

you haue twenty examples of the Spaniards how they got the West Indies, and forced the trecherous and rebellious Infidels to doe all manner of drudgery worke and slauery for them, themselues liuing like Souldiers vpon the fruits of their labours.'

A short account is given of his voyage to New England, and survey of its coast, and with these the account of his life ends. The materials for his biography, after this period, are extremely scanty. He died in London about 1625 or '27. The book concludes with a memoir on the New England fisheries, the importance of which Smith eloquently sets forth. 'Therefore honourable and worthy Countrymen, let not the meannesse of the word fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the Mines of Guiana or Potassie with lesse hazard and charge and more certainty and facility.'

We have pursued Smith's personal adventures to the exclusion of the very interesting anecdotes of the settlement of Virginia, New England, and the Bermudas, with which they are interwoven. This book in its present form is extremely valuable, and does credit to the enterprise of the Franklin Press. The long title page, which we have copied at the head of this article, will afford a view of the contents of these documents, fully supported by the tracts themselves. This being the first reprint of Smith's memoirs, we have been led to make them the foundation of this article, though perhaps on the whole less novel, than the 'passages' in the general history of the adventurers.

ART. XIX.—*Das Goldene Vliess, Dramatisches Gedicht in drey Abtheilungen, von Franz Grillparzer. Wien, 1822, 8vo.—The Golden Fleece. A dramatic poem in three parts. By Francis Grillparzer.*

It has been fashionable for several years in England to hold up its old drama as the boast and despair of its literature; to show how the efforts of its earliest and best writers were put forth in this department, and to complain, that those efforts have never since been rivalled. The dramatic art has come, in fact, to be considered as almost a lost art; and the reasons are discussed very seriously why no English authors of the present day can write tragedies as well as they were written

two centuries and a half ago. Perhaps this admiration of the ancient times is rather excessive, and men of taste have become worshippers too easily at those original fountains of the national poetry. At least we are inclined to think so, except when we remember Shakspeare, and he stands in every respect alone. When there appears another genius like his in any part of the great field of literary invention, it will be soon enough to take shame for the comparative meagreness and poverty of modern pieces for the theatre. It is indeed a remarkable circumstance in the history of polite letters in Great Britain, that the stage was once the chief centre of attraction for the poetical talents of the finest writers, and became afterwards a province, either given up to inferior minds or attempted by the most powerful without success. A great exertion seems to be making now to retrieve this dishonor, and to carry the effect of dramatic description to its former difficult eminence. It remains to be seen whether this exertion will be prospered; and whether we are not yet to have plays that shall be splendid offsets to the extravagances of Thomson and Young, that shall comfort us for Cato, which is good only in the closet, and for Irene, which is too heavy even for that, and even make us forget such beautiful failures as Marino Faliero and Sardanapalus. The highest rank attained of late years in this kind of composition must be assigned to Miss Baillie, who has done much towards effacing the old reproach; but her tragedies, though full of spirit and possessing a strong scenical interest, would not be found very manageable at the theatre, and certainly an aptness to public exhibition is an important consideration in the plan of every dramatic work.

We find a very different state of things, on turning to the Germans. Their whole literature is new, and their drama, which forms an honorable part of it, began with Lessing in the middle of the last century. He was followed by Schiller and Goethe, whose merits are amongst us but little understood. Schiller is known to mere English readers only by his prose; and they for the most part judge of him by poor translations of those works of his youth, *The Robbers*, *Fiesco*, and *Intrigue and Love*;—while such pieces as his *Mary Stuart* and *The Maid of Orleans* remain shut up in their own glowing verses. Goethe, whose genius is the pride of Germany, has been introduced to but few of our readers, except in the coarse

