constancy, where when the Relation of his Son Marcus's Death is brought to Him by his Brother Portius, before the Narration is finished, he thinks not of the Loss of his Son, but only of his Behaviour; and when he finds That B Glorious,
Observations upon Cato.

Glorious, cries out— I am satisfied!— One of the Noblest Instances of Roman Fortitude and Patience, and not unlike that in Corneille’s Tragedy of Horace; which because perhaps you have not read it, I will give you the Passage as I find it quoted by Monsieur Boileau in his Preface to Longinus. A Woman who had been present at the Combat of the Three Horatii with the Three Curiaii, but went away from the Place too soon, and had not seen the End of it, came over hastily to old Horace, their Father, and told him, Two of his Sons were killed, and that the Third, finding he was not able to make any Resistance, fled away; upon which, the old Roman, full of Love to his Country, without Mourning for the Loss of his Two Sons, who had died so Gloriously, grieves only for the Shameful Flight of the last, who, says he, by so base an Action has fix’d an eternal Stain on the Name of Horace: And their Sister, who was present, saying to him, What would you have had him done against Three? he replies briskly,—DIE.

But now look at this Great Man under another View; his Friendship, Generous Concern, and Tenderness for the Numidian Prince Juba, whose Father, by following the Fortunes of an unsuccessful Cause, had ruin’d Himself, and involv’d his Son in the same Condition. Cato, in return, to make Amends for his Misfortunes, is in one Place seasoning his Soul with Virtuous Principles, and forming him to true Greatness; in another, compassionating his Loss, both of his Father and Empire, with the greatest Tenderness; and at last, with a sort of Prophecy, raising his Hopes on future Prospects of a Dignity that would be the Reward of his Virtues, not of his Birth.

After this, we come to view him under the Light of his Philosophy, which he makes use of to form his Resolutions upon, how best to disengage himself, from the World and Caesar. Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul lying before
Observations upon Cato

before him, and his Sword, the designed Instrument of his Relief, He settles his Resolution for Death, and argues from the Philosopher, upon the Certainty of a Future State. I should wrong the Strength and Beauty of the Argument; by putting it in any Words different from those of the Poet, therefore I will leave it wholly to your Reading and Admiration. Observe only the great Variety in that excellent Speech; his Resolution, his Comfort from the Helps of Philosophy, the Prospect of Eternity, the Uncertainty of the Where and When! Observe how his Soul seems to stumble; and be shockt at that; and upon a View of the Book and Sword, resumes its Resolution, and shaking off the Natural Abhorrence of Death, takes a noble Flight into Immortality. Again, how the Infirmities of Nature begin to overcome him, and make him defer the Execution to a fitter Time: Tully, upon this Book of Plato's, has an excellent Passage, which seems to warrant the Uncertainty of Cato's Conduct in this Place; as well as I can remember, it is to this Purpose; "While I am reading (says he) Plato's Book, I am allure'd and charm'd into a Conviction of the Immortality of the Soul, and its Existence in a Future State; but as soon as I have laid down the Book I relapse into Uncertainty, and all my former Conviction slides away from me.

But to return to the Play: Cato, after a found Sleep, (the Blessing of a good and composed Mind) executes his Purpose, and is brought in Wounded before his Son, Daughter and Friends; and even in the Agonies of Death shews a kind Concern for them All, and makes them as happy as they could be without him; and then with an Abhorrence of the World, and a seeming Distrust of his Conduct, expires in a Prayer to the Gods.
13 Observations upon Cato.

And now, Sir, you have seen Cato under all these Views, excellently diversifid; that the Poet might shew every Part of his Character in the fairest and truest Light; I cannot question but that as you will be much affected with the Sentiments of the Hero, so you will be exceedingly pleased with the Judgment of the Poet.

The next Thing that I promis'd you was the Distinction of the remaining Characters from each other, this being a particular Happiness in the present Performance, and having been so little observ'd by others, insomuch that in many of our Famous Plays, they are so confounded, that if we were to shut our Eyes, it were hardly possible to tell by the Manner the Poets make their Persons speak, whom the Character suited; and the Speech might very often do as well for one or two other Persons as him who speaks it.

To begin with the Two Sons of Cato, Portius and Marcus, whose Complexion, Manners and Tempers, are nicely distinguish'd; and this Difference of Souls runs visibly through the whole Play into a friendly Disparity of Sentiments, the one sedate and calm, the other warm and passionate: They both act upon the same Principles of Honour and Virtue, and the Example of their Father: The Elder considers him as a Lover of Liberty, and his Country; the Younger meerly in Opposition to Caesar: The One copies his Morality and Philosophy, the Other shews his Zeal for Rome. They are both in Love with the same Lady; the Man of sanguine Temper is free and open, discovers his Love with Fire and Vehemence; the Other Rivals him in all but his Rage; and knowing himself Master of the Prize, endeavours to divert him by Shows of other Objects, and al-

ways compassionates him.

The
Observations upon CATO.

The next part that comes under View is the Character of Juba, which is entirely new. We must suppose this young Prince had observed many Instances of CATO's Virtue in his Father's Court, and fired with Admiration of Human Nature, carried to a Pitch which he never saw before, to have endeavoured to form himself to something like it, from the great Original which was before his Eyes. Nor must you think this strange in a Barbarous Numidian, since the Seeds of Genius and Nature are the same in all Persons and Places; and want only proper Objects, and good Direction, to cultivate and exalt them into virtuous Principles, and the Arts of civiliz'd Life. Thus the same Spirit that exercised its Courage against Beasts by an easy Turn, is made to exert the same against Tyranny; and he who from a natural Ingenuity could despise the Fraud of an African, might soon grow an Admire of Roman Truth and Fidelity. And there is one particular Assistance to this which may be well supposed to produce more Wonders than appear in his Character, and that is his Love to CATO's Daughter. His Confusion at the Discovery of his Love to Marcia; His Submission to the Authority of CATO; His Discourse with Syphax on the Preference of the Arts of the Mind to those of the Body; and in short, every Incident of his Character is admirable.

Nor is there a less Difference in the Vicious than the Virtuous Parts introduced: Sempronius and Syphax are both Villains, Traytors and Hypocrites: Sempronius under the Disguise of a pretended Zeal for his Country, covers his Design of going over to Caesar, and enjoying Marcia. Syphax, by a dissembled Affection to his Prince, endeavours first to corrupt him, afterwards to leave him: The Villany of the one is rash and impetuous, hid in a Torrent of Words; that of the other close and cautious; in short, the Roman
and the African differ as much in their Treachery as their Complexion.

Again, Lucius, the Opposite to Sempronius, tho' a Friend to CATO, yet is so much affected by the Desperation of his Circumstances, that he always advises Peace and Reconciliation; a calm, merciful Disposition, full of Tenderness for Sufferers of all Sorts, is his Part: It is not so much of Weakness, as from the Review of the Calamities that afflicted his Country, that he inclines to the gentler Method, in which he is still over-ruled by his Friendship to CATO; and so continues with him to the last.

The two Women inherit the different Spirits of their Fathers. The Daughter of CATO concerned deeply for her Father, and the Cause of Virtue, checks an untimely Passion, with the Reflection of the Relation she bears to the dear Head of that Cause, and by a great Artifice of the Poet, upon the Supposition of the Death of her Lover, discovers her Value for him: This Incident is natural as well as necessary, so that it takes away all Indecency unfit for the Daughter of CATO to fall into. On the other side, Lucia, of a soft and compassionate Temper, cannot disguise her Thoughts, but after she has revealed them, fearful of the Consequences, resolves to wait the Event of things before she makes her Lover happy: Here is the Timidity and the Pity of her Father; and at the same time her Kindness to Marcia engages Her as far as his Friendship to CATO did Him.

Now, Sir, I have run through the Parts of the whole Drama, and I desire you to observe how justly the Plot is work'd up from these Characters; and how, in the Catastrophe, which is of a mixed Nature, unfortunate Goodness is left upon Conjecture and to the Gods, and the other virtuous Characters all rewarded.
Then dire Pharsalia’s Plain all breathing Blood,
Call’d forth the Wolves, and Tygers, from the Wood,
And gorg’d the Lyons with her horrid Food.
Each left his common Prey his Fellow Beast,
To riot on a more Luxurious Feast;
The Bears forsook their Caves for this Repast,
And Dogs obscene ran Howling o’er the Waft;
All Animals that scent the Tainted Air,
Of Smell sagacious, came exulting there.
The Birds that wont at Battles to appear,
Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear.

* Book the VII.

Came
Observations upon Cato.
Came numberless, the kinds that us'd of old
To change for milder Nile the Thracian Cold;
Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight,
And wing'd their Western Way with later Flight.
Never such Flocks of Vulturs heretofore
Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er,
Nor such uncommon Weight the loaded Æther bore.

Each desolated Wood sent forth her Kind,
The Wood now lab'ring only with the Wind;
All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd,
And Roman Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd.
Oft on the impious Standards which they bore,
Trickl'd in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore;
Oft as the Vultur wearied out with Toil,
Her Talon's weaken'd and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,
Shook her wet Pinions in the Airy Space,
The scatter'd Blood his Triumph to Disgrace,
Fell from on high, and stain'd the Victor's Face.

Nor
Observations upon CATO.

Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,
This Sepulcher, this living Grave obtain,
And by the Beasts converted into Food,
Or harden into Bone, or flow in Blood;
The Beasts themselves their inner Bowels spare,
Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care;
Nicely the Limbs they Taste, reject and chuse,
And more than half the Roman Host refuse.

Whatever Courses in the Field they find,
Touch'd by the Sun, or tainted by the Wind
They careless pass, and leave disdainfully behind.

Now, Sir, it is time that I make good my Intentions of
pointing out some of the most remarkable Beauties in this
Play, but indeed they are so numerous, that I must refer
most of 'em to your own Judgment; however I hope you
will be satisfied with a few.

The Passions which the Character of CATO is most apt
to raise, are Indignation, Admiration, and I can't tell if I
mayn't add Pity; Indignation to see so much Virtue under
such a Cloud of Affliction, the greatest Patriot of his Coun-
try born down by successful Tyranny, and reducd to the
Extremity either of a Submission to an ill-got Power, or free-
ing himself from it by his own Hands. Admiration in ob-
serving him even in the midst of all these Calamities, Great,

C

Good,
Observations upon Cato.

Good, and Intrepid. Pity for his ill Success in the Public Cause, and his Domestic Misfortunes, which are apt so much the more to move others, as they affected him less. If I say in all these the Poet has done him justice, it is the least that can be said, a dangerous and difficult Task it is to manage so great a Subject, so as to make the Audience interested in ev'ry Speech and Action. For as * Horace says,

'That Poet ventures on a bold Design,
Walks on a Ridge, and dances on a Line;
Who at his Will with all my Passions plays,
By Turns excites 'em, and by Turns allays,
Who makes my Soul with borrow'd Anguish groan,
Fills me with Foreign Fears, and Sorrows not my own.

Quintilian observes that he had often seen Actors after they had been perforating some more deep and solemn Character than ordinary, go off of the Stage with Tears, and thinks no Shame to confess that he himself has not only melted into Tears, but trembled, look'd pale, been flush'd with Anger, at Representations adapted to produce those different Effects. What the Actors may do I can't tell, but I am sure I should have a mean Opinion of the Humanity of the Audience, if they were not mov'd by Instances of the like Nature in this Play. I pretend not to direct you where to be mov'd, but

* Epist. 1, lib. 2.
Observations upon CATO.

leave that to Nature, let me only suggest some things to you, which perhaps you might not have observ'd: Most of CATO's Speeches are fill'd with Indignation against CAESAR, now QUINTILIAN remarks that Interrogations agree best with Indignation, and heighten the Sentiments. Of this you may see several beautiful Instances in the Second Act, between DECIUS and CATO, I shall mention but one of 'em: DECIUS is there telling him how CAESAR was Anxious for his Life, CATO replies,

Would be save CATO? Bid him spare his Country.

But the finest and most beautiful Instance of this Nature is where Juba says in the Fourth Act,

While CATO lives, CAESAR will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be ashamed of Empire.

And he returns,

CAESAR ashamed! has he not seen PHARSALIA?

An Answer the fullest of Indignation that I ever read, the very mention of PHARSALIA is enough, without any other Exaggeration; for as the same Orator observes, there are some things (as Murder) which raise our Indignation by the very naming of them. But farther, this is not an Instance of a Single but a Complicated Beauty, for according to the above-cited Author, sometimes the same Words, merely by altering the Pronunciation, not only Indicate, Affirm, Interrogate,
Observations upon CATO.

Reproach, Deny, Admire, but are Marks of Contempt, Disdain, and Diminution. Consider these Words carefully, try them, you’ll find the Truth of the Observation.

Give me leave only to mention one thing more, (tho I could never have done with this Subject) and I will then release you. It is upon a common Topic which all our Poets have occasion for some time or another, an Impossibility. What a Work do they make here? Sometimes you might as well move Olympus; at others, Stars must be grasped at, and the more moderate are contented with making Rivers flow backward to the Fountain Head. But here observe the Judgment of the Poet in the First ACT, where Sempronius is telling Portius what a Happiness he should enjoy, if CATO his Father would give him his Sister MARCIA; to which he replies,

Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of Love
To MARCIA, while her Father’s Life’s in Danger?

