

**STILICHO: OR, THE  
IMPENDING  
FALL OF ROME, AN  
HISTORICAL TRAGEDY**

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Stilicho: Or, the Impending Fall of Rome, an Historical Tragedy by George Mallam

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S T I L I C H O :

OR,

THE IMPENDING FALL OF ROME.

*In Historical Tragedy.*

BY

GEORGE MALLAM.

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THIS FIRST FRUIT  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MISS J—— R——,

IN COMPLIANCE WITH A PROPHECIC REQUEST  
MADE TO THE AUTHOR YEARS AGO, THOUGH, DOUBTLESS,  
YEARS AGO FORGOTTEN.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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HONORIUS . . . . .	{ <i>The young Emperor of Rome and the Western Portion of the Roman Empire.</i>
STILICHO . . . . .	{ <i>Commander-in-Chief of Roman Armies—Guardian of HONORIUS and of ARCADIVS (Emperor of Grecian or Eastern Division of Empire), and Minister of the Western Provinces.</i>
LAMPADIUS . . . . .	{ <i>A Roman Senator of noble family—Prætor of Rome.</i>
OLYMPIUS . . . . .	<i>A Monk—Chaplain to HONORIUS.</i>
CLAUDIAN . . . . .	<i>A Poet, a protégé of STILICHO.</i>
EUCHERIUS . . . . .	<i>Son of STILICHO and SERENA.</i>
MAXIMUS . . . . .	{ <i>A Roman Captain in confidence of STILICHO.</i>
COUNT HERACLIAN . . . . .	{ <i>Commander of Household Troops of HONORIUS.</i>
ALABIC . . . . .	<i>King of the Goths.</i>
LUDOVIC and other Chieftains of the Goths.	
THE POPE.	
SERENA . . . . .	<i>Wife of STILICHO and EMPEROR'S Aunt.</i>
MARIA . . . . .	{ <i>SERENA'S Daughter by a former husband—Betrothed to HONORIUS.</i>
LUCIA . . . . .	<i>A young Heiress, STILICHO'S Ward.</i>
Soldiers, Senators, Noblemen, Merchants, Monks, Nuns, Messengers, People, Chamberlain, Proconsul, Sacristan, &c. &c.	



# STILICHO.

A TRAGEDY.

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## ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Roman Army's Encampment, a day's march from Constantinople.—STILICHO'S Tent.*

EUCHEBIUS—*Enter to him* MAXIMUS. (*Both dressed in riding habits.*)

*Euch.* Well, Maximus, and so you're come at last.  
You're always latest when I want you most.  
I've been as restless as my horse outside ;  
More so, much more : I hate this waiting so.

*Max.* I'm sorry that you've had to wait, my lord,  
We'll start at once ?

*Euch.* No, no. It's not the ride  
I want. I can take that at any time ;  
I want to have a chat, good Maximus :  
I've no one here to talk to but yourself.  
What is this news about ?

*Max.* The news, my lord ?

*Euch.* What? Then you have not seen the messenger,  
Deck'd in strange habit, that has just arrived  
From the young Emperor Arcadius? .  
I thought you would have met him as you came.  
I wonder what the tidings are he's brought!

*Max.* May he have brought provisions for the troops.  
This country ever seems to get more bare—  
More ravaged—as we near its capital;  
The towns are desolate, the villages  
Burnt down, the people nowhere to be found:  
Without our ships we scarcely should get food.

*Euch.* How anxiously Arcadius must wait  
For our approach, though scarce more eagerly  
Than I to see his eastern capital,  
And vengeance on his grasping minister!  
By Jove! had I just mounted to my throne  
And felt myself made puppet by the slave  
That held my state, I should not, when I saw  
My father's trusted captain drawing near,  
Have sent my messenger with formal scroll.  
No,—throwing my purple robes aside—I'd,  
Myself, have welcomed my deliverer.

*Max.* And left, my good young lord, your capital,  
It's treasure, troops, and high-protecting walls,  
In the sole grasp of your too-grasping slave,  
Whose speedy downfall you were gone to seek?  
Were it not safer to allay his fears,  
By making ready for a friend's approach,  
Than rouse them by an unexpected flight?

*Euch.* My prudent Maximus, you're ever right ;  
Altho' you grant Rufinus sight and heart  
He—the mere household tyrant—cannot have.  
Howe'er, the risk would be too great to chance.  
Would it not make one mad to stand without  
And see the brute grin at you from the walls,  
Using against you your own arms and pow'r ?  
Would he'd give fight—Ho !—but there's not a chance.  
I dare now say this messenger's brought word  
The coward's fascinated—fled, perchance—  
I'll wager thee, before we reach the place,  
This late all-powerful minister's a monk !

*Max.* Hast heard of his last act? it speaks not  
thus—

He's seized Count Lucius, your Father's friend,  
Mock'd him and justice with a seeming trial,  
And murdered him.

*Euch.* Great Heav'n! Hast told your lord?  
Has he heard this, and moves he not at once?

*Max.* I fear he has not heard; unless, indeed,  
The messenger just left has borne the news.  
I learnt it from some slaves of Lucius  
Who're come to sue protection from your lord.

*Euch.* I think he knows it all. I've heard his  
tramp

Inside the tent like some night-sentinel's—  
My blood beats quick. Before to-morrow's eve,—  
Who knows?—this murderer, this low-born slave,  
May altogether 'scape our burning wrath.