sketches and dull bustle of Goetz of Berlichingen, and in some fragments of Faust, translated in the most inadequate manner by Madame de Stael :—inadequate, indeed, it had of necessity to be ; for how could the close, nervous lines of the German bard be represented by the diffuse weakness of French periods in prose ? But something a little more faithful we had a right to expect.—The names of Werner, Kotzebue, Gerstenberg, and Klinger come next on the list, and though of celebrity among their countrymen, would probably obtain little praise among us, even though they were presented in the most accurate and graceful translations. The language which they employed was that of conversation and not of poetry ; and this unfortunate respect was the only one in which they could be called natural. With them and their imitators must be chronicled the reign of false taste and a turgid style, and Kotzebue stands as a comforting exception among them to the prevailing love of the revolting and horrible.—Other writers, however, have arisen of a different stamp, faithful to the dignity of the drama, to its approved rules and noblest models. Among the poets of this redeeming character, Collin of Vienna takes high place, whose taste is continually doing homage to the chaste and holy forms of classical antiquity, while he joins to that reverence the fervor of his own free imagination. There seems every reason to believe, that the Germans are destined to produce most finished specimens of dramatic poetry. Their attention is much given to this branch of the art, and competitors for distinction in it abound. They are idolaters of Shakspeare, and at the same time deep students of the Greeks. They have gained as eminent a name in Europe for their invention and fancy, as for the depth of their literary and scientific researches ; and their rich, powerful language has a flexibility with it, that fits it for the most delicate purposes, and makes it equal to the most difficult achievements. With all these advantages, and all this promise, there may reasonably be expected no common degrees of excellence.

From the work before us, we cannot hesitate to place Mr Grillparzer in that honorable company of authors, which we last mentioned. It is written in irregular verse with great freedom and spirit—full of action, though the leading incidents, which form its materials are so few—and full of the deepest interest, though these incidents are so familiar to us. The

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story is of the wildest and most revolting kind; yet it is so managed, as never to disgust us, and scarcely to seem improbable. The characters are so true to nature, that every thing else seems natural. Each is consistent throughout, though continually disclosing something new, and thus we are presented with faithful and striking pictures of the developments and changes of human feelings. The Medea particularly is conceived and sketched in the happiest manner, and we remember no heroine, who better deserves or would more closely tax the powers of the Siddonses and O'Neils. It is like coming from a hall, where some solemn pageant has been exhibited, into the open air and the community of the wide world's fortunes and passions, to rise from the stately declamation of Corneille's *Medée*, and then give ourselves up to the emotions of the scene in hearing Grillparzer's 'wild maid of Colchis.' The public will have to decide whether Madame de Stael was not too hasty in pronouncing that Greek subjects are exhausted. She does not allow that any one but Le Mercier has been able 'to reap new glory from an ancient theme,'—though the manner in which she speaks of Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris* may not easily be reconciled with such an exclusive decision. At any rate we are not willing to believe, after the experiment now on our table, that there will not be other poets to divide success with Le Mercier.

We mean to give our readers a description, at some length, of this book, not fearing that it will be found tedious. It is called a dramatic poem; but we must not be misled by this title to imagine, that it is like those which Mr Milman is fond of composing, with very finished descriptions and very beautiful lyrics, and a great deal of gorgeous poetry, but without any skilful plan, and dramatic in scarcely any thing but being conducted in the form of dialogue. It consists of two regular tragedies, one in four and the other in five acts, which are preceded by an introduction in one act, itself a tragedy. This introduction is called *The Guest*. It places us in Colchis, and sets before us at once the princess Medea in the character of a proud and wayward, but beautiful huntress, who, surrounded by her maidens, is preparing to offer up in sacrifice a deer, which she has just killed. By the sea-shore stands the altar, and on it a colossal figure with a golden fleece thrown over its shoulders, representing the paternal god of the king. The

manners of Medea show themselves to be sufficiently rude and imperious ; her conversation with her father Æetes is none of the most dutiful ; and she banishes for ever from her presence Peritta, one of her maidens, for having preferred home and a lover to the forest and the chase. In vain the poor girl endeavors to explain, that it was not of her own will ; she is interrupted by the following rebuke :

‘ O hear now !