Thou might’st as well court the pale trembling Vestal.

When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

You perceive that this is new, beautiful, and suited to the Circumstances with Judgment; and that nothing could be more agreeable to the Notions of a Roman, than such an Impossibility. Besides that the Glance at Religion improves and exalts the Idea to the highest Pitch.

You will wonder, perhaps, that this Subject of CATO’s Death, so fit for a Tragedy, and so frequently applauded in the Latin Poets and Historians, has never been touched up-
Observations upon CATO.

on before. I find in a Dialogue attributed by some to Tacitus, by others to Quintilian, that one Curiosis Maternus had compos’d a Tragedy upon this Subject; and it is probable, by the Hint which Horace gives in his First Ode of the Second Book to Pollio, that CATO had a considerable Part in his Tragedy, which he advis’d him to defer Publishing, till Matters were better compos’d, and forbear a Subject which could not but be ungrateful to many at that Time.

I think my self oblig’d to take Notice of one Thing more to you, lest you should be lead into any Error to the Prejudice of this Admirable Performance, and that is, that you would not think it a State or Party Play. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to imagine that either the Design of the Author, or any Hints from the Subject, tend that way. CATO’s is drawn as he truly was; and as no body late for the Picture but Him, so it is really like no body beside Him. He stands up for the Constitution of his Country, and the Course of its Laws; for Justice and Liberty, the old Roman Principles; and had He been represent’d otherwise, his Character had been ill drawn, and unlike the Idea all Men of Sense had fram’d of him. What does the Constitution of Rome relate to us? or how does his Opposition to Caesar affect our Government? But the false Notions of the Zealous will often make Vindications of the plainest things necessary, when indeed an Apology for their own Ignorance were more just and proper.

I shall conclude this long Letter, Sir, with a Copy of Verses to the Author of the Tragedy, which I hope you will not the less approve of, because you did not request them, as you did these Observations, from,

Your Humble Servant, &c.
Upon Mr. Addison's Cato.

ONG had the Tragic Muse forgot to Weep,
By modern Operas quite lull'd a-sleep:
No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was (clear,
Thus Sense was sacrific'd to please the Ear.
At last, † One Wit stood up in our Defence,
And car'd (O Impudence!) to publish—- Sense.
Soon then as next the just Tragedian spoke,
The Ladies figh'd again, the Beau: awoke.
Those Heads that us'd most indolent to move
To Sing-song, Ballad, and Sonata Love,
Began their buried Senses to explore,
And found they now had Passions as before:
The Power of Nature in their Bosoms felt,
In spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.

† The Spedition

When
Upon Mr. Addison's Cato

When Cato's firm, all Hope of Succour past,
Holding his stubborn Virtue to the last,
I view, with Joy and conscious Transport 'twas,
The Soul of Rome in One Great Man retir'd:
In Him, as if She by Confinement gain'd
Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher strain'd
Than when in Crowds of Senators she reign'd!
Cato well scorn'd the Life that Caesar gave,
When Fear and Weakness only bid him fave:
But when a Virtue like his own revives
The Hero's Constancy—— with Joy he lives.

Observe the Justness of the Poet's Thoughts
Whose smallest Excellence is want of Faults:
Without affect'd Pomp and Noise he warms;
Without the gaudy Dress of Beauty charms.
Love, the old Subject of the Buskin'd Muse,
Returns, but such as Roman Virgins use.
A Virtuous Love, chastis'd by purest Thought,
Not from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

Britons,
Upon Mr. Addison's CATO.

Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold
Your former Wits, and all your Bards of old;
Johnson out-vy'd in his own Way confess;
And own that Shakespeare's self now please's less.
While Phæbus binds the Laurel on his Brow,
Rise up, ye Muses, and ye Poets bow:
Superior Worth with Admiration greet.
And place him nearest to his Phæbus Seat.

FINIS.
REMARKS
UPON
CATO,
A
TRAGEDY.

Cur in Théatrum Cato severe venisti. Mart.
En vain il a recu l' Encens de mille Auteurs
Son Livre en paroissant dement tous ses Flateurs.
Boileau.

By Mr. D E N N I S.

L O N D O N:
Printed for B. Lintott, at the Cross-Keys, between the
Two Temple-Gates in Fleete-street. 1713.
(Price One Shilling.)
INTRODUCTION.

TIS now for some Weeks that my Friends have been urging me to make some Remarks upon the Tragedy of CATO, and 'tis for some Weeks that I have deliberated, whether Prudence would allow me to take such a Step as that is. I have maturely consider'd both the general and the violent Applause with which that Tragedy has been receiv'd; That it was acted Twenty Days together; That Ten thousand of 'em have been fold since the Time it was printed; That ev'n Authors have publish'd their Approbation of it, who never before lik'd any thing but themselves; That Squire Ironside, that grave Offspring of ludicrous Ancestors, has appear'd at the Head of them; and, That things have been carry'd to that amazing Height, either by French Extravagance, or by English Industry, that a Frenchman is now actually translating this Play into French, which is a thing beyond Example; That a great deal of Deference is to be paid to a general Applause; That a Writer can expect nothing by attacking so successful a Piece, but the Character of an envious and an ill-natur'd Man, and perhaps of an arrogant, an insolent and presumptuous one; That it would look with a worse Grace in me than in most People, in me, who have all my Life-time been an Assertor of Liberty, to endeavour to ruin the Reputation of a Play, which seems writ with a Design to augment the Love of Liberty; That what would make it look still worse is, that it has been my Misfortune more than once to have been engag'd in Disputes of this Nature formerly, by which, tho' I had Reason still on my Side, I have made my self numerous Enemies; That Truth now a-days is but a very feeble Defence against Passion and Preju-
like nothing which others like, and that I have still en-
deavour'd to undeceive others at too cruel an Expence of
my own.

To all which my Friends have reply'd, That they are will-
ing to own that a Deference is to be paid to a general Ap-
plause, when it appears that that Applause is natural and
spontaneous, but that little Regard is to be had to it when it
is affected and artificial; That they have a long time made
this unlucky Remark, that of all the Tragedies which in their
Memory have had vast and violent Runs, not one has been
excellent; few have been tolerable, most have been scandalous;
That there is a Reason to be given for this in the Nature of
the thing; That when a Poet writes a Tragedy, who knows
he has Judgment, and who feels he has Genius, that Poet
presumes upon his own Merit, and scorns to make a Cabal;
That People come coolly to the Representation of such a Tra-
gedy, without any violent Expectation, or delusive Imagina-
tion, or invincible Possession; That such an Audience is
liable to receive the Impressions which the Poem shall natu-
really make in them, and to judge by their own Reason and
their own Judgments, and that Reason and Judgment are
calm and serene, not form'd by Nature to make Professors,
and to controul and lord it o'er the Imaginations of others:
But that when an Author writes a Tragedy, who knows he
has neither Genius nor Judgment, he has Recourse to the
making a Party, and endeavours to make up in Industry what
is wanting in Talent, and to supply by Poetical Craft the
Absence of Poetical Art; That such an Author is humbly
contented to raise Mens Passions by a Plot without Doors,
since he desairs of doing it by that which he brings upon
the Stage; That Party, and Passion and Possession are
calamorous and tumultuous things, and so much the more clari-
morous and tumultuous, by how much the more erroneous;
That they dominate and tyrannize over the Imaginations of
Persons who want Judgment, and sometimes too of those
who have it, and like a fierce outrageous Torrent, bear down
all Opposition before them; That a Man of Judgment is
calm
calm and patient under Contradiction, because he knows he is in the right, while Passion, Prejudice and Prepossession grow violent and furious by being oppos'd, because then they begin to doubt that they are in the wrong; That Audiences are often pack'd as well as Juries, and that therefore it sometimes happens, that while the Innocent are condemn'd, the Guilty are acquitted by a Verdict of Ignoramus.

That as for the Authors who have publish'd their Encomiums of Cato, which they nickname Criticisms, those Authors appear to have been retain'd; and, like conscientious Lawyers, believe it their Duty to say all that they can for their Client, and not one Word against him, that they may honestly earn their Fees; but that the Author of Cato Examin'd has behaved himself like an errant Wag, and at the same time that he has praised him expressly, has implicitly damn'd him to the Pit of Hell, and has acted the Part of Sempronius, who while he openly bullies for Cato, is his mortal Enemy in his Heart.

That as for Squire Ironside, he comes of a Race that has been most unfortunate in their Talents for Criticism; That his Grand-Father, Squire Bickerstaff, who was sometimes entertaining in other things, was almost never in the right when he pretended to judge of Poetry; That his Father, Mr. Spectator, had been so merrily in the wrong, as to take Pains to reconcile us to the old Doggrel of Chevy-Chase and the Three Children, and to put Impotence and Imbecility upon us for Simplicity; That he had publish'd a certain Criticism upon Milton, in which the Reverse of almost every thing that he has affirm'd is true; That he has had the Assurance to say in it, That the Paradise Lost of Milton has an Unity of Action, whereas in that Poem there are most apparently two Actions, the War of the Angels being an Action by itself, and having a just Beginning, a Middle and an End; That he has affirm'd with still greater Assurance, That the Ilias of Homer has a Duplicity of Action, and has cited the Authority of Aristotle as a Proof of that Assertion; whereas Homer in that Poem has given the World a Pattern, which for Unity and Simplicity of Epick Action never had.
had any Parallell, and that Aristotle has commended him for it no less than three times in his little Treatise of Poetry; That the fair Mr. Spectator had an paramount and condemn'd the Poetical Justice of the Stage, and had publish'd a great deal of false and abominable Criticism, in order to poison his gentle Reader, and prepare the way for Cato.

That the Attempt of that undertaking Frenchman, who is at present translating Cato, has made the writing of a Criticism upon it necessary, which before was highly reasonable, because the translating this Play into French being without Precedent or Example, will, together with the violent and general Applause it has met with, make it pass for our Nonpareillo among foreign Nations; which will expose our own to the Rallery of all Europe, unless we shew, at the same time, that we are not all so ignorant or mistaken.

That as for the Objection of ill Nature, if I am in the right in my Criticisms, I may laugh at those who make it; That right Reason can never pass for ill Nature, unless with those who are destitute of right Reason; That 'tis a senseless thing to cherish Libellers and Lampooners, who defame the Virtues of others to the publick Detriment, and at the same time to brand those with the Character of ill Nature, who discover the Errors of an Author's Understanding, only in order to that Author's Improvement, and the Advancement of a noble Art; That those fulsome Panegyrists are rather to be esteem'd envious and ill-natur'd, who by nauseously flattering a very defective Author, and soothing him in his Errors and in his Ignorance, do, as it were, politickly fix him in his Follies, and render him proud and incorrigible.

That Cato's being writ with a Design to support Liberty, is an Objection of no manner of Force; That let the Design be what it will, the Effect is sure to be contrary; That the shewing a Man of consummate Virtue unfortunate only for supporting Liberty, must of Necessity in a free Nation be of pernicious Consequence, and must justly raise the highest Indignation in all true Lovers of Liberty.

That
That any having made so great many Enemies by former Disputes of this Nature, as a certain Proof that I have been in the right in those Disputes, and that they who hate me for asserting Truth are resolved to remain in the wrong; That I enter'd into those Disputes, partly to advance the publick Good by advancing a noble Art, and partly to repent private Injuries; That neither Cause in itself is good and just, and that both together are strong and powerful, and that I shall have both together to apologize for my present Undertaking.

That if I have made numerous Enemies, I have made a few Friends, of which each singly will outweigh all those numerous Enemies; That all reasonable Men, who by others Artifices, and their own Indolence, have been surpriz'd into an Approbation of this Play, will be glad to be undeceiv'd, as knowing well that tis their own Reason and their own Discernment that makes another Man's take Place with them; That the very Tragicke Stage appears to be sinking, since the great Success of one very faulty Play prognosticates its Ruin more than the Miscarriage of twenty good ones; That a good Tragedy may miscarry by the ill Performance of the Actors, by Prejudice, by Malice, by Squeamishness, but that a very faulty one can have great Success from almost nothing but the general Interest of the People; That this general ill Taste is partly the Effect of the Italian Opera; that a People accustom'd for so many Years to that, are as ill-prepar'd to judge of a good Tragedy, as Children that are eating Sugar-plumbs are to taste Champaign and Burgundy; That nothing but a wholesome Criticism can have Power to retrieve our Taste; and, That the Errors of Cato must be set in a true Light by me or some other Person, or the Tragicke Muse must be banish'd from this Island; That it is set up for a Pattern, and extoll'd by Authors, who are famous for their want of Judgment, not only before all our own, but above all ancient Tragedies; That the Interest of the Common-wealth of Learning lies at Stake, and the Reputation of Great-Britain; and, That he must be a pleasant Lover of his Country, and a worthy Member of the Common-wealth of Learning, who
is afraid to assert the Interest of the one, and to defend the Reputation of the other, lest he should make some mistaken Men his Enemies.

That as to my Resolution to approve of nothing which is lik'd by others, 'tis a Falshood which carries its own Evidence with it; that I have writ whole Volumes which may shew the contrary, and that the contrary may easily be made to appear in the Remarks which I may make upon Cato.
Remarks upon Cato.

The foresaid Remonstrances of my Friends have at length so far prevail'd with me, that I have taken a resolution to make some Remarks upon this Tragedy in the following Method.

