

**BRENNUS: OR, THE DOWNFALL
OF TYRANNY, A TRAGEDY IN
FIVE ACTS; ALCANDER: OR, LOVE
AND FRIENDSHIP, A DRAMA IN
FIVE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649521333

Brennus: Or, the Downfall of Tyranny, a Tragedy in Five Acts; Alcander: Or, Love and Friendship, a Drama in Five Acts by William Maclean

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM MACLEAN

**BRENNUS: OR, THE DOWNFALL
OF TYRANNY, A TRAGEDY IN
FIVE ACTS; ALCANDER: OR, LOVE
AND FRIENDSHIP, A DRAMA IN
FIVE ACTS**

BRENNUS;

OR

THE DOWNFALL OF TYRANNY:

A Tragedy, in Five Acts.

ALCANDER;

OR

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A Drama, in Five Acts.

By **WILLIAM MACLEAN.**

GLASGOW:

THOMAS MURRAY & SONS.

1871.

400-100-

BRENNUS;
OR
THE DOWNFALL OF TYRANNY:
A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

BRENNUS, *the King.*
TIMON, *Son of the King.*
CONLUS, *Son of the late King, and Lover of Linda.*
EVANDER, *a Duke, and Lover of Arella.*
RUFUS, }
CELSUS, } *three Lords.*
MENTOR, }
RENZAR, *a Magician.*
ALENSUS, }
PETRO, } *two Courtiers.*
A MURDERER.
CITIZENS.
TWO ATTENDANTS.
SPIRITS.
Other Attendants, Guards, Soldiers, &c.

WOMEN.

ARELLA, *Daughter of the late King.*
LINDA, *Daughter of the King.*

SCENE.—The Palace of the King, the Market-place, and a Wood, not
many miles distant.

BRENNUS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Market-place.

Enter LORDS RUFUS AND CELSUS, AND SEVERAL CITIZENS.

Rufus. Mix well among them.

Celsus. 'Tis the only way
To know their trim.

Rufus. I think them ripe for it.

[He then addresses the Citizens.

Wherefore so sad!

1st Citizen. How can one be but sad!

Rufus. What aileth thee!

1st Citizen. What aileth every one?

Rufus. Nay, friend, but tell me what thou dost complain of?

1st Citizen. The heart-ache, or a sort of melancholy—
Offspring of disappointment and distress.

Why sir, to tell the truth, the times—the times!

Rufus. The times, indeed, are troublous and severe;
Oppression stalks abroad in all her forms—
Terrific and destroying. From the peasant,
Whom sharp adversity has doomed to toil
'Neath summer's sun and winter's pelling snows,
Up to the man whom other days have seen
Reclining in the arms of luxury,—

The times are changed. Oh, I have known the day
When the term poverty would startle me,
So rarely did the word confront my ear;
But the lean haggard forms and altered looks
Of far the greater portion of our sons
Custom has made familiar and unheeded.
We need a cure—a balsam must be had,
To heal the bleeding gashes of the land.

2d Citizen. What would you have us do!

Celsus. Be men, be men!

And the proud arm of tyranny will wither.

Citizens. We are, we will!

Rufus. But there be many ways of being men.

A true and faithful band, a chosen band,
Of resolute and never-yielding souls,
Have hurled a cruel monarch from his throne,
And made his kingdom totter to its fall.
Determination is the stuff we want,
Be firm and resolute, and all is yours.
Is man, the essence of a thing divine,
Thus to be mocked—to see his choicest boons
Wrenched from his grasp, himself condemned to drink
The fatal potion mingled by the foe
Without the seeming of a single effort
To dash the poisoned chalice from his lips?

1st Citizen. But how can simple men, whate'er their zeal
To do their country good, oppose a power
So potent as the king's? nothing avails
But to submit.

Rufus. To-morrow brings an hour

Of death or life. I pray you to be there;
Come with the throng; something will be disclosed,
If not to ease us of our grievous yoke,
At least to show us how it may be borne.

Rufus. No nation can be long enslaved that thirsts
To taste the rich ripe fruit of liberty.

The strong desire will work the wished-for end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter TIMON, PETRO, AND ALENSUS.

Timon. How wags the world with you, Petro?

Petro. At the same pace as he was ever wont to do—fast and slow, hot and cold, as may be and the occasion serves.

Alenus. Petro the philosopher! good, my masters! Petro at length has bought himself a tongue, after much advice and commendation so to do. Had'st thou asked me that question, I should have answered that the world wags well; and being a wag at all, must of necessity be a great one. But this is all foreign to the matter in hand. 'Tis whispered, Timon, that you are on the eve of being married. Is this the case?

Timon. Why, this is to the quick at once, and quickly. They say a quick duty requires a quick step, so a quick question requires a quick answer. It is therefore better to answer it whilst quick.

Alenus. There you spoke like a man and a Prince.

Petro. And King to be.

Timon. What is there horrid in a married man?
Cannot he still live merrily, and be
As social as the stanchest bachelor