She would not and she did ! Go, thou speak'st folly.
 How could this happen, hadst thou wished it not ?
 What I do that I will, and what I will—
 —Well, be it, many a time *that* do I not.
 Go to thy shepherd's stupid cottage, go ;
 There sit with smoke and vapors foul about thee,
 And raise thy pot-herbs on a span of ground.
 My garden is the immeasurable earth,
 The heavens' blue pillars are Medea's house.
 There will I stand, the free air of the mountains
 Opposing with a breast as free as they,
 And look down on thy meanness and despise thee.
 Ho ! to the wood ! ye maidens, to the wood !’

There is now an alarm, that armed strangers are just landing on the coast, having great treasures with them. Æetes, afraid of their weapons, and wishing to possess himself of their wealth, apprizes his refractory daughter of their coming, and prevails on her by coaxing and threats to prepare a sleeping potion for them, according to the magical arts, which she had learned from her mother. Warlike music is now heard, and a messenger approaches :

‘ *Messenger.*

The chief, my lord, of the coming strangers—

Æetes.

What will he have ? My diadem ? My life ?
 I still have heart, I still have strength,
 The blood rolls still within my veins,
 To barter death for death.

Messenger.

He asks but for an audience.

Æetes.

Asks ?

Messenger.

In friendship but to converse with thee,
 And form a covenant of peace.

Æetes.

Asks ? And has the might in his hands !
 Finds us unready, he in armor,
 And asks ?—the fool !

The king tells the messenger they may come within his walls, but without sword, shield, or spear ; and bids him, after bearing this message, gather friends speedily from all sides well armed, and have them concealed in waiting. Phryxus now appears at the head of his Greeks, carrying on his lance like a banner a golden fleece. He stops in astonishment at the sight of the statue, and then kneeling down before it returns acknowledgments, as to a protecting divinity. He informs Æetes, that he is a Greek of divine descent, and his kinsman. He relates that he has been driven from his home by the injustice of a step-mother ; and that while he slept one night in the temple of Delphi, he saw in a vision a form like the statue before him, which took off from its shoulders the golden fleece that hung over them, and, offering it to him, said with a smile, ‘ take victory and vengeance.’ He awoke, and the image was before him, glittering in the morning sun. ‘ Colchis’ was engraven on its base. He snatched the fleece from the image. It gave him safe conduct through the midst of his enemies ; he fastened it to his mast, and the storms and waves had no power over him. And now he had come to ask for a resting place in the land, and if refused, was ready to vindicate it for himself, relying on the aid of the gods and on the pledge which he carried of victory and vengeance. The king receives him uncourteously, but bids him and his companions to a banquet within. They enter the palace, and Medea in following is shocked to learn the murderous intentions of her father, which she endeavors in vain to alter. Phryxus soon rushes out, suspecting treachery from the looks of the Colchians and the stupor that was beginning to fall on his friends. A tumult and the clang of weapons within confirms the worst of his fears, and he himself, in spite of the efforts of the princess, is slain by Æetes. His last words are :

‘ That which he loves the dearest prove his ruin !
 And may that fleece, which now his hand is grasping,
 Look down upon the slaughter of his children !
 He has the stranger slain, who came his guest,
 And robbed him of the wealth he trusted to him—
 Revenge ! Revenge !’

A wild strain of grief and horror now breaks from Medea, which we cannot undertake to translate in its original measures. Over thee, over all! wo! wo! she exclaims as she rushes out, and while Æetes stretches out his hands after her the curtain falls.

The second part is called *The Argonauts*. The scene opens by night in a wild rocky part of the Colchian coast, with a ruinous tower in the back ground, from the upper window of which a feeble light is glimmering. Æetes and Absyrtus, his son, make their way through the bushes. Absyrtus discloses, by degrees, a bold but tender and dutiful character, and the father shows himself the prey of a sullen and fearful remorse. They knock and call at the tower for Medea, who, after uttering within her prophetic 'wo!' at length reluctantly descends. She has on the dark red garments and black veil of her incantations, and all her words are mysterious and appalling.

Æetes.

Hast thou asked of the signs, the stars?

Medea.