First, I shall endeavoure to shew the Faults and Absurdities which are to be found in this Tragedy.
Secondly, I shall attempt to expose the Artifices which made way for its great Success.

First, I shall endeavour to shew its Faults and Absurdities, and here I design to do Three Things.
1. I shall shew what perfections are wanting to it, thro' the not observing several of the Rules of Aristotle.
2. I shall shew with what Absurdities it abounds, thro' the observing several of the Rules without any manner of Judgment or Discretion.
3. I shall shew some Faults and Absurdities, which are such in Themselves, without any relation to the Rules.

Among the perfections which are wanting to this Tragedy, thro' the not observing the Rules, is first and chiefly the Fable, there being no Fable to this Tragedy. The Action of it which is the Death of Cato, is a particular Historical Action, a relation of something which Cato did and suffered, and not an action Allegorical and Universal. That it is not Allegorical, appears from hence, that it carries no moral Instruction with it. For the Moral which is foisted in at the latter end of this Play, is wholly Foreign to it, and is not deriv'd from the Action of it, which is the Death of Cato.
From hence let Fierce contending Nations know,

What dire effects from civil Discord flow,

'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,

And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms,

 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,

And robs the guilty World of Cato’s Life.

Let us suppose for once, that the Action of this Tragedy is the whole Civil War it self; yet I cannot discern what knowledge Moral or Intellectual can be drawn from the foregoing Lines. The dire effects of Civil discord were known to all Mankind, long before Cato was writ; and the only instruction that can be drawn from them, since in this Tragedy, the Invaders of Liberty are seen to Triumph, and the Defenders of it to Perish, must be this, That Fools and Knaves should have a care how they invade the Liberties of their Country, lest Good and Wise Men suffer by it, or that Good and Wise Men should have a care how they defend those Liberties, lest Fools and Knaves should Triumph.

As the Action of this Play is the Death of Cato, no Instruction but one of these Three can be possibly drawn from it. That a Man of consummate Virtue, must expect to end unfortunately; Or that if a Man of an accomplish’d virtue, happens to be unfortunate, ’tis his duty to put an end to his Misfortunes by a Dole or a Dagger, or that if such a one presumes to reply the Invaders of his Country’s Liberties, he must respect to fall in the Attempt.

Thus, the Action of this Play is so far from carrying a Moral, that it carries a pernicious instruction with it. Now I appeal to the Reader, which is most commendable, to make a Poetical Person of consummate Virtue end unfortunately, and by that means to discourage People from aiming at Perfection; or to shew a Man of accomplish’d Virtue driven to lay violent Hands upon himself, only for supporting Liberty, which must needs be a notable Lesson to People in a free Country, or to an Island so notorious as ours for the frequency of self Murder.

As the Action of this Tragedy cannot be Allegorical, because it is not Moral; so is it neither General or Poetical,
but Particular and Historical. A general thing, says Aristotle, is what ev'ry Man of such and such a Character, would do upon such an occasion; as a particular thing is what such a particular Person, as for Example Alcibiades, did and suffer'd. Now that a Tragical Action ought at the Bottom to be thus general, even after the Poet has nam'd his Characters, is the Doctrine of the same Philosopher. The principal quality of Cato's Character, is the Love of his Country, as has been observ'd by others. Now the question is, Whether 'tis necessary or probable, that a Man, the predominant quality of whose Character is the Love of his Country, should fall by his own Hand, as long as his Life is necessary to the good of his Country. Now that this was the Case of Cato, may be prov'd from what the Poet has put into the Mouths of the other Dramatick Persons. For lays Portius to his Sister in the Fifth Act.

O Marcia, O my Sister, still there's hope
Our Father will not cast away a Life
So needful to us all and to his Country.

Nay, if we believe what Lucius says in the Fourth Act, the Life of Cato, nay; not only his Life, but his submitting to Cæsar was necessary, not only for the good of his Country, but for the welfare of Mankind.

White Pride, Oppressions, and Injustice reign
The World will still demand her Cato's presence;
In pity to Mankind submis to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty Soul to Life.

So that Cato, the Predominant quality of whose Character, was the Love of his Country, killing himself at a time, when his Life was necessary to the good of his Country, and so the welfare of Mankind, did not do, what any Man of the same Character would necessarily or probably do upon the like occasion, and therefore Cato's killing himself, is not a general and Tragical Action, but a particular thing which Cato did and suffer'd.

Now since 'tis undoubtedly the Fable, which is of the greatest importance in Tragedy, for as some body has well observ'd, 'tis the making of the Fable alone, which belongs peculiarly
peculiarly to the Art of the Poet; for 'tis History and Philosophy which teaches him to form his Characters, and Rhetorical and Grammar, his Sentiments and Expressions; and since there can be no Fable, where the Action is neither Allegorical nor Universal; and the Action in this Tragedy of Cato, is neither Allegorical nor Universal; I appeal to the Impartial Reader, whether this Tragedy of Cato having no Fable, can justly be said to be a fine Tragedy.

As the Action of this Tragedy is neither Allegorical nor Universal, so neither can it be said to be one. The Action of this Play is the Death of Cato; and the Time of that Action is a natural Day, during which Day the Sons of Cato knew very well, that their Father's Life and the Liberty of Rome, were in the utmost Danger, as appears by the first four Lines. of the Play, where Portius says to Marcus:

The Dawn is overcast, the Morning low'st,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, the important Day, big with the Fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

Now the Question is, whether the Amorous Passions of Two such noble Romans and such dutiful Sons, as Marcus and Portius are describ'd to be, upon that very Day, which in their own Opinions is like to be the last both of Rome's Liberty and of their Father's Life, are either necessary or probable Parts of the Action of the Play, which is the Death of their Father, and whether if they are neither necessary nor probable Parts of it, they do not corrupt the Unity of that Action, and not only corrupt its Unity, but render it improbable, Romantick and incredible.

The Rivalship between the Two Brothers, has no manner of Influence upon the Action of the Play, and therefore corrupts its Unity, nor has it any Consequence in its self, but the Author to make way for one of the Rivals knocks the other on the Head, and kills Him not by any Effect of his Rivalship, but by the common Fortune of War. How gross a Copy of the celebrated Rivalship of Petidor and Caflatio, which has such a fatal Influence upon the Action of the Play, and causes such a moving Distress, and such a Deplorable and truly Tragical Catastrophe.

Probability
Probability ought certainly to reign in every Tragical Action, but tho't it ought every where to predominate, it ought not to exclude the wonderful; as the wonderful which ought every where to predominate in Epic Poetry, ought not to exclude the probable. We shall then treat of the Improbabilities of this Tragedy, when we come to speak of the Absurdities with which it throughout abounds, from the indiscreet and injudicious Observance of some of the Rules of Aristotle. We are at present shewing what Beauties are wanting to it from the not observing others of those Rules. Here then are none of those beautiful Surprises which are to be found in some of the Grecian Tragedies; and in some of our own; and consequently here is nothing wonderful, nothing terrible, or deplorable, which all three are caus'd by Surprize. Now as Tragedy is the Imitation of an Action which excites Compassion and Terror; and as that alone can be justly accounted a very fine Tragical Scene, which excites one of those two Passions, or both, in a very great Degree, and as it is impossible either of 'em can be excited in a very great Degree, without a very great Surprize, and there is in this Tragedy no very great Surprize, we find there is not in this Tragedy, no not so much as one very fine Tragical Scene, no not so much as one Scene with which we are extremely mov'd. I sit with Idolence from the opening of the Play to the very Catastrophe; and when at length the Catastrophe comes, instead of vehemently shaking with Terror, or dissolving with melting Pity, I rather burn with Indignation, and I shudder with Horror. When I beheld Cato expiring by his own Hand, 'tis difficult to tell at which Indecency and which Inconsistency I am shock'd the most, at a Philosopher's acting against the Light of Nature, or at a Stoick's yielding to ill Fortune without the last Necessity, or at the unjust and unfortunate End of a Man of accomplish'd Virtue, or at a Lover of Liberty and of his Country, deserting both by his Death.

That Esteem which we conceiv'd for Cato at the reading of the ancient Poets, immediately vanishes when we behold his Death, and I begin to wonder what those Poets meant: I begin to think that their Encomiums arose from want of considering,
Considering this Matter aright; and I find, upon Reflection, that the greatest of them all, both for Genius and Judgment, tho' in his 8th play he places Cato at the Head of his Demi-Gods, in the Elysian Fields, yet he damns him in his 6th, in the Number of those who fall by their own Hands.

We are enclin'd to believe, that it was rather a Mixture of Pride and Ignorance, than any Degree of Heroick Virtue, that induc'd Cato to be his own Destroyer. We cannot understand the Suicide of one, who was under no Necessity to die; for the Cause of Liberty was as yet not entirely lost, and it appears from the Beginning of the Second Act, that a Way lay open to him and his for their Escape by Land.

Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.

And 'tis manifest from the latter End of the Fourth, that the Sea lay open to his Passage; 'tis Cato himself that tells us so.

Farewell my Friends; if there be any of you
That dare not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepar'd by my Command,
(Their Sails already opening to the Wind)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for Port.

Who then can extremely pity a Man, who rashly dy'd by his own Hands, when there was no Necessity for Dying, and who deserted the Cause of Liberty and of his Country, thro' Stubbornness and thro' Ignorance, or sacrific'd them to his Stoical Pride? If the Sons of the Great Pompey had follow'd the Example of Cato, had there ever been that noble Contention that there was afterwards in Spain for Liberty, which was within an Ace of reducing Caesar to follow the Example of Cato? And what might not have been the happy Event of that desperate Conflict, had Cato animed those Troops by his Presence, and sustaine'd them by his Authority? Even Portius takes Notice, in the Fifth Act, of the auspicious Influence that his Father's Presence might have o'er those Assertors of Liberty.

Port. As I was hasting to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the lingering Winds, a Sail arriv'd.
From Pompey's Son, whoesty the Readiness of Spain.
Gall and the Measure of his Father's Death.
And 10. to the whole Nation up, we arms.
Were Cato as their Head, once more might Rome.
Assure her Right, and claim her Liberty.

I am apt to think that Brutus and Cassius shew'd more Spirit and more Wisdom, by the magnificent Choice which they made to destroy Caesar, rather than kill themselves, and when those two last of the Romans were constrained to do at last what Caesar had done before them, I find their Deaths to be much more excusable than his, for they were compelled by dire Necessity to do what Caesar had done by Choice, for they who were the principal Conspirators against Caesar, might expect to be us'd with Severity; if not with the utmost Cruelty, by their own, and Oath's; who had sworn to revenge his Death. Besides, Brutus and Cassius did not fall, till the Cause of Liberty was utterly and entirely lost, where-as we have shewn that there were two noble Conflicts for it after the Death of Cato.

I am apt to think that this Action of Cato would not have had the Approbation even of those Romans themselves, who liv'd in the Vigour of the Common-wealth; and in the Height of the Roman Virtue; and who, after the deplorable Rout at Cannae, caus'd publick Thanks to be return'd to Terentius Varro, for not departing of the Common-wealth.

Tis certainly the Duty of every Tragick Poet, by an exact Distribution of a Poetical Justice, to imitate the Divine Dispensation, and to inculcate a particular Providence. Tis true indeed, upon the Stage of the World the Wicked sometimes prosper, and the Guiltless suffer. But that is permitted by the Governor of the World, to shew from the Attribute of his infinite Justice that there is a Compensation in Futurity, to prove the Immortality of the Human Soul, and the Certainty of future Rewards and Punishments. But the Poetical Poet, in Tragedy e'er no longer than the Reading or the Representation, the whole Extent of their Entity is circum-scribed by those, and therefore during that Reading or Representation, according to their Merits or Demerits, they must
be punished or rewarded. If this is not done, there is no impartial Distribution of Poetical Justice, no instructive Lecture of a particular Providence, and no Imitation of the Divine Dispensation. And yet the Author of this Tragedy does not only run counter to this, in the Fate of his principal Character, but everywhere throughout it, makes Virtue suffer, and Vice triumph; for not only Cato is vanquished by Caesar, but the Treachery and Perfidiousness of Syphax prevails over the honest Simplicity and the Credulity of Juba, and the sly Subtlety and Dissimulation of Portius, over the generous Frankness and Open-heartedness of Marcus.

But setting aside for a moment the Rules of the Drama, which are the Rules of exact Reason, there is not with all its Improbability so much as any thing in this Tragedy of that Art and Contrivance, which is to be found in an entertaining Romance or agreeable Novel; that Art and Contrivance, by which their Authors excite our Curiosities, and cause those eager Longings in their Readers to know the Events of things, those Longings, which by their pleasing Agitations, at once disturb and delight the Mind, and cause the prime Satisfaction of all those Readers who read only to be delighted. Instead of that this Author has found out the Secret, to make his Tragedy highly improbable, without making it wonderful, and to make some Parts of it highly incredible, without being in the least entertaining.

But now let us come to the Characters, and let us shew that they are not proper for Tragedy. Cato himself, who is the principal Person, is a Stoick, and therefore a very improper Heroe for Tragedy. The Author of CATO Examined says, "That he was once of the same Opinion, because being a Stoick by Profession, he is supposed to be without Passion; for Passion, says he, is the very Characteristic of that Poem, violenta Tragedia; but, says he, in reviewing the Life of that Roman, I found that the Love for his Country was not without Passion, and that of great Violence, as his bursting into Tears, in going over the Field where the Conflict of Dyrrachium was, and in doing the same whenever Mention was made of the Battle of Pharsalia.

