

**DAMON AND
PYTHIAS, NO. 6**

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Damon and Pythias, No. 6 by John Banim

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JOHN BANIM

**DAMON AND
PYTHIAS, NO. 6**



Very Truly,

Alvin Frost.

Mess^{rs}. Moore & Barnard.

John Bancroft

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 6

OF THE

EDWIN FORREST EDITION

OF

Shakspearian and other Plays,

CONSCIOUSLY MARKED, WITH THE KING'S PERMISSION OF

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,

FROM HIS OWN PROMPT BOOK,

AND AS ACTED BY HIM AT

NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK,

Under the Management of

JAMES M. NIXON, ESQ.

The Publishers in presenting this New Edition to the public and profession, deem it a duty to state that they are indebted to EDWIN FORREST, Esq. for not only his kindness in the use of his books, but also that each receives his personal revision in proof, before going to press, consequently they are verbatim as presented.

PORTRAIT AND

Title Page entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by W. A. MOORE and C. S. BERNARD, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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1862, Feb. 22.
Set of
The Publishers,
Moore & Bernard,
of New York.

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

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

EDWIN FORREST, ESQ.

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

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

NEW YORK, 1860.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DAMON,.....**Mr. FORREST.**
PYTHIAS,.....**Mr. F. B. CONWAY.**
DIONYSIUS,.....**Mr. CHAS. FISHER.**
DAMOCLES,.....**Mr. CANOLL.**
PROCLÉS,.....**Mr. DONALDSON.**
PHILISTIUS,.....**Mr. A. W. FENNO.**
LUCULLUS,.....**Mr. HARKINS.**
FIRST SERVANT,.....**Mr. BECKS.**
SECOND SERVANT,.....**Mr. COOKE.**

CALANTHE,.....**Mrs. F. B. CONWAY.**
HERMION,.....**Mad. PONISEL.**
ARRIA,.....**Mrs. LE BRON.**
CHILD OF DAMON,.....**Miss BEANE.**

Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Executioners, Citizens, &c.

Mr. N. B. CLARKE,.....**STAGE MANAGER.**

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Syracuse, with an Arch.*

DIONYSIUS and PROCLES discovered, as expecting tidings.

Dion. (L.) Ere this the senate should have closed its councils,
And chosen the new year's president. I pant
To know their meeting's issue.

Proc. (R.) Good my lord,
There's but light doubt, a great majority
Of easy-purchased voices will be found
For your fast friend, Philistius.

Dion. On his choice
Hangs the long chain of complicated purpose
Has ta'en such time in linking. Plague upon
The law, that from the senate-house excludes
All soldiers, like ourselves, or we should soon
Outvote all difficulty! (*Senators cross the Stage from R.
to L., through Arch.*) Ha! methinks
The assembly hath dissolved.
By Jupiter,
Philistius' self doth hasten to us here,
And with him Damocles! How now, my friend?

Enter PHILISTIUS and DAMOCLES, through Arch, R.

Art thou the president?

Phil. (L.) I am, my lord.
Chosen by a large majority to take
The honorable office: in the which
I may, at least, requite the benefits
Which you have heaped upon me.

Dam. Yes, my lord,
We have at last attained the 'vantage ground,
Whence your broad view may take a boundless prospect.

Dion. 'Tis a bold step upon the mountain-path,
Wherein I have been toiling. I no longer
Doubt of the senate's inclination.
(*To Procles.*) What say the soldiers? Thou hast hinted
to them

That we confided to thee?

Proc. (r.) Yes, my lord;
And they are ready for it.

Dion. Go thou hence, [*Crosses to Procles.*
And speak to them again; disperse more gold;
'Twill give a relish to thine eloquence; [*Procles is going.*
And, hark ye, lead them this way: I shall here
Await thy coming. Ha! behold, in air,

[*Looking off, L. U. E.*

Where a majestic eagle floats above
The northern turrets of the citadel;
And, as the sun breaks through yon rifted cloud,
His plumage shines, embathed in burning gold,
And sets off his regality in heaven!
Thou knowest how readily the multitude
Are won by such bright augury—make use
Of divination—haste thee. [*Exit Procles, r.*
Philistius, give me your hand. I thank you.
Things look in smiles upon me. It was otherwise
But a year since, when I impeached the magistrates
For treasonable dealing with the foe,
And the senate hurl'd me from my topmost height
Of popularity.

Dam. Degraded you
From power and office.

Dion. Ay! at the appeal
Of that stale pedant, the Pythagorean,
Who hangs out his austerity for sale,
In frowns, closed lips, and pithy sentences.

Dam. Thou speakest of Damon?

Dion. Ay, mine enemy,
The patriot and philosophic knave,
Who hath been busy with my purposes,