A hundred times have I looked up
To the glittering signs
Of the firmament of night,
And all those hundred times
My gaze was sunk to earth,
Struck with dread and all untaught.
The heaven seemed to me a wide-unfolded book,
And death was written there a thousand times,
And vengeance there in diamond letters
Upon its sable ground.
O do not ask the stars in their high spheres,
Ask not the signs of nature in its silence,
Ask not within his shrines the voice of God.
Watch in the stream the wandering planets' orbs
That from its dark depths look awry* at thee,
The signs that guilt has written on thyself,
The voice of God that's uttered in thy bosom:
They will give thee oracles
Surer far than my poor art,
From that which is and was, to that which soon shall be.'

Æetes now explains the object of his seeking her. The Argonauts have come to avenge the death of Phryxus, and

* Jeremy Taylor speaks of the 'unwholesome breath of a star looking every upon the sinner.'

recover the golden fleece. He demands, he implores her help, and she is prevailed on at last to attempt something on his behalf. The king and prince go into the tower, and after this soliloquy Medea follows :

‘ Wretched father ! wretched man !
 They start up now before my eyes
 The fearful forms of gloomy prophecy,
 But all veiled and turning away,—
 I cannot discern their features,
 Show yourselves WHOLLY, or disappear,
 And leave me to rest,—a dreamy rest.
 Wretched father ! wretched man !
 But yet can the will do much—and I *will*,
 Will show him safety, will make him free,
 Or—come the worst—will perish with him !
 Secret art, which my mother taught me,
 Which forcest thy stem to the air of life,
 And thy roots mysteriously
 Sinkest down to the gulfs of the lower world,
 Be present now ! for Medea *will* !
 To work then !

[*To some maidens who appear at the entrance of the tower.*]

And you, my aids in this service,
 Prepare now the trenches, prepare now the altar !
 Medea will to the spirits cry,
 To the gloomy spirits of dreadful night,
 For help, for counsel, for courage, for might.’

The Argonauts, it seems, had grown disheartened at the desolateness of the coast, the failure of provisions, and the want of some guide in this strange country. Jason had left them, in the company of only one friend, determined to bring them relief at every hazard ; and he now appears with Milo before the tower. The light from its window attracts him, and by climbing through an aperture in its walls, which he is able to reach after plunging into the sea, he surprises the beautiful enchantress in the midst of her incantations. Medea has time to be filled with a strange admiration of the heroic stranger, and he to return in some degree the sentiment, before Absyrtus enters with some armed men. Jason is here made to owe something of his safety to her good offices, and cuts his way through the assailants. He is evidently an imperious, impetuous warrior ; and it is for these very dispositions, for his haughtiness as well as his courage, that Medea

has begun to love him. The effects of this new passion on her proud mind are described in the second act. At first she becomes absent and subdued. She expresses no anger, when informed of the escape of her favorite steed, through the negligence of one of her attendants; and when Peritta meets her eye she shows particular kindness to her, and softens even into tears at the mention of the happy days they had once seen together, and the wretchedness that had followed. She tries to believe it was no man, but a divinity, whom she had met at the tower; and when it is proved to be Jason, and her father reproaches her for feeling any favor towards the chief of his enemies, pride, shame, and resentment, are seen to be conflicting with her love, and she exhorts Æetes to lose no time in preparing destruction for the strangers. The charmed cups are again made ready, and brought to the Argonauts, while they are in fierce parley with the king, demanding restitution, and rejecting all his dangerous proffers of hospitality. Jason is willing, at the sight of Medea, to drink of the cup she offers; but her resolution fails, and she forbids him to drink his death from her hands. At this new deliverance he becomes more impassioned of her, and attempts to carry her away with him; a battle ensues, and the Greeks are beaten back to their camp. At her next interview with her father, she does not wait for his reproaches, but bids him exterminate at once with the sword the *whole* crew of the strangers; she acknowledges that it had not been in her power to prevent at first her passion for Jason, but declares herself determined to banish it now. The third act discovers her an involuntary prisoner in the camp of the Argonauts, where we have a highly finished scene. To all the protestations of her lover she maintains an obstinate silence, till he impatiently turns away from her as unworthy of his affection; and presently gives her into the arms of Æetes who arrives to demand her. But as he is taking his leave of her, half in tenderness and half in anger, her spirit gives way; she avows her affection, and endeavors to produce a reconciliation between him and the king. The attempt fails of course. She receives the curse of her father, who casts her off forever, denouncing shame and misery on her in a foreign land, and desertion by the very man for whom she is willing to leave country and home. She shrinks from his imprecation with a misgiving mind, but is