But
But here the Mistake of this Gentleman lies, viz. in affirming that therefore a Stoick is an improper Heroe for Tragedy, because he is suppos'd to be without Passion; for who ever doubted that a Stoick is a Man, and consequently that he has Passions; even Grace itself does not go so far as to divest a Man wholly of worldly Passions, much less can any Philosophical Discipline pretend to reach that Length. A Stoick is therefore an improper Heroe for Tragedy, not because he is suppos'd to be actually without Passion, but because he is believ'd to do his utmost Endeavours to be without them; because he places his Pride, his Glory, his Excellence in subduing them; because his great and principal Aim is to make his Reason, not only the Ruler, but the very Tyrant of them; because his chief Design is not to regulate, but to extirpate and extinguish them. From which it is manifest, that an old Stoick, as Cato was, has by long Exercise got some Habits which make him a very improper Hero for Tragedy. For his Philosophy has taught him to check his Passions, to conceal them, and to shorten them; so that a Stoick, if his Manners are made convenient, can never be shewn, as Oedipas and some other principal Characters of Tragedy are shewn, viz. agitated and tormented by various violent Passions, from the opening of the Scene to the very Catastrophe.

Besides, tis to no purpose to affirm, that Cato had Passions, and violent ones, because he is nowhere in this Tragedy drawn in a violent Passion, as this Author has himself observ'd, p. 19. where he tells us, "That he finds by History that Cato was of a sedate Temper, and at the same time finds by the Tragedy that the Poet has every where drawn him so. So that here is another Reason why Cato is an improper Heroe for the Stage, because his natural Temper, as well as his Philosophy, was repugnant to Passion. And this Author, in his 9th Page, has given another Reason why Cato is an improper Heroe for Tragedy. "Because, says he, the Characters that are to compose a Tragick Fable or Plot must not be sovereignly virtuous or innocent; for to make a perfect virtuous and innocent Character unhappy excites Horror, not Pity nor Terror.
If this Author by these perfect Characters, means the principal Characters of such Tragedies, as end unfortunately with relation to those principal Characters, he is in the right of it, or Aristotle must be in the wrong. But then I appeal to the impartial Reader, what this Author would get by it, if I should allow that a Stoic may be a proper Heroe for Tragedy.

Besides this, there is an Inequality in the Manners of Cato, and therefore they are ill mark'd likewise; for his Behaviour in the Fourth Act, is by no means answerable to that Character that is given of him, and that Expectation that is rais'd of him by Portius in the First.

How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Clouds of Ills that cover him,
Break forth, and burn with more triumphant Brightness!
His Sufferings shine, and spread a Glory round him,
Greatly unfortunate he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty and Rome.

And afterwards by Juba in the same Act.

Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Griefs like Cato?
Heav'n's! With what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his Sufferings!
How does he rise against a Load of woes,
And thank the Gods that threw the Weight upon him.

And by what he says himself, in the Second Act.

Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have Bulwarks round us,
Within our Walls are Troops invur'd to Toil,
In Africk's Heats, and season'd to the Sun;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods,
But wait at least while Caesar's near Approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a Moment e'er her Time?
No, let us draw her Term of Freedom on
In its full Length, and spin it to the last;
So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's Judgment.
A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Let us now see whether his Behaviour in the Fourth Act is answerable to all this.

When the Conspiracy of Syphax and Sempronius broke out, by the Mutiny of those Romans, who had been seduced by Sempronius, tho’ that part of the Conspiracy was quickly quelled, by the general Repentance of those engag’d in it, by the Deaths of the Leaders, and of Sempronius himself; Cato, as soon as he hears of the Death of the latter, cries out, Act 4. p. 50.

O Lucius, I am sick of this bad World,
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Now what Reason has a Man of his Character to exclaim thus, and to fall into Desperation, because Heaven has discover’d his secret Enemy, and Divine Vengeance has over taken a Villain? His Affairs, as yet, are not in a jot worse Posture than when he shew’d so much Resolution in the Second Act.

And when he hears of the other part of the Conspiracy, which is the Attempt of Syphax to force his way with his Numidians thro’ the Southern Gate; as soon as he hears of this Attempt, without expecting the Success, or in the least waiting for the Event, he cries out,

Lucius, the Torrent bears too hard upon me,
Justice gives way to Force: The conquer’d World
Is Caesar’s, Cato has no Business in it.

Is this, after all, his boasted Firmness? Is this the Courage of a valiant Soldier, or the Magnanimity of a Roman General, or the Impassiveness of an habitual Stoick, or the undaunted invincible Resolution of an admired Assertor of Liberty? Did ever weak Woman despair sooner, or yield more tamely to a threatening Accident, before she knew the Event of it.

There seems likewise to be an Inequality in the Manners of Cato, from the Advice which he gives to Portius, in the latter End of the Fourth Act.

Portius, draw near, my Son, thou oft hast seen
Thy Sire engag’d in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction, now thou saest me

Spens
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of Success.
Let us advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal Seat; the Sabine Field,
Where the great Cænus toiled with his own Hand,
And all our frugal Ancestors were blest.
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life;
There live retir'd, pray for the Peace of Rome,
Content thy self to be obscurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Does this look like the Advice of a Man, the predominant Quality of whose Character is the Love of his Country, and who in the preceding Page faw with Tranquility his other Son actually dead, and wept immediately afterwards at the bare Prospect of his Country's Ruin? Is such a Man consistent with himself, when he advises this Son to desert his Country while 'tis in the utmost Danger, and instead of joining the young Pompey, and the Remainder of the Republican Party, basely to retire to Solitude, and to submit to the Conqueror? Is there any Consistency between this Advice, and that which in the preceding Page he gives to this very Portius, upon viewing the Body of Marcus?

Portius, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own when Rome demands it.

When ever could Rome demand more loudly that Portius should venture his Life for her, than at this present Juncture? Portius himself is so sensible of his Duty in this Case, that he makes his Father a fitting Answer, which leaves no room for a Reply.

I hope my Father does not recommend
A Life to Portius which he scorns himself.

The Father actually dies rather than take that Advice which he gives to his Son; and he would have his Son so base as to take that Advice, rather than bravely venture his Life for his sinking Country.

Thus it is plain that there is an Inconsistency and an Inequality in the Manners of Cato: And for the same Reason too there is an Inconvenience; for the 'foresaid Advice is by no means becoming of a faithful Lover of his Country. Bes-
sides, as we observe'd above, if the Manners of Cato are unequal, they are for that Reason ill mark'd: And if the Manners in so known a Character are ill mark'd, it follows that they are not resembling. But if 'tis objected here, That there really was this Inconsistency and this Inequality in the Character of Cato, that he did actually give that Advice to his Son, and therefore that the Character is resembling. To that I answer, That the Poet either ought not to have brought that Character on the Stage, or to have sunk that Quality, or those Qualities in it which made the Manners inconvenient.

As the Character of Cato is too virtuous for perfect Tragedy, those of Sempronius and Syphax are too scandalous for any Tragedy, perfect or Imperfect. The Author of Cato Examined, says after Aristotle, That there is a sort of Satisfaction in the Punishment of the Wicked; but, says he, it is neither Terror nor Pity, and therefore not Tragical. He complains that such scandalous Villanies are brought upon our Stage, as are fitter for the Hangman's Correction than that of the Muse. I would fain know whether the Villanies of Sempronius and Syphax, which are Mutiny, Desertion and Treason are not of that Number; and whether the Author of the Observations upon Cato is not of that Opinion, when Page 13. he calls them Traytors and Villains.

Besides, The Character of Sempronius is an Usurpation upon Comedy. For as Hypocrisy itself is by its Nature comical, and must be nicely manag'd at any Time to be otherwise, the Counterfeithing a great Passion after Sempronius his manner, viz. with Mouthing and Bellowing, Page 7, is undoubtedly very Ridiculous; and then for a Villain to charge the Treason which he is apparently guilty of himself, upon one whom he and every one knows to be Honest, as Sempronius in the second Act does his upon Lucius, is certainly the very Height of Impudence, and is therefore perfectly Comical.

Now that which aggravates the Faults of this Character is, that the gross Dissimulation, join'd to the gross Affectation that appears in Sempronius, is so far from being necessary to the carrying on the Action of the Play, that it has directly a Tendency to the producing an Effect quite contrary to that for which
which Sempronius designs it, which is to conceal himself from the piercing Eyes of Cato. For gross Diffimulation join'd to gross Affectation is enough to discover the Hypocrite, nor only to piercing Eyes, but even to common Discernments.

Nor is the Transcendent Villany of his Behaviour in the third Act, towards the Leaders of the Mutiny, in the least necessary for carrying on the Action of the Play, but has so direct a Tendency to the discovering the Villany, that one would think it impossible it should have any other Effect; so that there are two gross Faults apparent in this one Character, the Manners of it being in some Places unnecessarily Villanous, and in others perfectly Comical.

As we have shewn above, that Cato is not the fittest Character for Tragedy, because he is an old Stoick, so I would fain know whether Portius, Marcus, Juba, and Marcia, are so very proper for it, because they are young ones, or at least are introduc'd as such. Portius and Marcus are represented as such in the very second Page of the Play, where Marcus says:

By Heaven! such Virtues join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul; our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us, to renounce His Precepts.

And what is the Character that in the third Page Portius gives of Juba.

Behold, young Juba, the Numidian Prince,
With how much Care he forms Himself to Glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native Temper,
To copy out our Father's bright Example.

And the like Character does Juba give of Marcia, Page 12.

The virtuous Marcia soars above her Sex,
True, She is Fair, (Oh how divinely Fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms;
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And sanctity of Manners. Cato's Soul
Shines out in ev'ry Thing She alters or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles,
Dwell in Her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of Her Father's Virtues.

Now
Now I should be apt to think, that a Nest of Stoicks could supply us, with no more proper Persons for an excellent Tragedy, than a Nest of Fools can do for an excellent Comedy. But here if any of the Author's Friends should urge in his Behalf, that tho' these Persons are introduc'd as Stoicks, yet the Poets has given them nothing but the Name, and that in the Sequel, they act more Termagantly, than any Persons in the World besides themselves, Stoicks or others, would do in their Circumstances, I must allow that they are in the Right, but then this Question is liable to be ask'd, Is there not upon this account, some Inequality, some Inconsistency, and some Poetical badness of the Manners in them? Is it convenient, is it consistent, or is it expected, that Persons who at first are introduc'd as Philosophers, as Romans, as Lovers of their Country, as dutiful and affectionate Children to the best of Fathers, should play the whining Amorous Milk-Sops, upon that very Day, when Reason is about to yield to Force, Liberty to Tyranny, Rome to Cæsar, and the sacred Life of their Father to that universal Tyrant, Death? when Portius in the first Act of this Play, gives Sempronius so good a Character of his Sister Marcia's Dutifulness, and her filial Affection and Tenderness.

Alas! Sempronius, wouldst Thou talk of Love
To Marcia, while Her Father's Life's in Danger;
Thou might'st as well court the Pale Trembling Vestal,
When She beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

Does he not at the same time give a very wretched one of his own and his Brother Marcas's? Was it not their Duty to shew as much Concern for their Father's Danger as their Sister Marcia did? Was it not their Duty at the same time to shew that they were still less than their Sister in the Power of soft effeminate Passions; as being stronger both by Education and Nature, and far more capable both of Roman Resolution and Grecian Philosophy.

There likewise appears to me to be a very great Inequality and Inconsistency in the Character of Marcia; who is certainly in the Right in what She says Act 1. p. 14. to Lucia.

How Lucia, wouldst Thou have me sink away,
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my Self in Love,
When ev’ry Moment Cato’s Life’s at Stake?  
Gesar comes Arm’d with Terroir and Revenge.  
And aims his Thunder at my Father’s Head;  
Should not the sad Occasion swallow up  
My other Cares, and draw them all into it.

Yes, certainly, The sad Occasion ought to do this. These  
are reasonable Sentiments, and becoming a dutiful and affectionate Daughter; Tho’ She has chosen strange Words to express these Sentiments, of which in another Place: The Question here is, whether She is not more in the Wrong in her next Speech, than She is in the Right here.

Lucia. Disburthen all Thy Cares on me,  
And let me share Thy most retir’d Distress;  
Tell me who rais’d up this Conflict in Thee.  
Luc. I need not blush to name Them when I tell Thee;  
They’re Marcia’s Brothers and the Sons of Cato.

Merc. They both behold Thee with their Sister’s Eye;  
And often have reveald their Passion to me:  
But tell me whose Address Thou favour’st most,  
I long to know, and yet I Dread to hear it.

Now here, as I said before, The Question is, whether She, who was so much in the Right in laying aside the Thoughts of her own Cares and Passions, when Her Father’s Life was ev’ry Moment in Danger, is not infinitely more in the Wrong than She was in the Right before, in enquiring and entering into another Person’s Cares and Passions. For if She had yeild’d at such a time to the Violence of her own Affections, there had been, according to Poetical Recessing, a kind of Constraint upon her, and the Action had been Involuntary, but the entering in her Circumstances into another Person’s Passions and Cares is most certainly choice, and a more extravagant and blameable Choice than hers could not possibly be made. If She had yeild’d to a Passion for Juba, that Passion, tho’ ill tim’d, had yet been natural, tho’ it had not been reasonable. But the Concern which she shew’d for her Brother’s Passion is affected and fantastical.