now Jason's. The fourth act brings us to a deep cavern where the golden fleece is guarded : and here the tempers of Jason and Medea are finely displayed. He will not listen to her entreaties nor heed her threats, but persists with an unfeeling sternness in his resolution to carry off the fleece at every hazard ; and at length, wholly through her assistance, the fatal treasure is secured. The scene is now the sea-side, and the Greeks are preparing to embark. An affecting interview here takes place between the noble-hearted Absyrtus and his sister, who seems already half to repent her rash choice, but it is too late. The young prince, after having been wounded by Jason, throws himself into the sea, rather than be kept as a hostage among his enemies, and the despair of the father and the departure of the Argonauts conclude the piece.

The third part is called *Medea*, and contains that portion of the story which is treated in the tragedies of Euripides, the pseudo-Seneca, and Corneille. In this play are strongly depicted the aversion and persecution which Jason experienced on returning home the husband of a Colchian sorceress ;—the weaning of his affection from her on account of these misfortunes, though he felt his honor and honest pride concerned in carrying her with him as he wandered from city to city ;—and the withering effect which his coldness and her own sorrows had on her high spirit. They have taken refuge at Corinth, where they are received, though with something of mistrust, by the king Creon, between whose daughter and Jason there had grown up, in very early youth, a mutual attachment. This attachment revives, as they repeat together the tales of other times, and call past scenes and words to the minds of each other ; and Medea, who had determined to accommodate herself to her hard fortunes and give her husband all the love she could command, soon finds that Creusa has his whole heart. She had known him before to be selfish and vain-glorious ; she was now to find him treacherous and cruel. A herald from the Amphyctionic council appears at the court of Creon, and demands the banishment of both the strangers. Creon, who has become fond of Jason, and regards him as clear from all the charges against him, offers him his daughter and kingdom on condition that Medea is forever banished from him and disowned. The condition is complied with. Medea is commanded to depart before night fall, and her two chil-

dren are not only detained, but learn to fly from her. Her mind is now wrought to madness ; and at this moment there is brought to the king of Corinth, who had been demanding the famous fleece, a chest figured over with strange characters. It had just been dug up by some workmen in preparing the foundation for an altar to the shade of Pelias, and had plainly been recently laid in the earth. She saw it with the wildest emotion ; for it contained with the fleece and some precious vessels those magical charms which had once given her so much power, and which, on reaching Corinth, she had solemnly buried, as she meant, forever. Her plan of vengeance is at once taken, and the catastrophe is too well known to be repeated. The tragedy concludes, like Corneille's, with a scene between Jason, again a fugitive, and Medea ; but this is the only resemblance. Medea has no chariot, drawn by dragons, to escape with, and Jason's expressions of anguish are, we think, much more tragical than the easy resort of an 'il se tue.'

After this analysis of the plot, we will conclude this article, by giving some specimens from the last play of the author's manner.

Medea, [burying the chest.]

First, then, the wand of the goddess and the veil ;
 Rest here, for never will I use you more !
 The time of night and magic is gone by,
 • And what befalls, be it or good or evil,
 Befalls me in the open beam of day.
 Now for this casket ; secret flames it hides,
 Quick to consume whoever rashly opes it.
 These others filled all with precipitate death,
 Away from out the precincts of the living !
 Yet many an herb and stone of darkest power,—
 To the earth from which ye sprang, I give you up.
 So, rest ye there in quiet and for ever !
 The last is wanting still, and that the weightiest.—
 Let me once more behold thee, fatal present !
 Thou witness of my house's overthrow,
 Wet with a father's and a brother's blood,
 Thou signal of Medea's shame and guilt !
 Thus do I snap thy staff, and thrust thee down
 To night's black bosom, whence thou cam'st to kill.

Medea to Creusa. [The scene is in the palace of Creon.]

I look upon thee and I look again,
 And scarce can satisfy me with the sight.

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Thou soft and virtuous, fair in form and soul,
 The heart, like thy white drapery, pure and spotless !
 Send but a ray of thine own heavenly nature
 Into this sore and grief-distracted breast.
 What sorrow, hate, and wrong have written on it
 Efface in patience with thy holy hand,
 And set, instead, thy own clear traces there.
 The strength, which from my youth had been my pride,
 Has in the conflict all been feeble shown ;
 O help me make my weakness strong again.
 Low at thy feet shall be my refuge place,
 And I'll complain of what they've done to me,
 And learn of thee what I should bear and do.
 Like one of thine own maidens will I serve thee,
 Will teach my hands to labor at the loom,
 And all that work, which is with us despised,
 And left as servile task to menial fingers,
 But here is thought employment fit for queens ;—
 Forgetting that my sire was Colchis' king,
 Forgetting that my ancestors were gods,
 Forgetting all that's past and all that threatens—
 —No ! that can never be.

Medea, Jason, and Creusa.

Medea, [with a lyre.]

Jason, I know a song.

Jason to Creusa.

And then the tower !

Know'st thou the tower, that stands by the sea-side,
 Where thou stood'st with thy father, and did'st weep,
 As I embarked for the long, perilous voyage ?
 I had no eye then for those tears of thine,
 Since only for exploits my heart was thirsting.
 A gust blew off thy veil and wafted it
 Into the sea ; I plunged into the waves,
 And caught and treasured it in memory of thee.

Creusa.

Hast thou it still ?

Jason.

But think how many years
 Have passed since then, and borne thy keep-sake with them.
 The winds have taken it.

Medea.

I know a song.

Jason.

Thou calledst to me then : Farewell, my brother !

Creusa.

And now I call to thee ; my brother, welcome !

Medea.

Jason, I know a song.

Creusa.

She knows a song,

Which thou didst sing once ; listen, she shall sing it.

Jason.

O yes ! where was I then ? This cleaves to me
And mocks me from the visions of my youth,
And many a time I dare to dream and talk
Of things which are not and can never be.
For as the youth lives in futurity,
The man must live in converse with the past ;
Who is there learns to live the present wisely ?
Then was I an adventurous, honored hero,
And had a fond wife, and success, and wealth,
And some secure place for my children's slumbers.
[*To Medea*] What wilt thou then ?

Creusa.

To sing a song to thee,

Which thou in former days hast sung with us.

Jason.

And *thou* sing that ?

Medea.

As well as I may.

Jason.

Indeed !

Wilt thou with a poor song of other years
Restore to me those years with all their promise ?
Nay, leave that ! we will hold to one another,
While it is ordered so, and as we can,
But nothing more of songs, and such soft things !

Creusa.

Yet let her sing it ! She has tasked herself
Till she has learnt it, and now——

Jason.

Well, well, sing.

Creusa.

The second string, rememberest not ?

Medea, [sorrowfully.]

Forgotten !

Jason.

Seest thou ? I told thee it would nought avail ;
Her hand is practised to a different measure.
She sang the dragon to his charmed sleep,
And that was other sound than thy pure strains.

Creusa. [*prompting.*]

O ye gods!
High throned gods!

Medea.

O ye gods!
High throned, and terrible, and righteous gods!
[*The lyre falls from her, and she covers her face with her hands.*]

Medea and Jason, after her banishment.

Medea.

And must I forth? Well, then, so follow me!
Be mutual as the guilt the penalty.
Dost know the ancient vow? Alone shall neither die;
One house, one flesh, and one destruction!
In the very face of death, we swore this oath,
And now fulfil it, come!