But tell me whose Address thou favour’st most,  
I long to know, and yet I Dread to hear it,  
Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mr.
Marc. For neither.

And yet 'fr both, the Youths have equal Share
In Marcia's Wishes, and divide their Sister;
But tell me which of them is Lucia's Choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are High in my Esteem,
But in my Love — why wilt thou make me name Him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what.

Marc. O Lucia I'm perplex'd. O what is which
I must hereafter call my Happy Brother.

Luc. Suppose twere Portius, could you blame my Choice;

O Portius! Thou hast stri'd away my Soul —
Marcus is over-warm —

Now, there is not One Lady in Twenty that would have
found that Fault in a Lover, any more than in a Bed-fellow.

Marc. Alas! Poor Youth! How can'st thou throw him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your Brother Portius.

Marc. Heav'n forbid!

Had Portius been the unsuccessful Lover,
The same Compassion would have fal'n on him.

Now, is not this a very whimsical Distress for a Gentleman in her Circumstances, and are not these Sentiments very Different from what She utter'd in the foregoing Page?

How Lucia, would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love?

When ev'ry Moment Cato's Life's at Stake?

Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and Draw them all into it.

Could any thing have been more reasonable, or more natural, than to have applied the Sense of these five Lines to her Brothers as well as her self?

But as Marcia is thus Different from her self, there is still another strange Inequality, and a whimsical Inconsistency in her Lusty Lover Sempronius, which we forgot when we mention'd his Character before. The first time Sempronius appears he discovers himself to be a Traytor and a Lover. At his first Entrance he says, p. 4.
Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed.

In the next Page, he shews himself a Lover,

O my Portius!

Could I but call that wond'rous Man my Father,
Would but thy Sister Marcia be propitious
To thy Friends Vows, I might be blest indeed.

But Love appears to be his predominant Inclination. For when he is alone in the 6th Page, he declares that the chief Reason why he is a Traytor is, because he is a Lover.

Cato has us'd me ill, he has refus'd
His Daughter Marcia to my ardent Vows.

This Traytor in the second Act appears likewise very Amorous.

Syphax, I now may hope thou haft forsook
Thy Juba's Cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou canst wish her.

Semp. Juba, I love that Woman, tho' I curse
My self and her, yet spight of me I love her.

And yet the poor Girl has given him not so much as an ungentle Word, or a mortifying Look, since he mention'd her with so much fondness. But what says Syphax to this?

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Caesar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.

In the fourth Act, p. 43. We find Sempronius still prosecuting his Plot against Cato, and still harping upon his Daughter.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behinds

By the way, what he means by behind is hard to imagine, for he says this in her own House. Perhaps by behind, he means behind the Scenes. But what says old Syphax to this?

How? will Sempronius turn a Woman's Slave.

Methinks this is a different Language from what Syphax us'd in the second Act.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst wish her.

Could the Reader expect that he who talk'd at that rate in the second Act, should shew this Surprize that he now discovers? But let us hear what Sempronius answers.
(27)

Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion;
When I have gone thus far I'll cast her off.

Thus we see to our great Surprize that Sempronius is no Lover at last, that he is and ever has been incapable of the Solf

Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.

And 'tis very much for the Credit of the God of Love that he is so. But would any one have thought when he said to her Brother in the first Act,

O my Portius!

Could I but call that wonderous Man my Father,
Would but thy Sister Marcius be propitious
To thy Friends Vows, I might be bless'd indeed.

That he aim'd at nothing but a single Affignation with her. Would one have Thought that by being bless'd indeed, he meant nothing, as Mrs. Frail said to Mrs. Forefight, but the being happy in a Hackney-Coach with her. Is this the Blessing that Cato, as he tells us in the first Act, had refused to his ardent Vows? Is it for the refusal of this Blessing that he turns Traitor to Cato and to his Country? And is this the Trifle which Syphax tells him in the second Act, that Cesar would not refuse him? Is it not strange, since Bully Sempronius was so rampant, that nothing but Cato's Daughter would serve his Turn? And that no less a Pimp would serve him than Cesar and her own Father? Syphax and Sempronius have worthy Sentiments of the great Cesar indeed; who expected that he should abandon the Daughter of Cato, to be ravish'd by the very Villain who had betray'd her Father; that would have been wonderfully agreeable to that Popularity which Cesar so much affected, and which was so much his Interest. Lucius it seems, and the rest of his Enemies, had more advantageous Opinions of Cesar, than his two worthy Friends here. For see what he says to Cato.

The Victor never will impose on Cato
Vngenerous Terms, his Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are Cesar's. Act 4, p. 51.
Sempronius and his Friend Syphax, seem very inconsistent with themselves, and with the other Characters in what they say or do in relation to Juba in the several Parts of this Tragedy. In the third Scene of the first Act Sempronius says to Syphax,

But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Caesar,
And challenge better Terms.

To which Syphax answers,

Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius, all his Thoughts are full
Of Cato's Virtues, but I'll try once more.
Semp. Be sure to press upon him every Motive.
Juba's Surrender since his Father's Death
Would give up Africa into Caesar's Hands;
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

And Cato says in the second Act, in order to animate the assembled Senate,

Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope do not distrust the Gods.

And Syphax likewise tells Juba in the same Act.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds unbridled to the restraint
Of Carbs or Bits, and fleetest than the Winds.
Give but the Word we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

By all this now would not one imagine that this Juba was a mighty Prince, of most formidable Interest, and able to raise up a very powerful Confederacy against Caesar? And yet this very Sempronius in the second Act, p. 31. tho' nothing had happen'd since his high Opinion of Juba's Power, that could weaken his Interest, mentions him as one of no Significance.

Sempr. Is Juba fix'd?
Syph. Yes, but it is to Cato.

Sempr. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.

And Syphax in the 28th Page, treats him with the utmost Contempt, upon which Juba puts this Question to him:
Is it because the Throne of my Fore-fathers
Still stands unsief'd, and that Numidia's Crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose Head it shall enclose;
That thou presum'st to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

So that here not only Syphax considers him, but he regards himself as a King de Jure only, and of no manner of Power. How unlike to him, who was describ'd before in the First Act as the Prince.

Juba's Surrender since his Father's Death
Would give up Africk into Caesar's Hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

And I would fain know whether Sempronius does not treat him as a Wretch of no manner of Consequence, when in the Fourth Act he attempts to kill him with his own Guards, in the very Hall of the Governour; and yet in that very Place, when Sempronius lies dead in Juba's Garb, Marcia mistakes him for that young Prince, because of his Regal Ornaments.

Ha! a Numidian! Heav'n's preserve the Prince,
The Face lies muffled up within the Garment:
But, Ha! Death to my Sight! A Diadem
And purple Robes, O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis be.

And Cato expiring has the same Opinion of him that he had in the assembled Senate.

A Senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But Caesar's Arms have thrown down all Distinction.

Nor is Juba more consistent with himself in the Scene between him and Cato in the Second Act, where he says to Cato,

Jub. I'm charm'd, when'er thou talk'st, I pant for Virtue,
And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

By the way, panting for Virtue is a pretty brisk Metaphor. Virtue, they say, lies in the Middle; now the Question is, whether the Virtue for which Juba pants is not in the Middle of Cato's Daughter? But that we shall see immediately. Cato answers,

Cat. Dost thou love Watching, Abstinence and Toil,
Laborious Virtues all, learn them from Cato,
Success and Fortune must thou learn from Caesar.

Now
Now let us see what this young Numidian replies.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on Juba,

The whole Success at which my Heart aspires,

Depends on Cato.

Cato, who does not in the least dream that Marcia is the Virtue that Juba pants for, immediately gives him Chart Blanche.

Cat. What can Juba ask that Cato can refuse?

Juba. I fear to name it——

Marcia inherits all her Father’s Virtue.

Cat. What wouldst thou say?

Juba. Cato, thou hast a Daughter.

Thus we see that Juba is for a Virtue that is not very consistent with Abstinence; some Watching, indeed, and Toil there may be in it: But Cato, in my Opinion, makes him a very reasonable Reply.

Cat. Adieu, young Prince, I would not hear a Word

Shou’d lessen thee in my Esteem; Remember

The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav’n

Exacts Severity from all our Thoughts;

It is not now a time to talk of ough

But Chains or Conquest, Liberty or Death.

This Numidian’s Desire to solace himself with the Daughter, at a Time when the Knife was at the Throat of the Father, is, methinks, something absurd; but the doing a thing that is something absurd is one certain Sign of a Lover.

Thus have we endeavour’d to shew, That the Characters in this Play are not proper for Tragedy; That the Manners of them are for the most part ill mark’d, inconvenient, inconsistent and unequal; and, That the Passions are sometimes not agreeable to the Characters. We now come to shew, That the Passions for the most part are not Tragical, and that they are sometimes false.

And first we shall shew, That the Passions in this Play, for the most part, are not Tragical. No Passion can be justly esteem’d a Tragical Passion, but what is the Cause or the Effect of a real Tragical Distress; that is, of something which is in itself terrible or deplorable. The Love therefore that reigns throughout the Tragedy of Cato is not a Tragical Passion, because
because it produces no real Tragical Distress, but a Distress which proceeds only from the Whimsies or extravagant Caprices of the Lovers.

We have made it appear above, that Sempronius is no Lover; and the Death of Marcus is by no means to be imputed to Love, but to his Duty, to his Bravery, to his Thirst of Glory. We are prepar'd for it from this last Quality, in the first Scene of the Play, where he says to Portius;

Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death;
Then shall thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow Glory, and confess his Father.

And in the Fourth Act, p. 51. when Cato hears that Marcus is engag'd with Syphax, he says to Portius,

Haste, my Son, and see
Thy Brother Marcus acts a Roman's Part:

That is, that he should conquer or die. And Cato says in very next Page, upon hearing that Marcus was kill'd without quitting his Post,

Thanks to the Gods, my Boy has done his Duty.

From all which 'tis plain, that Love had not the least Influence upon the Death of Marcus, nor is it mention'd, or suppos'd, or so much as suspected to have had, by any of the other Poetical Characters. If here it should be objected, That the Parting of Lovers is deplorable, and that consequently every thing that has a Tendency to that Parting must excite Compassion, and that therefore the Scene between Portius and Lucia in the Third Act is truly Tragical: To that I answer, That I own the Parting of Lovers to be deplorable, and that consequently every thing that has a Tendency to that Parting must excite Compassion; but then that Parting must have a real compulsory, or at least a reasonable Caule, and not proceed like Lucia's Resolution to part with Portius, from Whimsey and Fantasticalness; for in that Case we cannot believe that the Lovers will really part, but that they will come to their Senses again. Now we shall shew immediately, that not only Lucia's Resolution is fantastical, but that the Passion in the Scene between her and Portius in the Third Act, and that:
that in the foregoing Scene between Portius and Marcus, has not the least Foundation in Nature.

Marcus, who is represented so warm and so violent a Lover, yet does not speak one Word to his Mistress thro' the whole Play; and in the Beginning of the Third Act, he who is by Nature bold and undertaking, applies himself to Portius, who is cool and modest, to speak for him.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair One's Presence,
Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her,
With all the Strength and Heat of Eloquence,
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.

How dull is this young Stoic to believe, that any one can plead for a Lover like himself, and not to know that one Glance of a Lover is more capable of going to the Heart of his Mistress, than all the Art and all the Genius of the most accomplish'd Orator, and that the little blind Boy-God is more eloquent and more persuasive than all the rest of Gods and Men together; for as to the Reason that he alludes for this Desire,

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair One's Presence,
'Tis none of Lucia's Fault that he had not had the same Advantage, as appears by what she says immediately upon her Arrival.

Luc. Did not I see your Brother Marcus here,
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?

But this absurd Petition of Marcus is necessary to draw on the following fantastical Scene. The Answer of Portius to this Question of Lucia is very extraordinary, and shews a Lover recommending his Rival to his Mistress.

Port. Oh, Lucia, Language is too faint to show
His Rage of Love, it press upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies,
His Virtues and his Passions lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumults,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'n! would one think more possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd, my Heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I am unhappy thro' thou smil'st upon me.

Now
Now what can be the Meaning of all this? to make his Mistress compassionate to his Rival? That for ought I know may be very Heroick, but of this I am sure that there is not one jot of Nature in it; for Lovers are jealous, Women are inconstant, and Pity is often the Fore-runner of Love.

La pietà messaggiera è de’l Amor,
Come il Lampo del tuon.                              Tasso.

For Pity still foreruns approaching Love,
As Lightning does the Thunder.

As Mr. Dryden translates it in his Spanish Fryar. But what says the Lady to this? Why, she being pretty conceited of her Charms, immediately cries out to Portius,

How wilt thou guard thy Honour in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship? Think betimes, my Portius;
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, would raise to such a Height
Thy Brother’s Griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Sweetly intimating, that the irresistible Power of her Beauty will force poor Marcus to dispose of his Person in such a manner, as may give a substantial unquestionable Proof of his Passion.

For he who hangs or beats out’s Brains,
The Devil’s in him if he feigns.