Jason.

Wilt thou provoke me?
Away from me, thou bane of all my days,
Who hast despoiled me of my life and fortune!
Away into the wilderness, thy cradle,
To the fierce race which bore thee in its likeness.
But first give back to me what thou hast taken;
Give Jason back to me, thou wicked woman!

Medea.

Would'st thou have Jason back? Here—Here receive him!
But who will give Medea to herself?
Have I sought thee in thy far distant home?
Have I enticed thee from thy father's care?
Have I on thee e'er forced my love—aye forced it?
Have I torn thee from thine own land away,
And given thee up to strangers' scoffs and scorn?
Thou call'st me wicked woman?—O, I am so,
But how have I been guilty, and for whom?
Let these pursue me with their poisoned hate,
And banish, slay,—they do it but in justice;
For I am an abhorred and dreaded being,
Even to myself a terror and a gulph;
Let the whole world denounce me,—only thou not!

Medea, sitting by her sleeping children. [In Act IV.]

What would I give, could I but sleep like you!
The night comes on, the stars are shining forth,
Looking to earth with their soft, quiet light;
The same to-night that yesternight they beamed,
As if all else was now as then it was:
Yet measureless fields of air are spread between,
As if to part twixt glory and corruption!

So changeless, like those orbs, all nature is,
So full of change is man with all his fortunes.

Scene the last.

[*A wild, solitary country, enclosed with trees and rocks. A cottage in view.*]

Peasant.

How fair the morning rises! Gracious gods!
After the tempests of this dismal night
Your sun lifts up himself with a new beauty.

[*Goes into the cottage.*]

[*Jason comes feebly in, leaning on his sword.*]

I can no farther. Wo!—My head's on fire,
My blood boils through its veins, my parched tongue stiffens.
Is no one there? Must I thus die alone!
Here is the hut, which used to give me shelter,
When once, a wealthy man, a wealthy father,
I hither came, full of new wakened hopes. [Knocks.]
Only one draught! only a place to die in!

Peasant, [coming out.]

Who knocks? Poor man, who art thou? Faint to death!

Jason.

Only one cup of water! I am Jason,
The hero of the fleece! a chief, a king,
The Argonautic leader, Jason I!

Peasant.

And art thou Jason? Then away with thee!
Pollute my house not with thy hateful tread.
Hast thou not slain the daughter of my king?
Then ask not help before his subjects' doors.

[*Returns into the hut.*]

Jason.

He goes, and leaves me in the open way,
In the dust, for travellers to tread upon.
Death, I invoke thee, bear me to my children. [Sinks down.]

Medea.

[*Advancing from behind a rock, and standing before him, with the fleece like a mantle thrown over her shoulders.*]

Jason!

Jason, [half raising himself.]

Who calls? Ha! see I right? Thou there!

Monster! Must I still have thee in my sight?—
My sword! my sword!—O wo is me! my limbs
Refuse their office now, spent, spent, and useless.

Medea.

Forbear, thou harm'st me not! I am an offering
To bleed before another hand than thine.

Jason.

Where has thou laid my children?

Medea.

They are mine!

Jason.

Where hast thou laid them?

Medea.

They are in a place

Where it is better with them, than with us.

Jason.

Dead are they, dead!

Medea.

Thou think'st the worst thing death.

I know one that is worse far,—to be wretched.

Hadst thou not valued life at greater price,

Than it deserves, it were not thus with us.

Ours is the suffering, which our boys are saved from.

Jason.

Thou speak'st thus, standing calmly?

Medea.

Calmly! Calmly!

Were not my bosom still shut up to thee,

As it has always been, thou would'st see anguish,

Which rolling boundless, like a fiery sea,

Engulphs the single fragments of my sorrow,

That welter, lost in the horrible infinite.

I mourn not that the children are no more,

I mourn that they were ever—that we are.

Jason.

O wo! wo!

Medea.

Nay, bear what is laid upon thee,

For well thou know'st thyself has brought it down.

As now thou liest on the bare earth before me,

So once lay I before thee, when in Colchis,

And prayed thee to forbear, and thou forbor'st not!

Blindly and madly thou would'st grasp the hazard,

Though I still cried to thee; thou graspest death.

Then take what thou so proudly didst demand—

Death.—As for me, I now am parting from thee

For ever and for ever. 'Tis the last time—

Through all eternity it is the last—

That I shall ever speak to thee, my husband.

Farewell!—After all the joys of earlier days,

In all the sorrows which now darken round us,

In front of all the grief that's yet to come,

I bid thee now farewell, my husband.
 A life all full of trouble breaks upon thee,
 But whatsoe'er betide, hold out,
 And be in suffering greater than in action.
 Would'st thou give way to anguish, think on me,
 And comfort take from my far heavier sorrow,
 Who've wrought the work you only left unfinished.
 I go away, the insupportable smart
 Bearing forth with me through the lone, wide world.
 A poniard's stroke were mercy—but not so !
 Medea shall not by Medea perish.
 My early years of life have made me worthy
 A better judge, than lost Medea is.
 I go to Delphos. At the fatal altar,
 Whence Phryxus bore the golden fleece away,
 Will I restore to the dark god his own,
 Spared sacred even by the bloody flame,
 That folded round the form of Corinth's princess.
 There will I show me to the priests, and ask them
 Whether my head shall fall in sacrifice,
 Or they will drive me to the furthest deserts,
 In longer life to find but longer torture.
 Know'st thou the sign, for which thou hast so struggled,
 Which was thy glory, and which seemed thy good ?
 What is the good of earth ? A shadow !
 What is the fame of earth ? A dream !
 Thou poor man ! who hast fondly dreamt of shadows !
 The dream is broken, but the night endures.
 Now I depart—Farewell, my husband !
 We who for misery found each other
 In misery separate. Farewell !

Jason.

Alone ! deserted ! O my children !

Medea.

Bear it !

Jason.

All lost !

Medea.

Be patient !

Jason.

O for death !

Medea.

Repent !

I go—and ne'er again your eye beholds me !

[*As she turns to depart, the curtain falls.*]

ART. XX.—*The Life of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England. By Mr Mallet.* A new edition. London, 1822.

THE name of lord Bacon, with the single exception of that of sir Isaac Newton, is the first in the modern philosophical world. Mr Hume, indeed, whose habitual moderation seems in this instance to have gone to the extreme of coldness, has suggested the idea, that the English, out of national feeling, have exaggerated the merits of their illustrious philosopher. He compares him with Galileo, and seems inclined to place him below both that philosopher and Kepler. 'Italy,' says he, 'not united in any single government, and perhaps satiated with that literary glory, which it has possessed, both in ancient and modern times, has too much neglected the renown, which it has acquired by giving birth to so great a man as Galileo. That national spirit, which prevails among the English, and which forms their great happiness, is the cause why they bestow on all their eminent writers, and on Bacon among the rest, such praises and acclamations, as may often appear partial and excessive.' The general truth of this observation is indubitable. We feel unwilling to acquiesce in its application to Bacon. And as that great man, in his will, has appealed to posterity in these pathetic terms: 'for my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages:' we take the greater interest, after this interval of time—and in a quarter of our country, which was first settled by civilized men, a few months before the fall of Bacon—in examining into the justice of the stigma left on his name.

In the first place, we cannot but remark, that the intimation, which Hume has given, that lord Bacon's reputation has been produced by the extravagant commendations lavished on him by his countrymen, is manifestly unjust. The learned of foreign nations certainly *took the lead* in his praise, and it would require but a superficial search of the philosophical literature of the continent of Europe, since the age of Bacon, to produce as numerous and as animated testimonies to his merits, as are to be found in the British writers. At the present day, as is well known, the *Baconian* philosophy has become synonymous with the *true* philosophy, and there is certainly no perceptible difference in the manner, in which it is commended by foreign and British writers. That the remark we just made is correct, beginning from the age in