Upon which Portius comes to the Point, and makes an extraordinary Speech for him.

Port. Alas poor Youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning Heart
Has beg’d his Rival to sollicite for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint Glimmering of a doubtful Hope.

The plain Meaning of this is, That Portius desires his Mistress to play the Jilt either with himself or his Brother. Upon which the Lady takes up an extraordinary Resolution, and says to Portius,

Luc. I see thy Sister’s Tears,
Thy Father’s Anguish, and thy Brother’s Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Love.
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heau'nu I swear,
To Heau'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While such a Cloud of Mischief hangs about us;
But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far as I am able.

Which is as much as to say, That she resolves to leave her Lover to hang himself, for fear his Rival should drown himself. Portius shews in his Answer that he is quick of Apprehension, and takes it so.

Port. What hast thou said? I'm Thunder-struck. Recall
Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.
Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven,
May all the Vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads, o'ermelm me if I break it.

Portius, after a Pause,
Fix'd in Astonishment I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heau'n,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful Looks a Monument of Wrath.

But now here comes an unexpected Turn,

Luc. At length I've felt my severest Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart! My Tears will flow.
But Oh! I'll think no more! The Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from thee, and I must forget thee.
Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid!

Never Reproach was certainly more unreasonable, and she might very well answer him as Warner did Sir Martin.


But Lucia makes Portius another sort of an Answer.

Luc. Oh stop these Sounds,
These killing Sounds; why dost thou frown upon me?
My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to beave,
And Life it self goes out at thy D.spleasure.

The
The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves;
But oh! I cannot bear thy Hate, and live.

Well! let me die, if all this be not extremely whimsical;
what she means by the Hand of Fate in her last Speech but one, I cannot imagine; and I can less conceive how she, who
cannot bear the Frown of her Lover, can endure to think of
parting with him. But let us see what Advantage Portius
takes of her Ladyship's Weakness in the following Speech.

Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force,
I've been deluded, led into a Dream
Of fancy'd Bliss. O Lucia! cruel Maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death still sounds
In my stun'd Ears, What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints.

And now I desire to ask the Reader, whether Lucia's Swooning
upon Portius's resolving to comply with her Desire, does
not shew more of an Hysterical Fit, than of the magnanimous
Spirit of a Roman Lady, and of a Mind that is constant and
consistent with it self. For my part, I always thought that
the Passions in Tragedy were to be produc'd by the Force of
the Incidents, and not by the Weakness of the Dramatical
Persons. But Portius does not come one jot behind her in
Weakness.

Ha! she faints.

What has my Rashness done? Wretch that I am!
Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence! Thou beast
And loveliest of thy Sex! Awake my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death.

He fancies that she's gone for good, and resolves to overtake
her, when her Ladyship luckily recovers.

Luc. O Portius, was this well, to frown on her,
That lives upon thy Smiles, to call in doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
That loves thee more than ever Woman lov'd.

But now she falls into a Relapse of her Hysterical Passion.
What do I say! my half recover'd Sense
Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound;
Destruction stands betwixt us, we must part.
   Port. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run back,
   And startle into Madness at the Sound,
And yet but a Moment pass'd he himself propos'd it.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The Train of Ills our Love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying Brother
Stab'd at his Heart, and all besmeared with Blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee.

This visionary Conceit has taken strong Hold of her Fancy,
and now it seizes upon the Imagination of Portius.

   Port. To my Confusion and eternal Grief,
   I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.

Well! This is the first time that ever I knew that a Fit of the
Mother was catching. In the next Page her Ladyship is at it
again.

   Port. Stay, Lucia, stay, what do'st thou say? for ever!
   Luc. Have I not sworn? If Portius thy Success
Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, farewell?
   Oh! How shall I repeat the Words for ever?
   Port. Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
   Luc. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers?
   Port. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills falls on me,
It beats down all my Strength, I cannot bear it,
We must not part.

Now the common Accidents of Life, which we have seen
him meet unruffled and serene, are, the Destruction of his Coun-
try, the Ruin of Liberty, and the probable Approach of his
Father's Death. And the Storm of ills that beats down all his
Strength is this Hysterical Fancy of Lucia, that Marcus will be
forc'd, by the resistless Power of her Beauty, to lay dead-doing
Hands upon himself.

Thus
Thus do these two ingenious Persons contrive to torment and plague one another, upon an Event which a thousand to one is imaginary, and which, should it really happen, is most certainly at a distance, and that is the Self-Murder of Marcus, while they shew no Concern for the Death of Cato, which they know is likely to happen that very Day, and which they ought to be studying to prevent; nor for the Approach of Caesar's Army, which is expected at Utica that very Night, whose Arrival may not improbably be attended with the Death of Portius and Lucius; and upon whose Arrival likewise her whimsical Ladyship her self may, for any thing she knows, have a delicate green Gown given her, by some rampant Tribune, or some brawny Centurion.

Of the very few excellent Tragedies which we have upon our English Stage, the Orphan is that which the Author of Cato seems to have had most an Eye to. There is in the Orphan an old moralizing Gentleman, who has two Sons and a Daughter; there is likewise in the Family another Lady, who is not a Relation but in their Affections, to whom the Brothers, tho' Friends, are Rivals. So that there is a Resemblance we see between both the Subject and Characters of the Orphan and Cato. But now let us see the Difference that is to be found in the Conduct of them. The Passions of Castalio and Polidor for Monimia, a charming Maid, in the Flower of Youth and Beauty, and of Monimia for Castalio, an agreeable Youth; these Passions in the above-nam'd Persons, who are all of them in the same Family, in the Quiet and Retirement of a Country Life, and in full Ease and Prosperity, are very natural, and in high probability; whereas the Passions of Marcus and Portius, and of Marcia and Lucia are unseasonable, and highly improbable. The Rivalship in Cato produces nothing, whereas that in the Orphan is the Cause of a most deplorable Distress, and a most moving Catastrophe; for tho' Castalio and Polidor are represented to be as warm Friends as Marcus and Portius can be, yet each of them strives to succeed in his Love; to the Disadvantage of the other, which is acting according to Nature, for Love, like Ambition, can endure no equal; whereas in Cato, as we have seen above, a Lover pleads for his Rival. In
Cato, Marcus knows nothing of his Brother's Passion, which is very improbable, since that Portius had been some time in Love with Lucia as well as Marcus; that they are all three, as far as we can see, in the same House; and that Love, tho' he is painted blind, yet has Eyes as sharp as an Eagle. Nor is it only improbable this Ignorance of Marcus, but it has likewise no manner of Consequence. In the Orphan, Castalia boasts of his Passion, and is resolv'd to maintain the Birth-Right of it; that which he conceals is his Intention of Marriage, which is a great deal more easy to be conceal'd than Love, and which it is highly probable that one in Castalia's Circumstances would conceal, least it should come to his Father's Ear by his Brother's Resentment; but that probable Concealment has a surprizing and dreadful Consequence, which plunges all three into an Abyss of Woe. The Characters in Cato are represented as Philosophers all; whereas in the Orphan they are in that Mediocrity which is requir'd by Aristotle, neither wicked and profligate, nor sovereignly Virtuous, but rather good than wicked. And the Calamities of all three are occasion'd by Faults which Aristotle terms involuntary, that is, by Faults occasion'd by the Force of an outrageous Passion. The Fault of Castalia, in dissembling with his Brother, and marrying Monimia, without the Knowledge or Consent of his Father; that of Monimia is the marrying Castalia, without the Knowledge and Consent of his Father, who was her Benefactor; that of Polidor, in dissembling with his Brother, and the debauching Monimia without her Consent, contrary to the Rights of Hospitality, and that Veneration that was due to his Father's Protection and Guardianship; which Faults in all of them proceed from the Violence of a Passion, which is admirably painted by the most ingenious Author. And the Moral, tho' not express'd at the End of the Play, yet most intelligibly implied, is a wholesome, but terrible Instruction to an Audience to beware of clandestine Marriages, which involv'd a Family so happy before in such fatal Disasters. I know very well that there are Faults in the Conduct of the Orphan, but its Faults are light in Comparison of its Justness and Beauties. And as there are few Tragedies upon any Stage, ancient
ancient or modern, in which Compassion is mov'd to a greater
Degree, 'tis a sure Sign that it has its Foundation for the most
part in Nature.

Nor is the Grief of Cato in the fourth Act, one Jot more in
Nature than that of his Son and Lucia in the Third: Cato re-
ceives the News of his Sons Death not only with dry Eyes, but
with a sort of Satisfaction, and in the same Page sheds Tears
for the Calamity of his Country, and does the same thing in
the next Page, upon the bare Apprehension of the Danger of
his Friends. Now, since the Love of one's Country is the
Love of one's Countrymen, as I have shewn upon another Oc-
caision, I desire leave to ask these Questions, Of all our Coun-
trymen which do we love most, those whom we know, or
those whom we know not? And of those whom we know,
which do we cherish most, our Friends, or our Enemies? And
of our Friends, which are the dearest to us, those who are re-
lated to us, or those who are not? And of all our Relations,
for which have we most Tenderness, for those who are near
to us, or for those who are remote? And of our near Rela-
tions which are the nearest and consequently the dearest to
us, our Offspring or others? Our Offspring most certainly, as
Nature, or in other Words, Providence has wisely contriv'd for
the Preservation of Mankind? Now, does it not follow from
what has been said, That for a Man to receive the News of his
Son's Death with dry Eyes, and to weep at the same time for
the Calamities of his Country, is a wretched Affectation and a
miserable Inconsistency? Is not that in plain English to receive
with dry Eyes the News of the Deaths of those, for whose
Sake our Country is a Name so dear to us, and at the same
time to shed Tears for those for whose Sakes our Country is
not a Name so dear to us? Upon the Danger of a Man's Coun-
try or his Friends, Reason and Duty require that he should ap-
pear concern'd. Upon the untimely Death of a brave Son,
Nature and Instinct require that he should shed Tears, or at
least that he should feel a Grief great enough to produce that
Effect. Now, is not this a pleasant Conduct, and a merry
Philosophy, when a Man appears melting into Tears where
only a Bear Concern is requir'd; and appears with dry Eyes
and
and a calm Heart, where Nature requires a Flood of Tears, and the most moving Tenderneſs? If this were Nature in Cato, it would be Nature in other Men. For tho' we should grant that Cato had more Virtue than other Men, yet great Virtue is in no Men express'd and shewn by Passion, and in Philosophers less than others, and leaft of all in Stoicks. One Man indeed may have more Virtue than another, by the Rigour of his Diſcipline, or by the Excellence of his Nature; but the Springs of Passion are the fame in all. Philosophy indeed may help to restrain our Passions, but it never pretend- ed to make them rife. 'Tis only Nature that can do that, and Nature is the fame in all.

But granting that 'tis commendable for a Man to shed Tears for the Danger of his Country, and to behold with dry Eyes a gallant Son lying dead before him of an untimely Fate, yet, why Tears for his Friends, and none for his Son? Tears for the bare Prospect of their Calamity, and none for the certain Destruction of a gallant Son. There may be Stoicism and Romantick Honour in this for ought I know, but is there Reason, is there Nature in it? Is not this a downright Rebellion against Reason, against Nature, against Providence? Is not this bringing an artificial Character upon the Stage, in- stead of a natural one? And is an artificial Character proper for Tragedy, which is an imitation of Nature, and whose chief Excellence consists in describing a natural Sorrow?

We have hitherto shewn the Faults that this Author has committed for want of observing the Rules. We shall now shew the Absurdities with which he abounds thro' a too nice observing some of them, without any manner of Judgment or Discretion. The Unities of Time and Place are mechanick Rules, which, if they are observ'd with Judgment, strengthen the reasonableness of the Incidents, heighten the probability of the Action, promote the agreeable Deceit of the Representation, and add Cleanliness, Grace, and Comeliness to it. But if they are practis'd without Discretion, they render the Action more improbable, and the Representation more absurd, as an unworthy Performance turns an Act of the high- est Devotion into an Act of the greatest Sin.
I have already mention'd some Indecencies and Improbabilities which are in the Conduct of this Play, which, tho' I have mention'd them upon other Occasions, yet are chiefly deriv'd from the indiscreet Observance of the Unity of Time. 'Tis the Unity of Time that makes the Manners of the Dramatick Persons very indecent, and the Passions very improper and unbecoming. But this will appear more clearly, when we come to consider the Unity of Time and the Unity of Place together, and to give the Reader a View of the Scenery, as far as is consistent with the Compafs which I have prescrib'd to my self.

Aristotle tells us, that a Tragick Poet ought to take care, that there be no Incident in his Tragedy which is without Reason: From whence it follows, that there ought to be a clear Reason for the Entrance or Exit of each Dramatick Person, at that particular Time when he enters upon, or leaves the Place of Action, which is so far from being observ'd in this Tragedy, that there are often the strongest Reasons why the Persons of it ought to be in another Place, than in that in which we behold them. In order to the making this appear, let us consider the Time and Place at which the Action of the Play begins. The Action of this Play is in the great Hall of the Governor of Utica's Palace, and it begins at the Point of Day.

\[
\text{The Dawn is over-cast, the Morning bow'rs,}
\]
\[
\text{And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day.}
\]

Portius tells us this, who appears in this great Hall with his Brother Marcus at that early Hour; the Question is, what they came for? As I did not see the Play acted, I want to know in what Posture the Brother's appear'd first, and whether there was upon the Stage a Table with Candles on it, for as it was but just Dawn, and that Dawn was over-cast, it must be very Dark in the Hall, so dark, methinks, that it should be impossible for People within Doors, to tell whether it were Dawn or no; unless they talk'd to one another with their Heads out at the Window. For my part, if I had not seen the Governour of Utica's large Hall underneath the Dramatis
mati Persone, I should have imagin’d by the two first Lines of the Play that the Scene had lay’n without Doors; but this is a Trifle in Comparison of what follows. The two Persons who open this Play are the Sons of Cato, two young Men, who profess a great Love for their Country, and a high Esteem for their Father; and who besides are by Birth Romans, and by Discipline Stoicks, and who tell us in the very fourth Line of the Play, that that Day is like to be the last of their Father’s Life, and of their Country’s Liberty.

The Dawn is over-cast, the Morning lowr’s,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day;
The great, th’ important Day, big with the Fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

The Question is, whether after they have begun the Play by declaring this, the Transition to Love is not very forc’d and unnatural. *No noble Roman who had been concern’d for his Country, would have thought of Love on that Day, on which he expected that his Country would lose its Liberty, much less ought two Persons to have done it, who at the same time that they were Romans, were the Sons and the Disciples of Cato. The Place was, as it were, a publick Place, the Hall of their Father’s Palace, where they did not know but their Indecencies might be over-heard, especially when it was yet but Dusk, and they could hardly see one another; and their Father us’d to be an earlier Man than his Children; according to the Character which Juba gives of him, Act i. p. 9.

He’s still sincerely bent against himself,
Renouncing Sleep and Rest, and Food and Ease.

Now I appeal to the Reader, whether Cato, if he had overheard them, would not have thought them fine Romans, fine Stoicks, and delicate dutiful Children? Marcus, at the latter End of this first Scene, says to Portius.

Marc. A Brother’s Sufferings claim a Brother’s Pity.
Port. Heav’n knows I pity thee! Beheld my Eyes,
Ev’n whilst I speak— Do they not swim in Tears?
Wore but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.
Were ever Tears so wrongly plac'd before? When he told us above, that that Day was like to be the last of his Father's Life, and his Country's Liberty, we then neither saw nor heard of his swimming Eyes, or his bleeding Heart; and yet that sure was a juster Occasion for them, than the untimely, unworthy effeminate Passion of Marcus. Are these Romans? Are these Philosophers? Are these the Sons and Disciples of Cato?

Nor is there a better Reason to be given, why Marcus leaves the Stage at present, than why he and his Brother enter'd upon it. For the Reason which he gives for it himself is much stronger, why Portius, who stays, should do the same.

Marc. Sempronius comes.
He must not find this Sofineness hanging on me.

Now Marcus had nothing to do to hide his Sofineness, but to hold his Tongue, whereas Portius had swimming Eyes, and a bleeding Heart. The true Reason why the Author makes Marcus leave the Stage here, is, that he wanted to be rid of him upon any frivolous Pretence.

Well! But what brings Sempronius, who now enters the Hall of the Governor's Palace, so early? Why, he comes to meet old Syphax, as is plain from his Soliloquy, Page 6.

I wonder old Syphax comes not! his Numidean Genius Is well dispos'd to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it, but he must be spur'd.

Well! but for what does Sempronius come to meet old Syphax? Why to conspire, to plot! Against whom? Against the Governor and the Senate. Where? In the Governor's Hall. When? Just before the meeting of the Senate, because then there were sure to be People there. I appeal to the Reader now if these are not close politick Persons; and if an Author, who makes his Characters, carry on a Conspiracy against a Governour in his own Hall, had not need to be as dexterous as Mr. Bays is, at the penning a Whisper.

Methinks Portius gives a very odd Reason for his leaving the Scene, at the Bottom of the 5th Page.
I'll strait away.
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate, to weigh th' Event of War,
I'll animate the Soldiers drooping Courage
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life.

'Tis now but half an Hour after Day-break, and the Soldiers in all likelihood are not up yet, unless those who were upon their Duty. The true Reason for his going is, that the Author wanted to be rid of him, in order to bring on old Syphax, and so to carry on the Plot, I do not mean the Plot of the Play, but the Plot of Sempronius and Syphax.

Upon the Departure of Portius, Sempronius makes but one Soliloquy, and immediately in comes Syphax, and then the two Politicians are at it immediately. They lay their Heads together, with their Snuff-boxes in their Hands, as Mr. Bays has it, and segue it away. But in the midst of that wise Scene, Syphax seems to give a reasonable Caution to Sempronius.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious,
Cato has piercing Eyes.

There is great deal of Caution shewn indeed, in meeting in a Governor's own Hall to carry on their Plot against him. Whatever Opinion they have of his Eyes, I suppose they had none of his Ears, or they would never have talk'd at this foolish rate so near him.

Gods! Thou must be cautious.

Oh! Yes, very cautious; for if Cato should over-hear you, and turn you off for Politicians, Cesar would never take you, no, Cesar would never take you.

Thus have we laid before the Reader some of the Conduct, and some of the Sentiments in the first Act; which are relatively absurd, that is with Relation to Time and Place. There are Sentiments in it which are absolutely so, to which perhaps we may return, when we come to treat of the Sentiments. But let us now proceed to the second Act.

When Cato in the 23d p. Act 2. Turn the Senators out of the Hall, upon pretence of acquainting Juba with the Result of our Debates, he appears to me to do a thing which is neither
ther reasonable nor civil. Fuba might certainly have better been made acquainted with the Result of that Debate in some private Apartment of the Palace. But the Poet was driven upon this Absurdity to make way for another, and that is to give Fuba an Opportunity to demand Marcia of her Father. But the Quarrel and Rage of Fuba and Syphax, in the same Act, the Invevives of Syphax against the Romans and Cato, the Advice that he gives Fuba, in her Father's Hall, to bear away Marcia by Force; and his brutal and clamorous Rage upon his Refusall, and at a time when Cato was scarce out of Sight, and perhaps not out of hearing; at least some of his Guards or Domesticks must necessarily be suppos'd to be within hearing, is a Thing that is so far from being probable, that it is hardly possible.

But because the Quarrel and Reconciliation between Fuba and Syphax, the Prince and the General, in this Scene of Cato, seems to be an Imitation of the Quarrel and Reconciliation in the Scene between Anthony and Ventidius, the Prince and the General, in the First Act of All for Love, I shall endeavour to shew how infinitely short the Copy comes of the Original. The Quarrel and Reconciliation between Anthony and Ventidius are pleasing for the following Reasons. Ventidius appears to be perfectly honest, and perfectly a Friend to Anthony; he begins the Scene with an unfeigned Declaration of his Affection and Tenderness for Anthony, which is prepar'd to make the greater Impression, by the noble Character which even Alexas, Ventidius's greatest Enemy, gives of him. Ventidius gives the greatest Proof of his Zeal for Anthony's Service; and a Proof of the greatest Importance to him in his present Emergency, in the twelve Legions he brings to him. The naming of that Proof naturally brings him to the Mention of Cleopatra, and to the telling Anthony a little too roughly of his greatest Fault, which had brought him to the very Brink of Ruin, and would infallibly plunge him into the Abyss of it, if he persevered in it. And yet the very Rudeness of this Remonstrance proceeds from the Zeal and Affection of Ventidius; and aims at the true Interest and the Honour of Anthony. But Anthony, too warm to make these Reflections, wholly;
wholly mistakes him, and calls him Traytor upon it, which gives the justest Occasion in the World for a Turn towards a Reconciliation; for upon that Ventidius gives an undeniable Proof of his Fidelity, by putting him in Mind, that had he been a Traytor, he had certainly carry'd his twelve Legions to Octavius's Camp. Upon this Anthony relents, and the Reconciliation is as warm as the Quarrel had been violent, and is upon this Account delightful, because 'tis entirely to both their Satisfactions, and for both their Interests. And as the Conduct thro' the whole Scene is very just, the whole Scene is writ with a Warmth and a Spirit, and with a Strength and a Dignity of Expression that are worthy of the noble Occasion.

The Scene between Juba and Syphax has in it the very counterpart of every thing which recommends the other. The Audience before it begins knows Syphax to be a Traytor to Juba, and a Villain. Syphax begins it like a Clown and a Brute, with Rallery too low and too gross for Comedy. The Advice that he gives to Juba tends to his Infamy, if it does not tend to his Ruin. Because Juba will not take that Advice, Syphax, like a true Villain, entag'd at the Virtue and Integrity of his Master, affronts him in the grossest manner. Juba truly and justly calls him Traytor upon it; whereas Anthony, when he gave that Language to Ventidius, said in his Passion what he did not think. Syphax, upon hearing that terrible Reproach, is not concern'd as Ventidius was, for his own Honour, or for his Master's Unkindness; for Syphax knew himself to be ten times more a Villain than Juba believ'd him to be; but for the vile Safety of his superannuated Carcass, which obliges him to dissemble a Submission, which brings on the Appearance of a Reconciliation, that causes Indignation instead of Satisfaction to the sensible part of an Audience; which must know it to be perfidious on the part of Syphax, and like to prove fatal to the Imbecillity of Juba. Now add to all this, that Air of Affectation with which the whole Scene is writ, and that Absurdity of Sentiments with relation to Time and Place, which we mention'd above, and then let the Reader consider what an Imitation this is of the noble Scene between Anthony and Ventidius.
Sempronius, in the Second Act, comes back once more in the same Morning to the Governour's Hall, to carry on the Conspiracy with Syphax against the Governour, his Country and his Family; which is so stupid, that 'tis below the Wisdom of the O—'s, the Mac's, and the Teague's; even Eustace Commins himself would never have gone to Justice-Hall, to have conspired against the Government. If any Officers at Portsmouth should lay their Heads together, in order to the carrying of J—'s Niece or Daughter, would they meet in J—— G——'s Hall to carry on that Conspiracy? There would be no Necessity for their meeting there, at least till they came to the Execution of their Plot, because there would be other Places to meet in. There would be no Probability that they should meet there, because there would be Places more private and more commodious. Now there ought to be nothing in a Tragical Action but what is necessary or probable.

But Treason is not the only thing that is carried on in this Hall. That and Love and Philosophy take their Turns in it, without any manner of Necessity or Probability, occasion'd by the Action, as duly and as regularly without interrupting one another, as if there were a triple League between them, and a mutual Agreement, that each should give place to, and make way for the other in a due and orderly Succession.

We come now to the Third Act. Sempronius in this Act comes into the Governour's Hall with the Leaders of the Mutiny. I have already mention'd that the unparallel'd Villany of his Behaviour, while Cato is with them, is no way necessary for the carrying on the Action of the Play: But as soon as Cato is gone, Sempronius, who but just before had acted like an unparallel'd Knave, discovers himself like an egregious Fool to be an Accomplice in the Conspiracy.

Semp. Know Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume
To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds
They're thrown neglected by; but if it fails,
They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious Monsters, drag them forth
To sudden Death.

'Tis.
'Tis true, indeed, the second Leader says there are none there but Friends; but is that possible at such a Juncture? Can a Parcel of Rogues attempt to assassinate the Governor of a Town of War in his own House, in Mid-day, and after they are discover'd and defeated? Can there be none near them but Friends? Is it not plain from these Words of Sempronius,

> Here, take these factious Monsters, drag them forth
> To sudden Death.

And from the Entrance of the Guards upon the Word of Command, that those Guards were within Ear-shot. Behold Sempronius then palpably discover'd. How comes it to pass then, that instead of being hang'd up with the rest he remains secure in the Governor's Hall, and there carries on his Conspiracy against the Government, the third time in the same Day, with his old Comrade Syphax who enters at the same time that the Guards are carrying away the Leaders, big with the News of the Defeat of; tho' where he had his Intelligence so soon, is difficult to imagine. And now the Reader may expect a very extraordinary Scene: There is not abundance of Spirit indeed, nor a great deal of Passion, but there is Wisdom more than enough to Supply all Defects.

Syph. Our first Design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive,
Still there remains an After-game to play;
My Troops are mounted, their Numidian Seeds
Snuff up the Winds, and long to scour the Desart;
Let but Sempronius lead us in our Flight,
We'll force the Gate where Marcus keeps his Guard,
And bow down all that would oppose our Passage;
A Day will bring us into Cæsar's Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind.

Well! but tho' he tells us the half Purpose that he has fail'd of, he does not tell us the half that he has carried. But what does he mean by,

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind?
He is now in her own House, and we have neither seen her, nor heard of her anywhere else since the Play began. But now let us hear Syphax.

Syph. How will Sempronius turn a Woman's Slave?
Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth and Tenderness of Love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion;
When I had gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! That's spoken like thy self, Sempronius.
What binders then but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force.

But what does old Syphax mean by finding her out? They talk as if she were as hard to be found as a Hare in a frothy Morning.

Semp. But how to gain Admission?

Oh! She is found out then, it seems. She is at Home at last. The subtle Toad, it seems, has been in her Bed-chamber with her; and that makes him talk of his having left her behind. And now we have both Halves of his Purpose, both that which he has carried, and that which he has fail'd of. He has had Marcia, and he has left her behind. But I am afraid that Sempronius had not behav'd himself so vigorously as he ought to have done, and that makes him doubt of a second Admission.

But how to gain Admission? for Access
Is giv'n to none but Juba and her Brothers.

But raillery a part, why Access to Juba? for he was own'd and receiv'd as a Lover neither by the Father, nor by the Daughter. Well! but let that pass, Syphax puts Sempronius out of Pain immediately, and being a Numidian, abounding in Wiles, supplies him with a Stratagem for Admission, that I believe is a non pareillo:

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's Dress, and Juba's Guards,
The Doors will open, when Numidia's Prince
Seems to appear before them.

Sempronius is, it seems, to pass for Juba in full Day, at Ca-
to's House, where they were both so very well known, by
having Juba's Dress and his Guards; as if one of the Mar-
shals of France could pass for the Duke of Bavaria at Noon-
Day at Versailles, by having his Dress and his Liveries. But

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how does Syphas pretend to help Sempronius to young Publius’s Dowry? Does he serve him in a double Capacity, as General and Master of his Wardrobe? But why Publius’s Guards? For the Devil of any Guards, has Publius appear’d with ye? Well! Tho’ this is a mighty politic Invention, yet methinks they might have done without it. For, since the Advice that Syphas gave to Sempronius, was

To hurry her away by main Force.

In my Opinion the shortest and likeliest Way of coming at the Lady was by demolishing, instead of putting on an impertinent Disguise to circumvent two or three Slaves. But Sempronius, it seems, is of another Opinion. He extols to the Skies the Invention of old Syphas.

Sempr. Heavens! What a Thought was there?

Now I appeal to the Reader, if I have not been as good as my Word. Did not I tell him that I would lay before him a very wise Scene?

Dixi in his off: Elegantiam Anticorn.

But I have one Remark more to make, before I take my leave, for the present, of this third Act, and that is, that I have not often met with, a more civil, obliging Person to his Friend than old Syphas. He is for helping his Friends to Diversion, with as little Ceremony as may be. First he offers his Service to Publius; and now he is for obliging his Friend Sempronius. He appears to have an extraordinary regard for the Daughter of Cato, and is resolv’d that she shall have it one way or other, at any rate. And because he wisely considers, that Women are to be struggl’d with to bring them to what they desire, he, that he may lay a double Obligation upon her, is resolv’d, both to help her to pleasure, and to a just Apology for it.

But now let us lay before the Reader that part of the Scenery of the fourth Act, which may shew the Absurdities which the Author has run into, thro’ the indiscreet Obsevance of the Unity of Place. I do not remember that Aristotle has said any thing expressly concerning the Unity of Place. ’Tis true, implicitly he has said enough in the Rules which he has
has laid down for the Chorus. For by making the
Chorus an essential Part of Tragedy, and by bringing
it upon the Stage immediately after the opening of the
Scene, and retaining it there till the very Catastrophe,
he has so determin’d and fix’d the Place of Action, that it was
impossible for an Author upon the Gracian Stage to break thro’
that Unity. I am of Opinion, that if a modern Tragick Poet
can preserve the Unity of Place, without destroying the Prob-
bability of the Incidents, 'tis always best for him to do it, be-
cause by the Preservation of that Unity, as we have taken no-
tice above, he adds Grace and Cleanness, and Comeliness to
the Representation. But since there are no express Rules about
it, and we are under no Compulsion to keep it, since we have
no Chorus, as the Gracian Poet had; if it cannot be preserv’d
without rendering the greater Part of the Incidents unrea-
nonal and absurd, and perhaps sometimes monstrous; 'tis cer-
tainly better to break it.

But to come close to our Business, Lucia and Marcia are the
two Persons who open the fourth Act; Lucia, with the Re-
llicks of her Historick Fit on her.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believest it possible for Women
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers.

So that we see she is still possis’d with the Vision of what
her Beauty will drive poor Marcus too. But while she is tor-
mented with one Vision her self, she is resolv’d to Plague her
Friend Marcia with another.

Luc. I know thou’rt doom’d alik to be believ’d
By Juba, and thy Father’s Friend Sempronius;
But shou’d this Father give you to Sempronius.

Upon which Marcia ues a pertinent Expostulation with
her.

Marc. Why wilt thou add to all the Grieves I suffer
Imaginary ills and fanci’d Tortures?
And afterwards makes her a very reasonable Proposal,
Let us retire, and see if we can drown
Each Softest Thought in Sense of present Danger.
Had she but made this Proposal to her, before Lucia’s meet-
ing with Portius in the Third Act, it might have sav’d her a
dread.
dreadful Fit of the Vapours. But they depart, and now comes Bully Sempronius, comically accoutred, and equip’d with his Numidian Dresf and his Numidian Guards. Let the Reader attend to him with all his Ears, for the Words of the Wife are precious.

Semp. The Deer is lodge’d, I’ve track’d her to her covert.

Now I would fain know, why this Deer is said to be lodge’d, since we have not heard one Word since the Play began of her being at all out of Harbour; and if we consider the Discourse with which she and Lucia begin the Act, we have Reason to believe that they had hardly been talking of such Matters in the Street. However, to please Sempronius, let us suppose for once that the Deer is lodge’d.

The Deer is lodge d, I’ve track’d her to her Covert.

If he had seen her in the open Field, what Occasion had he to track her, when he had so many Numidian Dogs at his Heels, which with one Halloo he might have set upon her Haunches? If he did not see her in the open Field, how could he possibly track her? This Metaphor track is of the Number of those, that render a Discourse both obscure and ambiguous. But Rhetorick apart, if he had seen her in the Street, why did he not set upon her in the Street, since thro’ the Street she must be carry’d at last? Now here instead of having his Thoughts upon his Business, and upon the present Danger, instead of meditating and contriving how he shall pass with his Mistress thro’ the Southern Gate, where her Brother Marcus is upon the Guard, and where she would certainly prove an Impediment to him, which is the Roman Word for the Baggage; instead of doing this, Sempronius is entertaining himself with Whimsies.

Semp. How will the young Numidian rave to see
His Mistress lost? I thought could glad my Soul
Beyond the Enjoyment of so bright a Prize.
’Tis would be so torture that young gay Barbarian.
But hear! what Noise? Death to my Hopes, ’tis he.
’Tis Juba’s fel! ! There is but one Way left,
He must be murder’d, and a Passage cut
Thro’ shes his Guards.

Pray what are these his Guards? I thought at present, that:
Juba’s Guards had been Sempronius’s Tools, and had now been dang-
dangling after his Heels. But now let us see what Juba says upon seeing him.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp
The Guards and Habits of Numidia's Prince?

We see here that Juba does but ask him a pertinent Question,
when he very rudely makes him an impertinent Answer,

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
Presumptuous Youth.

Now what is this Arrogance, and what this mighty Pre-
sumption? Where lies the Arrogance and the Presumption of a
Man's laying claim to his own Cloaths, when he fees them up-
on another Man's Back? If the Meaning of the Word Arro-
gance is taking to a Man's self what does not belong to him,
the Reader may easily judge on whose side the Arrogance lies.
Well! Juba is amaz'd at this Extravagance of Sempronius, and
so I make no doubt is the Reader.

Juba. What can this mean, Sempronius?
Sempronius, who is but for a Word and a Blow, replies,

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee, have at thy Heart.
Juba. Nay then beware thy own, proud barbarous Man.

Upon which Juba kills him, and upon that Juba's own Guards
surrender themselves Prisoners to Juba; when that Paper-Serp-
ent Sempronius goes off with the following Bounce:

Curse on my Stars! Am I then doomed to fall
By a Boy's Hand? Disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dress! And for a worthless Woman?

'Tis not twenty Lines above, that this worthless Woman
was a bright Prize. But Loss of Blood may pall the Imagination
of the most vigorous Lover. But now let us sum up all these
Absurdities together. Sempronius goes at Noon-day, in Juba's
Cloaths, and with Juba's Guards, to Cato's Palace, in order to
pass for Juba, in a Place where they were both so very well
known; he meets Juba there, and resolves to murder him with
his own Guards. Upon the Guards appearing a little Basilful,
he threatens them,

Ha! Daftards, do you tremble?
Or all like Man, or by your Azure-Heav'n!

But the Guards still remaining restiff, Sempronius himself at-
tacks Juba, while each of the Guards is representing Mr. Spet-
tor's Sign of the Gaper, a'w'd, it seems, and terrified by Sem-
pronius's.
promius's Threats. Juba kills Sempronius, and takes his own
Army Prisoners, and carries them in Triumph away to Car.
Now I would fain know if any part of Mr. Bay's Tragedy is
do full of Absurdity as this.
Upon hearing the Clash of Swords, Lucia and Marcia come
in. The Question is, why no Men came in upon hearing the
Noise of Swords in the Governour's Hall? Where was the
Governour himself? Where were his Guards? Where were
his Servants? Such an Attempt as this so near the Person of a
Governour of a Place of War, was enough to alarm the whole
Garrison; and yet for almost half an Hour after Sempronius
was kill'd, we find none of those appear, who were the like-
liest in the World to be alarm'd; and the Noise of Swords is
made to draw only two poor Women thither, who were most
certain to run away from it. Upon Lucia and Marcia's coming
in, Lucia appears in all the Symptoms of an Hysterical Gentle-
woman.

Luc Sure 'twas the Clash of Swords, my troubled Heart
Is so cast-down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and akes at evry Sound!
And immediately her old Whimsey returns upon her.
O Marcia, should thy Brothers for my Sake—
I die away with Horror at the Thought.
She fancies that there can be no cutting of Throats, but it
must be for her. If this is Tragical, I would fain know what
is Comical. Well! upon this they spy the Body of Sempronius,
and Marcia deluded by the Habit, it seems, takes him for Juba,
for, says she,
The Face is muffled up within the Garment.
Now how a Man could fight and fall with his Face muffled
up in his Garment, is, I think, a little hard to conceive? Be-
sides, Juba before he kill'd him knew him to be Sempronius.
It was not by his Garment that he knew this, it was by his
Face then; his Face therefore was not muffled. Upon seeing
this Man with the muffled Face, Marcia falls a raving, and
owning her Passion for the suppos'd Dead, begins to make
his Funeral-Oration. Upon which Juba enters listening, I sup-
pose, on Tip-toes; for I cannot imagine how any one can enter
listening in any other Posture. I would fain know how it came
to
to pass, that during all this time he had sent no body, no
not so much as a Candle-snuffer, to take away the dead Body
of Sempronius. Well! but let us regard him listning. Having
left his Apprehension behind him, he at first applies what
Marcia says to Sempronius: But finding at last, with much ado,
that he himself is the happy Man, he quits his Eves-dropping,
and discovers himself just time enough to prevent his being
cuckolded by a dead Man, of whom the Moment before he
had appear'd so jealous; and greedily intercepts the Blits
which was fondly design'd for one who could not be the better
for it. But here I must ask a Question, How comes Juba to
listn here, who had not listned before throughout the Play?
Or, How comes he to be the only Person of this Tragedy who
listens, when Love and Treason were so often talk'd in to
publick a Place as a Hall. I am afraid the Author was driven
upon all these Absurdities, only to introduce this miserable
Mistake of Marcia, which, after all, is much below the Digni-
ty of Tragedy, as any thing is which is the Effect of Result of
Trick. This Lamentation over the dead Body of living Juba
seems to me to be nearly allied to a merry Adventure of the
same Nature between Sir Fredericke-Frotich and my Lord Bevil's
Sister.

But let us come to the Scenery of the Fifth Act. Cato ap-
ppears first upon the Scene, sitting in a thoughtful Posture, in
his Hand Platon's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, a drawn
Sword on the Table by him. Now let us consider the Place in
which this Sight is presented to us. The Place, forsooth, is a
large Hall. Let us suppose that any one should place himself
in this Posture, in the midst of one of our Halls in London;
that he should appear solus in a fullen Posture, a drawn Sword
on the Table by him, in his Hand Platon's Treatise
of the Immortality of the Soul, translated lately by Ber-
nard Lintott; I desire the Reader to consider, whether such a
Person as this would pass with them who beheld him for a
great Patriot, a great Philosopher, on a General, or for some
whimfical Person who fancied himself all thefe; and whether
the People who belong'd to the Family would think that such
a Person had a Design upon their Midriiffs or his own.

In
In short, that Cato should sit long enough in the aforesaid posture in the midst of this large Hall, to read over Plato's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, which is a Lecture of two long Hours: That he should propose to himself to be private there upon that Occasion, that he should be angry with his Son for intruding there, then that he should leave this Hall upon the Pretense of Sleep, give himself the mortal Wound in his Bed chamber: and then be brought back into that Hall to expire, purely to shew his good Breeding, and save his Friends the trouble of coming up to his Bed-chamber: all this appears to me to be improbable, incredible, impossible. Aristotle tells us, that there ought to be no Incident in a Tragedy but what ought to be reasonable. And Boileau tells us after him,

La Scene Demande une excelle raison.

But this Tragedy of Cato, instead of having all incidents reasonable, has hardly one that is so. And I know no one Tragedy, either Ancient or Modern, English or Foreign, that has a Heroe so famous for Wisdom, or a Conduct so notoriously indissensible. But so much for the Faults that are in this Tragedy, with regard to the Rules of Aristotle.

FINIS.

ERRATA.
Page 48. for Defeat of Marcus, read the Defeat of Sempronius.